

**FEMALE DOMINATION  
FREE READS  
FROM  
CONSTANCE PENNINGTON SMYTHE**

**Excerpts from:**



Female Domination  
Short Stories Vol I  
Constance Pennington Smythe



Corporate Slaves  
The Men



**Hostile Takeover**  
Constance Pennington Smythe

Corporate Slaves  
The Men



**Book Two: Office Rituals**  
Constance Pennington Smythe

Corporate Slaves  
The Women



**Recruitment**  
Constance Pennington Smythe

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## **Female Domination - Free Reads**

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*Do enjoy these excerpts!*

*Whips and Kisses!*

*Constance*

Also  
by  
Constance Pennington Smythe  
Mistress Karin

What happens when a man gets his wish to be submissive? What happens when a woman embraces her dominant self? For Karin Calloway and her hapless husband, otherwise known as her maid Suzette, it becomes an erotic power exchange that gives them both what they desire. Is Suzette destined to become a cuckolded sissy maid? What new humiliations and torments will Karin and her evil friends, Trudi the German dance instructor and socialite Sheila Remington, visit on poor Suzette?

ISBN: 978-1-934446-11-9 (Print)  
ISBN: 978-1-934446-12-6 (E-Book)

## The Breaking Cage

What can be better than a Mistress and her submissive male? How about two Mistresses and their submissive males - and their Alpha Male friends? What happens when Karin meets and mentors Joanna? It surely can't be good for their hapless maids, Suzette and Donna. Fun will be had by all, or maybe not. Follow the further adventures of Dominant Women and their submissive males in: *The Breaking Cage*

ISBN: 978-1-934446-25-6 (Print)  
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# Female Domination

## Short Stories: Vol. I

*Female Domination - Short Stories: Vol I* is the first short story anthology from erotic author Constance Pennington Smythe. This work contains six short stories of chastity, cuckolding, giantesses and more; all with the themes of Female Domination and male submission.

*Cuckold Date:* A hapless husband prepares his wife for her date.

*Matriarch's Birthday:* The Dominant's Guild celebration of the Matriarch's birthday hosts a very unique slave game.

*Performance Art:* A Dominant Female patron of the arts creates an unusual art exhibit, and the male art critic who comes to visit...?

*Mini Men - Lesbian Village:* A misogynist research pair run afoul of their female scientist boss, and get themselves into a *little* trouble.

*Locked Away:* Three suburban housewives elect to start a new social club, with a sinister purpose for their husbands.

*A Visit To Smythe Stables:* Miss Caroline's graduating class visit the stables, to learn the proper care of the submissive male.

Each story is accompanied by an original illustration produced specifically for that work, by famed Female Domination artist: **Sardax**.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-40-9 (Print)

# The Corporate Slave Series

## Corporate Slaves - The Men 1: Hostile Takeover

What would you do to save your job? *Who* would you do? It's a question oft asked by those whose companies are acquired by adventurer and corporate magnate Geoffrey Cameron. His corporate protocols create opportunities for personnel to explore a unique set of job perks – and punishments. For Derek Wilkins, these are questions crucial to his personal and career survival. Fortune certainly favors the brave – and the willing, when under a *Hostile Takeover*.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-53-9 (E-Book)

## Corporate Slaves - The Men 2: Office Rituals

The Corporate Slaves saga continues as Derek struggles to balance family and career. Everyone at Cameron Holdings finds their place in the organization, many most willingly, even if it means cleaning toilets or serving as an oral sex plaything in conference rooms. Derek has kept his erotic work life at a safe distance from his tranquil role as a suburban husband. But things get complicated when Geoffrey Cameron's charm and wealth begin to tempt Derek's beautiful wife, Kate.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-84-3 (E-Book)

# Corporate Slaves - The Women

## 1: Recruitment

Ellen Clark was looking for—Ellen Clark. Marriage? That hadn't worked out, and now it was behind her. She needed a job and someone to care about her. A career at the prestigious firm of Verdun & Associates wasn't her only hope, it was her best hope. Yet she knew so little about her prospective employer, only that the firm was almost exclusively female and the personnel were well compensated and fiercely loyal. She needed to belong somewhere, to someone; how far would she go to make it happen?

ISBN: 978-1-934446-52-2 (E-book)

# Enjoy Chapter Five from *Mistress Karin*

Karin used a small piece of toast to wipe up the egg yolk on her breakfast plate. Without looking, she held out the morsel of food and felt it gently removed from her hand. She didn't have to see the scene unfold to know what happened. These small offerings had become valued treats for Suzette.

On some mornings Karin snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor. Suzette immediately knelt beside her Mistress, hoping that her bland diet might be augmented by those few precious scraps of 'real' food. Since her submission her diet had been meager at best. The morning gruel, often flavored with cigarette ashes, Mistress's 'nectar' or spit was supplanted by a wretched concoction called *Prison Loaf*. Karin discovered the loaf during a web search and it now formed the basis of Suzette's second meal of the day. The loaf was a mixture of grated carrots, wheat bread, artificial cheese, spinach, beans, and raisins – among other items. It was unappetizing, and purposely meant to be. That's why Suzette would literally sit and beg for table scraps.

Karin idly turned the business pages and sipped her coffee. "How long since you've been to the office?"

"Maybe two months, Mistress?" He phrased it as a question, he truly didn't know.

She didn't press the issue, content with his answer. It was what she wanted – his isolation from the world at large – total



## *Mistress Karin*

focus and dependence on her. He was kept busy all day with chores, tasks, dance lessons, aerobic workouts in cute pink leotards. He was denied computer and television access, she'd locked those out. Newspapers were forbidden to him, but he was allowed women's magazines: *Vogue*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Glamour*.

"Three months," she said. "It's been three months since you had your –'breakdown' – and had to take time off from work. But I've been able to fill in nicely for you; after all, Daddy did leave the company to me."

"Yes, Mistress, but I thought –"

"Wrong! You thought wrong, and that's why I'm doing the thinking now. You thought that the executive with the perfect wife was the ideal. And I agree with you." She waited, wondering if that statement meant he would think they were going back to the old way; he as the CEO and she as the trophy wife. A slight smile crossed her lips as she watched his eyes light up with that hoped-for realization. She'd grown to love these moments, watching as he rose to the bait and savoring his utter desolation when she pulled out the rug and crushed his hopes. *If only his hopes were some kind of living, organic thing that I could crush with my stiletto, feel the spike heel puncture it, watch the life force slowly drain away.*

"One of the girls from the office will be coming by today." She looked him in the eyes; she wanted to remember this moment – and his reaction. "They'll be bringing papers for you to sign, your resignation."

He started to talk, even though he knew he didn't have permission. When Karin held up her hand he quickly shut his mouth.

"You will resign from your position as CEO. You will sign over all of your shares and interests in the company to me. Furthermore, you will sign over all other assets, financial and

## *Mistress Karin*

material, to me.” The shock on his face, the fear, it was priceless. “You will sign a general power of attorney giving me complete control over you.

“Yes, we are going to have the perfect corporate marriage. I’m going to be the powerful, high-priced executive. And you, you my little slut, will be the trophy wife, or, in your case, the trophy sissy maid husband. As the executive I’ll have trophy lovers, and you will serve them as you do me.”

His shoulders fell and his chin dropped to his chest. Karin was surprised at how easily he yielded his manhood to her. She’d now taken everything, reduced him to a servant in her house. “You will sign all the papers put before you.”

He meekly nodded, “Yes, Mistress.”

She held out a piece of bacon and watched as his eyes lit up and he gently took it between his lips. *I destroy his career, his marriage; take his freedom and his manhood, and a scrap of bacon makes it all better.*

Karin visualized her basement project: the cage, computer, restraints and accessories. Her experiments with operant conditioning and behavior modification worked with Steven; maybe she was on to something.

She rose from the table and walked to the foyer, her husband crawling obediently at her side. “You have your list of chores. And spend thirty minutes practicing walking with the book on your head. Wear your five inch heels; work on that posture and taking the short and dainty steps. There will be times when you won’t be crouching and short so you’re looking up to women. I may want to pimp you out as a tranny, fetish runway model.” She laughed at the thought; Steven, now Suzette, in stilettos, strutting the catwalk and shaking his submissive ass to the gathered throng.

“Be sure to sign all the papers this afternoon. I want this over, behind us, so we can move on. There’s no going back.”

## *Mistress Karin*

She looked down to see her husband on his knees, planting loving kisses on the toes of her stylish high heels. *No arguments, he simply accepts his situation...amazing. What started out as sex games, a little B & D...* “You’ll still be my husband; you’ll still keep your cock and balls, although that cock will seldom be out of chastity. And when it is, I can guarantee you won’t enjoy it and you’ll beg to lock it up. I don’t want you to ever forget what you were...or how far you’ve fallen.”

She reached down and patted him on the head. “This really is best, for both of us.”

His eyes met hers; he nodded his agreement and returned his lips to her shoes.

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Karin arrived at the office, her office, the seat of her new empire, in good spirits. She felt free, even though she was still – technically – married.

Laurel, her secretary, greeted her with coffee and the preliminary financials for the newest corporate venture. “You have a meeting with Acquisitions at ten-thirty and a presentation from Product Development at two.” With the grace of a relay baton hand-off Laurel exchanged the coffee in her hand with Karin’s purse. “I watched him, oh ‘her’ – sorry – on the monitor. She cleaned up in the kitchen and went to change for her aerobics.”

“Thank you, I have some papers for you to take to my house today.” Karin settled into her leather chair and held the coffee cup with two hands. *Life is good.* “Take Sharon with you, she’s a Notary isn’t she? Make sure my little slut signs them all, you witness and Sharon can notarize.”

“Yes, Ms. Calloway.” Laurel turned to hang up Karin’s coat. “Do you think we might be able to – I mean if it’s OK

with you – maybe we could –”

“You want a play date with my sissy maid.” Karin sipped her coffee and placed the cup on her desk. Certainly Laurel was competent and efficient, but had Steven hired her for her physical attributes, some latent submissive tendencies he possessed? At five-ten, and in her four inch heels, Laurel would have towered over Steven. Her blonde hair and blue-eyed beauty would have enthralled any man. “Like what you’ve been seeing on our office webcams?”

“It’s awesome.”

Karin chuckled. Laurel was a good fifteen years younger than her so ‘awesome’ was probably high praise in that age group lexicon. “He knows that we’ve been watching him from the office, but he’s never been put on real-time, personal display. It might be good for him. And for you and Sharon to show up, his former secretary and Chief of Administration, think how humiliating that will be. Yes, have a good time, put him through his paces as it were. Did he ever forget Secretary’s Day?”

“We call it Administrative Professional’s Day, but yea, we’d have to remind him and then he’d just tell us to order ourselves some flowers.”

*Asshole.* Karin shook her head. *He probably had them order the flowers for our anniversaries and even shop for the gifts. Well now the flimsy lingerie would still be bought, but worn by the true slut of the house.* She smiled at Laurel, *might as well get them trained right.* “Have a good time; it’s your chance for a little revenge. But I want pictures and video, and I want him to know you’re taking them and why.”

“Yes Ms. Calloway, we’ll take good care of him – uh- if you know what I mean. And he never, I mean Steven –”

“Suzette.”

“Yes, Suzette, she never came on to me or anything, tried

anything sexual. Maybe he wasn't always the most considerate boss, but –"

"Laurel, trust me, I understand. If he did want to get into your panties...it's because he wanted to wear them." Karin saw something in the young secretary's eyes. "What?"

"Oh, it's just that last year...I had this new pair of heels; I saved for three paydays and had them in my desk drawer and then one morning – they were gone."

Both women shared a knowing moment and then turned their attention to the monitor where Suzette, resplendent in a pink leotard, was bouncing to her workout video.

"Payback time," Karin said.

Laurel smiled at the flouncing sissy maid on the screen, "Payback time."

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Suzette put away her workout DVD and went to shower and change her clothes. She knew that every room was equipped with cameras and that Karin, and possibly others, were able to monitor her every move. Under Karin's regime even the shower ritual was feminized; shaving of all body hair, washing with scented soaps, exfoliating and moisturizing. Suzette wrapped a towel around her middle, tucking it in at her bosom. A second towel went around her head, turban style, while she carefully plucked and tweezed her eyebrows into an arch. She finished her shower regimen by moisturizing her legs and using a hair dryer to blow-dry the area around her chastity device.

Suitably exercised and cleaned she donned her daily maid uniform of black dress, garter belt and stockings, bra and black pumps with five inch stiletto heels. Working makeup consisted of eyeliner, mascara and lipstick. It was Karin's

## *Mistress Karin*

decision when more makeup was warranted.

Suzette's heels clicked along the tile floor as she made her way to the living room. From the book shelf she selected a book suitable for her walking exercise. Just in case someone was watching, or might view a recording later, she turned and curtsied to the camera mounted in the ceiling corner. She carefully placed the book on her head and then let her arms fall slowly to her sides, elbows in, forearms out and wrists hanging limply. Carefully she stepped out, her back straight, taking small steps, one foot in front of the other, heel-toe, heel-toe. She made it to the end of the room and executed a slow and cautious turn, but the book slid from her head. Her reflexes were good; she caught the book and placed it on top of her head. Before starting across the room again she glanced at the mantle clock. *It hasn't even been two minutes, almost, almost twenty eight to go.* Suzette hated these tiresome and monotonous drills, book balancing and curtsy practice. They were mindless and it made it hard to concentrate. And yet Karin seemed to know when she was slacking in her efforts and she was punished. *OK, focus, we need to get this over with – concentrate – balance – posture.* She stepped out again; *back straight, titties out, sissy wrists and sissy steps.*

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Sharon leaned over Laurel's shoulder to get a better look at the monitor. "How many times has he dropped the book?"

"Four," Laurel said. "And Ms. Calloway wants us to call him her, or she."

"Well, her, him, it, she, slut...whatever. With these papers," Sharon held out a black leather portfolio, "she's fucked – big time."

"Yea?"

## *Mistress Karin*

“Oh yea, once she signs, you witness and I notarize, it’s all over. Our little sissy slut’s got nothing; Karin’s got it covered, signed sealed and delivered.” Sharon stood and tucked the portfolio under her arm. “So, go to lunch and then go seal the fate of our former boss?”

Laurel clicked off her computer, “I can’t wait.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Suzette feared the daytime doorbell. It was never good news; if it wasn’t Miss Trudi it was something equally painful, degrading or humiliating. Karin controlled access to the house so any visitor came with her approval, and must be properly greeted – and obeyed. She jumped at the first ring, but quickly composed herself and walked to the door; *It’s probably those papers I was supposed to sign*. Her trepidation was well founded as she opened the door and saw two former employees.

Sharon and Laurel stood at the door. Their faces showed no surprise, having witnessed Suzette’s performances on the web-cam feeds at their offices.

“Slut!” Sharon took control, ever the efficient Administrative Supervisor. Shorter than Laurel, and more full-figured, Sharon possessed an authoritative air that must have always given Steven an office thrill. “Are you going to invite us in?”

Suzette executed an automatic bob curtsey. “Yes, sorry Sharon –”

The hand hit his face with a resounding SLAP, jerking his head around and sending a clip-on earring flying across the room.

“MISTRESS SHARON,” she growled as Sharon pushed past him into the foyer.

Laurel followed behind, unable to control her laughter.

## *Mistress Karin*

“You asked for that one. Best to remember who you and who WE are.” She plucked a cane from the umbrella stand as she walked by.

“Yes, Mistress Laurel.” His hand stroked his cheek and he stole a glance in the mirror. *She may have given me a black eye.*

Laurel slashed the air with the cane, “Wicked.”

“You know how to use that?” Sharon asked.

Laurel giggled and shook her blonde hair, “No.”

“On-the-Job training?” Sharon laughed. “Somebody might get hurt.”

“You think?”

Suzette quickly turned to follow the women as they went to Karin’s home office.

Suzette watched Sharon sit in Karin’s desk chair while Laurel relaxed in a wingback chair in the corner, menacingly tapping the cane on the footstool.

Sharon began removing a sheaf of papers from her briefcase. She was focused on organizing the papers and didn’t even look at Suzette. “Do you think we might get some drinks? What do you think Laurel, our little slut seems a bit slow in the service area.”

“Absolutely, I remember how he – oh, she – used to be when she was our boss: “where’s this, get me that, I need –”

“Sorry Mistress Sharon, Mistress Laurel – uh – what would you like?” Suzette performed her best and deepest curtsy.

“Coffee,” Sharon said.

“Diet Cola,” Laurel said. She grabbed a book from a nearby end table, “Over here slut.” Laurel waited while Suzette approached and curtsied. “Put this book on your head and keep it there while you bring our refreshments. We watched your efforts earlier and you need practice.”



## *Mistress Karin*

“Yes, Miss Laurel.”

“And ice cubes,” Sharon finished with her papers. “Bring a bucket of ice cubes.”

Both women laughed as Suzette curtsied, placed the book on her head, and carefully walked from the room.

“Can you believe we used to work for that twerp, rush to get his coffee, pull a file or make copies?” Sharon shook her head. “I always felt there was something; I just couldn’t put my finger on it.”

“I used to catch him looking at my feet,” said Laurel, “thought he had a foot or leg fetish, but I think he wanted to wear my shoes.” She removed a digital camera from her purse, “Karin said she wanted pictures. I guess the high heel is definitely on the other foot now.”

PLOP! Both women smiled at the sound of a book hitting the kitchen floor and the scurrying of stilettos on tile.

Within minutes Suzette appeared. She held a silver tray with a coffee service, a Diet Cola and a bucket of ice cubes.

“Turn around, look at me,” ordered Laurel. “Ms. Callo-way wanted pictures, something about the employee newsletter?”

“Give us your best curtsy,” Sharon teased, “hold it, smile and look at the camera.”

Suzette did her best to curtsy while holding the tray – and smiling – but the fear and shame were evident. She blinked at the camera flash and almost dropped the tray.

Laurel selected ‘play’ on the camera to look at the picture. “Perfect, what a total sissy you are. Now serve Sharon her coffee and bend over so we can get a nice view of your cute panties with the ruffles. Oh and be sure and turn to look at the camera. We want everyone to know it’s you – Sissy Suzette.” The women let Suzette serve each one of them and then ordered Suzette to place the tray on a table.

## *Mistress Karin*

“Over here,” Sharon pointed to the floor by her chair. “We need to take care of Ms. Calloway’s paper work – before we take care of you.” She looked at Laurel. “How many times did he drop the book?”

“Five times on the video and once a few minutes ago.”

“Six, very well. Take six ice cubes slut, and stick them up your sissy ass.”

For a moment Suzette remained frozen in place, but another stinging SLAP from Sharon had him reaching for the ice cubes.

“Turn around,” ordered Sharon, “We want to watch. Laurel, get some pictures of this. Six, and shove them all the way in your sissy pussy - slut. Face the camera...smile, show everyone how much you like having that little hole filled.”

The women laughed and jeered as Suzette gingerly inserted six ice cubes up her ass.

“Cold?” mocked Sharon.

“Y-y-y-es, M-m-m-istress.”

“Not our problem. Kneel; you’ve got papers to sign. You’ve served us refreshments, now you’ll serve up something even more precious for Ms. Calloway, your life.”

One by one Sharon handed papers down to the kneeling sissy maid.

“This signs over all your finances and puts all the accounts in Ms. Calloway’s name only. This deeds all material possessions to Ms. Calloway, and a General Power of Attorney giving all rights and decisions to Ms. Calloway.”

Suzette knelt and tried to sign, but was shaking from her ice-filled ass.

“Too cold?” teased Laurel.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Do you want to take one out?” Her voice now had a more honeyed tone.

## *Mistress Karin*

“Please, Mistress, yes, oh please.”

“OK, one, you may remove one. Squeeze it out; make us a little icy poopsicle.”

Suzette reached behind her, squeezed her buttocks and caught the piece of ice in her hand. Her relief was short-lived.

Sharon, squeezed her embossing seal on the first document. “Put the ice cube in your mouth.”

Suzette turned to Sharon, who continued with her paperwork, ignoring the kneeling sissy. “Mistress? You mean –”

The cane landed with a stinging blow, very high on the buttocks. There was the first searing pain, and then that second bloom of deeper pain. Suzette shrieked.

“Put the fucking ice cube in your mouth!” Laurel struck with the cane again, this time leaving a nasty welt on Suzette’s shoulder. She drew the cane back for a third blow as Suzette popped the ice cube in her mouth. “That’s better. You need to learn to do what you’re told. Does your ice cube taste yummy?”

Suzette shook her head, her face showing the distaste of the ice cube, and tears streaming down her cheeks from the wicked cane.

“So the rest of the ice cubes can stay in your ass?”

Defeated, Suzette nodded. She was totally humiliated by women she used to supervise, her sphincter felt frozen and her ass and arm stung from the cane.

Laurel backed up to take another picture, “Look at the camera and smile. Say ‘I’m a happy sissy slut’.”

“This one is a personal services contract saying that you will provide domestic services for as long as Ms. Calloway deems necessary.” Sharon handed down yet another paper and Suzette signed while the camera flash lit up the room.

Please Enjoy Chapter Four  
From  
*The Breaking Cage*

Joanna noticed a difference in their relationship the next week. Gary became quieter and more subdued as she found herself becoming more demanding. Their bondage and domination play took on a new edge with Gary quickly submitting to her every demand.

This wasn't all bad for Joanna who took advantage of her husband's new-found submission. She enjoyed foot rubs, massages and extended bouts of oral sex. Gary nestled between her legs while Joanna relaxed with a magazine, contentedly letting her husband kiss, suck and nuzzle at her womanly font of power. As necessary, she would grab his hair and pull his face into position to force his tongue into that sweet spot, or grind his nose relentlessly against her clit. She found herself easily falling into a pattern of using Gary as a sex object, a mere tool for her pleasure. Everyday she was on the phone with Karin, her new-found cohort in Dominance.

"I picked out the cutest little maid's dress, it's so frilly. He won't be able to wear it and retain a shred of masculinity," Joanna said.

"Darling, when we're through with him he'll want to wear it, can't wait to put it on. And as for masculinity, we'll remove any shred of that."

## *The Breaking Cage*

“I still need him to go to work; he has a job and career that brings in a good income. I don’t want to send a simpering sissy to work everyday and risk losing his earning potential.”

“Trust me Joanna, he’ll go to work and bring that salary home, to you. From now on it will be your money. But you’ll find that he is much more careful about his appearance, his nails will be manicured, his hair perfectly combed, eyebrows plucked. You can put him in bras and panties, garter belts and stockings, pantyhose, anything you want under his male work clothes. The women and the gays that work with him will probably notice a change, but to the rest of the world, those other *males* he’ll simply be a neat freak.

“And at home, he’ll be my maid?”

“He’ll be whatever you want him to be, but the cage and its training protocols are designed to create sissies, something decidedly feminine and subservient. He can be a maid, housewife, slut, stripper, schoolgirl, hooker, cheerleader, whatever will entertain and serve you and whoever else you want. Are you taking a lover?”

Joanna paused, “you know, I’ve started thinking about that. I do like all the foot worship and oral sex, getting my own way, but I think I’d miss having a man with a real cock.”

“Darling, there’s no reason you should ever be deprived of a good cock. You can even make Gary procure them for you, check out potential lovers, make your date and dinner reservations.”

Joanna’s chuckling on the other end of the phone brought a smile to Karin’s lips. *Joanna and Gary will make a welcome addition to our circle.* “So you and Gary will be coming over this weekend, and we can begin his re-programming?”

“We’re both looking forward to it, although Gary thinks it’s going to be more of a Fem Dom scene session, whips and leather, boot licking.”

## *The Breaking Cage*

“Yes - well, it will be a Fem Dom session, but not like anything he can imagine.”

Joanna paused, behind her hazel eyes her mind was working out timelines. “How long do you think it will take, in the cage I mean, to change him?”

“They’re all different, but most, especially if they have an inherent submissive nature, don’t last long. We’ll start with a long weekend, Friday evening through Sunday and see how he responds. In the meantime you can enjoy a weekend here with Suzette and I. I’ll even arrange that cock you’re longing for.”

“Can you now?” Joanna laughed.

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On Friday afternoon Gary took the single suitcase from the bed and carried it to the car. “Are you sure I’m not going to need anything? We’ll be there all weekend.” Joanna’s icy look silenced him; the last few days her dominance had been ever increasing. Without another word he bowed his head, shut the trunk, and opened the passenger door while Joanna slid into the seat. He felt more like a chauffeur than a husband, exactly what Joanna intended.

Joanna decided a haughty silence would increase Gary’s uneasiness, so she let Gary drive while she quietly smoked. She made a display out of crushing out her cigarette, her black, leather gloved hand slowly grinding the butt into the ashtray, as if the butt were Gary’s manhood, being gradually broken and tossed away. “This weekend will be a test of your submissiveness. Mistress Karin has agreed to assist in your training and show us some of the finer points of dominance and submission. All you have to do is quietly submit and obey. You’ve met Karin’s submissive, Suzette; simply follow her lead, she’s been well trained.”

## *The Breaking Cage*

Gary's reply was barely audible, a whispered, "yes Mistress."

"You do want this don't you? You've enjoyed our recent lifestyle haven't you?"

"Oh yes Mistress, very much so."

"Good, remember, Karin is the real deal, it's not a game to her." Joanna reached over to tenderly stroke his cheek. "Do what you're told, don't speak unless you're spoken to and everything will be fine. Trust me."

"Yes Mistress."

"I promise you, this weekend will fulfill all your fetish fantasies."

"Mistress, what about you?"

Joanna lit another cigarette, the action disguising the cruel smile playing across her lips. "I'll be getting everything I want baby, everything."

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"Joanna, how delightful to see you," Karin said as the two embraced.

Gary walked up with Joanna's suitcase, gently placed it on the ground, and dropped to his knees.

The two women stepped back from each other and smiled. Karin extended her foot, clad in a stylish high-heeled mule.

Gary placed his hands on the ground, leaned forward and placed a reverent kiss on Karin's shoe.

Karin quickly pulled her foot back. "Enough! Up! Suzette will show you to Joanna's room. Unpack her bag." She turned to Suzette, "strip him and bring him to us when you finish preparing Mistress Joanna's room."

Suzette performed a low and delicate curtsey which

## *The Breaking Cage*

Gary tried, with limited success, to emulate. Suzette minced away in her stilettos and Gary quickly picked up Joanna's bag and followed.

Karin took Joanna's arm, "come, we'll relax and wait for them. Let me tell you about the cock I've found for you this weekend."

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Suzette finished precisely laying out Joanna's makeup on the bathroom vanity, and stepped back to give it one last look. Satisfied, she entered the bedroom where Gary was putting the last of Joanna's clothes into a drawer. "Put the suitcase in the closet," Suzette said.

When Gary finished he turned to face Suzette. "Do you know what they're going to do?"

Her black page boy wig bobbed as Suzette shook her head 'no.' "Whatever they want, it's not for us to consider or think about. You need to remove your clothes, quickly; we mustn't keep the Mistresses waiting."

Receiving no further information or indication that additional info was forthcoming Gary started to remove his clothes.

"Everything," reminded Suzette, "even the panties. I like your pretty lacy panties."

"Yeah, uh, thanks," Gary, handed over his clothes and slipped the pink panties down his legs.

"When we go in, don't look at them unless you're told to. Keep your hands at your sides. Don't speak unless you're asked a question and keep your answers honest, simple and respectful. Don't make any sudden moves; be elegant and graceful. They may inspect you, touch you, whatever. Let them and don't flinch." Suzette saw the worry in Gary's eyes.



## *The Breaking Cage*

“Don’t think about it too much. You’ll fuck up, it’s a given. Mistress Karin can make it happen at her will. And she’ll teach that to your Mistress as well.”

Suzette grabbed Gary’s nipples, pulling, twisting and pinching them. “Makes them stand out a bit and gives them some color. Let’s go, and take small steps, it’s something you’ll have to get used to.”

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“Well here they are,” mocked Karin, “our submissive sissies.”

Suzette led Gary into the room, stopped before Joanna and Karin, and executed her usual delicate curtsey. Gary ungainly tried to duplicate the move.

“Sloppy,” Karin said. “We’ll fix that, among other things.” She turned to Suzette, “put her on the curtsey trainer for fifty reps when we’re through here.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Gary grimaced as Suzette executed another one of her damned perfect curtsies. *What the fuck is a curtsey trainer?* He couldn’t help but glance at Joanna and immediately the crop in Karin’s hand lashed out, leaving a welt on his thigh.

“Eyes down slut!” barked Karin.

He lurched at the blow, feeling the thin stripe bloom in pain. This was different from the bondage and discipline sex games played with Joanna. Karin was the real deal, a thought that both frightened and excited him.

“Didn’t take him long to fuck up,” Joanna observed.

“Never does,” replied Karin, “they’re all slow learners at first, but they do learn, some slower than others, but all painfully - for them.” She turned her gaze to Suzette, who’d remained still, head down, hands demurely clasped behind her

## *The Breaking Cage*

back, living proof of the efficacy of rigorous training. “We’ll have supper in the dining room at seven. You and this worthless sissy here will serve. Lock a collar on it but keep it naked. And teach it to curtsy before supper! You’re dismissed!”

Suzette and Gary both curtsayed and backed out of the room to the laughter of the ladies on the couch. Shaken and humiliated, Gary padded along on his bare feet as Suzette’s spike heels click-clacked down the hallway.

Suzette stopped and ushered Gary through a door and down the staircase into the basement. Gary descended into the dark abyss, his naked form shivering from the coolness. His eyes slowly adjusted to the dark as he exited the stairs and his feet touched the hard, cold tile floor.

“To the right,” whispered Suzette, as she turned on a light switch.

Gary blinked as Karin’s dungeon was bathed in light. It wasn’t brightly lit; rather the electric lighting took the form of flickering candles casting shadows throughout the room.

Pausing, forgetting the chill of the room, Gary looked around, mesmerized by the many whips, paddles and crops hanging from the wall. A spanking horse and pillory took center stage in the room while an ominous cross and wheel adorned the far wall. Chains and manacles hung from various parts of the ceiling.

Suzette took his hand and pulled him across the room. “Over here, Mistress wants you to practice on the curtsy trainer.”

In a daze Gary followed her, his eyes darting endlessly throughout the room, awed by the wicked splendor of Karin’s dungeon. Suddenly he felt Suzette grab his nipple, violently pinching and twisting it.

“Pay attention!” she said. “We need to finish this and get back upstairs to start supper. Bend over.”

## *The Breaking Cage*

Gary bent over and heard Suzette pull on a latex glove. He jumped as Suzette rubbed the cool lube around his puckered nether hole.

“Ever had anything in here?” Suzette asked.

“No, I’m not gay.”

“Don’t be silly,” chuckled Suzette, “it doesn’t mean you’re gay. And anyway, it’s not your bottom; it belongs to Mistress Joanna, doesn’t it?”

“I don’t know, yeah, I guess so.”

“Well, since this is your first time, we’ll start with a small one on the trainer.” Suzette’s eyes closed as she slowly inserted one well-lubed finger and felt Gary gasp and lurch. “Easy precious, I’ll go slowly. If you relax and breathe it will be easier on you. Now let me get some lube in there.”

Gary tried to relax and breathe as Suzette slowly inserted a second finger. He shook with - what? Pleasure? Disgust? He’d never been violated in this way before and in all honesty he didn’t know whether he liked it or not. When Suzette’s other hand found and gently stroked his nipple he whimpered. He did like it, all of it.

“See there precious, not so bad is it?” cooed Suzette. She leaned down and kissed the back of his neck.

Gary was overcome by the sensations, as Suzette’s nimble fingers coaxed waves of pleasure from his ass and nipples. Her soft lips on his neck, the scent of her perfume, the gentle voice had him melting in her arms. *But Suzette is a man, Karin’s husband.*

“Yes, that’s it baby, relax,” Suzette mewed as she slowly withdrew her fingers.

Gary sighed as she pulled out.

Suzette pointed at Gary’s throbbing erection, “I think you liked that. Maybe our Mistresses will allow us to play together sometime.”

## *The Breaking Cage*

Utterly confused by this flood of emotions Gary silently looked at the raging hard-on between his legs. Wordlessly, he let himself be led to the curtsey trainer.

“The curtsey is a sign of respect. There are different ones to use at different times, but for now you will learn ‘The Bob.’ You can use this whenever Mistress enters or leaves a room you are in or to acknowledge an order you are given. Of course Mistress will dictate what curtseys you are to use and when.” As Suzette talked she affixed a small butt plug to a metal rod protruding from the floor. “Stand here,” she said, pulling Gary until he stood over the rod. “Put both feet on the ground with the pole between your legs. Your hands should be crossed in front of you.” Suzette demonstrated the position and Gary followed. “Now bend your left knee, place your left foot behind the right foot, only keeping the toes of your left foot on the floor. Posture is very important, so keep your head up but your eyes down.”

Gary copied Suzette’s actions, assuming the same position she adopted.

“Very nice,” complimented Suzette. “Next you need to bend at the knees and dip, lower yourself down until the plug goes into your bottom.” Suzette giggled and slowly bent at the knees illustrating the proper curtsey, “now you.”

Slowly Gary bent his knees, stopping for a moment when his bottom touched the plug.

“It’s not that big,” chided Suzette, “and both you and it are well lubricated. Now slowly, down and up.”

With a deep breath Gary descended, the plug slowly sliding in and filling him, and then easing out when he stood.

“Back straight, don’t bend forward at the waist, bend in the knees, down and up,” corrected Suzette, “again.”

Gary proceeded to curtsey, each time impaling himself on the plug. Suzette made minor adjustments on the plug

## *The Breaking Cage*

height and position and by curtsey number fifteen Gary was starting to find the proper motion and technique.

“Be elegant and graceful, not stiff, no jerky movements.” Suzette positioned Gary’s body, helping him attain the correct posture. “Don’t think about the plug in your bottom honey, focus on the movement. You want to be demure, sweet, something your Mistress can be proud of. Deeper sweetheart, get the plug all the way in, keep your back straight.”

Gary lost count of the repetitions as he worked on his ‘Bob’ curtsey. He hoped that Suzette was counting; he wanted this to be over. When he finished the last curtsey his legs were beginning to cramp and his bottom was starting to hurt.

Suzette wiped the remaining lube from Gary’s well-used ass, “of course there are bigger plugs and your Mistress will probably make use of them. Eventually you’ll have to learn all the types of curtseys and you’ll be expected to perform them perfectly, all the time. Here,” she said handing the plug to Gary, “there’s a sink in the corner, go wash this off.”

Gary held the butt plug in his hand; he felt its slickness and warmth. He wordlessly padded away on his bare feet while Suzette selected a collar.

When Gary returned Suzette held up a wide and stiff leather collar, emblazoned with the word ‘SISSY’ in sparkling crystals. “It’s a posture collar.”

Gary allowed Suzette to fasten the collar around his neck, securing it with a small padlock and attaching a leather lead to the front. Pulling on the lead, Suzette led Gary out of the dungeon, back upstairs and into the kitchen.

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Karin savored the last of her Champagne and placed the glass on an end table. “We’ll put him in the cage after supper.”

## *The Breaking Cage*

Joanna silently nodded.

“Are you worried, having second thoughts?”

“No,” Joanna said. “I’m good with it. No one is physically restraining him. He could get up and leave at any point. But he hasn’t, he stays and obeys, no matter how we seem to treat him.”

“It’s his nature Joanna, he wants to submit. He needs to revel in that sublime aura of Feminine Authority.” Karin uncrossed her legs, the silk stockings sensuously rustling against one another and reached over to put a reassuring hand on Joanna’s arm. “And we will take him to that place; that hallowed ground of male subjugation. I’ve seen his kind before; he’ll be happy there, content to submit, obey and serve. Your relationship is going to change.”

“I lose a husband and gain a maid.”

Karin sat back and shrugged. “Well, technically, legally, on the marriage certificate he is still your husband. And depending on what you decide he will continue to be to the world at large. It’s going to be whatever you want to make it.”

“I can make this work, if you can deliver on that cock you promised.”

“He’ll be joining us after supper,” Karin laughed. “Gary can meet him then.”

Please Enjoy:  
*PERFORMANCE ART*

From

*Female Domination*  
*Short Stories - Vol. I*

This time there were four of them; they worked slowly and methodically, occasionally positioning him for better access and ignoring his pleas and moans as they chatted about fashion, restaurants and films. He screamed, “My name is Simon Warton. I’m a reporter for Art Edge magazine. You have to help me!” Or at least that’s what his mind told him to say. To his ears it sounded like “mghph gghhffp gghhpphh mnmng-fh...”

*TWO DAYS Earlier...*

“I’m Elizabeth Stansbury,” she extended a hand enclosed in a brown kidskin leather glove.

“Simon Warton, Art Edge magazine, very pleased to make your acquaintance.” Her handshake was firm; everything about her was – impressive? Imposing? In her designer four inch heels she stood at least three inches taller than his five-eight. Her rich and elegantly coiffed silver hair put her age in her late 50s or 60s, but her skin was still flawless,

smooth and creamy, perfect makeup; he didn't see any lines indicating surgical enhancements. *Good genetics or high maintenance* he thought. A perfectly fitted Chanel suit emphasized a woman's shape, with curves that provoked more than a casual glance. It was her eyes that caught his attention: brown, with flecks of gold that caught the light. But - there was something about them: *not lifeless, but not giving anything away, haunting, yet mysterious*. "I'm anxious to have this opportunity to see your exhibit, it's all somewhat of a - mystery. I'm glad my publisher was able to arrange it."

She motioned her guest to sit as she poured coffee. "Debra is an old and dear friend, and when she called and asked if she could send you over I immediately agreed. Yes, the exhibit is very exclusive, open by special appointment and personal referrals only." Her eyes looked him over: reasonably fit, a thick head of curly hair and a handsome face. She smiled at the tufts of hair that peeked from his designer polo shirt and took note.

He saw her studied look; it gave him pause. "Is there something - wrong?"

She gracefully handed him the cup and saucer. "Nothing at all. Cream and sugar?"

His hand accepted the delicate china cup and saucer; the coffee was rich, much like his hostess and her surroundings. He thought about his editor, Debra Parker, *the fat cow, I should be editing Art Edge, what she knows about art wouldn't fill this cup*. "Uh - the exhibit - why such secrecy?"

Elizabeth sat back and crossed her legs, watching his eyes drawn to her shimmery ankles and the rustle of expensive stockings. She tented her fingers and her piercing eyes locked on his. "Not so much a secret as being - discreet, exclusive. The exhibit is not to everyone's taste."

"So, it's controversial? Like, Mapplethorpe?"



## *Performance Art*

She slowly pulled off her gloves, one finger at a time, her eyes never leaving his. “Yes, it could be considered controversial,” she pursed her lips, “it’s performance art...of an erotic nature.”

“Performance art? With live people?” He held out a small digital recorder, “May I take notes, put this on the record?”

She smiled, “Of course, everything on the record. I told Debra I’d be most accommodating to her number one reporter. I assured her she’d be *completely* satisfied.”

“Great!” He moved the switch to ‘on’ and set the unit on the coffee table between them.

She poured herself coffee, added sugar and slowly stirred, the spoon never touching the cup.

Simon leaned forward, “A sexual nature? Erotica? People performing sex? Gay? Lesbian?”

“Dominance and submission.” Her eyebrows arched, “Are you shocked?”

“You mean like whips and chains, leather, bondage, sex slaves?”

She smiled, her eyes taking on life. “More refined.” She saw his excitement.

Her gracious reticence was beginning to get on his nerves. She claimed to be open, but he had to slowly pry each bit of information from her. *Women and their fucking games!* “Who are the artists?”

“The artists are all women, select artisans from my own private circle who I commissioned to do the various pieces of the exhibit.”

“Really? All women...why?”

She leaned forward to place her coffee on the table. She was close enough for him to smell her Chanel perfume. *She’s probably twice my age, but I’d do her, hell maybe a couple of times.*

## Performance Art

“The reason I employ only women artists is the theme of the exhibit...Female Domination.”

He chuckled, and failed to note her derision when he did. “You mean women in boots and leather corsets, stuff like that?”

“A stereotype, an iconic image more fit for television, movies, trashy novels and magazines,” she huffed. She’d tolerate this creature, see this through to the end, she’d do it for her friendship with Debra.

“And my publisher, Debra, she knows about this?”

“She does, she recommended one of the artists.”

He let out a low whistle. *Well, Debra, guess there’s more to you than I thought.* “So, only women artists in the exhibit.”

Elizabeth nodded, “And only women visitors and guests.”

His surprise was obvious, “You mean men aren’t allowed to visit the exhibit? It really is women only?”

“Men are the - subjects - of the exhibit. They are viewed by women, but no male guests or visitors have been permitted. You,” she paused, enjoying the moment, “will be the first.”

“No shit, I can’t wait.”

“Neither, my dear boy, can I.”

“For security reasons, we won’t use the main entrance. We’ll use one of the maintenance access doors. I’ll wait for you inside, and Caroline will prepare you.” She pointed to a small, unlabeled door. “Go on, I’ll meet you inside the exhibit.”

He opened the door and went inside. A stunning young blond, her hair in a tight, severe bun, sat behind a nondescript desk. “Hello, I’m Simon – ”

“Yes, I know who you are.” She rose and approached him. Where Elizabeth had been dressed in fashionable ele-

gance, her young assistant was the epitome of fetish couture. A tight black pencil skirt molded to her hips and thighs. Her crisp white blouse was partially unbuttoned to reveal the hint of a lacy bra and full breasts.

*Now her, her I could do all night, and then some.*

“Please remove your clothing; you may put it in that locker.”

When she turned to point to the locker he looked instead at her black, seamed stockings and skyscraper, stiletto heels. “Excuse me?”

“Clothed males are NOT allowed in the exhibit hall.”

“Wait, I don’t think you understand. I’m a reporter, a writer, for Art Edge magazine. Ms Stansbury was going to give me a personally guided tour of the exhibit - for a story - for the magazine.” Once more he found himself looking *up* at a woman. This one had to be six-three in her heels. *What the fuck is going on?*

“Ms Stansbury is on the other side of that door,” Caroline pointed to a mahogany door, “waiting for you – a naked you. Please remove your clothing. Trust me, you will not shock or alarm any of *us*.”

For a brief moment he felt fear - dread. He had the impulse to turn and leave, kiss off the assignment and go get drunk - and laid.

Caroline stood her ground, towering over him, her arms crossed over those magnificent breasts, her green eyes cutting a hole through his skull.

“Aw, what the hell, it’s a story...right?” He pulled his shirt over his head and unbuckled his belt. “Anything for art, huh?”

For the first time the hint of a smile crossed Caroline’s lips, “Yes, we must sacrifice - everything - for our art.”

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As promised, he found the regal and imposing Elizabeth Stansbury waiting for him in the Exhibit Hall foyer. The door closed behind him with a heavy thud and click, and out of instinct he tried the handle. Locked.

The clicking of Elizabeth's heels turned his attention back to her. She seemed oblivious to his nakedness. In her hand she held a collar and a leash. She held out the collar, "Put this on."

"Hey, Elizabeth - Ms Stansbury - I've had some kinky sex, ya know...but -"

"This isn't for your pleasure." Her tone was unyielding, "My guests don't expect to see *any* males, other than in the exhibits, so you must be properly presented and escorted. I'll NOT have my artistic theme compromised!"

He held up a conciliatory hand, "OK, OK, I'm here...so...yea...OK" He reluctantly fastened the collar around his neck. Before he'd even removed his hands from his neck she walked away, pulling the leash taut and jerking him forward.

"The exhibit runs for nine weeks." She led him through a hallway filled with paintings of women dominating men, and rows of padded benches. "We have other venues available to us if attendance and interest warrants. This is the foyer, a place for patrons to meet up and wait for groups to form. We also host cocktail parties here some evenings." She led him past small groups of women who politely nodded and exchanged greetings with her. They either ignored him or cast looks that made him want to shrink away. "The first exhibit is behind that door." She pointed to a large carved door that bore only a simple plaque: DENUDED.

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Despite the size of the door it opened easily and Elizabeth led him into a brightly lit room. The exhibit was in the center of the room. She tugged on his leash and led him forward. "There can be as many as five million hairs, of various types and in various places, on the human body. I believe that the male body looks better devoid of hair. This is a practical exhibit that attains that goal...in a most elaborate manner."

It took a moment for him to take in exactly what he was seeing. A naked male was fastened to an array of gleaming chrome bars: wrists, ankles, legs, thighs, forearms, head, neck, torso, everything seemed to be fastened to a piece of machinery. A tug on his leash brought his eyes down to a console.

"It's easy to operate; a guest simply selects the body position," Elizabeth pointed to a series of 'stick figures' showing the human body in various positions, "and the machine automatically adjusts the subject to that posture. Up here," she jerked his head upwards, "we have a selection of tools." He gazed at the array of gleaming tweezers of every shape and description and magnifying glasses suspended from silver chains. "I've seen guests spend hours here, chatting, and slowly removing the hairs from the subject."

"You mean," he backed away, but she held firm with the leash.

"Yes, it's an interactive exhibit where the male body is plucked clean of all unsightly *male fur*." She laughed, "Perhaps a demonstration?" She punched a button and the machine whirred; within seconds the subject was before her, upside down. "This is a good angle for nose hairs, they're quite sensitive." She reached up and pulled down a set of

shiny tweezers. “Nice and s-l-o-w, so they can f-e-e-l it. See,” she held up the tweezers, a black hair in the pincers. The man in the machine made an unintelligible moaning sound. She plucked out two more. “Sometimes it makes their eyes water, the nose hairs. How about a few eyelashes?” She plucked out three eyelashes.

Simon tried to pull away, but she held fast to his leash. “You’re crazy, you can’t do this.”

“But I am. This exhibit is very popular. Depending on the crowds, and the hirsute nature of the specimen, we can de-hair a male or two over the course of the exhibit.” The subject mumbled again.

“Can’t they speak?” Simon asked.

“We considered gagging them, but the staff decided they like that interactive verbal response. Sometimes there may be four or more women working on a subject. It becomes a competition to see who can extract the loudest or most unique response.”

Simon felt his knees go weak.

“Of course no one is really interested in *hearing* what a male has to say, so we’ve injected their vocal chords with a chemical that renders them incapable of intelligible speech. There is the side effect them losing speech capability forever, but we considered that, and don’t see that as an impediment.”

Simon shook his head in disbelief, “All...all the hairs...all?”

Her hand slid to his collar and she pulled him nose-to-nose, “Every - single - hair. You ought to see them squeal when we go to work on their cock, balls and ass. We can make it last for hours; some of our visitors videotape it.”

They watched as three well-dressed women, obviously executives on their lunch hour, sat down and reached above them, pulling down tweezers and magnifying glasses. “Set the

machine for balls Linda, let's clean up that scrotum." They shared a laugh as the machine rotated into position, the hapless subject making gurgling noises that Simon could only guess were pleas for mercy. *Not likely, from these bitches!*

"Ready to see more?"

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Simon shivered as he left the exhibit, the squeals of the man echoed as the hairs were individually plucked. Even though he was naked he knew the room wasn't cold, but still, he shook. *I can leave whenever I want, overpower these demonic bitches and walk out.* But he allowed himself to be led away, padded along on bare feet behind the high heels of his guide - his benefactor. Was it his curiosity, his reporter's inquisitive nose looking for that break-out story that kept him docile, leashed and naked? Or was it something else? Fight or flight - or the third choice - submit.

"This next one is my favorite, both for the fashion aspect and the clever double-entendre." As with the first, the signage was classically simple: MEN ARE HEELS. Elizabeth opened the door and pulled him into the room.

Paintings of women dominating men adorned the walls, but the eye was immediately drawn to the two pair of GIANT high heels that took up the center of the room. A pair of red shoes and leopard shoes, both in a classic high-heeled pump style dominated the surroundings.

Simon gazed in awe at their imposing size. *They have to be close to seven feet high. OK, big shoes, but what's so special...*

She watched his look change, smiled as the realization swept over him. She allowed his leash the necessary slack so he could approach the towering spike heels. "Lovely aren't they?" she purred. "Simply divine."

## Performance Art

He came face to face with the clear acrylic heel, locking eyes with the face of the male trapped inside. “There’s...there’s somebody in there.”



She laughed; for a writer, an *intellectual*, he seemed a bit slow. “Men are heels, in this case...literally.”

His hand rubbed the smooth surface, “They’re alive.” The heels were clear acrylic, six feet tall, and shaped like a classic spike heel. Inside was a hairless male, facing forward toward the shoe’s sole, somehow crammed in so he filled the heel and was completely immobile.



“Of course they’re alive; imagine how they’d begin to smell if they were dead. And you can torment the live ones; it is, after all, another interactive exhibit.” She picked up a leather whip and lashed out at the back of the heel. A pitiful wail emanated from the shoe. “We left their buttocks exposed. Imagine being punished and you can’t get away, escape, movement is impossible. They’re trapped with the realization that they must endure whatever anyone wants to administer.” She moved to the front of the spike heel, the side facing the sole. “Their nipples were left exposed as well,” she viciously grabbed one, violently pinching and twisting it. The heel squealed. “Beautiful, how exquisitely they suffer.”

Simon looked to one of the other shoes where a mother and daughter were tormenting a ‘heel’ delighting in the different cries they were coaxing from it.

A tug on the leash got his attention. “Did you notice their feet?” Elizabeth pointed a perfectly manicured nail to the base of the heel. “Get down on your knees for a closer look.”

There was an authority in her voice that made him follow without hesitation, and he dropped to his knees to get a closer look at the heel.

“Ballet heels, eight inches. We put them in ballet heels before we insert them into the heels. The ridiculously high arch gives the foot that delightful stiletto end that makes them so sexy, don’t you think?”

Simon couldn’t imagine how feet could be put in that position. “Isn’t it painful, I mean –”

“Pain? Of course, but male suffering and humiliation are essential parts of my exhibit’s theme.” With a short leather strap she whipped the heel’s exposed cock and balls, her eyes closing and a smile forming as he screamed. She jerked on the leash, “Up!”

Simon felt his balls shrink and his ass clench, he

couldn't deny his fear. "Y – you say the exhibit runs for nine weeks. At night...are they...released..."

"No, all males in all exhibits 'assume the position' for the duration of the exhibit. I have a medical staff that comes in at night; they hydrate them, evacuate them with enemas, feed them."

Simon pointed to the hideous shoes on the 'heel's feet'. "But those shoes, I mean wearing them—"

"Yes, it's very likely these particular subjects will be unable to walk afterwards." Her tone held no compassion; rather she discussed the males as commodities. "We're considering options, permanently breaking and reforming all the bones in the foot to the ballet heel shape so they can be permanently used in the shoe exhibit, or selling them off to a unique foreign petting zoo, where wealthy Asian women keep male pets. After all, they can still crawl around like an animal and the throat treatment leaves them able to bark."

Simon looked at the human form molded into the acrylic heel; its eyes seem to say 'run away' but Simon remained frozen in place, tethered to the firm hand of Elizabeth Stansbury, Dominant Patron of the Arts.

"So, what do you think of my exhibit?"

He was incredulous. *Surely she can't get away with this; she's insane, a madwoman.* Yet the exhibit was well attended; women of every age and ethnicity, in groups and singles, roamed the exhibits: looking, touching and tormenting. They greeted Elizabeth and ignored him; *She leads around a naked man, on a leash, and they don't bat an eye.*

She snapped her fingers. "There's one more I'd like you to see; come along, like a good boy." He obediently allowed himself to be led away.

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HALL of PAIN read the simple bronze plaque on the final door. "It's important to have a big ending, something memorable, don't you think?" She pulled him close with a tug on the leash. "Are you getting the story you wanted?"

*Surely she's not going to just let me walk out of here and write about this?* He shivered again.

She saw his fear; she'd noted it all the way through the exhibits. *All that bravado, on the surface, but when faced with reality they crumble, submit, crawl.* "Attendance is better than we projected, if it keeps up we'll open in Atlanta in September. The exit is after this final exhibit."

"OK...yea...great..."

She leaned in, her hot breath on his ear, "Then let's finish...shall we?" Despite her latent malevolence he couldn't help but be excited by the brush of her hair on his shoulder and the hint of her perfume. She opened the door, "After you."

The Hall of Pain was a popular exhibit. Visitors strolled endlessly up and down, watching large video screens with changing colors. A strange cacophony of sounds: moans, cries and wails filled the air, bringing smiles to the visitor's faces. The volume increased when a group of Goth girls, resplendent in heavy black eye makeup, leather, tattered T-shirts and wicked boots stomped their way up and down the hall. "This is their favorite exhibit," Elizabeth explained.

She led him to a small kiosk. "Good afternoon, Susan."

"Good afternoon, Ms Stansbury." The petite redhead in the kiosk handed Elizabeth a pair of black patent pumps.

"Thank you, Susan, a good crowd today?"

"Oh, yes, very enthusiastic, it's been quite noisy."

"That's what we want." Elizabeth led her naked reporter to a line of benches and sat down. She handed him the black pumps and extended her foot. "Put the shoes on me."

## *Performance Art*

Simon was no longer functioning as a reporter, he was now in a survival mode, his only intent to *get through here and get out!* He knelt and slipped the expensive designer heels from her feet, Prada, he noticed. The new heels were cheaper fetish shoes with five inch metal spike heels. He slipped them on her feet and decided *they look hot, even on an older woman in a fancy suit.*

She stood, now even taller than he, and led him into the exhibit. The tall spindly heels didn't slow her stride, she moved effortlessly, keeping a pace that had his leash tight. She stopped and spun on one of the wicked heels. "You may notice several women wearing the same shoes. It's part of the exhibit, they get them at the kiosk, loaners from Susan." She chuckled, "Our version of renting bowling shoes...with a diabolical side."

He silently nodded, *let me get this over with and get the hell out of here.* The mother and daughter from the high heel exhibit had now made it to this exhibit and were exchanging their shoes for the wicked metal stilettos.

Elizabeth pointed to them, "Watch."

Simon saw the two women walk from the benches where they changed their shoes and onto the main floor. They shared a smile as they stepped on the main exhibit floor. Their sexy, seductive gait now changed; their steps were deliberate, up and down rather than gliding. They stopped in front of one of the ever-changing colored video screens, but kept their feet in motion: stepping up and down, putting all the weight on one heel and rotating it. As they did they laughed and pointed at the screen, noting the changing designs and colors.

Elizabeth noted Simon's confused look. *Poor baby, it's all been too much for him, but thankfully, or not, we're near the end.* "The floor, darling," she directed his attention to the floor. "Get on your hands and knees and crawl over to get a good look."

He hesitated.

“Go on,” she urged, “on your knees.” She put her hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him down. “Crawl.”

He crawled forward, Elizabeth walking behind holding his leash, much as she might walk a pet on a Sunday afternoon. The mother and daughter smiled at the scene; Elizabeth nodded at them and returned the smile.

When he got close enough to see the floor details he stopped and backed away in fear. Elizabeth stopped him with a carefully planted metallic spike heel in his exposed bottom. “STAY!”

Panic filled his face, “They’re hands...f-fingers.” A woman walked by, so close he saw the wicked heels trod over the exposed fingers. He started to rise when he felt the sting of a whip lash his buttocks.

“I SAID STAY DOWN!” Elizabeth flicked the whip again and he howled, but stayed on his knees.

He shook with fear, afraid to remain, afraid to try and leave. *Where did she get a whip?*

“Yes, dear, hands and fingers - male hands and fingers. And yes, they’re alive - they feel the pain, the agony, every blissful second of it. It’s wonderful isn’t it, a patchwork, a mosaic of fingers interlocked to make a human carpet. The males stand below, their hands protruding, and the fingers are super-glued to the floor, quite immobilized.”

“No, no, no...”

*Despair, hopelessness, I love them at this point, so pitiful, so ready to be utilized.* “Yes, down below the males are crammed together like cattle, their feet shod in eight-inch ballet boots. Can you imagine, weeks on point while your hands and fingers are continually mauled by women in killer shoes. I mean, really, men have this fascination with women in heels, so why not let them enjoy it...*first hand?*”

## Performance Art

“No, please, I...please, no...”

“All the men are gagged and each gag is attached to a tube of a different length. As our subjects moan and wail they do so at different frequencies. These *musical* tones are converted to colors and patterns on the video displays on the walls, real-time performance art.”

He thought about the mother and daughter, standing, digging their stilettos into the floor, listening to the sounds and watching the colors. He remembered the Goth girls, stomping up and down the hall.

“That’s right; my visitors create their own individual art works, real time, at the expense of the males beneath their high heels.” She jerked his leash, “Time to go,” and led him across the floor. He followed, watching her stilettos dig into the flesh all the way across the room.

When the wooden door closed behind them, he welcomed the silence. He felt her hands remove the collar.

“I hope you enjoyed the tour; I’m quite looking forward to your article. You’ll find your clothes in the dressing room behind that gray door.”

He heard her heels click away and turned to see her exit through an elaborately carved wooden door. *Shit! I didn’t think she was gonna let me leave. She’s certifiable, a fuckin’ wack job.* He jumped to his feet and looked around. He was alone. *I’m outta here, and I’m taking this bitch down.* He opened the door and on a chair were his clothes and personal effects. He quickly pulled on his pants and bent over to slip on his shoes...when he felt the prick on the back of his neck. “What the...”

He tried to stand but fell to the floor. Through a haze he saw Caroline; she looked even taller from the floor.

His blonde tormenter held a syringe. “It was a neuromuscular agent. You can’t move, makes the males easier to

handle.” He saw her smile and pick up a different syringe. “You didn’t really think we were going to let you walk out of here.” She bent down; her hand stroked the hair on his arm and chest; she smiled. She held the needle to his neck. “Any intelligible last words?”

“No, no, please – you can’t. I won’t say-” He felt the needle plunge into his neck. “Please, if you let me g g igh mmgghh, ghgh...”

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Elizabeth left her office early to meet her luncheon date. She greeted Debra Parker in the foyer and the women embraced. “Debra, it’s so good to see you, you look marvelous.”

“Thank you, yes, life is much better with those pesky annoyances removed. I can never thank you enough.”

“It was my pleasure, a pleasant afternoon’s diversion.” Elizabeth took Debra’s arm in hers. “Would you like to see him? We’re starting him off in the DENUDED exhibit, and we’ll move him later, when there’s no hair left.”

“I can’t wait; I’ve been looking forward to this...for a long time.”

“There were four working on him when I last checked.”

Simon heard the clicking of more heels as additional visitors entered the room. Some watched, and others stayed to torment and torture a hapless male. The machine whirred and jerked, he was being repositioned. When he came to rest, he was upside down, spread-eagled. It took a moment for him to orient himself and focus; when he did his blood ran cold...Debra.

“Hello, Simon, long time, no see. I never did get that article you were supposed to write.” She reached up and

pulled down a pair of tweezers. “Are you still doing research? Going undercover?”

He blinked as the tweezers came close to his eyes and he felt that twinge as an eyelash was removed.

“Hold still,” she mocked, “we don’t want to put out an eye with one of these things.” She pulled out a second eyelash.

“Try some of the nose hairs, they often make their eyes water,” Elizabeth advised .

Debra adjusted his position and pulled down a magnifying glass and went to work on his right nostril. Within seconds he was moaning. She clapped her hands, “This is fun!”

Elizabeth smiled, “I’m glad I could bring you two back together. I could order in lunch, we could stay here for a while, get re-acquainted.”

Debra held up a long hair she’d plucked from Simon’s nose. “Lunch would be wonderful, thank you. I don’t have to be back at work until two.”

“It will be our little afternoon reunion then,” Elizabeth smiled, “just the three of us.”

*END*



Please Enjoy Chapters 3 & 4  
From  
*Corporate Slaves - The Women*  
*Book One: Recruitment*

# Three

Ellen relaxed in her bathtub. Candles flickered in the darkened room, and her body was immersed in a plume of scented soap bubbles. She took a final drag from her cigarette and crushed it out. *Ironic, now that I can really afford the damned things I'm going to have to give them up.*

Her eyes closed and she replayed the events of the day in her head. She couldn't consciously remember falling to her knees and crawling across the floor to kiss the shoes of another woman, but she had. Ellen shuddered as she remembered the warm glow that had flowed through her when Lenore stroked her hair and whispered "good girl".

Things occurred in a whirl after that. Both she and Rebecca signed, while still on their knees, their first year probationary contracts. They received their envelopes of cash and another envelope of instructions. The instructions required them to report for work the next morning, wearing a conservative dress, garter belt and stockings, and the required heels.

Flush with cash, Ellen stopped at an exclusive department store to buy an expensive garter belt and a pair of Woford seamed stockings that cost as much as a dinner out, at least for her. She splurged on a bottle of real French Champagne and Chinese takeout and hurried home to celebrate.

It all seemed surreal to her. Could an organization in *this* day and age really get away with such practices? Yes, she'd signed the non-disclosure agreement, and Verdun & Associates had the resources to ruin her if she violated it, but that was the furthest thing from her mind. She was going willingly; they'd bought her, with an obscene salary, an apartment and clothes. *No, they didn't buy me – I sold myself.*

The sexual submission of Peggy had been such an erotic act that Ellen was genuinely turned on. And yet Peggy actually worked, all day Ellen had watched her manage the reception area, answer the phone, type correspondence. It was a real job she was being offered – but those 'other duties as assigned' unwritten in the position description, they were unique.

Ellen took another sip of Champagne and pulled a handful of bubbles over her breasts. Her hand lingered on one, thinking of her new colleague, Rebecca. *She had no hesitation; she crawled across the floor, scurrying to her new Mistress, almost eager to please.*

Ellen sighed and slipped further into the water; her hand now softly stroked her nipple. She remembered Diane, in college; they'd been lovers, at least in that young, experimental phase of her life.

She'd enjoyed her time with Diane, finding pleasure in the arms of another woman, and yet she succumbed to the dictates of family and society, attempting to be a good American housewife. Her eyes opened and her hand fell away from

her breast. *Yea, we saw how THAT worked out.*

Marriage to Jack had been a disaster; thankfully there were no children to further ensnare her life. By the time they walked away from the marriage there was little to show for it; the settlement she'd received was almost gone, this new job was her salvation.

Her thoughts returned to the lovely Peggy in her stockings, waist cincher and heels, furiously fucking the corner of Dominique Verdun's desk; and then kneeling, her pink tongue lapping up her sexual excess. Peggy hadn't seemed ashamed at all, she was blissful, content, and joyous at her service. Ellen's hands disappeared under the soapy water, finding the folds of her sex. She stroked herself, her head filled with visions of Peggy, of Rebecca crawling across the floor, of kneeling before Lenore. She screamed when she climaxed, her release so powerful that water spilled over the tub.

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"Rebecca Marsh, but everyone calls me Becky," she extended her hand. "I guess we should introduce ourselves."

"Ellen Clark," she shook Becky's hand.

The women were seated in the reception area. Peggy fielded calls and answered e-mails, but the office was devoid of the crowd of yesterday.

"I can't believe I got this job!" Becky whispered. "It's three times what I was making before."

Ellen nodded, "Yea, it couldn't come at a better time for me either." She watched Peggy rise and walk to a file cabinet. Ellen could tell by Peggy's posture and gait that she wore the confining waist cincher. A shiver flushed through her, *to be bound like that all day, controlled, restrained...*

A beautiful brunette, her tresses falling to the shoulders of her exquisite peach colored suit entered the room. "I'm Margaret Reynolds, Mistress Markham's secretary, if you'll follow me."

Ellen and Becky followed Margaret through the corridors. They noted by her walk that she was also corseted. Margaret's skirt was, as was many of the others, short and tight, molding itself to the woman's hips, which swayed seductively from the Jimmy Choo's on her feet.

Margaret escorted them directly to Lenore's office, opening the door and ushering them in. "The new girls are here, Mistress."

"Very well," Lenore said.

Margaret wordlessly backed out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Lenore rose from behind her desk and took a seat at a settee near the window. "Welcome to Verdun & Associates girls, we hope you'll be happy here."

"Thank you, Mistress," Becky nodded her head.

Ellen quickly followed, "Y-yes, thank you, uh, Mistress."

Lenore smiled. *Becky is a natural submissive; I hope she's as adept at her sexual services. And Ellen will come around.* She snapped her fingers and motioned the girls forward, stopping them three feet in front of her. "Lift your dress, Ellen."

Ellen grabbed the hem of her dress and lifted it, exposing her new garter belt and matching panties, and her expensive seamed stockings.

"Turn around," Lenore said. "Bend forward at the waist."

Ellen executed the command, turning, bending and exposing her bottom.

Lenore's finger traced the outline of one of the garter

straps. She nodded approvingly at the seamed stockings, “Very nice, turn around.”

Ellen turned and smoothed out her dress, “Thank you, Mistress.”

*Quick learner, that’s in her favor.* Lenore turned her gaze to Becky, “And you—display.”

Almost eagerly, Becky pulled up her dress, turned on her heels and leaned forward. She seemed to open herself, inviting inspection.

“You like this, don’t you?” Lenore’s finger traced the silken fabric of the panty over Becky’s ass crack. “You’re going to try so very hard to please,” she gently prodded at the puckered opening, “aren’t you?”

“Oh, y-yes, Mistress,” Becky’s response was nearly a sob.

Lenore snapped her fingers and Becky returned to position. *This one’s been in service before, how delightful.* “Kneel,” she commanded. She watched as both women knelt before her, noting that Becky descended gracefully and naturally into the position. “You’ll both be receiving the official indoctrination today, but I always meet with the new girls on their first day.” She held out her feet. “Remove my shoes and rub my feet while we have our little talk.”

Ellen reached forward to remove the stylish footwear, noting by the iconic red sole that Lenore was perched today on a pair of exquisite Louboutins.

“Mmm, nice. You will address all management and superiors as Mistress. When in mixed company, you will use Ma’am, You’ll soon learn when and where to use the proper forms of address. Follow the examples of Peggy, Margaret and those more seasoned, learn from them, they can be a valuable resource and speed up your training and acclimation time. Employees address each other by their first names.”

Lenore watched as they rubbed her feet. Ellen was giving an acceptable massage, but Becky was devoted to her task. She noted the girl's eyes, her hungry mouth, Becky was desperate to worship the feet of her Mistress. She smiled at the girl, "You may."

Becky nearly swooned and brought her lips, ever so gently, to Lenore's toes, planting sweet kisses on them.

Lenore caught Ellen's eyes and nodded toward Becky, "You might also learn a thing or two from this one. Yes, you two will make a lovely pairing."

The "lovely pairing" seemed an odd remark to Ellen but she let it go. She fought to show any tinges of jealousy toward Becky, *but the damned woman seems to do everything right, without being told.*

"You may have noticed, hopefully you *have* been observant," Lenore said, "that our girls *do* work here. We expect you to be efficient and productive. We also expect, *demand*, those extra services. When given a command you will comply, with alacrity."

Becky momentarily stopped sucking on a toe and scrunched her eyebrows, puzzled at 'alacrity'.

"Cheerful promptness," Ellen whispered.

"Very good," Lenore commended, "we expect our girls to help each other out, in all sorts of ways. You've noticed that you can, and will, be used sexually. You will never be permanently physically damaged or marked, though you *will* be used. I think you will come to enjoy it, if you don't already."

Lenore continued, "You may leave the employ of Verdun & Associates at any time, but you will forfeit any bonuses, wardrobe, living arrangements and you *will* be subject to the terms of the non-disclosure agreement." She pulled her feet from their attentions, "Shoes."

Not to be outshone this time, Ellen watched Becky

and quickly copied her movements. As if in unison the women replaced Lenore's shoes on her feet, knelt forward and placed a reverent kiss on each toe, then bowed their heads to the floor, whispering a sincere, "Thank you, Mistress."

"Good girls, you're off to a wonderful start," Lenore praised.

## *Four*

Margaret led them to the clinic, "We do our own initial health screenings. We have a doctor and nurse on staff and we'll refer you out to any specialists needed."

In the clinic they were met by a nurse who wore a white dress and heels; there was nothing casual about anyone who worked at Verdun & Associates. She ushered Becky and Ellen into an examination room; this one different in that it had two exam tables facing one another.

"Please remove your clothing, everything," the nurse pointed to lockers, "you may put your items in there. Wait on the examination table and we'll be with you shortly."

By now, Ellen was growing accustomed to the decidedly different business protocols used by her new employer, but still, she'd never had a physical exam with another woman.

They were offered no dressing gowns and soon Ellen and Becky sat, naked, facing each other. Ellen got a good look at Becky; she was short, and muscular, in a gymnast sort of way, but not fat. Becky's red hair was genuine, the rich red curls forming a lush and inviting mound between her legs. Her green eyes sparkled with excitement. Ellen shook her head, *she's enjoying this, every part of it seems to excite her.*

Ellen caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Even at thirty-two she was still pretty, her auburn hair framing hazel eyes sure to catch the attention of any man, *and women it seems*. Her figure was better than Becky's, Ellen's breasts fuller, her waist smaller, *not that it mattered to my ex*.

The room was cool and quiet, except for the hum of the ventilation system. Both women jumped when the door opened and the nurse returned, accompanied by the doctor.

Ellen was no longer surprised to see the doctor was a woman and stylishly dressed.

"I'm Doctor Givens," she shook hands with each woman. "We're going to give you a quick check-up, establish some baselines, and make sure you are ready to work."

The nurse and doctor went through the preliminaries in a practiced and thorough manner: temperature, blood pressure, eyes, throat, it all seemed standard to Ellen. The doctor put Ellen on a nicotine patch to help her quit smoking.

It was embarrassing when the doctor did the pelvic exams, especially with the exam tables facing each other and the two women sprawled out, their feet in stirrups, each watching the other. The advice to obey 'with alacrity' resounded in Ellen's head so she endured the humiliation. But it was to quickly worsen.

Doctor Givens' gloved hands spread Ellen's labial lips and she raised her head and spoke to the ceiling. "What do you think?"

Ellen's eyes darted around the room until, out of the corner of her eye, she saw movement. In the corner of the ceiling was a small white object with a red blinking light, and it was moving.

"Shaved?" asked Doctor Givens.

"I think so," it was Dominique Verdun's voice. "What do you think, Lenore?"



“I’d like to see the other one,” Lenore said.

The voices came from a speaker in the ceiling. Ellen and Becky shared a nervous glance; Dominique and Lenore were watching the examination, probably from the comfort of their executive offices.

Doctor Givens nodded to the nurse who opened Becky’s legs as the camera rotated and focused on her.

“Oh my, that *IS* lovely,” Lenore purred.

Becky blushed, her cheeks nearly matching the color of her red hair. *Mistress is pleased.*

“Yes,” Dominique chimed in, “it is divine. We’ll maintain that; have Ellen shaved.”

“Shall we do it now?” Lenore asked. “I can alert management that we have an on-line event for viewing.”

“Yes,” Dominique said, “send out the message.”

Ellen felt a chill run through her, whether from the coolness of the exam room or the pending humiliation, she didn’t know. Her sex was to be shaved, by another naked woman, and the event was to be broadcast as entertainment for management.

The nurse fondled Becky’s nipple, “Have you ever shaved anyone? Yourself?”

Becky whimpered at the nurse’s touch. “Yes, Mistress, I have shaved another.”

The nurse pinched the nipple, smiling as Becky winced at the pain, “I’ll get the materials.”

Becky knelt between Ellen’s stretched legs. She leaned in and gently placed her lips on Ellen’s sex, softly kissing the folds of skin and exiting with a parting lick. “I’ll be gentle,” she whispered.

Ellen visibly shook. On each side of her stood the doctor and the nurse, each softly stroking one of Ellen’s

breasts. Ellen closed her eyes and whimpered; her exposure and the sexual excitement was overpowering.

Doctor Givens whispered in Ellen's ear, "Dominique wants you shaved; that lovely pussy of yours is always to be kept clean shaven and smooth." She glanced down at Becky, "And Becky will perform that service for you; it will be her job to keep you presentable." Her lips softly grazed Ellen's cheek and she continued to stroke Ellen's breast.

The speaker in the ceiling came alive with sounds, several different voices now chiming in as managers throughout Verdun & Associates clicked the special function keys on their computers to watch the new girls perform.

"Dominique, they're lovely."

"The brunette, where will she work? She's stunning."

"She'll work for Stephanie, in copy."

"Stef, you're so lucky; I do hope you intend to share."

The dialogue continued as Becky used a small scissors to trim away the hair. Her touch was gentle and it drove Ellen mad with desire. When Becky applied the warm shaving cream Ellen gasped. Becky quickly shaved the area, wiping it clean. Her final act was to apply lotion, her fingers working the entire area, slipping into Ellen's fiery crevice. When neither Ellen, nor the doctor or spectators objected, Becky probed further, finding Ellen's clit and stroking the sensitive nubbin.

Ellen began to fuck the hand back, thrusting her hips, encouraging Becky, begging for more of her exquisite attention.

The doctor and the nurse shared a smile and moved their attentions to Ellen's nipples, squeezing and pinching them, coaxing squeals of delighted pain from Ellen.

She could hold out no longer, every nerve in her body screamed for release and when the climax came it shook Ellen

to the core. She rose from the table as she screamed and collapsed again, her breasts heaving from the effort. And then she cried, sobs that heaved her chest, tears of euphoria for an orgasm the likes of which she'd never experienced. Behind her sobs she didn't hear the ongoing narrative.

“My God, she's *very* orgasmic.”

“Truly, and I don't think we've seen her full potential.”

“You've got a live one Stef, I see a promising future for her.”

Becky too was crying, overcome at the erotic scene and having pleased her newest friend.

The nurse stroked Becky's hair and the kneeling girl crawled to her side. “You did well,” the nurse said. “From now on it's your job to keep her shaved.”

Becky cried and nodded, clutching the leg tighter, her tears wetting the nurse's white stockinged leg, happier than she'd ever been.

The story continues in:

## Corporate Slaves

### The Women - 2: Road Trip

Ellen stood, open-mouthed as Jerri pulled forth her new luggage for the trip.

“Louis Vuitton Pegase 55 roll-on and a Keepall 45,” Jerri said, “should be all you need for a short business trip.”

Her hands caressed the Keepall, “They’re mine?” Ellen fingered the leather handle on the Keepall, “To keep?”

Jerri frowned, “Of course, Dominique insists her staff maintain a chic corporate image when they travel.” She held out two pair of leather gloves, one brown and one black, “Here, we recently received more of these, very nice, Carolina Amato.”

Ellen held the leather to her cheek, “My God, it’s like being in a high fashion photo spread.”

“That’s the idea,” Jerri said, “when you travel you are an extension, a face of Verdun & Associates.”

“Don’t get me wrong,” Ellen placed the exquisite gloves in her new LV bag, “it’s definitely something I can get used to.”

Jerri winked, “Have fun in San Francisco.”

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“Please step through ma’am,” the security guard motioned Ellen through the screener, which beeped when she passed.

She flinched; she’d removed everything, except the heavy metal necklace.

“Please, over here,” a woman guard pointed to the side.

Ellen moved to the spot and held up her hands as the guard ran a wand over her body; it emitted its offensive sound when it neared her neck.

“Can you remove this?” the guard asked.

“N-no, it’s-um-locked on. I don’t-uh-have a key, any way to...” Ellen bit her lip and looked around; several travelers were watching her.

Fingers probed at her blouse, moving it away to inspect the heavy silver necklace with the “V” hanging from it. “OK, go on.”

Ellen avoided all the staring eyes and quickly gathered her things and walked to her boss, Stephanie who’d watched it all with amused detachment. Together they watched Donna subjected to the same process.

Within minutes the three women were walking to their boarding gate, Stephanie in the lead and Donna and Ellen close behind. More than a few male, as well as female heads turned to watch the perfectly suited women strut by on their stilettos, their gloved hands clutching expensive bags.

“God, that was embarrassing,” Ellen whispered.

“That?” Donna chuckled, “that’s nothing, try going through security sometime wearing a full metal chastity belt.”

It took a couple of steps before Donna stopped and turned to the shocked Ellen who remained frozen in place.

“You, you can’t be serious.” Despite all she’d been through in the last few weeks, the surprises kept coming for Ellen.

Donna’s eyes narrowed, “Oh, but I am, and trust me, your time will come.”

Please Enjoy Chapter Four  
From  
*Corporate Slaves - The Men*  
*Book One: Hostile Takeover*

# *Four*

He was attacked in the elevator, one of them unbuttoning his shirt as the other unzipped his pants. When the door opened they dragged him, now half clothed, down the hall. Their room was an expensive suite, the lights turned low, their feet sinking into thick carpet.

“Champagne?” Diane asked.

“It’s the perfect occasion,” Lillian said in a sing-song voice. “I can’t wait. Oh, here they are.”

Ken furrowed his eyebrows at her last statement and then followed her eyes to a spot across the room. Standing in the doorway to the bedroom, consuming the space, were two naked men.

He held up his hands, “Wait guys, hey nothing happened here, I don’t want any trouble.”

“Silly,” Dianne playfully slapped his shoulder as she pulled off his suit coat.

Lillian unbuttoned his shirt, her hands finding his nipples in the process. “There’s no problem at all, you *really* need to relax.”

*Corporate Slaves - The Men - Book One: Hostile Takeover*

Diane was removing his shoes and socks, but Ken's eyes were fixed on the naked males. Their faces held no wrath at their girlfriends' antics; rather, they seemed to be enjoying it. His trousers followed until he stood only in a pair of white boxer shorts. He was confused, and excited, yet wanted to maintain a worldly air about the unfolding events. "So, uh, your friends are gonna watch?"

Diane giggled, "Um, yea." She and Lillian held hands and carried their glasses and Champagne bottle to the sofa. They settled, side by side and poured their drinks.

Ken looked at the two women on the sofa and back to the men in the doorway. He turned back to the women, "So, are you getting undressed?"

They smiled, this was one of their favorite parts, and silently shook their heads 'no'.

"Wait a minute, you told me at the bar you liked cocksucking, threesomes, hell, even anal. I *heard* that."

"Oh we do, we love it," Lillian said, "it really gets us off. So, the sooner you all get started, the sooner we can get back to the party."

Ken turned; the men were advancing from the doorway. "Oh, uh, wait, you can't, I mean--"

"We do, darling," Diane's voice was harder now. "We expect to see a threesome, some cock sucking--"

"*And* some anal," Lillian added. "Do we need to tell Geoffrey how you've disappointed us?"

Ken jumped when a male hand caressed his waist. Another hand traced a line along his collar bone. He felt warm lips on his neck and his body quivered.

"Come on, Ken, we want you to be part of our corporate team, but you have to learn to play with us, *our* way." Diane slipped her hand up Lillian's dress.

Lillian reached over and pulled down Diane's dress,

*Corporate Slaves - The Men - Book One: Hostile Takeover*

exposing her full breasts, “I bet this isn’t your first time, is it? Hmm, baby, maybe you had some boy-boy time in college?”

Ken didn’t remember his underwear coming off, only the memories of his junior year *and Steven*.

The hand squeezing his balls brought Ken back to reality. He stood, rigid, both in body and cock. Strong hands mauled him, cupping his balls, kneading his ass cheeks. He watched one of the men kneel before him; Ken felt the hand wrap around his shaft as a tongue flicked at the head of his cock. Again there were lips on his neck, hot breath in his ear. He heard the hoarse whispered voice, “Welcome to the corporation.”

Ken felt himself relax, fearing he might fall if not supported by the strong arms that wrapped around him. His cock was now buried deep within a stranger’s mouth, greedy licks sucking, coaxing out Ken’s life force. “Yield, submit,” the voice said.

He shuddered and moaned, his cries quickly silenced by a man’s lips on his. The aggressor at his cock was relentless and Ken spilled his load into a waiting and eager mouth. The men pulled away and Ken was shoved to his knees.

Diane rose from the couch and slid out of her dress.

Ken’s cock began to throb anew at the sight of her, clad only in garter belt, stockings and heels. She stalked across the room and loomed over him, the blonde curls between her legs glistening. Her finger dipped between her legs and she held it up to Ken’s nose. “You got me wet, baby, watching you and the boys here.” She wiped her finger on his upper lip and watched him inhale her musky scent. “But Lillian and I need more from you if we’re going to get off.”

Her hand reached out and she grabbed the cock and pulled the man to her side. “Rex was nice enough to pleasure



*Corporate Slaves - The Men - Book One: Hostile Takeover*

you, and it was certainly hot watching you come in his mouth.” She knelt, her face inches away from Ken, “But the corporate motto is reciprocity, you owe Rex, and you certainly owe Lillian and me.”

She pulled on the cock, the man moving forward until the bulbous head was poised at Ken’s lips. “Look at it, baby. Is this the most beautiful cock?” her tongue flicked out and traced its length. “C’mon, give it a little kiss, nothing to fear, just a kiss.”

Ken leaned forward to peck at the cock with his lips.

Lillian shook her head, *all that bravado, the insipid pick-up line, his type often folds fast under pressure.*

Rex rubbed his cock across Ken’s lips, pushing, probing, seeking entrance.

“Time to reciprocate,” Diane whispered, “c’mon, wet your lips and open up.”

Rex’s hands gripped Ken’s head while his partner’s hands sought and found Ken’s nipples.

Slowly the cock penetrated, Ken’s eyes went wide as he tried to accommodate the mammoth invader.

“Mmm, big isn’t he? It’s a yummy cock,” Diane cooed. “We’ll go slowly-this first time.” She nodded to Rex who withdrew. “Again, open up,” her voice was demanding now and she smiled as Ken willfully complied. She stroked his cheek, “Good, good. Hold it in there, stay calm, and breathe. It’s nice to have a big cock in your mouth, yes?”

With Rex holding his head and Ken’s face impaled on Rex’s cock, Ken could only whimper in the affirmative.

“That’s right,” Diane said, “it’s good to have your cock sucked and suck one in return. The corporation provides as much sex as you could ever want, but you have to *give* as well as receive. Open wider; let’s see if you can take more.”

*Corporate Slaves - The Men - Book One: Hostile Takeover*

Ken gagged on the cock, but Rex held firm.

“How about we let Karl have a turn,” Diane asked, “hmm? Have to make sure everyone is happy, don’t we?”

Rex eased his cock out of Ken’s mouth as Ken meekly nodded. He was quickly greeted with another cock, perhaps not as long, but thicker.

“Oooh, what a monster,” Diane purred, “so thick, you’ll really have to stretch those cock sucking lips for this.”

Diane’s dirty talk and the constant sexual attention had Ken’s penis stiff as a board, but his task was to serve, not be served. Her hand found his cock and stroked it, making Ken jump from her divine attention.

“First you please, then you *are* pleased,” she whispered, “understand?”

“Uh-huh,” Ken stammered. Karl’s cock fucked his mouth, not nearly so gently as Rex’s. Ken lurched when the lube hit his ass crack. It was followed by a heavy hand to his bottom, a resounding spank that sent him into Karl’s crotch, the curly hairs tickling his eyes. Fingers stretched him, rubbing lube around his puckered opening. He moaned into the cock, “Oooohhhh.”

Diane licked his ear, “Playing us a tune on your cock flute?” She patted his head, “Please the boys, and do enjoy it yourself.”

Ken didn’t see her rise and join Lillian on the sofa. His face was pulled hard into Karl’s groin, the massive cock filling his mouth.

Rex and Karl fell into a practiced rhythm, relentlessly fucking their kneeling supplicant. Gurgling and slurping noises emanated from the kneeling form, who fell into his own rhythm rocking back to meet the cock that filled his ass.

Lillian and Diane cuddled and kissed, enjoying the show.

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“Threesomes,” Diane said.

“And cocksucking,” Lillian added.

“And anal-oh my!” they chimed in unison.

The women watched as Rex and Karl stiffened, arched their backs and bucked their hips. The men both shuddered as they spilled their seed into Ken.

When Ken’s own cock spilled streams of cum on the carpet the women smiled and shared a kiss.

Lillian slid from the sofa, taking a place on the floor between Diane’s legs, “This one was too easy.”

“He’s ruled by that pathetic cock of his,” Diane spread her legs and beckoned Lillian forward, “it will be his downfall, he’s destined to be a corporate whore.”

Lillian’s tongue licked at Diane’s fiery slit, “Aren’t we all.”

Please Enjoy Chapters 1 & 2

From

*Corporate Slaves - The Men*

*Book Two: Office Rituals*

# One

Rough hands pulled his wrists behind him, locking them in heavy metal manacles. A similar metal collar was fastened to his neck, its chain connected to a large eyebolt secured to the floor. The manacles and collar weren't the gleaming stainless steel and leather of the dungeon; rather they were throwbacks to some medieval era, heavy and coarse, their style more punishment than chic BDSM play.

Clark knelt, quiet and naked, avoiding the eyes of the suited executives around the conference table. He flinched when the pointed toe of a woman's pump kicked at the inside of his thighs. The dreaded stiletto assaulted him a second time on the other thigh, the message unmistakable, 'spread your legs, display yourself'.

Lillian smiled and strutted away, taking her seat behind Geoffrey Cameron.

The meeting droned on, the room flickered as spreadsheets and graphs appeared and disappeared on the giant screen at the end of the room.

Suddenly a hand grabbed his head. Clark opened his

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mouth to accept the proffered cock. It was the first of the day, but it wouldn't be the last. His penance was to spend the day, in the conference room, on his knees, available for use as needed by management. That management contained many well-endowed men didn't concern him; he'd grown use to sucking cocks since the takeover. But to be naked, chained, used repeatedly, by anyone who demanded was a true humiliation, punishment of mind and body.

He didn't know who this one was, preferred not to look them in the eyes unless ordered to, and some did. Clark only knew this one had an average sized cock, and didn't 'manscape'. Over the weeks he'd become a 'connoisseur of cock', reveling in their length and girth and learning that some men shaved their groin. *It's not Derek, his is bigger and he has more pubic hair.*

His assailant pumped harder now, and Clark fought to keep the fleshy invader in his mouth and breathe. His ass bore the welts of the sin of letting a cock slip out of his mouth. *No, definitely not Derek, Clark's mouth filled with semen, Derek doesn't come so quick, and he definitely comes more.*

Clark dutifully licked the dwindling cock clean and his tormentor returned to the meeting.

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Derek Wilkins saved the spreadsheet and e-mailed a copy to the front office. The numbers were convincing enough, in only a matter of weeks Geoffrey Cameron Holdings managed to instill investor confidence and the former Commodity Brokers was inching its way back to financial health. *Nothing succeeds like success.* He gazed at the picture of his wife Kate and their children. *How many times over the last few weeks has their picture loomed over me as Cameron sat in my chair*

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and I sucked his cock?*

He shook his head; Cameron's wealth, success and innate authority, along with generous retention bonuses and perks had bought the silence of all who remained after the takeover. The rich magnate and his minions completely subjugated the former Commodity Brokers employees, turning them into compliant, obedient, and some most willing, sex slaves.

His phone buzzed; it was the comm line to his new secretary. "Mr. Wilkins? I have you scheduled for an appointment with Mr. Cameron at three on Monday."

"Thank you, Marion."

"It's my pleasure, Mr. Wilkins."

Derek grimaced as he put down the phone. *Her pleasure, I bet.* Cameron had replaced Derek's former secretary with Marion Westminster. *The evil Marion. Cameron's spy.* Cameron even had the audacity to have Marion come into the office one day and take a letter—while Derek was on his knees sucking cock. That act forever destroyed any supervisor/employee relationship Derek may have ever had with Marion. *I have my job, hell I'm even making more money now; and I've kept my family out of it.*

His thoughts drifted to Sam Jenkins, his friend in contracts, and Sam's wife Ruth. He'd never forget seeing them in Cameron's penthouse dungeon. Both seemed willing and eager participants to the bondage, discipline and sexual use. He had no idea how Cameron had so quickly seduced them to his dark side. For some reason, up to now, Cameron had been content to keep Derek as his personal property, with the exception of Derek's conference room discipline participation.

Derek shuddered; he certainly never wanted to be in Clark's situation as in today's staff meeting.

*Eight Hours Earlier*

Clark Davenport rushed into his office, set down his briefcase and hung up his coat. He checked his watch, *an hour until staff meeting*. He looked outside but his secretary wasn't at her desk. He was going through a stack of papers while his computer was booting up, when he felt compelled to look to his office door.

The beautiful blondes in the doorway sent a chill through him; he felt his sphincter tighten. *This can't be good.* "Yes?"

"Clark," Lillian Demerest strode into the room, gliding effortlessly on her stilettos, "the Stockton figures you sent up to the head office last night before you left—"

"Were incomplete, the overseas attachments were missing," Diane Krebs finished the sentence, taking her place beside Lillian in the center of the office.

"No, uh, I," Clark fumbled with the keyboard, "they're, I've got them right here, I'll re-send them now. It must've, when I attached them, the—"

"Strip," Diane ordered. She looked at her watch, "We have a staff meeting to attend."

Clark stood on shaky legs, "No, please, I..."

"Sweetheart," Lillian's voiced had an unusual soft, tender quality, "don't make it any worse. Strip."

He removed his suit, hanging it in his office closet; his underclothes he placed on the chair.

The two women watched, sharing knowing smiles and anticipating the day's punishment and humiliation for Clark.

Diane snapped her fingers and Clark's secretary entered; she carried ominous, rustic-looking metal cuffs and chains.

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The women made Clark fasten the cuffs to his ankles. As Diane and Lillian each took a wrist and secured a cuff, Clark's secretary stood before him. Barefoot, Clark found himself staring eye-to-eye with his Afro-American secretary, Cherise.

She smiled as she secured the heavy metal collar to his neck and snapped the lock closed. "Ironic, isn't it Mr. Davenport?" Her ebony hands caressed the collar and traced a line down his chest. When her blood red nails flicked his nipples he whimpered. "I'll be in to check on you later, bring you your messages." She pushed him roughly to his knees.

"You'd think you'd learn," Diane said, "you were in the same situation earlier this week."

"And you still bear the marks of the caning," Lillian added, "so do try and be neater this time. No one likes a sloppy cocksucker at staff." Her voice had lost that soft, tender edge; this was the wicked and demonic Lillian.

The women turned abruptly on their designer stilettos and stalked out of the office, Clark crawling obediently behind.

Clark's world was the carpeted floor beneath him and the two pair of wicked stilettos he followed through hallways and office cubicles. Administrative assistants and secretaries lined his path, slapping at his buttocks, back and thighs with leather riding crops that magically appeared from their desks. It was more humiliating than painful, except when someone artfully laid a savage strike over one of the healing welts of the cane.

Today Clark would be an object lesson in paying attention to detail. Cameron's management style was one of discipline and reward; he could be both generous—and cruel.



# Two

The conference room was full when they arrived and his two evil warders paraded him around the room three times so everyone could get a good look at today's punishment victim—and entertainment.

As the women chained him to the floor he heard the others in the room milling about, getting coffee and juice, discussing family and business, awaiting the start of the meeting. *In any other corporation a naked manager being chained to the floor would elicit shock and surprise, but here at Cameron Holdings...* He heard a stillness descend over the room, *Cameron is coming.*

“Good morning ladies and gentlemen,” the mellifluous British tones filled the air. “And who do we have over there?”

Lillian stepped up beside Geoffrey Cameron, “It’s Mr. Davenport, sir.”

“Clark?”

“Yes, sir,” Clark answered.

“Seems you were in this position only a few days ago,” Cameron rose from his seat. He slowly walked around the table and stopped by Derek. The back of his hand caressed Derek’s cheeks.

Despite Cameron’s physique and adventuresome life Derek found the hands soft, and smelling faintly of fine French-milled soap.

Cameron turned to the group assembled at the table. “Failure has consequences,” he nodded at the chained figure at the end of the room, “as you can see.” His hand moved up to Derek’s cheek, softly stroking it. “Reward and discipline, to borrow a modern phrase, it’s ‘how we roll’ here at Cameron

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Holdings. He brought his fingers to Derek's lips.

All eyes at the table were now on Derek, not on the naked and kneeling Clark.

Derek took a deep breath and planted a soft kiss on Cameron's fingers. When Cameron probed at Derek's mouth the junior man's lips parted and he accepted the finger, embracing it with his tongue as Cameron slowly pushed it in and out.

"His offense?" Cameron asked.

"He submitted an incomplete report," Diane said.

Cameron removed his fingers from Derek's mouth and wiped them clean with a silk handkerchief. "Mind you, Clark, this is for your own good. You need to ruminate on the necessity for proper work habits while you serve today's penance. It's why we have these office rituals."

"Yes, sir," Clark sounded admittedly contrite.

"Well then, let's get this meeting, and Clark's punishment, started." Cameron moved down the row of chairs, stopped and patted Tom, one of Clark's subordinates, on the shoulder, "Why don't you lead everyone off today?"

"Yes, sir, t-thank you." Tom rose from his seat, *refusal is not an option, at least it's not me down there.*

Tom took his place in front of Clark. The minute his cock found Clark's lips they opened. Clark made a few obligatory swipes of his tongue and lips to get everything lubricated and opened wide for Tom.

Clark caught the scent of Diane's expensive perfume before he ever heard her whisper in his ear, "No half measures today Clark, everybody gets hard and everybody comes, you hear me?"

"Mmgghh, mmgghh," Clark nodded; feeling Tom's balls slap him in the chin as he did.

In the last few weeks Derek had experienced more

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oral sex, both giving and receiving, than he'd experienced in his lifetime. He had to admit that receiving a blow job from a man could be quite pleasurable, although he still got uneasy from a public display such as this. He *hadn't* got use to *giving* blow jobs, and was thankful that, for now, he only had to service Geoffrey Cameron, and then usually behind closed doors. Some were saying that he was Cameron's 'fair haired boy' and 'teacher's pet', but at this point such epithets had ceased to bother him.

Clark, on the other hand, seemed to be quickly acclimating to such duties and was, in the opinion of many, becoming a first-rate cocksucker. The ministrations of his tongue and his warm and inviting mouth had done their trick to swell Tom's penis to full attention, and his slurping noises could be heard over the shuffling of papers and the hum of the fan on the computer. Tom now had Clark's head in his hands and was thrusting his hips forward and clenching his buttocks.

Several at the table turned to see the grand finale. Tom shuddered as he spilled his come into Clark's mouth.

Cameron nodded his approval at the performance of both giver and receiver; he beckoned with his finger and Lillian stepped forward. "Have him do two more, and then give him some water."

"Yes, sir" Lillian whispered and returned to her seat.

As Clark licked the last vestiges from Tom's now limp penis, Ken Burlison was unzipping his pants and getting into position.

Cameron accepted a coffee refill from Diane, "Stevens, tax liabilities."

The meeting proceeded; high finance and business discussions taking place as those in the room took their turn enjoying their morning blow job.

Following Ken was Jefferson Kincaid, supposed pos-

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sensor of the largest cock in the building. Clark's lips and jaw were already becoming tired, and although he dreaded this monster, he was glad he had the chance to deal with it early, before he was completely face-fucked out.

Unlike some in the corporation, Jefferson preferred a harder technique. He slapped the top of Clark's head, "Look at me, I want you to watch me watch you as I fuck that mouth of yours." Jefferson's verbal harangue elicited a few chuckles from around the table.

Clark locked eyes with the big man, noting how he smiled as Clark's eyes went wide and his cheeks bulged as the monster filled him. His gagging and slurping were more pronounced, to the point they disrupted the meeting.

Geoffrey Cameron chuckled as he removed his glasses, "Why don't we take ten, let them finish. Ten minutes everyone; Derek, you'll lead off when we resume."

Not everyone at the morning staff meeting had an opportunity to avail themselves of the free oral sex. As the meeting adjourned, Lillian and Diane went to check on their supplicant.

"Eight cocks," Diane opined, "not a bad morning's work." She offered Clark a sip of water from a bottle. "Like last time, you'll stay here the rest of the day."

Lillian, brushed a sweaty, matted lock of hair from Clark's face, "Gives you time to think about your professional transgressions, commit yourself to improving your performance in the future."

"He's a mess," Diane pointed an elegantly manicured nail at the smears of come on Clark's face.

"And he'll stay that way," Lillian laughed, "probably get worse by the end of the day." She imprisoned Clark's cock between the floor and the sole of her shoe and slowly applied pressure. "You'll refuse no one; you'll be the perfect repentant cocksucker."

“Yes, Ma’am,” Clark shook his head.

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Geoffrey Cameron came in after lunch. Clark saw him enter and approach. Cameron loomed over Clark, his bespoke Saville Row suit, expensive hand-made oxfords and tailored Egyptian cotton shirt in stark contrast to Clark’s nudity and manacles.

“Although your handling of the Stockton files was quite shoddy work, the staff was *quite* impressed with your facility at oral duties today.” Cameron unzipped his pants and stood before Clark. “But to be here, two times in one week, makes one wonder.” He held his cock close to Clark’s lips, and smiled when they parted and the man’s tongue flicked out, *so eager*. “If you grow to like this *too much* I’ll have to think of another punishment and humiliation for you. And I can.”

Clark opened his mouth to accept the offering; his tongue greedily running over the management icon.

Cameron reached down to pet Clark’s head and the man whimpered. “I’ll expect to still find you on your knees, whenever the situation warrants, but I hope not to see you back here too soon. Too many such transgressions and we’ll have to let you go. You don’t want that—do you?”

The plaintive moans emanating from Clark were heart-felt. Banishment from this place was too horrible for him to contemplate, despite the degradation and humiliation he endured.

Cameron grabbed a handful of Clark’s hair and pulled him close, roughly, pushing his cock in deep. “You **NEED** this, and you’ll have it—but on **MY** terms, always and only on *my* terms, understand?” He closed his eyes and reveled in his release. When Cameron pulled out, Clark eagerly leaned

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forward to catch and lick up the strands of come and saliva from his Master's cock.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir." Clark's tongue circled his lips, catching any residue.

Throughout the day, others came and went. Few made conversation; indeed, some had themselves been in Clark's predicament. But corporate males were expected to use those in punishment status; to not participate was to perhaps invoke the same. Granted, it was often awkward for those who were friends, colleagues, or supervisor/employee, but that humiliation and shame were part of the object lesson, whether giver or receiver.

An hour before the end of the work day the conference room door opened for a last time. Clark's stomach churned when he saw Cherise enter the room. She twirled a set of keys on a silver key ring.

Her fingernail flicked a piece of dried come from his face. "Goodness, Mr. Davenport, you look quite a mess."

He nodded his concurrence.

"Time for you to go back to your office," She unlocked the chain on his collar from the eyebolt on the floor and released his ankle cuffs from their restraints. "C'mon," she jerked on the chain attached on his collar, pulling him forward.

He lurched forward and stopped, looking back over his shoulder, "My hands, they're still cuffed behind me and—"

"And they'll stay that way, Mr. boss man! No crawlin' on your hands and knees, your face to the floor this time." She jerked the chain to his collar and he shuffled forward. "That's it; you just shuffle along behind me on your knees, and keep that head up so everybody can get a good look at you."

Cherise paraded him along the route he'd taken that morning, through the secretarial pool, where all the women

queued up to get a good look at the naked, cum-faced supervisor. Even more to his shame was the constant erection he sported the entire way; he was succumbing to the Cameron indoctrination, wherein humiliation excites the submissive.

The story continues in  
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*Book 3: The Party*

“If you’ll allow me to steal Derek away for a few moments,” Geoffrey Cameron took Kate’s hand in his and gently kissed her fingers, “I promise to bring him back straight-away.” His charm was intoxicating and Kate was spellbound by his manner and presence.

“Of course,” she smiled, her cheeks blushing from the attention.

Cameron led Derek away. As they crossed the room Derek turned to see Kate flanked by Lillian and Diane. Lillian’s hand was on Kate’s arm, and he watched as Diane turned and smiled at him, blowing him a kiss.

They entered Cameron’s study, the party outside shut out as the heavy mahogany doors closed. Cameron took a seat and Derek started to kneel. “Not tonight, at least, not now,” Geoffrey waved his hand to a chair and Derek sat. “Your wife is absolutely stunning this evening. Clearly the family picture on your desk doesn’t do her justice.”

“T-thank you,” Derek wasn’t sure where this was going. But Cameron was right, Kate looked spellbinding that evening, he’d never seen her so beautiful. A sickening thought passed through him, *could Cameron have seen it? Her true beauty? Did he know how she would look in the*

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*fancy clothes and professional styling? Have I been taking her for granted? And this stranger...?*

Ricky entered silently from a side door. He placed a silver tray on a table between the two men, Cognac for Cameron and whiskey for Derek.

“Relax,” Cameron swirled the amber liquid in his glass, “I seriously doubt I’m not going seduce you or your wife this evening.” His eyes twinkled, “I’d be quite surprised, yet *pleased*, if it did happen, but...”

“Thank you,” Derek took a drink. “Kate’s having a very good time.”

“As well she should. I take it you’ve kept your *business activities* out of any home discussions?”

Derek’s shoulders fell, his eyes locked on the carpet, “I don’t know how I’d explain... I’m afraid she might...”

“I can’t say I wouldn’t welcome you and your lovely wife to our many other activities; you’d both make wonderful additions; several have already asked about you both.”

Derek cringed; picturing Kate bound, beaten, feasting on cocks and cunts. *Would she enjoy it? Do I really know her?*

“Sir?” Derek looked up, “This job opportunity of hers, to work on your foundation, is it genuine?”

“It is, completely, she’d be doing valuable work, both for the corporation—and herself.”

Derek finished his drink, stared at the empty glass and returned it to the silver tray.

Cameron stood, “Let’s rejoin the others, yes? I’m not going to force anyone to do anything; my slaves come to me most willingly. However, we will seduce you, tempt you, lure you, until you realize what you need—and come to us.”





## About the Author

Constance Pennington Smythe is an erotic and fetish author. She is retired from the corporate world, has lived abroad, and possesses multiple degrees.

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