

Female Supremacy

Ms Heidi



Chapter 1

It may be true, like Time magazine said, that the sexual revolution is over, but if it is, it's because the women have won, and isn't indicative of a return to conservative prudery.

A few years ago, I never would have believed that I would have a boyfriend who would please me in every way, and do everything that I asked. I could never have even conceived of being head of a sorority of women dedicated to being worshipped like goddesses, and being served by males happy to act as slaves of their own free will.

It all started when I met Owen shortly after entering a large southern university, which I won't name. One weekend, I was helping him clean up his apartment. As I moved a box from under his bed, it slipped out of my hands and the contents spilled out onto the floor.

What I found was several dozen magazines. They had pictures of women in latex wear and leather corsets and high heeled boots, with men grovelling at their feet, or being ridden like horses, or tied up.

I was shocked but pretended to be angry,

"What is this?" I asked him.

His face flushed and red, and he stammered,

"I ... I like the idea about being dominated sexually. I'm not sick or anything, I just need to relinquish all control. I need to worship a woman and please her ... all I want is to be allowed to come while she dominates me."

I was confused, but I took the entire contents of the box. As I left, I told him, "I didn't know if I ever want to see you again. I don't know if I can deal with this. I have to think this over. Don't call me, I'll call you."

After a few days, I worked up the courage to discuss the incident with my room mate, Chantel. I showed her the box and explained my conversation with Owen.

Chantel was excited about it, and told me to think of all the advantages of being served, and waited on and pampered. She quickly had me convinced that if he really wanted to serve us, and not just to be ordered to do things to please himself, that we should take advantage of the situation.

After reading through the magazines, we wrote up a slave contract, and I invited Owen over for dinner, not saying anything about it.

All evening, since he came in the door, Owen was nervous, and I knew he wanted to talk to me, but was too embarrassed to say anything in front of Chantel. After dinner, when the three of us were sitting at the table, I said to Owen,

"Do you remember the last time you saw me?"

He looked down at the table and said "Yes."

"Did you mean those things you said?"

He nodded his head, and was about to say something else until I told him to be quiet.

Chantel suddenly brought out the box from its hiding place and dumped the contents onto the table. He was so embarrassed that he was actually shaking.

I then handed him the slave contract.

"Stand up and read this out loud."

He took one look at it and opened his mouth to protest.

Chantel said, "Go ahead, do it!"

Owen looked at me, and I just crossed my arms and stared him in the eye. He got up and read.

"The undersigned party, hereafter referred to as 'the slave', surrenders to the second party, hereafter referred to as 'the Mistress', total control and ownership of his body, and to the utmost of his ability, the submission of his mind. The term of this agreement is to be indefinite, subject to cancellation by the Mistress at any time, without notice, for any reason.

Some of the initial conditions to be imposed upon the slave, subject to change and additions at the whim of the Mistress, are as follows.

The slave is not to address the Mistress as anything other than 'Mistress,' at any time.

At all times in private, or at any other time at the request of the Mistress, the following rules apply.

The slave is not to speak unless given permission. If absolutely necessary, the slave may request permission to speak by kissing the feet or ass of the Mistress.

The slave is to wear no clothing without special permission, except for feminine undergarments approved by the Mistress.

Whenever the slave is not engaged in an assigned chore, he is to wait patiently next to the Mistress.

As the slave's body is property of his Mistress, he is not to touch himself for his own pleasure. Orgasm is forbidden except on command.

The slave will inform the Mistress immediately whenever her slave's penis becomes erect, or goes limp.

The slave is to address Chantel as 'superior one' and to obey all orders from her so long as they do not conflict with the express commands of the Mistress.

The slave will accept with gratitude any punishment meted out by the Mistress for disobedience, or for no reason at all."

When he got to the end, I informed Owen how to seal the contract.

"If you don't feel capable of fulfilling the contract, you may leave and never see me again; if you wish to accept, strip naked and sign it with

your sperm by masturbating onto the bottom of the paper."

It took him only a second to decide, and he stammered a quiet "OK".

"OK, WHAT?", demanded Chantel.

"OK. Mistress", he replied.

He undid his belt, and dropped his pants. With a final fleeting glance at me and Chantel, he pulled down his underwear, and out popped his engorged cock.

As he wrapped his fist around it, I reminded him of one of the terms of the contract, "You don't get off that easy. Take off all your clothes."

As he continued to strip, Chantel disappeared into her room as I took custody of his clothing. By the time he was totally naked, Chantel returned with her video camera.

Owen would have objected, but he had nowhere to go since he had no way of getting his clothing back.

I spread the contract out on the table, and Owen stepped up to it. He put his fist once again around his throbbing prick jerked himself off, right there

at the dinner table in front of me as Chantel caught every stroke on tape. It wasn't long before he came in uncontrolled spurts, spraying all over the paper. I held out my hand and he gave me the "signed" contract for filing.

Chantel commented on how fast his cock got small and shrivelled afterwards, and ordered him to look at her. Owen couldn't meet her eyes, and he turned red all over from embarrassment at being naked in front of both of us, and from the humiliation of his submission, but he got hard again almost immediately. I had to remind him of his duty to inform me of his erection, which he did, and then I told him to clear the table and sent him off to do the dishes while Chantel and I relaxed and watched the tape on the television.

When Owen was finished with the dishes, he came over and stood next to me silently and obediently. I could catch, out of the corner of my eye, his still erect penis. The bliss I felt right then, at having him waiting at my beck and call, assured me that I had made the right choice in my decision to give him the domination that he craved.

I realized, of course, that to keep him as a slave to me, I would have to keep him happy. That first evening, I gave him permission to talk, and we

discussed his fantasies and needs. Chantel and I went through the magazines and asked him to explain what excited him most.

He was made to realize, though, that my pleasure would come first, and that under the contract he had signed, he had no right to receive pleasure except when it pleased me to grant it as a special treat. As token of this realisation, I made him kneel before me and start masturbating. Once I could see that he was getting hot, I ordered him to stop before he came. I ran him through his paces two more times before I was done with him.

That night, we made Owen give us each a long massage, and I let Chantel take him to her bedroom to please her orally, before having him lick me to several orgasms and allowing him to lie at the foot of my bed above the covers. Of course he had a throbbing erection, and I doubt if he slept at all.

When I woke up in the morning, he was awake and looking at me. I could see the caked pre-come on his cock (he had been "leaking" all night), and his penis looked bigger than I had ever seen it before. I had him kiss and lick me all over, and finish up by performing cunnilingus until I had an explosive climax, then told him to go fix breakfast.

At breakfast, Owen served us and stood by while we ate. Chantel remarked how nice it was to be waited on by a naked male, and complimented me on my slave.

When I told Owen he could get dressed and go home until I requested his presence again, he requested permission to speak by prostrating himself before me and kissing my feet, which I granted him.

"Please Mistress, may I make love to you?" I told him to roll over on his back, and saw that he still had a raging hard on. "You mean you would like some release for your poor aching cock, is that it?"

"Yes Mistress. Please."

Chantel laughed and said, "You know you really should punish him for thinking that his blue balls are excuse enough for begging permission to speak."

I agreed with her, and instead of an orgasm, Owen got a spanking before we sent him home.

I had him bend over a chair, and Chantel and I took turns swatting his bum with a hairbrush until it turned bright red, and he was sobbing. Then he had to go home without his briefs, wearing under

his jeans instead, lace panties that were too small to cover his cock, which was still embarrassingly erect.

Chapter 2

Chantel and I were sitting around the apartment on Saturday morning after a leisurely brunch when the phone rang. Chantel answered and her half of the conversation went like:

"Hello."

"Oh, Hi, Beth, how are you?"

"He did"!

"Well, what did you do"?

"Good"!

"Tell you what, why don't you come over, and we'll talk about it."

She hung up.

"That was Beth. She was out with Gary last night. He took her back to his room after their date, and after a little bit of playing around, he suggested they have sex. Beth says she might have gone along, but he was too insistent. He tried to take off the rest of her clothes and rape her! She was able to kick him in the balls and run away."

Beth was a music major in Chantel's modern dance class. She was the middle child in the family sandwiched between two older and two younger brothers. She was somewhat of a tomboy and developed the muscle tone through playing football and baseball with her brothers to attain the athletic skills of a modern dancer. I was impressed by her physical strength one day when she effortlessly handed me a pile of books that nearly broke my arms to carry. I imagine she could deliver quite a kick to the balls.

Beth arrived about 15 minutes later. She was dressed in a ragged sweatshirt, jeans and sneakers. She took a look at Chantel and I still in our bathrobes and in essentially the same condition in which we awoke.

She laughed,

"If I knew this was going to be a dressy affair, I would have put on something less comfortable." She then got a real serious look on her face and started to cry.

I poured her a glass of wine. Heck, it's got to be happy hour somewhere in the world. Besides, she needed some calming down. Chantel and I joined her.

"I really thought he was different." she sobbed, "He was such a gentleman during dinner. When we got back to his place, we kissed. I remembered what you told me about French kissing and I tried it. Gary seemed to like it. I could feel his penis hardening under his pants next to my body. I took off my sweater. He took off my blouse, and we hugged some more. I pushed my crotch into his as he undid my bra. As he kissed his way down my chest to my nipples, I reached out with my hand and felt how large and hard he had really gotten. That's when he pushed me down onto the couch and I panicked."

Beth continued her story and a second bottle of wine was opened. She described her wrestling match with Gary,

"I'm certainly glad my brothers taught me a few tricks. I don't think the average girl could have gotten out of that one. He had managed to get his pants down and my skirt pushed up. He was trying to pull himself up over me when he placed his knees on either side of my body to straddle me. That was the opportunity I was waiting for. I was able to bring my knee up into his crotch. He was so shocked that every muscle in his body froze. I kned him one more time, and pushed him off of me. He didn't even try to catch himself. He just

rolled off onto the floor. I grabbed my clothes, pulled on my sweater and ran."

By the time Beth had completed her story, the wine had taken effect on all of us.

"Why is it," Chantel observed, "That boys can't seem to control themselves? I can't imagine what it would be like to have my mind controlled by my glands."

"Yeah," agreed Beth, "It's like their brains are in their pricks. Even my 13 year old brother is totally fascinated by what's between his legs. He doesn't know that I know about his girlie magazine collection, or that I know that he masturbates while looking at them every weekend. I found the magazines under his mattress, and I can see the cum stains in his laundry. To tell you the truth, I'd actually like to catch the little twerp in the act. I don't know what I'd like to do more: just watch, or do something to humiliate him. Jesus! If they start that early, is there any hope for them. Just once, I'd like to meet a guy that could put a girl's pleasure in front of his."

Chantel and I looked at each other and giggled.

"What?," asked Beth.

"If you are really serious about that, We can grant your wish," I said. Without any further explanation, I dialled Owen.

"Slave," I said, "Get your ass over here right now!"

"Yes Mistress," he said remembering his manners.

"Oh, and pick up some wine for Chantel and me." I hung up.

Owen arrived, and looked at the females assembled before him. I made the introductions, "Owen, this is Beth. She is also a 'superior one'. I order you to obey her as you do Chantel and I. Now, take off your clothes, and serve us the wine."

Owen was apparently going to take some time getting used to his fantasy. Although he had unhesitatingly undressed for Chantel and me the last time we met, he was extremely embarrassed as he undressed with another woman watching him.

I had him put the wine on the table and asked, "Where are your panties? I give you a gift, and you don't use it!" suddenly shifting gears, I barked, "Have you been playing with yourself?" I asked.

"No mistress," he murmured.

"Don't lie to me BOY!" I growled. I was calling his bluff, and it worked.

"Yes, mistress. Just once though."

"What AM I going to do with you? You have to be taught how to behave. You know better. You know that you cannot touch yourself without my permission. Even worse, you LIED to me. We'll have to punish you later. And look at that erection. You know you are supposed to tell me when you get a hard-on. This is going to be a long day for you, boy! You have a lot to learn, and we girls will have to make sure you learn it right. Now, serve us that wine you just bought."

"Beth, this is our slave, Owen." Chantel introduced, "Owen, say hello to your superior, Beth,"

Owen bowed and muttered, "Hello mistress Beth."

At that, I exploded, "MISTRESS Beth? How dare you! I am your mistress. You belong to me. From now on, you will call her 'Superior One Beth'. From now any sister we bring into the group will be called 'Superior One'."

Turning to Beth, I asked,

"OK, Beth, what do you think we should do with this bad boy, as Owen served us wine and prepared some snacks for us.

"Here is what the slave finds exciting," I said as I slid the stack of Owen's magazines towards her. "Why don't you look through these and see if there's anything you like."

Beth pored over the magazines and was visibly excited.

"I've heard about this stuff, but I never really believed it." she gasped. "This is great. Does Owen really do all this stuff?."

"He'll do whatever we tell him to do," I responded.

Beth took her time deciding,

"I want him to do this to me."

She turned the magazine around to show a bound man kneeling in front of his mistress, kissing and sucking her feet.

"I'd like to try that."

We were ill prepared for outfits and equipment, so we had to make do with what we had available to us. Chantel had some bungee cords that she used to hold stuff on her bicycle. We used one chord to bind Owen's elbows behind his back, and the other around his knees.

"There," I exclaimed, "not exactly the chains and leather pictured in the magazines, but it will do."
"Owen, kneel in front of Lady Beth!"

He had to bend over to get his face in front of her feet. In this position, his rear end was up in the air as a perfect target.

Beth made a move to take off her sneakers.

"Wait," said Chantel, "Make him do that. He can use his teeth and lips to get them off."

Owen went to work tugging at the laces of her Keds. Meanwhile Chantel went off to get her camera and I went to the bathroom to fetch a hair brush.

"The last time we played with my sex toy, he told me that he likes to jerk off a lot. I didn't let him do it, but I found that disciplining excited him a lot.

Directing my attention to Owen I commanded,

"Now, get your face down at her feet and service her properly. Stick your butt up where Mistress Chantel and I can get at it better. You've been a bad boy, and you need to be punished for disobeying the orders of a superior female."

With that, she started to paddle his ass using the brush. After reddening his left cheek, she handed the brush to me, and I went to work on his right.

Throughout the entire spanking, Owen managed to keep from crying out although there were tears in his eyes. He even managed to continue to tongue Beth's feet and toes.

With Beth satisfied, and Chantel and I tired from administering the spanking, we all took a break. We unbound Owen, and let him get us some more wine and food. We had him stand at attention in front of us once again and inspected his body. His cock was so rigid with blood, it was as nearly red as his well paddled ass. It glistened with so much precome that it threatened to drip to the floor.

I had him lie on the floor, face up in front of the TV. Chantel set up the VCR, and we replayed the tapes of Owen's performances as we had him perform oral sex on us. One by one, we straddled

his face. One by one, he brought us to orgasm with his tongue. One by one, we lost control and let loose the wine we had been drinking in a golden shower on his face. One by one, he drank our pee.

Finally, I asked Beth to jerk him off. She only had to give him a few strokes before she hit paydirt. Long, hot jets of creamy white come exploded from his dick, arching gracefully into the air before splattering on his stomach.

"Shit," exclaimed Beth, "This is great. I just wish it were Gary. I owe him."

"Let us help," I offered, "There must be something we can do."

We had Owen clean up the mess, get into some panties, a skirt and blouse and serve us some more.

Chapter 3

The rest of that afternoon was spent with Owen providing personal services for us. He attended Chantel and I in the shower as well as dressed us.

"You have a lot to learn, slave," I said as he buttoned my blouse. "Aside from basic discipline, you will have to learn how to do your chores adequately. You are quite clumsy with the way you are getting me dressed. I suppose that you don't know how to fix my hair or do my nails do you?"

"No mistress," he said.

"That's too bad, you'll need to learn, and we're not going to let you go until you do."

"Here are some magazines that explain how to fix a woman's hair. You will study them on your 'free time'. Meanwhile, you can use a hair dryer and a brush, can't you?" Without waiting for an answer, I continued. "You'll need practice doing nails. I will provide what's needed today, but in the future, you will get everything you need to do the perfect pedicure on your own. You will practice on yourself, and then do it for us women."

As Owen stood there brushing my hair, Chantel and Beth continued their plans for ensnaring Gary.

"Is there anything you can tell me about Gary that might help us," asked Chantel.

"Nothing much, really. Like most boys, he seems to be caught up in this macho thing, and he does seem to have sex on his mind most of the time. He seems more interested in sports, school, beer, and getting it off than he does about me."

"You've just described about 90% of the male population," I added, "How do we get to him?"

"Well, the thing that attracted him to me was my physical state. He seems to like athletic women. He jogs about 3-5 miles every day himself. In fact, up until the time I kneed him, I think he was getting excited with our wrestling match. Physical contact is the key."

By this time, Owen was attending to Chantel's hair, it was her turn to speak.

"It looks like we're going to have to get into shape, girls. If he's a jogger, then Julia and I will become ones too. I'm sure he'd like to run with a couple of 'fast women', eh?"

After laying out our plans for Gary, we then turned our attention back to Owen. After giving all

of us back rubs, he prostrated himself at my feet kissing them.

"OK, slave, you may speak to your mistress."

"Mistress Julia, please may I cum?." At that, all three of us broke out laughing.

"This is so delicious.," chuckled Chantel, "I can't wait for the day when all men come to realise that their rightful place is at the feet of the women they are to serve."

"Mmmm, make him beg some more, Julia.," encouraged Beth, "Make him squirm and beg like a puppy."

"Sit, boy," I ordered and made him get up on his knees. "Let's see what my bad boy has been up to." I got a belt from my bedroom, put it over his head and used it as a leash.

"Heel," I commanded as I led him around the room a couple of times, finally getting him kneeling on a bench facing his female audience.

"Beg," I said, and he assumed the position. "That's better. Now let's see what we have. Chantel, get the camera. This ought to be fun."

What we had was a thoroughly engorged cock, dripping with precome. "I bet you want to touch yourself and relieve the tension. Don't you?"

"Yes, mistress," he responded.

"We'll forget it! Only real men have control over their penises. Obviously you don't. We will teach you how to control your orgasms. You will learn that you cannot have them unless we order them, and then you must be able to have them on command. I not forgetting that you have been a bad little boy and played with your 'pee pee' without your mistress' or a superior female's permission. I will consider a proper punishment."

"Beth, you're our guest; do you have any ideas?"

Beth responded, "It seems like bondage is a part of the game no matter what we do. Unless we need to let him move to service us, we ought to keep him tied up."

"You're really getting into this," said Chantel as we carried out Beth's suggestion.

"Also the magazine showed the men gagged and blindfolded. I don't want to blindfold him. I want him to see what we are doing. But I think he should

be gagged for being so bold as to ask permission to cum."

We didn't have a real gag, but I did have the bikini underwear I just took off. They were quite soaked with my juices as I was flowing rather heavily watching Chantel and Beth dominate Owen earlier. I put the crotch portion in his mouth and drew back the sides. There wasn't enough material in the back to knot it, so I fastened it using a safety pin.

This time we used the bungee cords on Owen's wrists and ankles in such a way to tie them all together. In this position, Owen was forced to kneel on the bench with his back arched and his hips thrust forward. He looked so vulnerable that way.

"One more thing," Beth noted, "Some of the boys in the magazine had the penis and body of a man, but no pubic hair. Get me a shaver."

We had created a bitch. Beth was really getting carried away with this once she got started. She was, however, delicate with the shaver and took her time denuding the hair from around his cock and balls. When she was finished, he looked like a

well hung little boy. In its new setting, his cock seemed to stand out even more.

Chantel and I sat there sipping wine while we watched Beth work on Owen. She picked up one of her sneakers and holding it by the heel, hefted the sole against her palm.

"Yes," she nodded with satisfaction, "this will do perfectly."

Beth pointed to a spot on the table, and issued a terse, one-word command, "BEND!"

Owen strained against the bungee cords and put his forehead to the table. His ass was up in the air.

With the strength and coordination she learned playing tennis, Beth swung her sneaker. It contacted with a sound that was a combination of a slap and a thud. Owen let out a muffled yelp.

Chantel and I pulled closer to look. Chantel was working the camera to zoom in on what was going on.

After several minutes of this, we could see Owen tense. He started to grunt and pant through the panties. Then the dam broke. His penis started pumping out copious quantities of come. Chantel

and I had seen him come in our previous session, but it was nothing like this.

We couldn't believe that a boy could come without ever touching himself.

Beth was delighted with herself, and kept spanking him rhythmically with her sneaker as long as he kept pumping come. I had to lend a steadying hand to Owen as he swooned with the pleasure of his ejaculation.

It was obviously time for recess, so we unbound and ungagged Owen who immediately dropped to his knees and kissed my feet.

"Speak slave," I said.

"Thank you, mistress," was all he could gasp.

We had him clean up the mess he made on the table and the floor.

Chapter 4

Armed with information about Gary's habit pattern, Chantel and I were able to make plans on how to get even with him. All we needed to know was that he was a male, and this made him very susceptible to the lusts of his penis; and that he was interested in his own physical fitness. Beth told us that he jogged religiously every Saturday morning, and drew out a map of his favourite route.

It wasn't easy. Chantel and I spent an entire week "brushing up" on our jogging to get into shape. On the following Saturday, we positioned ourselves along a strategic point in his route and set up our ambush. Although we could see him coming along, he couldn't see us. More than that, it gave us an opportunity to put ourselves on the path in front of him so that he would overtake us after about two minutes of running.

We saw him coming. We started our jog. As predicted, several minutes later we heard him coming up on us from behind. We waived, smiled and said "hi" as he passed us, and got a feeling of disappointment as we watched his back as he continued to pull away from us.

We were jogging for about five more minutes when we saw him coming back at us. Apparently, he had turned around and was returning. As he passed us, we waved, smiled, and said "hello again". This time, he turned around and fell in with us.

"You girls run this course often?" he puffed.

"No," I responded truthfully, "It was suggested by a friend of mine. She said it was a good run, and that you often meet the nicest people here".

"That's for sure," he said as his eyes drifted towards the sweaty tee shirts worn by Chantel's and me. Chantel and I had one practice run without bras and decided, that although we wouldn't like to do it all the time, that this Saturday was worth it. Gary had a tough time deciding whether to watch our bouncing boobs or to look at the yards of shapely legs sticking out of our almost bikini length shorts.

We finally finished the run, and Chantel and I propped ourselves up on a stone wall showing off our ample legs. The cool air against our now sweat-soaked tee shirts caused our nipples to erect. That wasn't the only thing erected. Although Chantel and I would have loved to stare, there was no missing the bulge in his running shorts.

"Would you like a glass of wine?" Chantel suggested. "Our place isn't too far from here. Besides, it would be such a let down to go back there all alone".

"Sure," said Gary trying to hide his eagerness.

It didn't take that long to walk to our house. Chantel poured him some wine and suggested that he take off his sweaty shirt.

"Not unless you take yours off too," he suggested in such a way that we couldn't decide if he was serious or meant it in jest.

Chantel just smiled evilly as she snatched the shirt from him, "I'll hang it up to dry for you".

As Chantel was teasing him, I was taking my shower. I slipped into a very short tight fitting nightshirt, and donned a pair of black bikini panties. I came out to a scene where Chantel was running her fingers through his chest hairs.

"Now it's my turn," she said referring to the shower.

"No it's mine," I said nodding at Gary.

As Chantel slipped away, I poured Gary another glass of wine. This one was a little more bitter than the first. By the time Chantel finished her shower, Gary was completely unconscious. She went for her camera. I went for the phone.

"Slave, get your sorry ass over here. Your mistress needs your help". I hung up. I dialed another number. "Beth, it's going down. You want to be here to watch?"

"Shit yes" she said, and the way in which the phone clicked, I imagined that she was out the door before the receiver hit the hook.

While Owen was making his way over, Chantel and I moved Gary to the floor. We were just able to lift his legs up and pull his pants off. As we worked his jock strap off, we were disappointed to see how flaccid his cock had gotten. The medical student who gave us the "knock out" drops, warned us about this very unfortunate side effect.

By the time Owen arrived, we had managed to get the camera and other equipment set up. We had him get undressed for us (he remembered his panties this time). He had no sooner done that, when I had to send him off to answer the door for Beth.

Beth took one look at Gary and laughed, "That looks pretty much like the last time I saw him".

It took all four of us to get him into a bra, crotchless panties (and get his prick out the slit), and put a gag on him. Positioning him was very difficult. Awake, he was 215 pounds of muscle. Asleep, he was 215 pounds of dead weight. It was a struggle to get him on his knees and hold him there.

This was not a good scene for the video camera, but we figured we could get some good still pictures of him.

"Slave Owen, slave Gary's cock is so small," I said, "Can you make it bigger?"

Gary started to stoke it with his hand.

"Oh ,no. You'll never make him big that way. Suck him off"!

With as "zonked" as Gary was Owen was in no danger of getting a mouthful of come. He did, however, induce a passable erection.

We immediately went into action.

"Owen," I said (in the excitement, I forgot his title), "grab his head and put your penis in his mouth."

Cameras clicked. The next pose was of Gary facing the camera full on with his hand on his member in a jerking off motion. To hold him in position, Chantel stood behind him actually supporting him with her legs and holding his head up by the hair.

Chantel had finished getting into her outfit by this time. It consisted of a black leather bra, panties similar to Gary's, and fishnet stockings. She finished off the outfit with her most incredibly high-heeled shoes.

Next, we had some shots of Beth spanking Gary, and finally, Owen sucking Gary off.

We got Gary dressed again, and laid him down in a couch. When he came to about an hour later, he found himself under a blanket with only Chantel and I looking at him concerned.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I don't know," I responded, "I think you got a hold of some bad wine. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea drinking so soon after strenuous

exercise". I sounded convincing enough. We even had the sympathy to drive him home.

As we dropped him off, I suggested, "We're having a party next Saturday night at 7. Would you like to come?".

He accepted.

Chapter 5

When Gary arrived at the party, he found the house populated with a number of lovely women. There was Chantel, Beth, Mary (the medical student who lent us the 'knock out' drops), Sandra and, of course, me. Owen was fully dressed at this point, but was serving all the drinks and refreshments.

After making the introductions, I offered Gary some wine. He declined.

"Swearing off the stuff, eh?" I chided. I pulled Gary after me towards the centre of the room. "Hey everybody," I shouted, "Chantel's got something important she wants to share with us."

"Gary, this is your life," said Chantel. Gary looked at her with a puzzled look, but decided to go along with her. She pushed him back into a posh chair in front of a movie screen. The women swarmed in around him. Gary's ego soared, and so did something else in his pants.

"Lights please," Chantel directed and Owen obliged. Gary's erection deflated as soon as the first slide was projected. The five of us females started laughing and catcalling as the pictures went by one by one.

When the show was over, and the lights turned back on, a stunned Gary mouthed a barely audible phrase,

"Where? How did you? When?"

"That doesn't matter," I told him, "What does matter is we have these," I said showing him the print versions of the slide show. "Now I could show these all over the campus. They've already gotten quite a reaction from some of the girls. I don't know what the guys would think of them. Or, you can agree to this," I said, handing him a contract similar to the one we made with Owen.

"Now read it out loud so we all can hear you," I demanded. He turned white as he read the contract to the accompanying giggles of the audience.

"Do you agree to it?" I asked.

A meek "yes" was all he could mutter.

"I should discipline you for your disrespect, or lack of memory. I am Mistress Julia. These are Superior One Chantel, Superior one Beth, Superior One Mary, and Superior One Sandra. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Julia."

"That's better. Now let's close this contract. You will take off your clothes, and seal it with your own sperm." He almost raised an eyebrow in objection, but surrendered when he took one final look at the pictures.

Soon he was totally naked in front of five females jerking off as Chantel caught the action on her video camera. When he finally ejaculated onto the document, the crowd applauded.

"Welcome to the Sorority of Superior Females, slave Gary. If you wish to know, you may address other males in the sorority as 'Inferior Ones'. That doesn't mean that they are inferior to you. It means you recognise that they, and all other males are inferior to females."

Chantel and I spent the rest of the evening having our male slaves provide oral stimulation for our guests. When they finally went home, it was our turn. I fell asleep with Gary's tongue in my pussy as I listened to Chantel's moans of ecstasy interspersed with Owen's "slurps."

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After a week or two of discipline, Gary came to appreciate being dominated by us women. Although he never thought of female domination as a possible lifestyle, he now had an erection at the mere suggestion of it. He admitted to us that as an undisciplined male, he would try to 'score' every weekend, and when he couldn't he would masturbate without much satisfaction. Now that we were in control of his pleasure, he was much happier.

"I never thought I could be happy in a sexual relationship unless I was in control," admitted Gary on one of the occasions we permitted him to speak. "Now I can see that men can't be trusted to their own baser instincts. Women should be in charge of both the relationship and the sex."

"I agree," said Owen, "What you and the Superior Ones have taught us is far better than anything I could have ever learned from a book. Thinking about serving a woman, and actually serving her are two different things. Given that there are whole magazines dedicated to this topic means that there are probably a lot of men out there who think like Inferior One Gary and I think."

That idea intrigued me. "Chantel, what do you think? Are there other males out there that may be willing to serve us like these two?"

"I can't see why not," she responded, "Let's place an ad in the personals section in the 'Avant Guard' (an underground campus newspaper) and see what it turns up. Let's see if there are other mistresses out there who would like to share the male slaves with us."

The ad turned up only one response. The phone rang the day after the ad was printed and Chantel picked it up.

"Hello," said a timid male voice, "I am your humble slave Allan, I beg permission to speak to Mistress J."

"Shut up, you little boy. You may talk to me only when I give you permission. You are not worthy to speak with Mistress J herself. Call me Superior One." She motioned me to the extension.

"You are free to speak only to answer my questions," Chantel advised, "Now, what is your full name, little boy.."

"My full name is Allan Thomson, Superior One."

"How old are you."

"I am 20 years old, Superior One."

"How long have you wanted to serve women?"

"Since I can remember, Superior One."

"Have you ever actually served a woman?"

"Yes, Superior One."

"Who was she and when was this?"

"I have served several women, Superior One. The first was my cousin Angela. We were both six years old when we started. At first she was bigger than me, and could physically dominate me, but even after we grew up..."

"Shut up," commanded Chantel, "when I want details, I will let you know. Are there any others?"

"Yes, Superior One, I have had two other mistresses."

"You are permitted to tell me about them."

"Mistress Katherine was a friend of my cousin, and she was my high school mistress. Mistress Alice is my current mistress."

"You have a mistress now! Does she know you are talking with us?"

Female laughter broke into the conversation,

"Hi Chantel, this is Alice. I like the way you are putting Allan through his paces. If you must know, I have him totally naked tied to a chair and am holding the phone receiver to his ear. I caught your ad in the paper, and I thought it would be fun to share him. Being a dominatrix is a lot of work when you have to break a boy like Allan. Maybe you and your friends can help me train him?"

Chantel and I filled Alice in on the details of the group, and invited her and her slave to join the group at its next meeting.

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With six women and three men in our sorority, it was possible to plan activities.

Saturday was pedicure day in the sorority. We ran it almost like a beauty shop, setting appointment times and assigning roles to the slaves. As the sisters sat in the chair, one naked male slave massaged her shoulders and back, while another fetched her drinks and magazines. The third slave lay at her feet and placed her feet on his penis.

The foot slave humped the soles of her feet while massaging them until he came. Taking the warm ejaculate and rubbing it into her skin until it was thoroughly worked in, he assured the silkiness of her skin. Next, he would lick her feet entirely clean, following it with a wash using perfumed water. Finally he gently buffed any callouses with an emery board, smoothed her nails and polished them.

It took us weeks to teach the boys how to do a perfect pedicure, but each sister agreed that it was worth it.

Each of the sisters also had a bi-weekly appointment to get her hair done. This procedure required at least two boys.

One boy to kneel in front of her and ate her out as she sat in the chair, and another to stroke her hair around his cock until he came. Then the boys switched places and continued the service. That's the nice thing about working with boys in their late teens and early twenties; they are good for multiple comes. We'd have each boy make three trips to the sister's lap and three trips to her hair.

By the last ejaculation, there was usually enough come to work into her hair and scalp. With the sperm massage, shampoo, blow dry and combing, the whole procedure took over two hours. However, after absorbing so many of those high protein nutrients from the boys' come, each of us had the shiniest, softest hair on campus. When other girls, envious of how great our hair looked would ask us, we'd simply reply, "Oh, it's just a special hair dressing whipped up by my private hair stylist."

It was a tremendous four years at college for me. The group gradually grew as we took on new sisters and new boys even though we lost members as people graduated. However, no one, not one sister, not one boy left just because they felt like it.

I have moved on now, but I have never moved far from a support group that espouses the domination of women over men. I still keep in touch with some of my sorority sisters from time to time, and Chantel and I get together annually for a week of total abandonment provided by her slave husband.
