



The Mansion and 13 Mistresses – Part 1

written for Baroness V by Dom Rizzo

Deborah stared out the window of her magnificent 1880's mansion, her silky black nightie sticking to her breasts with the sweat of her warm body. Black mules with 4 inch heels encasing her blood red pedicured toes. She could see the reflection of her 24 year old daughter in the glass window as she watched the silent town still sleeping. "He is our first one." She began talking to her without turning around, are you sure you can finish this? We are on the precipice of something so evil, sadistic and dark it would make my mother blush with envy." She said scanning the neighborhood one final time.

"Mom, tonight I will bring him here. He has been asking why we always go to the bar? The women have enjoyed his innocence, I think you will too." Dallas assured her mother. Dallas went upstairs to get ready for high school, though she graduated years ago. Dallas was trembling like her mother with fear and excitement.

I was so naïve, I was so dumb to think she actually liked me. She was years older than me and had since graduated from the same high school. She said she was back in high school for a visit. I later learned she was hunting for a victim. I became that unfortunate pawn when I was roaming the hall during my free period. I was a senior in high school. I still am, though I have not been in almost 3 months. Her name is Dallas. She is amazing, tall, long blonde hair. She asked me out on a date. I of course said yes and we went out to dinner a couple of times. I would always meet her at a bar. Seemed weird as I was only 18, but the bartenders always let me in and gave us drinks on the house. I had a strange vibe every time I walked into that bar. I never once saw a male.

I did not think too much of it though, it was a bar and I was underage, why would I complain? We never met at her house, until the day she told me her mother wanted to have me over for dinner.

That night, I was escorted into their house by Dallas, she introduced me to her mother, an absolute drop dead beautiful Amazon Woman with long red hair, sitting in a large leather recliner. She was dangling her black heel off her nylon feet in the most arrogant behavior. She wore a black dress that hardly contained her breasts, was extremely tight around her waist and showcased her meaty thighs. She was at least a foot taller than me. She never stood up to officially meet me.

Dallas grabbed the back of my neck and forced me to my knees. "Strip him and cuff him," Her mother said, handing over the metal handcuffs with her left hand. Her right hand grabbed my hair and pushed my face into her high heeled feet. "Stupid boy", she said as Dallas ripped my shoes and socks off, my pants next and then my shirt. I was naked on my belly, soon handcuffed and then ankle cuffed and hogtied with a zip tie in a minute. "My name is Mistress Deborah, you already know Dallas, you will honor us by calling us Mistress." she said, cupping my chin in her manicured hand. She squeezed and swayed my head from side to side. "I like him, small and young. He will be a welcome addition to the bar. Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara will have him for dinner."

Mistress Deborah positioned her shoed feet on my face as my body lay sideways. "I have fantasized for years to this exact moment, a young male cuffed tightly and forced to breathe in my sweaty feet." She removed her pedicured nylon feet from her heels and placed them over my face. Her feet were hot and wet. I attempted to



move my head from side to side. Her feet would not allow it. She pressed them into my face up my nose. I wished for a trap door in the floor to swallow me and escape me out of this torture. Mistress Dallas had left and now returned with a roll of duct tape. My mouth was forced open and stocking toes were forced into my mouth. My tongue attacked by her sweaty nylons. She removed the nylon from her foot and gagged my mouth with her stocking. Mistress Dallas duct taped my mouth shut. The other nylon was rolled off and tied around my neck tightly. Mistress Deborah took control of the nylon leash and spread her toes over my nose, her feet smelled horribly bad, intensified by the nylon gag. My cheek and jaw a perfect puzzle piece to her foot. She massaged the underside of her foot on my face. Mistress Dallas straddled my hip with only her black bra, black panties and black high heels on. "He has met Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara. They were bartending at The Baroness V Bar. He has not met the Baroness yet, I am sure he will soon." Mistress Dallas told her mother grabbing my chin with her hand to reposition my face under her mother's feet. Mistress Deborah took advantage of this, pulled on the stocking leash and began to massage her arches on my cheekbones. She would press down on my face and then slide her foot forward and back. She would switch feet every 5 or 6 swipes. "Does he know what those women are like or what they have done to a small male just like him?" Mistress Deborah asked curiously. "No" Mistress Dallas said laughing. "You can tell him, you know I love the story of dungeon prisoner."

I laid there wanting and not wanting to know the answer. But I knew I was going to hear the answer. Honestly I was not convinced this was real, this was only a friendly game of S&M with mother, daughter and boyfriend like in the porno movies.

Again Mistress Deborah pulled me into her feet. I was not going anywhere. She was only pulling on the nylon to strangle me so I would take in more of her foot scent.

"Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara are 47 year old amazon women who have bartended The Baroness V for over 15 years. They are beautiful, large breasted tall women with beer bellies and round natural asses. They have the do not fuck with us attitude. Their long black encases elegant cheekbones, sexy lips and deep seductive eyes." Mistress Deborah began. Mistress Dallas readjusted on my hip. I could feel her wetness on my naked body.

"We all sat at the bar and drank beer and enjoyed their company. I personally felt empowered sitting next to them. They were not sisters I learned, they were close friends who were known for their bondage skills throughout the Biker Bitch Gang. They had hazed many young women with hogtied, frog tied techniques as these young women entered the all Women Club. As Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara were, at that time, in their late thirties they had many experiences with ropes, stockings, cuffs, duct tape and so on. They detailed one of their most favorite hazings with a woman named Lucy. They said Lucy was a 22 year old lesbian completely in love with the older women of the Biker Gang. She would flirt and act silly around the older ladies. One day, in a crowded bar, Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara teamed up against her. They stripped her naked and handcuffed her hands behind her back. They forced an old style chastity belt onto her wet pulsating vagina. They finished her in the hog tie position and turned her into a cuckold slave. She was forced to watch the mistresses make love to each in the bar the first night in chastity. The next day the women decided to cage Lucy in the middle of the bar and force her to watch women kiss and grope each other. Her cage became the center

piece for lesbian romance as she was forced to watch biker women fuck each other with dildos, strap-ons, fingers, and tongues.



The women had her in a sexual frenzy. She would fight the bars of her cage to watch and see the lesbian action.”

“I need my feet worshipped for this next part.” Mistress Deborah said and reached down, ripped the duct tape off my face, removed the nylons from my mouth and smelled the toe part. She placed the ball of her right barefoot on my mouth, “Tongue, lick my foot.” She demanded. Her left foot found a home in her black high heel. “My stocking still smells of feet. You will be spanked for this.” Mistress Deborah said in the most dominant tone I have ever heard. I began to suck her toes as she forced the rest in my mouth. “Ooh lucky boy gets feet already, if she feels teeth I will add to the torture.” Mistress Dallas said laughing.

Mistress Deborah started up again as I began to realize this could be real. “Mistress Olivia and Mistress Barbara were shocked and very happy, last week, when Lucy became so overwhelmed and sexually excited at the sight of a poor male, 19 years old, who made the terrible mistake of walking into their bar, full of women, when he was lost and had to ask for driving directions. He saw Lucy and tried to run away, he was tackled and literally dragged into the women's bar by his feet. The women were surprised at Lucy's reaction of fighting her confinement to watch what they would do to him. She grabbed and tried to shake the cage door open. Her hand instantly went to her vagina though she was locked away. The bartenders handcuffed his trembling hands inside her cage and all the women forcefully face sat his pleading, begging mouth with aroused and sweaty vaginas for days. She watched them through her cage, she could see their massive breasts against the cold bars, his constant displeasure of screaming for mercy or help over his hell week caused his voice to silence. She watched him get a forced blowjob leading to a cum filled French kiss on his lips and mouth. He was raped, both virgin penis and his virgin ass with broom handles, strap-ons and fingers. They tattooed their names on his arms, shoulders, legs. They finally released him from his bondage, formed a circle of 13 and beat him to a pulp with their leather boots. Lucy at this point was so sexually frustrated she was trying to rip the chastity belt off. Rumor has it, he is still locked in the basement of The Baroness V. His name is dungeon prisoner.

“Enough for tonight, leave him here. We will deal with him tomorrow morning.” Mistress Deborah put her barefoot into the sweaty heel and removed her left shoe. She tied her sweaty, smelly black heel to my face with the nylon I did not clean properly. Mistress Dallas tied the nylon leash to the leg of the chair. “Welcome to our home.” Mistress Deborah said smiling.

The shoe was tied painfully tightly to my face. The smell of her feet seemed to get stronger as I inhaled. The layers of year old foot sweat being unlocked by my breath. I tried to rest, tried to sleep. I lay there all too aware of this, maybe it was a game. Something told me otherwise. I was scared now, rest, relax I told myself. I thought of the male in the bar, the slave in a cage. All too real to be fake. All just words to be real.

I must have slept some because I was awoken by Mistress Deborah removing the shoe from my face. The feeling was of pain and relief, at the same time. The imprint of her shoe was outlined on my face. She smelled her shoe. “It still smells of feet.” She said trying not to enjoy the tease and torture of my now existence. Mistress Deborah leaned back in her chair, I heard a shoe fall, and then the sole of her foot was lifted and placed against my face. Her foot was hot and moist, it was overwhelming, like her, it was too much for me too

handle all at once. "Tongue" she said. A one word demand, I hesitated at the thought of licking her feet again and again but I put out my tongue for her foot. "Leave it out for me. I will decide where you lick my sweaty feet." Her toes the underside part, when she spread them was the worst part. I could taste her sweat from her mules this morning mixed with the sweat from her heels from yesterday, last week and beyond, all trapped there in that part of her foot. She moaned when I massaged her arch and the ball of her foot with my tongue.



"My heel needs your teeth as they are rough." She rested her heels on my mouth. I chewed her heel swallowing what I did not want to know I was swallowing. "Lick my heel, now bite. Nibble on it" She instructed. When she was satisfied with her foot, she put it back into the mule and removed the other foot for me to worship. I obediently gave her my tongue. She began the spreading of her toes so I could repeat the filthy process over again. Adding to torture was the idea that the foot I just licked "clean" was back in the dirty home of a black mule.

She put her mules on. Cut the zip tie and the nylon from the foot of the chair. She dragged me on my knees behind her up wooden stairs with a short nylon leash.

Upstairs was weird. I tried to look around but it is difficult to look anywhere but straight ahead when you are being pulled on a leash, I did notice the rooms were bare, beds only, no furniture. I was led to a room with the word MISTRESS'S BEDROOM engraved on the metal door. Mistress Deborah opened the door, shackles hung from the ceiling, whips and paddles were hung on the wall. A small cage was at the foot of the bed.

I was forced over her bed, my penis onto the fabric covering the mattress with my hands and arms beneath my chest and stomach. Mistress Deborah took a tight firm grip on my leash. She removed her mule from her foot and stepped on my back. She began to spank me hard, harder and harder with the heavy thick shoe. I tried to escape her. She only pressed harder on my back and pulled tighter on my leash. "I was screaming in agony. I was begging for mercy. "Scream boy, scream. I love to hear you beg for mercy, I love to watch you squirm beneath my feet." I could feel my skin get hot, hotter and hotter, I could feel the bruises begin to develop and then pop with blood as the beating continued. Tears streamed down my face. She was relentless and without mercy. She grabbed my hair and pulled me back, "this is your punishment for not cleaning my nylons properly. " Mistress Deborah hissed. She added more spankings as she continued to pull my hair. My arms and legs could do nothing, as my body began to tremble and I could feel blood drip down my legs. Finally, she removed me from her bed and pushed me into a closet, the door closed and locked. It was tiny, I was touching something soft but rough, my tear stained face engulfed in some sort of fabric, where ever I turned, my face was touching some sort of material, my chest inches from the door, I was standing on the floor but when I moved my feet I felt hard material. Then the smell attacked my nose. A dulled reaction to it all, maybe from all the foot worship I had just done, maybe the smell of worn heels still existed in my nose and face caused the delay. But now there was no escaping the smell. A light was switched on. Well worn, sweaty stockings and pantyhose hung all around me, caressing my face. Well worn heels, sneakers, clogs, mules scattered around me in this tiny closet. The smell of feet all around me, I heard Mistress Deborah's voice, "Your time spent in this confinement depends on how clean you can get my stockings. They are hanging all around you. If you want to live in my closet forever, ignore this instruction." I heard the buzz of something, the creaky bed, the moaning of an older woman. Mistress Deborah was now moaning loud to an orgasm. I was in her solitary confinement. I turned,



opened my mouth, bent down and took the toe part of her nude stockings into my mouth. I began to suck on them. The taste was salty and sour. I did not want to know what I was swallowing.

I remember feeling completely scared at this very moment, the reality of my life at this very moment. The feeling of being locked in a small closet, making love to worn nylons for the sake of my being was more than frightening. I could not grab the stockings as my hands were still cuffed behind me. I had to take all of it into my mouth little bit by bit. The first stocking I had chosen, was as clean as I could get it. I was hoping she would see that I tried and I moved onto the next one. The pain echoing off my ass reminded me how foolish that thinking was. I humiliated myself again by bending down and positioned my mouth under the toe part of her stocking. It was crusty dry, my saliva igniting the taste of her foot sweat in a magical sadistic way. My nose was raped by her foot funk, now my tongue was joining the experience as I began to fill with her....I don't know, smell, stink, sweat, it was the worst thing I have ever had to do, and I was only on stocking 2. Everywhere around me, were stockings, trouser socks, knee highs, pantyhose, I spent the rest of the day eating her nylons. Then, I realized, there was no way to tell which nylons I had cleaned. I could be sucking the sweat out of another pair and then go back to the same ones I had cleaned already, and I would not even know. As I was finishing with the second nylon, I saw the 3 pairs of nude pantyhose. They were the worst of the worst. They were adding the most smell to the air. All three were crusted not just in the toe foot part, but also in the panty area. I turned my head away from them, turned back and just opened my mouth and took the crotch part into my mouth. I released my mouth and gagged, they were incredibly salty and sour. I went back for seconds, sucking the soft nylon with my saliva sliding down my throat with her intimate essence. I tasted her completely. I finished the 3 pairs that night and eventually awoke sometime later, the stockings caressing my face.

I began the process of sucking the nylons again. I felt I had to, I truly believed I would be locked away in this closet if I did not obey Mistress Deborah or Mistress Dallas. Mistress Dallas was the one who had thrown me into this....ordeal. And there was the reality that I had fallen asleep and now awoke in a tiny shoe closet, and no one has been back since Mistress Deborah had her orgasm. I had lost track of time, been lost in my own mind. How long had it truly been? I sucked and worshipped more nylons. I again lost complete track of time.

Mistress Dallas unlocked and opened the metal door. I could hear the locks pop, the heavy door swinging on heavy hinges. She opened my closet door. I was a sight to see. I still had her mother's stocking in my mouth when she saw me. She could see all the stockings I had sucked as my saliva dampened them. I looked down at the floor in pure humiliation form. Mistress removed me from the closet. Mistress Deborah was sitting on her bed. She had changed into a tight black dress showcasing her bare breasts cleavage and wrapping her legs just above her knees. Black boots on her bare legs. Mistress Dallas was wearing the same bra, panties and heels as yesterday. Mistress Deborah stood up and examined my ass. She smiled and walked towards her closet. She looked at me and smelled her hanging nylons, my heart skipped a beat. She smiled at me as she bent down and picked up a black ankle boot. My heart was racing at this point. She put it to her nose and smiled again. "My stockings still smell, my shoes still smell, now you will be whipped by Dallas." "Please, please I tried to clean your nylons and pantyhose, I" I was begging and pleading for mercy, I again thought of that slave being abused in the bar.



My mind was a tangled mess of fear. They escorted me down the stairs into the massive dining room, into the kitchen and out the backdoor that led to a large dirt patch backyard, massive 12 foot cement walls on each side and across the spacious yard where a stick and dirt path met the stone walls with two old trees on either side leading to a small wooded area and then to a farm. Up to the right of the farm was the bar. The moon lit up the rusted, metal hooks. They were the size of half dollars pounded into the trunk of each of the trees. The two women easily lifted my cuffed wrists up and onto the metal hook of the right tree. My terrified body was released by the women, my toes barely touched the dirty ground. "Look ahead, through the dark evening trees, you will faintly see a farm and the bar. You are the first piece to this sadistic adventure of women abducting, torturing and mutilating little slave boys. We have our eyes out for small thin males we can easily dominate." Mistress Deborah said stroking my thin body and smacking my ass. She twisted my body so I was facing the backside of the mansion. Mistress Dallas plastered her barefoot on a ground level rectangle window. The windows you would look out of when in a basement. "Can you see him?" Mistress Deborah asked in a sweet sadistic voice. I must confess, the dungeon prisoner is not in the bar cellar. He is locked in our mansion dungeon. He has been here for almost two years. He is of no use to us anymore, I cut off his penis and testicles and gifted them to Mistress Barbara, and his tongue was cut out by Mistress Dallas and gifted to Mistress Olivia. Tomorrow you will see him staring at you. He will wish he was you. He is living in hell with his hands and wrists shackled to the ceiling forever. Your hell has yet to begin." Mistress Deborah said and walked towards the mansion. My body turned back facing the wooded area, now dark and scary and all too real.

Mistress Deborah returned to her bedroom, she stared out her bedroom window at her slave. She would call him slave mat. She stripped naked, except for the boots. She resisted the urge to masturbate. Instead went down to her dungeon, Mistress Dallas was there already, she was sitting in a throne chair, naked except for her black heels dangling off her deep red pedicured feet. Mistress Deborah joined her in the second throne chair. Dungeon prisoner hung from the shackles inside his personal 4'X4' cell with the thick metal bars extending into the ceiling. There were 13 prison cells in the dungeon. Dungeon prisoner was staring at their feet.

"Have you heard the news?" Mistress Dallas asked her mother, "3 more male slaves had been taken, this time Mistress Cassandra, Mistress Diane and Mistress Jennifer were the women responsible. The police officers assisted." She added with a smile. "School boys, again?" Mistress Deborah asked, "Just like they planned?" She continued. "Yes, they are being kept at Mistress Olivia's farm." "That means the Baroness V will have her way with them." Mistress Deborah realized. "They are hogtied on the ground in the barn." Mistress Dallas said, "Nice and comfortable until she gets them."

"I have decided to name our slave, mat." Mistress Deborah said talking of the male they took. "I like that. I think I know why and that would be evil." Mistress Dallas giggled. Without any gesture, Mistress Dallas put her shoe on and she and Mistress Deborah walked out of the dungeon, closed and locked the thick metal door and went up to bed. Dungeon prisoner continued to hang from his shackles. He also knew why the slave would be called mat.

Mistress Dallas dressed in a sleeveless black dress showcasing her feminine but muscular arms. She wore the same black heels she had worn all week. She had thought of wearing nylons, but she liked how her bare feet made these heels smell and taste. Mistress Deborah joined her in the kitchen. They walked out together,



Mistress Deborah wearing a white blouse, black skirt, nude nylons and knee high boots. Mistress Deborah stroked his sore shoulder. She felt the tension in his arms. He looked like he had not slept. She caressed his chest. Pinched his nipples and then brushed his penis with her hand.

"Mistress Dallas uncoiled her 10 foot long bullwhip, in front of the slave. The handle alone was 8 inches of braided leather. "She has just replaced the popper, so the nylon cord is ready for new flesh." Mistress Deborah said walking around him. The "popper" is a mean and evil 12 inches long. Mistress Dallas was taking her time, she was enjoying the moment and she loved that her victim was a living target that could move around, squirm and scream out in utter agony. She snapped the whip, it popped like a firecracker and made him jump, he began to urinate and cry for mercy and release.

Mistress Dallas positioned her feet, raised her arm above her head with the whip and aimed it at his right shoulder. It snapped and landed at the same time, again making the firecracker sound. A long welt formed immediately at the upper part of his shoulder and screamed down the middle of his back. His mind became a mesh of confusion, pain searing his body, suddenly every part of his body hurt, the cuffs too tight on his wrists and ankles, his jaw sore from the teeth clenching, his joints numb from hanging in such a position. All this pain, all this torture and she had only just begun with one throw.

Another direct hit, this time to the opposite shoulder, a large X formed on his back. She fired a third and fourth and fifth, soon she was finding her rhythm as she was taking little steps back and forth. Her arms positioned in the same form as her whip flew and kissed his back with sharp teeth. Slave was not so much as screaming anymore, rather moaning in agony.

He had lost track of how many he had just taken, he wished it would end, she was only on number 8, the back of his neck was clipped with the popper on lash number 9, he screamed out loud as she landed 10, 11 and 12. His yelling could be heard loud and clear, he was thrashing around as blood was dripping from his back and landing in little pools around him. His breathing intensified, he pulled at his cuffs. His mind could not catch up with what was happening. He thought of what hurt and where and then received three more from the now bloodied whip. She finished his back with 18, 19 and 20 lashes.

Mistress Dallas gathered up her whip and walked to her slave. She grabbed his chin with her beautiful manicured hands and dug her long red polished fingernails into his chin flesh. She inspected his back, "Mistress? Are you satis.....satisfied? Can this be over?" He pleaded through tears, trembling voice and a small hint of hope that she was done. "Over? You mean done whipping you? Don't be silly, No I am not done with you. I still have 15 more lashes to throw." She said stepping back, his eyes, now begging for mercy. "Please, please no more, I will do anything you want, please no more"

"You are here to satisfy us." Mistress Dallas said with her blonde hair messy and full of sweat. Her entire body was a salty sweaty sea of a dominant woman.

"Tonight and tomorrow and beyond you belong to us, if you live through this whipping, you will lick large breasts, sweaty vaginas, days old panties, stockings, bare feet and shoes. My toes are pedicured red like my



fingernails, red like your blood. Just think of tonight, when you will be worshipping my feet." She taunted. And walked away ready for the second round of whipping.

Without warning and quicker than before, Mistress Dallas lit into his back again, blood that had slowed in dripping now was flooding his back, she hit his sides and played connect the whip marks with his skin. Soon his back and sides were welts cut and pouring blood. He screamed and yelled through tears of agony and torture. She was moving down, she was aiming for his ass and thighs next. He was thrashing around attempting to dodge the whip. Mistress Dallas finished with whip throw 31 ripping his ass open. He could feel it on both cheeks. She had sliced him sideways across each cheek. The blood was draining out of him.

-Ended here for now-

The 1880's brick mansion had two 8 foot strong iron gates on each side, they were always locked and possibly even rusted locked. The old wooden garage door was permanently locked and sealed. This meant the only way into the mansion, would be through the front door, and you do not want to go in the front door. The surrounding areas of the mansion were devastated by over grown weeds, shrubs and 2 large weeping willow trees stood sadly in front of the massive house. There was a backdoor that led to a large dirt patch backyard, massive 12 feet cement walls on each side and partially across the spacious yard where a stick and dirt path met the stone walls with two old trees on either side. 8 feet above the ground thick heavy chains had been wrapped around the tree so long ago, that now the tree adopted the addition and held onto the metal with the thick trunk as if the metal were part of the bark. Shackles had been added to the chains hanging and waiting to secure an unwilling slave.

When the wind blew, they clinked together to the heart's delight of a sadist's, as a sick twisted version of wind chimes. Still hanging slave man stared into the tree, his cheeks raw from the scraping of the thick bark on his face. Both sides were evenly affected as he would switch from left to right and then right to left. He was dizzy with hunger and his mouth dry from lack of water. His screaming now seemed so foolish. His mind was a confused mess as his body ached.

The mansion had been abandoned for 10 years. Mistress Deborah and Mistress Olivia bought the estate and the farm since The Baroness owned the nearby bar. The dining room was done in Victoria Style with large pictures of Women of the dominant nature. Their eyes beautiful but deadly, their hair like whips on a wall molded around their high cheek bone faces down past their shoulders. Some of the pictures showed males beneath the bare feet of Women, some with high heeled boots on crunched faces, or high heel shoes resting on human tongue. The 20'X12' antique hand carved dining table with 24 handmade chairs was exquisite. The monster legs had thin nylon rope tied tightly around each leg at the top just under the base of the table. The rope, when not in use, lay against the wooden leg aching to be used on a slave. Above the table was a large metal wheel and axle. The kitchen housed original cooking and baking tools and 6'X4' wooden table for food preparation. The Mistresses had laughed at the innocence of such tools, and then the powerful punishment of the same tool, like the wooden spoon, so painful on the backside of a slave. The living room with antique furniture and antique tables, metal hooks in the ceiling where plants could be hung, except here they were not for plants and flowers. Up the worn down creaky wooden stairs were 13 bedrooms. All except two for Mistress



Deborah and Mistress Dallas were bare for the incoming Mistresses, to do as she pleases. 3 sets of shackles spaced out 3 feet apart on one side of the bedroom wall and a drainage system directly beneath were put in one of the bedrooms per request from a Mistress. The mansion had been built with extra closets and small tiny rooms. The bedrooms, little rooms and closets remained locked with multiple locks. The bathrooms were the most simplest and basic of any room with the antique toilet being the most entertaining piece. The basement was the cold, dark dungeon. The 4'X4' steel cages lined the outer walls to the tall ceiling, shackles cemented into the wall adding to the captivity of a slave. The tall ceiling allowed for the hanging of slaves from chains and shackles throughout the basement. Small, portable steel cages scattered around the hard cement floor with the excess of antique couches and throne chairs waiting the Mistresses divine body to add torment to the imprisoned male. The older Women's only care was to capture, and torture and imprison weak young males. Mistress Deborah, Mistress Olivia, nor The Baroness would have thought this would be so easy. But, now as it stood, they had 1 slave already whipped, 3 slaves tied and a slave in a dungeon. The Female police were already involved, a Mistress from Iraq had inquired about a slave. Slave mat was no longer wanted for her purchase as he was already "cut up." Add to that, heavy wielding Mistresses were in route to the mansion to live and to torture unwilling victims. Mistress Deborah and Mistress Dallas, along with Mistress Olivia decided to continue on with slave mat. The Baroness could decide which of the 3 slaves taken, would be sold to the Mistress of Iraq. All of these good "problems" to have, like a restaurant opening in less than a week with customers already calling for reservations when the ovens and grills are not even in place.

Hours drag on, minutes take forever and seconds are painful. My back is blistered and burning. My face is rough and cut. My throat is sore, my bones ache. I am hungry and tired and thirsty and scared to death. From memory I can see the farm and barn ahead, one will certainly be my final destination, or will it be the dungeon behind me? Finally I hear voices, footsteps, something more will happen to me.

"You will have one more day to properly launder our stockings and shoes." Mistress Deborah says arriving at my bondage. She and Mistress Dallas are wearing only black bra, black panties. Mistress Deborah in knee high boots, Mistress Dallas in her black high heels. "If you fail us again, you will find yourself in hell." She added harshly.

I was removed from the hook, and returning to the mansion, fed sliced stale white bread and water from a dirty glass. My legs unable to support myself, my captors dragged my feet behind me. Minutes later, we were upstairs and in Mistress Deborah's bedroom. My hands and wrists were released from the cuffs, and then cuffed behind my back by Mistress Dallas. I did not fight it. I was pushed forward on the bed, Deborah sitting in front of me, her legs open wide exposing her black panties. I could instantly smell her natural body perfume, to put it lightly. "We have worn these thong panties since the early morning of your first night with us," Mistress Deborah said cupping my chin, again with her manicured hand. She was pulling my face towards her most intimate area. The part over her vagina was dark black from being moist and dried and then moist again. I unintentionally drew back from the scent. Mistress Deborah did not like this and with a fist full of my hair, she pulled me into her and began to rock my head up and down on the moist fabric. She used my tongue, lips, nose, mouth, chin and cheeks to massage herself on some part of my face. She loved my nose and tongue, she would position herself under my nose and pull my hair and thrust up in rhythm. "Lick the panties, flatten your tongue boy. I want to feel it against my vagina." She demanded. Mistress Dallas had secretly and silently put on a



strapon, I jumped at the surprise as the black rubber entered me. My attempt to buck and resist was countered by Mistress Dallas pushing the back of my head down into her mother's aroused covered vagina. The overwhelming taste and smell of days old feminine arousal, urine and feces mixed together in a perverted cocktail of overwhelming bitter sour taste of flavors, just like her pantyhose. I screamed out loud as the rubber dildo entered me deeper and deeper.

Mistress Dallas lifted her leg and removed her black heel and gently slipped my penis into her shoe. My penis extending to where her toes had been, it was hot and moist and felt amazing. The positioning of the shoe was with the tip of the heel stabbing the bed mattress. I was forced further down onto the bed so the underside of my penis was sliding across the soft inner sole of the well worn heel. I was having sex with a shoe. I began to moan, Mistress Dallas removed her other shoe, pulled me up by my hair and forced my face into her hot and moist high heel. Mistress Deborah pulled her panties to the side and fingered herself in front of me. I moaned into the shoe and ejaculated into the other one.

Mistress Dallas exited my body and tossed me to the ground. She placed the shoe I smelled to her face and nose. "Again, still smells like feet.

You better improve or you will be in hell." She said smiling down at me. Mistress Deborah took the semen filled heel handed it to Mistress Dallas, "pour it down his throat".

Mistress Dallas cupped my chin as her mother did, and lifted the heel to my mouth. The semen slowly dripped down the sole of the shoe, into the heel part and dripped slowly into my mouth. I could taste my own sperm mixed with foot sweat and shoe leather. "You can lick these clean in the shoe closet." Mistress Deborah said as they lifted me up and forced me into the small confinement of Women's feet. I saw with the lights on, the worn hosiery and knee high socks. Mistress Dallas gently placed the black heels on the floor in front of me with the other worn heels, boots, mules and wedges. I knelt down and began to lick her heels, I could feel them watching me, I soon heard them laughing at me. I look up at them with pleading eyes, they both removed their black panties and threw them on my shoulder and back, "These need to be cleaned too." Mistress Dallas said. "You have 24 hours."

So here I am back in this closet, kneeling down licking the inside of a stained high heel, with their laughter echoing in my brain. Their black panties are resting on Mistress Deborah's mules. My tongue is already sore from licking Mistress Deborah, now I have to somehow lick clean the shoes, nylons and days worn panties. I attempt to lick away the smell, and then reality hits me like a tidal wave. I can never launder all their items in this time, and even if I do, it will not be to their satisfaction. I crumble to the ground and wonder what "hell" they talk about.

The Mistresses had arrived at different times of the day and met in addition to Mistress Deborah, Mistress Dallas, Mistress Olivia and The Baroness, 9 more Mistresses to make the 13.

Daniel, Jacob and Elliot were tied wrists to ankles with sweat stained worn stockings, gagged with 3 day old black panties and left to their own personal solitary confinement in the Mistress Olivia's barn. They were given female urine laced water served from black panties. The Mistresses would pee in a bucket in front of the slaves,



dip and squeeze the panties above their forced open mouths like sponges three times a day and 2 pieces of white bread from Mistresses' high heeled shoes. They had been kidnapped with the assistance of Female police officers for one reason, to be tortured severely by and for sadistic, dominant women and then sold to Women and Men.

Each male, 18 years old was 140 lbs. The plan was to starve and weaken each boy over a period of a couple of weeks.

Mistress Rebecca, Mistress Jennifer, Mistress Deborah, Mistress Dallas, and Mistress Diane, (Twin sister to Mistress Deborah) were the first to arrive through the wooded area to meet Mistress Olivia on her farm. They continued with the pleasantries as The Baroness V, Mistress Barbara, and Mistress Tanya, joined for coffee and pastries in the farm house. Mistress Judy, Mistress Shannon arrived next followed by Mistress Kelly and Mistress Kathleen. The 13 Mistresses had been put together by Mistress Jackie, the mother of Mistresses Deborah and Diane. She loved the idea of large breasted Amazon Women taking males half their size, Mistress Jackie was somewhere in Italy. She had been all over the U.S, Asia, and now Europe. A seventy year old woman beautiful and sweet, no one would ever suspect her of selling a male to Women and Men around the world.

Every Mistress wore the same attire. A long black dress with a long slit up the right side, black bra, black panties, nude nylons and knee high boots black high heeled boots. They all looked stunning and sexy in their dress. A heavy dose of arrogance floated in the room, profound dominant attitudes as these Women had no limits. No limits were needed. They had each other, they had the biker boys, they had the Women in the police force, not just here, but many cities up and down the East Coast. They already had requests for males from other countries. They had already taken 5 boys, dungeon slave did not really count as he was taken for fun, for entertainment, but he was the one that sparked the idea, slave mat was the first victim used to test the idea of Women capturing males. The next three proved it could be done. They discussed the rules of each Mistress or Mistresses as the Women ate and drank and admired the old farmhouse. When a Woman or up to 3 Women took a male, they had three days alone with him. They could not kill him. The only rule was no killing. After the three days another Mistress or Mistresses could take him for 2 days until, if desired all 13 Mistresses had him. There was no rule against how little torture could be done, if a Mistress chose to take a male and give him oral sex for three days, she could do that, the next Mistress though, would probably not be so nice. After this he was brought to the mansion, chained to the ceiling in the dungeon and locked in a cell. This was called "Hell". Women were welcome to enter the dungeon personally and pick out their slave. A live video feed was also available for long distance arrangements.

They talked of slave mat, his current imprisonment and who wanted him next. The Mistresses decided to have slave mat brought to the bar tonight, they could use a warm up. They could use a human tongue. The Women were very excited about the abductions of Daniel, Jacob and Elliot. The Baroness V had, with the assistance of Mistress Katherine, and Mistress Kelly tied each small skinny 18 year old to a thick beam. Mistress Olivia requested to see the boy's new ordeal. They walked the short distance to the farm passing an enclosed 5 foot high wooden gated square where pigs were kept. The entire area was only 10'X10. The Mistresses' panties began to saturate as soon as they see the boys wearing well worn nude nylon stockings over their heads and faces. Their tears ignite the sweat of the Mistress and the more and more he cries out the more and more sweat



he inhales. They are tied with feet and ankles straddling the beams so their backs are arched and the penis thrust forward. Their feet do not touch the ground as they are tied with thick rope from the tops of their feet up to just below their knees. Their wrists and hands also hidden with rope on the other side of the beam tied painfully above their heads.

The Mistresses walk around verbally humiliating each boy, they use lipstick to mark the slave they want to see tortured first. The boys are trembling in fear, "Tomorrow night we will tag team and fight one of you." The Baroness V says. "When we defeat you, you will be hung by your ankles and whipped by Mistress Deborah."

"We will watch as you hang from the animal hook and will orgasm all over your face." The Baroness says as she marks the chest of Elliot. He now has 6 red lines on his upper chest and is crying and begging through the gag and nylon mask. Jacob has 4, Daniel only has 2, the last Mistress to walk over is Mistress Olivia, she is the oldest and this was ultimately her idea, she walks over to Elliot, "This 18 year old boy should be ripe enough for a beating." She says roughly marking the slave's chest with the lipstick, she licks his tear stained nylon face and laughs as he cries and cries some more.

"Our boy is moaning and pulling at his restraints more now than before as he has just learned he is our first." Mistress Diane says smiling. Mistress Rebecca joins the verbal assault, "I love to watch now as he struggles with his bondage, the poor boy." They all surround him, stroke his nylon face, kiss him and laugh at him. They stroke his soft penis and cup his testicles.

All morning or is it afternoon? I have heard men up and down the stairs, the sounds of furniture being carried, moved, and put in place. I have slept a bit, awoken by the fear that I have not done any cleaning of the nylons, shoes or panties. The panties are crusty and dry. Should I even bother? What time is it? I hear voices nearby. More laughter, did he just refer to me? More laughter as I swear they are talking about me in the closet.

I begin to suck on Mistress Deborah's panties, the vagina part first. The taste sends my tongue into shock, the dehydrated vagina arousal, the urine, the feces, all rehydrated by my mouth. The flavor is intense and the smell is overwhelming. I am not as confident as I was earlier. Now I am scared all over again. They will be back for me, and I have done nothing.

For more fetish erotic stories visit www.BaronessV.com