

Chapter 1: Off-Road Goddess

Normally on a Friday night I'd be at a local sports bar with some friends or out prowling a singles bar with a modest chance of bringing some lady home just before closing time. It was a real change from that routine to be in the basement of my apartment building sorting out various items of camping gear in my storage locker. From my old Boy Scout mess kit to an ultra lightweight backpacking tent I had picked up during my college days, I had more than enough equipment for a simple overnight trip.

Shortly after moving into the apartment complex I became friends with Mike, one of my neighbors. We were regulars at the workout room by the pool. He owned a small four-wheel drive pickup that he said he took out on jeep trails a few times a year with some friends. I had told him I'd like to go along some time. My car was a holdover from college and I had thought about replacing it with a small SUV, mainly to deal with getting around in the snow, but it would be nice to see what kind of off-road adventures you could have during the warmer months.

It had been just an hour ago that Mike stopped by and invited me to go on an overnight four-wheeling trip with him and some friends. Short notice, but I was up for it.

We left early the next morning and after an hours drive east of the city we pulled into a small gas station convenience store bait shop combo called Bass n' Buck. It was located at a desolate crossroads near a national forest that was our destination. Mike's friends were already here waiting on us, and he pulled up beside a red jeep that sat high on a modified suspension fitted with oversized tires, and was coated with a thick layer of dried mud.

I was quickly introduced to Dave and Sue, the owners of the red jeep, as they went about loading a big cooler with ice and beer by the open tailgate. He was a monster of a guy but seemed friendly enough. Sue had some extra pounds on her including a massive set of tits that were barely contained in her low cut top. One of them mentioned that Julia was inside the store picking up some last minute supplies.

My eyes turned to the second jeep. Bright yellow, a newer model with similar tires to Dave's but no lift kit, and lacking his collection on dents and other body damage. A slogan on the spare tire cover claimed that 'Jeeps are for

girls.' Being single, I was interested in meeting this Julia, and soon enough she walked out of the store.

Dark wavy hair spilled down past her shoulders. A pair of scant daisy dukes and a black tank top with narrow straps perfectly molded to her well proportioned and solid figure. Wearing black rubber knee high boots as if she might also ride horseback, confidently strutting across the gravel lot in the low flat heels. As she joined the group I could see that she was older than me by perhaps five years or more, though it was obvious that she was in good shape. Her dark hair contrasted sharply with pale skin and her sly grin showed a faint trace of lipstick.

"Who might you be?" she asked me in almost a challenging tone, her eyes giving me a quick onceover.

"Eric," was all I could manage to say, my mouth suddenly dry and at a loss for words.

"Well, Eric. Nice to have you along," she said slowly, letting her words taper off.

The hope of any more conversation with Julia was broken off by Dave who wanted to discuss what trails we'd be hitting that day. He evidently came out here all the time and seemed to know what certain areas would be like based on recent rainfall, and what camping areas were likely to be filled up later in the afternoon.

"You don't have a set of play tires yet, Mike," Julia said to my friend looking down at the wheels on his truck. "Best of luck," she told him in mocking disapproval.

As we drove to the trails I said to Mike,

"Man, that Julia is hot."

"Dude, don't even get started with her," he said. "She's borderline psycho."

When I tried to insist that he was joking, Mike stood his ground and just said it was best I not even consider pursuing her and then tried to change the

subject. I suspected that he was hot for her as well and didn't want any competition from me.

The series of trails we followed were anything from good quality dirt roads to deep mud holes or steep rutted hills. Julia was in the lead and would approach all the challenging parts with a sense of strategy, getting through or over anything with little trouble. Dave would then attack with an open throttle, spraying mud with all four tires, at times seeming to dig himself into more trouble but always getting out, leaving a wallowed mess for us to get through.

I'll give Mike credit for seeming to have some skill driving through all that mud, but whether it was his truck having no weight in the back end or not having the proper tires, he got stuck a lot.

In some ways that was no problem because Julia had a winch on her jeep that would mount on either the front or rear, and Dave had a big tangle of tow straps, chains, and anything else that was needed. These people knew what they were doing and could get Mike out of a hole quickly enough. His ego took the worst of it and Julia seemed to enjoy ribbing him any time she had to use her winch.

"You know Mike, I bought this winch because I knew I'd be on the trail with you," she'd say as she pulled out the heavy cable, wading out into mud that came almost to the tops of her boots. It seemed to me that Julia made an effort to make sure her back was to me any time she had to bend over to hitch up the cable, giving me an eyeful of her sexy ass framed by the tight denim shorts.

While Mike and I were clearly at a disadvantage bringing up the rear, I got the feeling that if Dave was in the lead he would take off with his foot to the floor and never be seen again unless wrapped around a tree. If we went first I assumed Mike would get us stuck eventually, landing Julia in front of us to winch us through, therefore putting her in the lead.

With no real solution and Mike's temper fuming, I decided not to offer any suggestions to our traveling order, even after we ended up stuck and tilted sideways, with murky water filling the foot well on the driver's side.

Late afternoon we ended up on a rugged fire service road that was easily passable with four-wheel drive and made our way back to the paved road to find a campsite for the night.

Our planned destination was a small primitive camping area with only a few sites and a pond within walking distance where Dave was hoping to do some night fishing. The campground turned out to be full, so we made a rather long drive to another camping area.

The second location was more heavily wooded and easily had twice as many campsites, all spread apart for a lot of privacy. A few RV's were squeezed in here though there weren't any utility connections, and there was a group of older guys tent camping and cleaning the days catch for a fish fry. This left plenty of spots for us to choose from.

Our campsite had a gravel parking area just large enough for the three vehicles and a short trail led back to a large grassy clearing with a picnic table and a blackened iron fire ring. We lugged in our gear and as we were setting up camp, Sue asked Julia where her boyfriend was.

"He broke up with me because he couldn't handle being dominated," Julia casually answered. Sue and Dave just seemed to nod in understanding. Now the idea of submitting to a beautiful dominatrix has always been a fantasy of mine so I had to ask,

"Dominated? You mean as in whips and chains?"

Mike seemed to be having some trouble pitching his tent and paused to shoot me a warning stare.

"Yeah, something like that," Julia answered, nonchalantly.

"Cool," was my only response.

Although I had brought a can of beef stew to heat up over my backpacking stove, it seemed that Dave and Sue had brought enough food to share and set about preparing a communal feast. They quickly got a fire burning and placed a cooking grate over the top.

I slipped out of my mud caked jeans into a clean pair, along with some fresh socks and shoes, glad I had thought to bring these. The campground had no showers, pit toilets were the only facilities to speak of, but I grabbed some soap, a towel and washcloth, and set out to wash up best I could at one of the water faucets.

Just a short walk down the road and across from a small vacant campsite was an ornate stone pedestal with a drinking fountain on the top, and a faucet on the side above a shallow basin. I had stripped off my shirt and was almost finished washing up when I heard footsteps crunching towards me on the gravel road. Turning, I saw Julia approaching with an empty collapsible water jug in one hand.

“So you think that being dominated by a woman is... cool?” she asked with a grin.

“Well, it’s always been a fantasy of mine,” I confessed.

“Then be my bitch and fill this up,” she said, tossing the empty container at me. I just smiled, catching it in the air. Removing the cap I squatted by the faucet to fill the jug. Julia walked up close beside me and rested one of her muddy boots on the stone rim of the basin.

“Tell me, Eric. Have you only fantasized about being dominated, or have you actually lived it? Tasted it? Felt the pain?” she asked in a low seductive tone.

“I tried to get my ex-girlfriend to do this role play once. Just dress up in her boots and leather skirt and give me a spanking, but she just laughed and said that was silly.” While I tried to sound confident, my voice had wavered slightly.

“Is that why she’s now your ex-girlfriend?” Julia asked strategically as she bent to twirl a lock of my hair slowly around one finger.

“No,” I said. The jug now full I shut off the faucet but stayed down at her feet. Looking up at Julia, who was remarkably clean after a day of driving her jeep through the mud, I explained that my ex was in a hurry to get married and raise a family. “I’ve only been out of college for a few years and want to get established in life. That other stuff can wait.”

Though I was expecting a laugh or wisecrack, Julia just nodded slowly, continuing to twist a finger through my hair. Then she picked up my damp washcloth from where I had hung it on the edge of the stone pedestal and let it drop. In the quiet forest it landed with prominent splat on the toe of her muddy boot.

“I think its time you lived your fantasy, Eric,” she said with a voice that was a low whisper blended with a throaty growl. “Now clean my boots.”

“Sure thing,” I said, letting out a deep breath and setting the heavy water container off to one side. Giving me a light slap on the back of my head, she instructed,

“The only responses I want to hear from you are, ‘Yes, Miss Julia,’ or ‘No, Miss Julia,’ and my most important rule is, do as I say. Do you understand, Eric?”

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I replied quietly, turning on the water faucet to a moderate flow and picking up the washcloth.

A lot of times water at a remote camp is rusty or smells of sulfur, but here it ran clean, cool and fresh. She placed one foot into the basin and I alternately splashed water on her boot with my hands and wiped with the wet cloth. At first the mud only smeared on the black rubber but after a short while it began to rinse clean, the tan silt gently swirling down the bronze drain fitting. Then she rocked her foot back on the low heel so I could wipe the smooth sole of her boot clean.

Julia handed me my towel and rested the heel of her boot on the rim of the basin. There was no need for a verbal command so I shut off the water, our world now almost silent, and I toweled the boot dry. Apparently satisfied with my work she turned around, leaning a hip against the stonework, and placed her other boot in the shallow basin.

“I’ll bet you thought that dominant women only wore boots that came up to here,” she placed the tip of a finger, the sensibly cut nail painted a deep shade of red, halfway up her thigh. “With tall stiletto heels. Am I right?”

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I answered.

She told me that she owned a pair of boots like that and maybe I would get to see her in them another time, but I had to prove to her that I could take care of these boots first. The black rubber was scuffed in places and I assumed that her boots were a few years old. They felt thick and high quality and showed no signs of cracking. Julia would get plenty of more wear out of them.

Her legs looked smooth and freshly shaven. As I turned off the water and began to dry her boot with my towel I could hear her breathing deeply against the background of birds and cicadas in the trees. I looked at the crotch of her skin tight shorts, imagining that she was getting turned on and moist.

“Take the water back to the entrance to our camp,” she ordered. “I’m not finished with you yet and if someone needs the water I don’t want us to be disturbed. I’ll be waiting over there,” she said pointing to the vacant campsite across the road. Julia also instructed me to get an item from the back of her jeep and so I knew that my boot cleaning duties were not over yet.

I’ve never cared for the collapsible five gallon water carriers. Handy yes, but the thin handle bites into your flesh as you lug it. Setting it on the short trail that led to our campsite, I could smell the smoke from the fire and the aroma of grilling burgers. Bits of conversation floated over on the light breeze and all seemed well.

The interior of her jeep was relatively clean and uncluttered. Of course the floorboard in front of the driver’s seat was covered with mud, most of which had sunk out of the way into the deep ribs of the rubber floor mat. I took a quick glance at some CD cases in the console, thinking I might learn more about her by her taste in music. It was an eclectic mix. Kid Rock to Abba and Direks Bentley to Great White.

Moving the driver’s seat forward I climbed into the back where the rear jump seat had been replaced with a diamond plate metal tool box bolted to the floor. I quickly found the spray bottle of rubber conditioner, normally used for tires, but apparently also useful for shining rubber boots.

Before closing the lid I quickly scanned over the rest of the contents. Tow straps, heavy gauge jumper cables, a stout lug wrench, all neatly compartmentalized by homemade plywood dividers. A small cardboard box suddenly caught my eye. Forty caliber ammunition. Julia owned a gun. Perhaps she was a cop. She certainly had the attitude for the job.

Feeling I had wasted time, I jogged back to where I knew Julia was waiting. I seemed to have caught her by surprise and saw she was holding my shirt up to her face and deeply inhaling the day's worth of my sweat.

She told me to kneel down by the bench of the picnic table and then sat on the table top, resting her boots on the bench in front of me. I was ready with the spray bottle when she said,

"Before you spray that on I want you to make sure that my boots are perfectly clean. Give them a good onceover with your tongue." I willingly obeyed, giving her boots long slow licks. Of course they were clean, and I was getting extremely aroused. I paused for a moment to adjust my jeans to give my stiffening cock some room.

"Don't do that," Julia snapped. "I didn't say you could touch yourself. You're just going to have to suffer. You're not done here," she punctuated her words by raising a leg to place a boot under my nose. I cradled it gently in my hands and continued to lick it and couldn't help but imagine licking all the way to the top of her boot, but not stopping and working my way up her leg, pushing the denim barrier of her shorts to the side and pleasuring my off-road goddess. Of course that was just a fantasy entwined within this fantasy session.

"You know what to do," Julia she said, handing me my towel and the spray bottle. I had only used the stuff on tires before. The results always looked good until you drive in the rain which rinses it off. It quickly brought her rubber boots to a high shine.

"I'll bet you still want that spanking. Don't you, Eric?" she asked as I was doing the final buffing with the towel.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I replied, thrilled that I would at last get the spanking I had fantasized about.

"Why do you deserve to be spanked?" she asked. The question came as a surprise. Not a simple yes or no answer, but I thought of something that she would at least find amusing.

"I masturbated at work last week, Miss Julia," I confessed.

"Were you looking at internet porn on company time?" she asked accusingly.

“No, Miss Julia,” and I continued, feeling it was okay to elaborate. “I was in the restroom.”

“Open your pants and pull out your cock,” was her surprising response. I quickly complied, grateful to release my straining erection. She gave a quick snort of laughter and turned up her nose. “Obviously you don’t work in porno, having a cock that small, so I think it’s safe to say that your boss wouldn’t approve of you jerking off while you’re on the clock. Wouldn’t you agree?”

I’ve always felt confident in the size of my manhood and never had any complaints from girlfriends or one night stands in the past. I assumed that Julia was just trying to humiliate me, and I’ll admit I began to feel very self-conscious. Maybe I really didn’t measure up to her standards. I humbly answered her question,

“Yes, Miss Julia.”

She got down from the picnic table and stood in front of me, just inches from my face, firmly grasping a handful of my hair.

“A spanking would let you off too easy. You need a whipping,” she insisted, reaching with her free hand to unbuckle her belt. It was as wide as the belt loops on her cutoffs would accommodate. Made of thick black leather with two rows of large chrome grommets around the whole length. I had never been whipped with a belt before in my life but I knew it was going to hurt like hell. While I suppose I could have run away easily enough, I wanted to be punished by her. I felt completely under Julia’s control and obeyed when she told me to walk towards the rear of the campsite and slightly into the woods where we wouldn’t be visible in case anyone walked by on the road.

She had me stand facing a small tree, which at one time I could have identified by looking at the bark, and then ordered me to drop my jeans and boxer shorts to my ankles and hold onto an overhead limb.

I could hear her breathing slowly and heavily behind me, clearly excited and I assume aroused as well. There was a split second of time when I heard her belt cut through the air before striking me across both cheeks of my buttocks. I couldn’t help crying out at the snap of the pain.

“Shut up and take it like a man,” Julia said quietly. “So many naughty boys fantasize about being whipped by a dominatrix but so few can handle the reality.” I heard a soft tinkle of the belt buckle, the quick hiss of the leather slicing through the air, and then the crack of her belt against my ass as the pain instantly shot through my body. Clenching my teeth, I drew in a hissing breath but otherwise didn’t make a sound.

“That’s more like it. If you ever want to play with me again you need to be quiet and accept your punishment,” she said sternly.

The crack of the belt rang repeatedly through the air like gunfire and I wasn’t sure if it would be heard at a neighboring camp. My hands clenched an increasingly tighter white-knuckle grip on the tree branch overhead. With my legs hobbled by my pants at my ankles, any thought of running away at this point was hopeless.

Having read a lot online about sadomasochistic role play, I knew it was best to plan a scene in advance and have a safe word to call out in the event that any pain was too intense, but that was not the case here. I had been seduced into a role of submission by a beautiful domineering woman who clearly enjoyed being in command. I envisioned her belt with the metal grommets was on the verge of shredding my flesh and there was nothing I could do except grit my teeth as tears of pain started to leak from the corners of my tightly closed eyes.

“Turn around and get on your knees,” Julia commanded. The whipping was apparently over much to my relief, but now there was heavy anxiety as I had no idea what she was going to do with me next. She stood almost right in front of me, still holding the folded belt in one hand.

“I want to see you play with yourself. Hold out your hand and I’ll be nice and give you some lubricant,” Julia commanded. My cock was already swollen with a combination of fear and arousal. After receiving the painful whipping I was grateful to have a chance of sexual relief, and I obediently held out my palm though not sure of what kind of lube she might have handy.

Stooping slightly, Julia let a large wad of saliva drop slowly from her mouth into my waiting hand. I rubbed her warm slimy spit onto the head of my penis and lightly coated the rest of my shaft, then started stroking myself intently.

With my nose just inches from the crotch of her tight shorts I imagined that I could smell the muskiness of her arousal. I knew that when I finally shot my load it would end up on her boots, the black rubber shining like patent leather below me. Julia would probably order me to clean them by licking my own cum off her boots. Not a very pleasant thought but I would do it for her anyway.

“I’ve seen enough,” she suddenly told me. “Pull up your pants. We’re finished here.” Stopping in mid-stroke I looked up at her in astonishment. “Hey, I told you to play with yourself. I didn’t say I was going to let you cum, especially not all over my boots. You haven’t earned that privilege yet. Now pull up your pants before I whip your ass some more.”

Julia started to circle around behind me. I would have begged for an orgasm but figured the smarter move was to just stand up and stuff my swollen cock into my jeans. She gestured with her belt back towards the picnic table so I started walking that way.

As she thankfully put her belt back on, Julia ordered me to collect my towel and the other items and head back to camp. She said she would be there in just a short while.

“Leave your shirt here,” Julia said giving one last order. “It belongs to me now and I assume you brought another one.”

Returning to our camp I saw that someone had come for the water jug and lugged it back to the clearing. The supper was almost ready. Mike only briefly acknowledged that I had returned and was still struggling to get his tent set up. It looked as if one of his poles had broken or was forgotten, so he had improvised with some tree branches and scraps of nylon rope. His rig looked flimsy and I could have offered a few easy tips, but I decided not to.

He had tried to discourage me from getting together with Julia. While my ass was sore and my balls were aching with denied relief, I had at last experienced my female domination fantasy. Though it had been brief and spontaneous, it had been satisfying and I felt very calm and relaxed.

Julia returned to the campsite shortly before we sat down to eat. Her cheeks had a slight glow and she walked with an easy relaxed gait. I suspected she had walked back into the woods at the vacant campsite, unzipped her daisy

dukes and slipped a hand inside her panties. No doubt they were moist, and she would have lightly traced her fingers over her clit, stimulating herself to satisfaction.

She sat diagonally across the table from me when we ate. Burgers, pork n' beans, some macaroni salad, and cold beer. A perfect camping meal, especially welcome since we had not eaten a lunch.

As night fell and we sat around the fire I noticed that she drank the least amount of beer compared to the rest of us. Nursing her can for a long time and aloof to any of my attempts at conversation. She was quite the enigma. Articulate and well spoken, blended with a strong redneck flavor. I wanted to know if she lived in the city and what type of work she did but I learned nothing about her that night.

Dave rambled on and on and while I did pick up a lot about what to look for in an SUV and tires, it was to the point of redundancy with his looping drunken monologs. It must have been around midnight when it started to rain so we went to our tents.

After the initial shock of the cool nylon sleeping bag against my naked skin, I lay awake thinking about my session with Miss Julia and my cock started to get hard. Reaching around in the darkness I found one of my socks on the floor of the tent, and I slipped it over my erection. Gently stroking myself and reliving in my mind cleaning her boots and the painful whipping, I finally got the relief I wanted hours ago, emptying one burst after another into the sock. Briefly I wondered if she might come to my tent later in the night, or perhaps I should visit her, but then I drifted off to sleep.

The rain continued off and on through the night but I slept soundly. I had chosen my spot well, had a plastic ground cloth under the tent and a rain fly on the top. As I learned the next morning, Mike's improvised tent pole system had collapsed on him and at several times during the night he had to venture out in the rain to make repairs.

There had been plans for a communal breakfast but with a light drizzle still falling, we decided to break camp and go our separate ways. Julia had packed her gear quickly and was the first to leave before I even had a chance to give her my phone number.

On the way home, Mike and I stopped for some coffee to go at the first gas station we came to. It was then that I asked him for Julia's phone number.

"I don't have it," he said. "She's one of Sue's friends. They grew up together or something." So I asked him to get it from his buddy Dave.

"Listen, it was pretty obvious that you two were off doing something the other day," he said. "If she wants to get in touch with you I suppose she'll contact me through Dave and Sue. If that happens I'll give her your number, cause if I don't she'd probably kick my ass. I just don't want to hear you whining about her later on. After all I did try to warn you that she's crazy."

Either she was crazy or Mike had no taste for anything kinky. Weeks went by and whenever I saw Mike over at the gym I didn't bother him with questions about Julia or ask about any more four-wheeling trips. Sure, I was anxious to hook up with her again but I wasn't going to be a pest about it.

Then one Saturday morning as I got out of the shower the phone started to ring. When I answered it, a low familiar voice said,

"Hello, Eric. It's Miss Julia."

Chapter 2: Paddled In the Boondocks

Driving for a while east of the city on a two lane state highway, I easily found the turnoff I was looking for onto a secondary road. Several miles later and just past a cluster of grain silos, I found the next turn which led down a narrow winding road. I had no GPS system in my old car and hadn't bothered to look up the location on any internet map before I left my apartment, as the directions she had given me were quite clear.

It had been about a month ago when I was on an overnight four-wheeling trip with a buddy and his friends where I was introduced to Julia. A stunning brunette who I quickly learned had a taste for dominating her boyfriends. When I had told her that was a fantasy of mine, Julia and I soon found our selves conveniently away from the others for a spontaneous session of female domination.

I had cleaned and worshipped her muddy boots, had my bare ass whipped with her belt, and was then teased and denied of sexual relief. Rough as it had been, submitting to Miss Julia, as she insisted on being called, had been my fantasy come true and was more arousing than I could have imagined. Unfortunately our session was soon over and the next morning she departed before I could give her my phone number.

Early this Saturday morning I had received a call from Julia. It seems she managed to get my phone number through some others who had been on that trip. Oddly enough one of the first questions she asked me was whether or not I had dated anyone in the weeks since we had met. When I told her the answer was no, she asked if I still had an interest in being dominated. Of course my answer was yes, and then she insisted that I drive out to the country and visit with her for a few hours.

My anticipation had been building over the miles to the point where it was tough to concentrate and I was constantly glancing at the directions I had written down. Julia had told me during our initial session that she owned a pair of thigh high high spike heeled boots and I hoped she would be wearing them.

Over the crest of a hill I spotted the number I was looking for on an oversized rural mailbox protected from baseball bats with a rusty metal cage, and I made my final turn into a gravel driveway.

There was a modest white farmhouse here, set back from the road, and in the large side yard I saw an elderly man and woman working in a garden. The man was driving a small ancient tractor that was pulling a tilling machine, and the woman was unloading flats of seedlings from the bed of a rusty pickup.

I was somewhat surprised to see anyone else here, but as they gave me a casual glance and half a wave, I now realized why Julia had asked what my car looked like. She must have told the old folks that company was expected. It occurred to me that they might be her parents and Julia lived here on their property.

Following the directions, I stayed on the gravel driveway which continued past the house and small pole barn which I could see through the open sliding door was used as a workshop. At that point the drive narrowed and entered a wooded area. I passed a small pond on my right, the far bank of which was nicely cleared and had a picnic table and a blackened fire pit close to a small fishing pier.

After rounding a sharp bend in the road I entered an open spot in the woods where a mobile home was parked. While the gravel drive continued on, perhaps circling to the far side of the pond, Julia's yellow jeep was parked here so I pulled up beside it. Although the jeep sported the cocky spare tire cover I had seen before, 'Jeeps are for girls,' there was something different about it that I could not place.

The mobile home was old and similar to one that a friend of mine had rented several years ago in college. A ten by fifty, he had called it, and this one had the same angular front end, jalousie windows, and round porthole on the front door. The big difference was that this trailer looked as though it had been well cared for over the decades and may have even been recently painted. A large wooden deck had been built out front and sported some lawn furniture and a covered barbecue grill was off to one side.

No sooner had I stepped out of my car when the front door opened and Julia stepped out on the deck. She was as beautiful as I remembered, with her long wavy dark hair looking freshly styled and her face wearing a provocative

smile. Dressed in a low cut red tank top with narrow black lace trim, a denim miniskirt that was well above her knees, and what looked like the same black rubber riding boots I had licked nearly one month ago.

“Get inside, Eric” she ordered.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I answered and hurried up the short flight of steps and onto the deck. Julia followed me inside and closed the door behind us.

“Strip naked, fold your clothes neatly, and place them next to the door,” she commanded. There was evidently no time for small talk and our session had already begun.

Casually glancing around as I removed my clothes, I saw a few mounted deer heads on a living room wall and an empty gun rack by the front door. The sparse furnishings looked rugged but comfortable, and there was a noticeable lack of any personal clutter. I quickly assumed that this was not where Julia lived and that this trailer served as a hunting lodge and weekend retreat for friends and family members of the elderly couple who were probably planting their garden at this moment.

Julia leaned a hip against the counter which separated the living room from the small kitchen and ordered me to kneel in front of her.

“You remembered to address me as Miss Julia,” she said. “Do you remember what my number one rule is?”

“Yes, Miss Julia. Do as you say,” I replied.

“Very good. You said you hadn’t dated anyone since we last met. You by chance gotten laid?” she asked. My response was no.

“I suppose you’ve jerked off a few times,” she said mockingly, lightly brushing the toe of a boot against my hardening cock. “You been jerking off at work?” she demanded to know.

“No, Miss Julia,” I answered truthfully. Around the waist of her denim skirt was the same wide black leather belt with twin rows of large chrome grommets which she had whipped me with on our last encounter as punishment when I confessed to masturbating in the restroom at my job.

Exciting as it had been to live my fantasy of being punished by a dominatrix, the whipping had been very painful. I was willing to submit to more punishment but at the same time dreaded the thought of her removing that belt.

“Were you thinking of me when you were jerking off?” she asked, grabbing a handful of my hair.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I answered.

“You thought of me every time you played with yourself? You didn’t look at any porn?” Julia questioned. “I find that hard to believe.”

“Sometimes I thought of you, Miss Julia. Other times, yes, I did look at porn,” I confessed, though I assumed that would be an offense I would soon be punished for.

“You were pretty eager to come out here all this way to spend some quality time with me,” Julia said in an accusing tone. “Have you been pining for me?” I responded,

“Yes, Miss Julia.”

She reached for something on the counter behind her, saying that she had some pine for me, whatever that meant. When she ordered me to stand up and walk into the kitchen I saw that she was holding a small wooden paddle, presumably made out of pine.

Julia pulled a chair out from the kitchen table and told me to bend over the back of the chair, my hands resting on the seat.

“This is a special paddle,” she explained and stood beside me, holding the paddle down low so I could see it from my vulnerable position. It was about the length of a ping pong paddle, but narrower and much thicker, as if cut from a piece of one-by-four. The corners were heavily rounded and a single large hole had been bored in the face of the paddle to cut down on air resistance. The light wood had a soft glow as if sealed with a thin coat of varnish. Though the design was simple and could have been made with a minimal amount of tools or skill, I had no doubt that in Julia’s hands it would hurt as much as her belt, and possibly more.

“An ex-boyfriend of mine made this for me years ago,” Julia explained. “It was a gift and he quickly regretted giving it to me. It’s small enough to fit in a purse so I often have it with me. Consider yourself warned.” She walked slowly behind me, the rubber soles of her boots quiet on the linoleum floor.

“Every boyfriend of mine since then has learned to fear this paddle. If you want to spend any quality time with me I think it’s only reasonable that you and this paddle are properly introduced,” she said as she rested one hand lightly on the small of my back.

I knew what was coming next but there was no way I could have mentally prepared myself. The thick, heavy, yet aerodynamically enhanced paddle landed squarely on the left cheek of my ass with a loud smack. Gritting my teeth I gave a low grunt, knowing that she would be angry if I cried out.

Expecting the next swat to land on the opposite cheek, I was painfully caught off guard when she struck me again in exactly the same spot. It was only after several more swats that I was somewhat relieved to be repeatedly paddled on the opposite cheek of my buttocks.

When Julia started spanking me on the left butt cheek again, the blows came quicker and felt harder. After she had paddled me for what was probably just a short time, I found that I couldn’t take it any more. No safe word had been agreed on, as I thought would be customary, but I knew of one that seemed to be common.

“Mercy! Miss Julia,” I cried out.

The spanking stopped abruptly and she gave a heavy disappointed sigh.

“Can’t take it. Huh, bitch?” Julia said, though I don’t think she expected an answer. All I could do was shake my head and squint back the tears that had started to well up in my eyes.

“There are dirty dishes in the sink. Wash ‘em,” she ordered firmly.

Grateful that the paddling was over I quickly embraced the menial task. Liquid soap and a sponge were by the kitchen sink and an empty drying rack was on the counter. Perhaps she had planned in advance to have me do this chore.

There were only a handful of dishes in the sink. What looked like the remnants of a supper and breakfast for one person. As a bachelor I would know. So it seemed that Julia had spent the night here. She had wandered into the living room but I didn't dare look over my shoulder to see what she was doing.

Once the dishes in the sink were finished I turned my attention to the stove where two dirty skillets sat on cold burners. Although I had not been ordered to do so, I took the initiative and washed the dried film of egg from one, and some type of sauce with bits of remaining ground beef from the other.

I wiped down the counter and stovetop when I was finished. Julia seemed to be a neat cook so there wasn't much splatter, but I wanted to do a thorough job as well as stall for time since as long as I was working it seemed I wouldn't be paddled.

"You've done enough," Julia said. I turned around to see her standing by the end of the counter. For just a moment I was disappointed that she hadn't worn her thigh high boots and began to wonder if she really owned such a pair. That's when she raised the paddle in one hand and pointed at the chair, which was still pulled out from the table. "Bend over that chair again," she ordered.

My ass was still burning and I'd have done just about anything to not be paddled again. Standing where she was, Julia was effectively blocking me in the kitchen, the front door out of the trailer behind her. A quick glance and I noticed that my clothes, which I had folded and placed neatly on the floor beside the door, were now gone.

"Let's go!" Julia said, slapping the face of the paddle against the palm of her other hand. "Do as I say," she said slowly.

Trapped and naked, I had no choice but to take my position bent over the kitchen chair. I heard the sound of her boots as she walked up behind me and remembered the warning that my friend Mike had given me. It was he that had introduced me to Julia on that overnight trip and he told me not to pursue her because she was crazy. A loud and painful swat of the paddle landed on my ass.

"Does that hurt?" she asked sarcastically.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I obediently answered.

“It’s a spanking. Spanking is a punishment, so it’s supposed to hurt,” she explained nonchalantly. “Submissive boys like you think it will be fun. I take discipline and punishment very seriously. You will obey me or suffer.”

With that she began to paddle me again. I don’t know if she was swatting me harder or it was the fact that my backside still hadn’t recovered from the earlier spanking. Either way, it hurt much worse, and it didn’t seem like she would ever stop.

I cried out for mercy, knowing that Julia would be angry but thankfully she stopped spanking me. She gave a heavy sigh of disgust and told me to stay where I was. I heard her walk over to the kitchen counter and pull something out of a drawer, which made me very nervous.

“Put your hands behind your back,” she ordered. I then heard the sound of duct tape being peeled and torn from a roll. Julia crossed my wrists over one another and secured them together behind my back with several strips of the heavy tape. “I have another task for you, Eric,” she explained. “I’ll have to get some things together first and I can’t have you playing with yourself while you wait.”

Then Julia had me stand up and walk through the living room and down the short hallway. The first door on the right was a small bedroom and she directed me inside.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” she said, and then I heard the sliding door close behind me.

The bedroom was very small. There was only room for a set of heavy bunk beds constructed of a two-by-six frame bolted together, then maybe a few feet of space clear on one side of the bunks. The opposing wall had a built-in closet with drawers below. One small window was on the exterior wall. My friend in college who rented a similar trailer had used this small bedroom as his study room, placing a desk where the bunks were in this room.

Looking behind me I saw that the sliding door to the hallway was ajar by a few inches. I had expected it to be closed all the way and possibly locked. There

were the sounds of her rummaging through some cabinets in the kitchen, and then I heard the front door open and close as she apparently went outside.

The bunks only had mattresses on them and no sheets or pillows. This room must not see regular use. There were several tackle boxes on the floor under the bottom bunk, and a disassembled fishing pole with an open face reel.

Testing the tape that bound my wrists behind me, I found it secure though there was a hint of stretch when I pulled at it gently. An escape may be possible, though without my car keys or clothes I'd end up running naked through the woods. Perhaps there was an old pair of heavy coveralls in the bedroom closet that I could pull on. Being that this was the hunting lodge they would most likely be camouflage, which could be handy. There may also be a pair of heavy shit kicker boots. The elderly couple might be willing to help me if I could make it to their house by the main road.

Then again, was it necessary to escape? If Julia intended to keep me here for the day, alternately paddling me and assigning chores, I could probably endure that. I briefly wondered why she had chosen to hold our session here. She might have roommates or live in an apartment with thin walls. Perhaps she lived in the farmhouse with her parents. The old mobile home in the woods was a comfortable and discrete location where anything could happen and no one could hear me scream for help.

The closet had sliding doors. I thought I should at least take a peek inside and check for some clothing, so I backed up to the closet, found the recessed hand hold and slid the door open a few inches. Turning around I saw sheets and blankets stacked in clear plastic bags on the closet floor. Empty hangers hung on the rod above. I would have to open the door some more for a better look. Then there was the sound of the front door opening. Julia was back.

I couldn't get the closet closed before she slid open the door to the bedroom. Thankfully she stayed in the hallway and simply ordered me to go into the living room. The spankings I had gotten had been brutal enough. If she found out I had been snooping in the bedroom closet, a punishable offense, I didn't even want to imagine what she'd do to me.

Julia momentarily held my bound wrists and I briefly felt cold steel as she cut the tape loose.

“Put your shoes and socks on and then step outside,” she instructed, and it was then I noticed that my shoes and socks had been taken out of hiding and were now back by the door.

Outside I saw that a garden hose had been uncoiled from somewhere and run out by her jeep, where a bucket and some rags were now waiting. I was not surprised when she ordered me to wash her jeep.

Although I felt awkward being outside and essentially naked, I was glad to have another duty to perform as opposed to being paddled, and washing the jeep would take longer to accomplish than cleaning the handful of dirty dishes.

Although the sun was shining, the clearing we were located in was surrounded by tall trees so it I was relatively cool in the shade. Light mist from the hose, carried by the wind as I hosed off the jeep landed on my bare skin chilling me further. Once I started scrubbing the vehicle down with soapy water I started to warm up from the physical effort.

It was then that I realized what was different about Julia’s jeep since the last time I saw it. On the trail she had put a set of oversized knobby tires on it. Play tires, she would have probably called them. Now the jeep was fitted with what looked like all season radials on aluminum rims.

Her jeep had full doors but was fitted with a black convertible top. I wasn’t sure if the plastic rear windows needed any special care against scratching. Daring to catch a glimpse of Julia, I saw she was sitting on the deck in one of the lawn chairs reading a book. I recognized the author, Janet Evanovich, as one that an ex-girlfriend read all the time. Julia seemed to be relaxed and enjoying the small patch of sun that shone on the deck.

The jeep didn’t seem like it had been off-road in a while and had been fairly clean when I started washing it. It would have been nicer for me if it had been coated with mud and taken a while to clean. I didn’t dare to work too slowly. Perhaps I would next be required to put on a coat of wax or vacuum the interior. I spotted a small shed with an open door partially hidden around the back end of the trailer. Most likely that was where the hose had been stored and it wouldn’t be too surprising if there was a small shop vac in there.

The washing was only half completed when I heard the rumble of an engine approaching on the gravel driveway. I thought that Julia might order me to go inside, but instead she just casually flipped a page in her book and pushed back a lock of hair. The old man I had seen earlier drove up on the small tractor. Though I tried to get out of his view, I'm sure he saw that I was naked and no doubt my ass cheeks were still a dark red because they still stung.

He turned off his engine and got off of the machine. Paying no attention to me at all he simply walked up onto the deck.

"Julia, honey," I heard him say to her. "I got a call from Daryl. He said his latest batch of wine is ready. On your way back to town you might want to swing by and pick up a couple bottles." She agreed that was a good idea, and then the old man told her about some other dude that had recently cut down a tree and might have some wood split already that she could take for her fireplace.

At that point I couldn't hear much more of their conversation. Before long the man got back on his tractor, again ignoring me as he walked by, then fired up the engine and drove back towards his house.

Judging by the conversation it seemed that the old man was not submissive to Julia, and evidently it wasn't unusual for a naked man to be washing her jeep. Although I heard the man refer to her place in town, that could have meant back in the city or any one of the small towns in the immediate area.

Giving the jeep a final and thorough rinse with the hose, I would have dried it off but there wasn't a chamois lying around or even any old towels. Julia must have seen that I was done as I heard her get up from her chair.

She came down the steps and ordered me to dump and rinse out the bucket while she inspected my job. I had paid close attention to hosing out the fender wells but the jeep's body was loaded with places that caught dirt and grime. Julia would know where to look, and would probably find a spot that I missed, resulting in more punishment.

Julia spent an agonizing amount of time looking over her jeep. When her back was to me, she bent over a few times allegedly trying to get a close look at some detail, but given the subtle tilt of hip and flourish of her inspection, I suspected that her intent was more to tease me.

Instead of ordering me to coil up the hose and put away the bucket, Julia told me to go inside. Entering the trailer directly behind me, she placed one hand on my shoulder and steering me into the kitchen ordered me to bend over the chair again.

“Miss Julia, please, no more spanking!” I pleaded. “If I missed a spot on your jeep just tell me where it is and I’ll clean it.”

“Silence!” she commanded. “You washed the jeep just fine. I just don’t think you’re familiar enough with my paddle yet.” The tone of her voice was taunting, as she had to know I was all too familiar with her paddle, and learning to fear it as her previous boyfriends had.

The swats landed hard and square, but her pace was slower, though that wasn’t much of a relief to my already aching buttocks. Gritting my teeth I didn’t want to cry for mercy again, and I closed my eyes tightly as they began to water, trying to stifle my groans after each loud painful swat. Then she paused.

“Do you want to be spanked some more?” she asked mockingly.

“No, Miss Julia,” I said, practically sobbing.

She ordered me to get down on my knees, and then she spun the chair around and sat down in front of me. Raising one boot in front of my face, the uppers lightly splattered with water and a light film of grit on the sole from having walked on the wet gravel around the freshly washed jeep.

“Lick my boot clean, or I’ll have to spank you some more,” she ordered.

When I had licked her boots a month ago, it was after I had meticulously rinsed all the mud and grime from them. Though not completely dirty, the thought of licking the soles of her boots now was not as appealing, however I submitted to the task rather than face another painful spanking.

The light film of mud felt gritty on my teeth and in my mouth, and it had a faint taste of soap from the wash water rinsed off of the jeep. Although I wanted to spit it out, all I could do was swallow the dirt and continue cleaning her boot with my tongue. She had me lick her entire boot, all the way to the

top of the shaft even though that part was clean, the black rubber smooth on my tongue.

Though her legs were crossed, I thought that I might be able to catch a brief glimpse up under her short skirt, but then I thought it best not to risk a peek. I wondered if she was wearing any panties. If she was I assumed they'd be damp and musky by now as she clearly enjoyed being in control.

My cock started to grow and harden. That is when Julia playfully crossed her legs the opposite way, presenting me with the dirty sole of her other boot. Having already been through the distasteful routine of licking a dirty sole, I now took my time. It wasn't any more pleasant to lick off the soapy grit, but it might buy some extra time as I assumed I'd be paddled again.

"You seem to be useful for cleaning things," Julia said softly as I slowly licked my way up the side of her boot. "Dishes, jeeps, and of course my boots, but I think you're a real wuss when it comes to taking a paddling. You may not believe it but I've been pretty easy on you this morning. If I have you over again and you don't want to be spanked you'll have to be obedient and do your best to please me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Julia," I answered, though in the back of my mind I thought that if she invited me out to the country again I might suddenly have other plans. While she was sexy and I enjoyed being dominated by her, I wasn't sure if I could handle another session of being paddled in the boondocks.

She stood up from her chair and reached for something in a cabinet under the kitchen counter. My clothes, packed in a neat bundle. Julia walked over to the front door and dropped them with a soft thud on the deck outside.

"It's time for you to leave," she pointed a commanding finger out the door. "Don't ever come out here unless I invite you," Julia warned. "The old man has been known to shoot first and ask questions later."

I got up from the floor, thankful that I was being released, but at the same time shocked that our time together was suddenly over. To my surprise, as I was about to step out the door Julia lightly grabbed my shoulder, turning me to face her. Embracing me with one arm she gave me a long lustful kiss, her tongue probing deep inside my mouth while her free hand slowly and lightly

traced the route from the base of my balls up to the tip of my now hardening penis.

Daring to place an arm around her waist I was met with no resistance. Her body was warm and her tank top lightly damp with perspiration. Our kiss passionately continued as our tongues intertwined and her fingers lightly brushed my straining erection. Then she gently pushed me out the door and closed it. I heard a faint click inside as she locked the door.

Undoing the bundle of clothing I saw that my boxer shorts were missing, obviously taken by Julia as a souvenir. Slowly putting on my clothes, I expected her to open the trailer door and pull me inside, then lead me down the hallway to the back bedroom where I had earlier gotten the glimpse of a full sized bed. Sex would probably be on her terms, but at the moment I didn't care. Of course that didn't happen so once I was dressed I got in my car, started the engine, and drove off.

The drive home seemed to go quickly. It always does when you are familiar with landmarks and don't have to constantly refer to a map. My ass still felt warm from being paddled multiple times and I envisioned I would spend the rest of the day either standing up or laying on my side on the couch in front of the TV.

It was probably safe to assume that Julia would call me within a week or two and want to get together, but what would her intentions be? Her kiss had sent mixed signals compared to all the spankings and perhaps that was intentional. Bait, as an incentive for me to return, and she had firmly set the hook, ready to reel me in whenever she pleased. Given Julia's enthusiasm for spanking me, it was probably safe to assume that no matter what happened the next time we got together, she would find some reason to get out her paddle.

Turning into the parking lot of my apartment complex, I saw my friend Mike out by his pickup truck. The passenger side door was open and he was pulling out some bags of groceries. I parked close by.

"Looks like you've been out with Miss Julia," he said as I slowly got out of my car, my aching backside having stiffened up a bit on the ride home.

“What made you guess?” I asked, stretching before walking over to his truck. “And how do you know she likes to be called Miss Julia?”

Mike explained that she had called him earlier in the week to get my phone number. He knew she’d be calling me soon and that I’d want to get together with her.

“I know she’s hot, but I can tell from the way you got out of your car that she beat your ass today, and it will only get worse if you keep seeing her,” he assured me. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you once before.” It was true that he had told me not to pursue her, about a month ago on a camping trip where Julia and I had first met.

“Sounds to me like you know from personal experience,” I said, leading him to elaborate with more detail. Laden down with grocery bags, Mike pushed the door to his truck closed with his elbow.

“I went out with her a couple times, that was a few years ago,” he said as if confessing to a crime. “Come over to my place later tonight and we’ll have a couple beers and watch the game. I’ll tell you a little bit about it my times with her, even though it probably won’t scare you off.” Then he walked away.

I went to my apartment where I inspected myself in a full length mirror, my buttocks still a faint red and I thought I saw a few bruises starting to form. It would be interesting to hear Mike’s story later tonight.

Chapter 3: Lunch With A Dominatrix

I slipped out of work a little early in order to drive across town to meet Miss Julia for lunch. She had called me earlier in the week to see if I was available. Considering that the last time we spent together was at a trailer located in the middle of nowhere and she had repeatedly spanked my bare ass with a wooden paddle, the opportunity to have a normal lunch date with her was something that I couldn't pass up.

She worked on the eastern edge of town for a sheet metal fabricator that was located on a vast industrial strip. I spotted her familiar yellow jeep in the parking lot as I walked up to the front door of the low glass and stone office wing of the building.

A hot young lady was seated behind the reception desk, showing an unprofessional amount of cleavage with her snug cami top. She gave me a friendly smile and asked,

"May I help you?"

I cleared my throat softly and told her I had come to meet Miss Julia for lunch. She gave me a private smile and a quick once over glance, then told me to have a seat and wait.

When making the lunch date, Julia had insisted that I ask for her at work by the title, Miss Julia. It was how she had me address her when she dominated me, but those few times had always been in private. I was a little uncomfortable asking the receptionist for a Miss Julia, but I didn't dare disobey the instructions I had been given earlier. Judging by the young lady's smile and the few prairie dog peeks over office partitions I had gotten from eavesdroppers as I waited, I could only assume that her coworkers were aware of her dominant nature.

For all I knew, she might be the boss and everyone in the company had to call her Miss Julia. It was easy to envision her as a real office disciplinarian, administering harsh spankings to burly factory men who were caught loafing on the job, or geeks from the office that she caught surfing the internet on company time. She would be both worshiped and feared.

The clicking of high heels on the tile floor tore me from my pornographic fantasy and I looked up as Miss Julia walked out of an adjacent hallway. She was dressed in a dark gray business suit, the skirt a few inches above her knees, with a shimmering satin blouse and black pumps sporting what looked like four or five inch heels.

"Let's go," she said bluntly, barely glancing at me as she walked towards the front door. I had planned on offering to drive but she moved surprisingly fast in her tall heels, and when I caught up with her outside she was halfway to her jeep, her long dark wavy hair blowing softly in the light breeze.

"Where would you like to go?" I asked, now in the passenger seat, as she shifted gears pulling out of the lot. There were plenty of fast food restaurants in the area, but I was ready to pick up the bill if she wanted to go to a nicer place.

"I've made arrangements already," she said. "You'll see when we get there. If you have a cell phone with you, turn it off. I don't want to be disturbed by an annoying ring tone or it buzzing like a vibrator up your ass."

After shutting off my phone I tried to make some conversation but her answers were short and then she turned on a heavy metal radio station, drowning out any hope of talking to her.

I felt the familiar anxiety of being with Miss Julia. As always, she seemed to have an agenda planned out, and the only thing I could do was go along with it and do as I was told. A friend and neighbor of mine named Mike had dated her once and recently I was able to get his story of the events, after plying him with a number of beers. His tale would have made a good erotic story if he had given it more detail and embellishment.

Like me, Mike had met Julia when he went four wheeling. Over a year ago he had been invited by his friend Dave, whom he had known since high school. Dave was there with his wife Sue, and there was some stoner guy there driving a rusty Scout. Julia was there as well and the two ladies spent a lot of time chatting any time they stopped.

At first Mike thought that the other guy might be Julia's boyfriend but it quickly became obvious that he wasn't. For one thing they were driving

separate vehicles, and any time the dude fired up a joint she looked down her nose at him in a disapproving stare.

Mike thought that Julia was hot, describing her as dressed in a tank top, a pair of cutoff jeans, and boots. It sounded as though she was dressed the same as when I had first met her, with the Daisy Duke shorts and knee high black rubber riding boots, sexy yet perfect for getting out in the mud.

Any chance he got, he tried to make conversation with her, but she always seemed to brush him off. To his surprise, by the end of the day when everyone was ready to part ways and go home, she asked for his phone number but didn't offer hers in return. A few days later she called him and before he could suggest it, she asked him out to dinner.

He didn't think it was an aggressive move on her part to ask him out on a date since she appeared to be a confident independent woman. He said they met a day later at a Chinese restaurant on the east side of town. I imagined that restaurant was close by right now and might be our destination for lunch.

When I asked Mike what Julia had worn on their date, he simply said jeans, fuck-me boots, and a top that sort of showed her boobs. I envisioned her beautiful ass sheathed in a pair of tight jeans with the legs tucked into a pair of some black knee high leather boots with tall heels. She probably wore a satin blouse that might normally be worn under a suit jacket to work, an extra button or two undone to show some cleavage.

Everything seemed to go well for him at first, but then he said the interrogation started. Julia asked him numerous questions about his past relationships and how they had ended. She wanted to know how close he was with his family, and his long term plans for his future. It was one question after another with barely time for him to answer, and no time for him to ask her any questions in return.

Then he was really disturbed when she asked him when he last got laid, and for details of the last time he jerked off. I got the impression that he tried to evade those questions and that pissed her off. When their dinner was over, Mike was ready to get the hell out of there and go home, never wanting to go out with Julia again. That's when she asked him if he'd like to dance.

The restaurant had an adjoining lounge and near the end of their dinner he could hear a deejay playing some dance music. Mike said he doesn't like to dance, but thought it might be a way to salvage the evening, and maybe he'd get a chance to snuggle up to her hot body on the dance floor.

It was still a bit early so the lounge wasn't very full, with most people seated at the bar, and the dance floor was empty. Just as they got to the edge of the dance floor, to Mike's surprise Julia sat down at a table.

"Did you change your mind about dancing?" he asked her.

"I asked if you wanted to dance," she told him. "I didn't say that I was going to dance with you. Now get out there and do a dance for me," she ordered, pointing towards the open dance floor.

Mike was a bit pissed off by that, but he got an idea. He started dancing out in the middle of the floor, I envisioned him doing some cheesy disco moves, but then he worked his way towards the table where Julia was sitting.

He then started doing a slow grinding pelvic motion and some Chippendale style moves, trying to flex his muscles seductively while dancing slowly. A few hoots rose up from the small crowd at the bar and Julia was smiling, clearly entertained. When the song ended and another one started, he tried to get her up on the dance floor, but instead she flagged down a cocktail waitress to order a drink and told Mike to get back out on the dance floor.

He continued his routine, popping open a few buttons on his shirt, and then tried to give Julia a lap dance. She forcefully pushed him away and pointed out towards the center of the floor. Rejected, the game started getting old fast. When the song ended and he started to leave the dance floor, Julia told him that he wasn't done yet and commanded him to dance for her some more. Mike told her it was time to go, and headed for the door.

Outside in the parking lot, she confronted him by his truck, saying that he had disrespected her and he would have to be punished. He said she reached into her purse and pulled out a paddle. Mike just laughed at her but when he tried to unlock his truck she knocked his keys from his hand. In another quick motion she had him pinned up against the side of his truck and began to swat his ass hard with the paddle. Being taken by surprise, Mike confessed that he

froze up in disbelief that he was actually being spanked by his date, like a bad little boy.

It hurt like hell, he said, and when he tried to break away she used some sort of nerve pinching grip on his arm that rendered him helpless so he was forced to take the rest of the paddling.

Finally she released him and simply walked away without saying a word. By the time he found his keys under the dim parking lot lights, Julia had driven off in her jeep and would never be seen or heard from again until another day of four wheeling, during which they only spoke to one another when necessary. Clearly any interest she had in him was gone, and that was fine with him.

Now here I was, about to have lunch with a dominatrix. I was sure I could handle any interrogation, and though I didn't think I could dance, if she ordered me to get out on the floor I was willing to do my best.

To my surprise we pulled into the parking lot of a motel, which I quickly noticed had no restaurant. Perhaps she was interested in a lunchtime romp instead. Hot as she looked, I had no objections and my cock started to get hard in my khaki trousers as she pulled up in front of the door to room number seven and shut off the engine.

It seemed that she had checked into the room earlier in the day because she pulled a key card from her purse and opened the door, motioning for me to go inside.

“Take off your clothes, fold them neatly, and place them on the bed,” she ordered, closing the door behind us.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I responded, quickly removing my tie and stripping off the rest of my clothing. However, I realized it wasn't a quick tumble in the sack that she wanted when I saw her taking a paddle from her purse.

“Do you remember this paddle?” she asked in a challenging tone, slapping the face of it against an open palm of her hand. It was a light colored varnished wood, roughly the length of a ping pong paddle, but narrower and much thicker, and a single large hole had been bored in the center of the face. It was the same paddle that she had spanked me with almost two weeks ago when I had met her at the trailer in the boondocks.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I said humbly, confirming that I remembered the paddle all too well.

“I’m sure you do,” she said quietly. “Now, before we enjoy our lunch, I need to give you a quick spanking just to make sure I have your complete attention and to encourage you to be obedient.”

I was more than willing to obey without being paddled, but I assumed that begging would only piss her off, so I bent over as she instructed, with my hands resting on a small table by the window.

Five hard swats landed on my left butt cheek, quickly followed by another five on the opposite cheek. I had winced and grit my teeth, fighting back the urge to groan or cry out. I expected her to mock me and spank me some more, but instead she ordered me to go to the small kitchenette alcove.

One frozen entrée was in the refrigerator and I started heating it up in the microwave for her. A single place setting with nice silverware, a wine glass, and china plate was on the counter, and I was instructed to serve her food on that when it was ready.

“Pour me a drink,” she ordered, now having taken a seat in a comfortable chair at the table. I removed what I thought was a bottle of champagne from the refrigerator. It turned out to be a non-alcoholic sparkling grape juice. Thinking she would want to be served as if I were a waiter, I took the wine glass to her, popped the cork and poured her a glass with as much finesse as I could manage.

When her food was heated, I dished it out onto the china plate and brought it to her, along with the silverware and some napkins. I felt very awkward serving her while being naked, but I didn’t linger at the table because then she ordered me to prepare my lunch.

Miss Julia’s entrée consisted of a seafood and pasta dish, and as far as frozen meals go it was one of the more expensive gourmet brands. My meal was a sharp contrast, a cheap frozen pita or pot pie thing, which I was supposed to place on a lone paper plate. There wasn’t even a plastic fork for me to use.

When my food was heated, Miss Julia ordered me to get down on all fours and set my plate at her feet. At first I thought that she was going to have me eat it

like a dog, without using my hands. Instead she punctured a row of holes in the breaded crust with her stiletto heels, each time pulling them out slowly to reveal the tips covered with thick gravy.

"I'll be feeding you," she told me, holding first one heel of her shoe and then the other up to my face and telling me to lick them clean.

After she ate some of her food and took a drink from her wine glass, she slowly mashed the pointed toe of one black leather pump into my food, the now perforated crust easily parting and spilling out the steaming contents.

She raised her foot to my face, the toe and sole of her shoe coated in the sticky gravy with several clumps of chicken and a single pea, and I tried to lick all the food off of her shoe before it could drip back onto the paper plate.

I thought that I could smell a hint of a soft perfume at her ankles, and her beautiful legs were sheathed in a fine nylon. Most likely she was wearing pantyhose, but I imagined that they were stockings, and that under her sexy skirt she wore a lace garter belt. Up close I could see that her shoes had a few light scuffs and the soles were worn as if she had walked a lot of miles in them.

Sipping her sparkling grape juice, Miss Julia swirled the toe of her other shoe into the mashed contents of my lunch, and again presented me with a pump dripping with meat, vegetables, and gravy, which I gladly licked clean.

"I'm sure you were expecting a more conventional lunch date," she taunted. "But I like this better. I can see you've got a hard-on, so you don't have any objections, do you?"

"No, Miss Julia," I responded as she raised the gravy smeared toe of her shoe to my lips.

"Do you like to see women in high heels?" she asked, bringing the tip of a stiletto heel to my mouth, which I seductively licked even though it only had a dab of meat and gravy on the tip.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I said, my lips not breaking contact with her heel until she pulled it away to scrape it in the remains of my lunch.

"I love heels too. They make me feel sexy and powerful," she explained. "I'm not allowed to wear shoes like these with a skirt this short into the shop at work. The foreman is afraid that one of his men might lose a finger in the press brake. What sort of work do you do, Eric? From the clothes you were wearing earlier it seems you have a white collar job."

While she ate her lunch, Miss Julia listened attentively as I explained that I designed heating and air conditioning systems for an engineering firm.

"We do a lot of work for hospitals and laboratories, Miss Julia." I had made it a point to punctuate each sentence with, Miss Julia, and that seemed to please her.

When the last of my food was gone, Miss Julia placed one spiked heel on the edge of the paper plate to hold it in place while she scraped up the remains of the gravy with the sole of her other pump. Crossing her legs seductively, she ordered me to lick up the last bits from the bottom of her shoe, and then lick her shoe over completely to make sure that it was spotless.

"I have an image to maintain at my office and it wouldn't look good for me to return with food smeared on my shoes," she explained. When I had finished she crossed her legs the opposite way, presenting me with her other shoe to clean while she relaxed and sipped her grape juice. Then she told me to refill her glass, which I did without getting off my knees.

"When we first met, Eric, you told me that it was your fantasy to be dominated by a woman. You especially wanted to be spanked, isn't that right?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I answered.

"Well, we've spent some quality time together since then. I assume there were a few moments when you thought you had gotten more than you bargained for. Isn't that correct?" she asked, now leaning forward to caress my hair and twirl a lock of it through her fingers.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I said.

"You really intrigue me. Your body is free of piercings and tattoos, you probably work out a bit and keep yourself in shape. All very clean and firm,"

she said, nudging the tip of my painfully straining erection with the pointed toe of her high heeled shoe.

"You also wear your hair a bit longer than most men your age, which I like a lot," she continued. "It seems that you have a good job, and from what I've observed since the day we first met, it seems that you have your act together."

"I know that I've hurt you and degraded you, and I'll honestly tell you that I've enjoyed every minute of that, but it's important that any man that I consider letting into my life know his place. You take very willingly to submitting yourself to me, and I am very pleased." There was a long pause and I wasn't sure if she expected me to say anything in return.

"Thank you, Miss Julia," I dared to say at last.

"Now, our lunch hour is running out," she said. "You've been very well behaved but before we go, would you like a spanking? Just for fun?" she asked.

"No, Miss Julia," I replied. The last thing I wanted was a hard paddling before returning to the office.

"Come on," Miss Julia beckoned, standing up and taking her wooden paddle off the table. "Normally I give hard spankings for disciplinary reasons," she explained. "But I know the type of spanking that you really want, with just enough pain to be real, but not so hard that the fun is over too soon. When you're done getting spanked, I'll allow you to jerk off and finally get some sexual relief. Are you interested now?" she asked seductively.

I considered that she might be setting me up for a rough paddling and then tell me I only had a few seconds to get dressed before we left. However, I was so aroused from having been at the feet of a dominant goddess and worshipping her stiletto heeled shoes. Even if there was a chance that I might be denied an orgasm, I felt I had to take it.

Miss Julia instructed me to get on the bed on all fours. She stood beside the bed and first caressed my bare ass with her paddle. Then there were several swats of random intensity, landing on either butt cheek unpredictably.

“You like that, don’t you?” she asked with a low growl, lightly rubbing my now stinging buttocks with her paddle.

“Yes Miss Julia,” I said. I received several hard swats, followed by a few light smacks, and then one on each cheek that hurt just right. My scrotum was tightened with arousal to the point I thought that just a few more swats would make me cum.

She was saying how much she loved to spank me and have me at her feet, all the while rubbing the blade of the paddle in soft circles over my reddened ass. After the next few swats I started moaning, not in pain but with pleasure.

Sensing that I was almost at the point of no return, Miss Julia told me to gather my clothes and go into the bathroom to masturbate. I was not to come out until I was finished and had dressed, ready to leave.

Once behind the closed door, I briefly thought about using some hair conditioner from a small bottle on the counter as a lubricant, but I didn’t want to waste any time. A handful of my own spit combined with all the pre cum that had oozed from the tip of my penis was all that was needed, and after only a few quick strokes I let out a deep groan as a large wad of cum shot forth and splattered on the side of the bathtub, followed by lesser bursts that landed on the floor.

I had to brace myself with my other hand against the wall, panting with relief as I gently milked the rest of my cum from my aching cock that was now thankfully starting to soften.

When I had cleaned up my mess and put on my clothes, I found Miss Julia sitting in a chair by the window. Her face looked slightly flushed and her smile was soft and lazy. I suspected that while I was in the bathroom she had slipped a hand up under her skirt. Aroused from having been in total control, her clit must have been hair trigger ready, and her orgasm may have come as quickly and with as much intensity as my own.

I thought that she might order me to clean up the dishes, but instead we just got in her jeep. As she drove back to her workplace she said,

“I’d like to go out with you some more and see how things work out. Just to be clear, if we were involved in a serious relationship you wouldn’t always have

to be naked and serving me. I would of course like to do that on a regular basis, just for fun. However, if you were my boyfriend, you would be walking a fine line between your domination fantasies and reality.”

“If you would ever disrespect me or disobey me, you could expect to be punished, either with the paddle or a belt,” she explained. “I have other methods of punishment that are more severe, but so far you’ve proven yourself to be a natural submissive and as long as you behave that isn’t something you would have to worry about.”

There was a long pause and I wasn’t sure if I was free to speak, but I decided to risk it.

“I’ve never been in a relationship like that, Miss Julia,” I said. “Other girlfriends I’ve had, we were always equals. Neither one of us really in control at any time.”

“I understand, Eric,” she said. “Its something you will have to take time to think about.” Without taking her eyes off the road she reached into her purse and pulled out a business card, which she handed to me.

“If you want to go out again, call me at work,” she said. “There is an email address on the card but I use that for business only, so you don’t have my permission to use it. I don’t like chicken shits that hide behind emails and text messages. If I don’t hear from you within a week I’ll assume you aren’t interested. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I responded as she pulled into the driveway of her workplace, the jeep’s firm suspension giving me a jolt.

After shutting off the engine, she leaned over in her seat, wrapped one arm around my shoulder and let her other hand gently slide up my inner thigh to my crotch where she gently rubbed the growing bulge in my pants as she kissed me, our tongues slowly and deeply intertwining.

As I drove back to work, I felt as if I were in a daze. The potential of my fantasies becoming a reality, though a potentially harsh reality, it was a bit overwhelming. Hot as Julia was, I assumed that she wouldn’t hesitate to punish me for the slightest offense. Still, I imagined getting her into bed. No doubt she would want to be on top, and I pictured wrapping my arms around

her waist, with her firm breasts bouncing in my face as she rode me to a powerful orgasm.

She was so tempting and persuasive, though perhaps I shouldn't be surprised. Looking at her business card I saw that Julia A. Martin was a Sales Representative. While I would give it some thought, it was difficult to imagine not calling her in just a few days to arrange another date.

Chapter 4: A Painful Test

It was late on a Saturday afternoon that I drove to the east side of the city, following directions that had been given to me by Miss Julia. Near the industrial park where she worked, I turned onto a state highway and continued east just until signs of civilization began to fade. Making several turns down side roads and back roads, I found the large farm that was my destination.

Sprawling green pastures with grazing horses were bordered by white plank fences. There was a complex of barns and sheds visible on the property, and I turned in the open gate, following the wide gravel driveway towards a large house.

Miss Julia and I had been dating for just over a month and up until today she never told me where she lived. She had always picked me up at my apartment or we had met at an agreed upon location. For whatever reason she had preferred to keep her address a secret and I respected her decision. This evening though, she had invited me over to her house for dinner.

I knew that the small mansion at the end of the driveway was not my destination. Miss Julia said that she lived in a small cottage on the property. Before reaching the main house I turned onto a narrow lane which circled around by the stables and past a maintenance shop. Off by itself in a nice private setting by the edge of some woods was Miss Julia's cottage.

It may have been the original farm house. Tiny, with ornate trim and tall gothic windows. Paint peeled in large flakes, the front porch sagged, and the ridgeline of the roof had a noticeable swayback. On an otherwise well maintained farm, it seemed odd that this little cottage would have been

allowed to deteriorate into a shack. Had Miss Julia's yellow Jeep Wrangler not been parked out in front, I wouldn't have thought anyone lived here.

The planks of the porch floor felt surprisingly solid underfoot. I knocked on the screen door. The front door beyond it was open to a sparsely furnished living room with a fireplace along the back wall. After knocking a second time and getting no answer I assumed that she wasn't home. Perhaps she was feeding horses for the evening over at one of the stables.

We had only had some steamy makeout sessions up to this point. Any time I tried to make further advances she stopped me, saying that she liked to take things slow. There had been no more domination role play, though I almost always addressed her as Miss Julia because that seemed to thrill her. Since I had been invited to her house this could be a special occasion. Thinking she might be waiting for me in her bedroom, I checked the screen door. Finding it unlocked, I went inside to see if she was home.

A pair of steel gray high heeled pumps was just inside the door, one upright and the other lay over on its side as if she had taken them off after coming home from work and left them there. An entertainment center of sorts was improvised out of planks and cinderblocks, as a roommate of mine had done when I was in college. It took less than a minute to look through the small one bedroom cottage, and Miss Julia was not home.

Before going back out onto the porch to wait for her, I couldn't help bending over and picking up one of her shoes. The spike heel looked like it was a little over four inches tall and the throat had a deep vee shape that would likely show off a bit of toe cleavage. The sole and tip of the heel had some heavy wear. Older shoes, or maybe favorites.

I held it up to my face, pressed my nose inside and inhaled deeply. There was only a faint hint of her scent. It would have been better to sniff them yesterday when they came off her feet after a day at the office. Placing the shoe back on the floor, I made sure it was back in the location I remembered.

No chairs were on the porch so I sat down at the top of the steps. I had to admit that her home was not as I had expected. My beautiful goddess lived in a shack and was a slob of a housekeeper.

While I waited for Miss Julia I thought about our last date. We had been out to some nice restaurants before, all of her choice, but on the last date when she arrived at my apartment she was dressed casually, wearing some tight jeans, cowgirl boots with tall heels, and a plaid shirt. I had been dressed as if going to work at the office and she insisted I change into some jeans, my hiking boots, and an old t-shirt.

As always, she drove. I told her that if she was taking me to a country bar to do some line dancing, I had no experience at all, but was willing to learn. She just laughed and put on a Dierks Bentley CD.

We drove east of town and out to the country, where I lost track of all the turns and streets, most of which were simply county roads with numbers instead of names. At the end of a narrow gravel road was a huge barn. Pickup trucks and older cars were parked everywhere. The large sliding doors on the barn were open and light and music spilled out into the night. Twangy electric guitar and a fiddle, somehow amplified, that spiraled out a series of notes faster than I could think.

There was a cover charge of only a few dollars and the draft beer was free. Serve yourself from one of many kegs that were sitting in metal trough full of

ice. A large dance floor of polished wood planks lightly sprinkled with sawdust had been set up in front of the improvised stage. Christmas tree lights had been strung high in the rafters above and shone down like multicolored stars. While there were mix and match tables and chairs off around the sides of the vast open space, almost everyone was on the dance floor.

I don't consider myself to be much of a dancer, and I'm not even a real country music fan, but that night was the most fun I'd had on a date in a long time. Learning dance steps on the fly, our clothing damp with perspiration when we held each other tight during the slow numbers. We only left the dance floor a few times for some cold beer, and I don't think the band even took any breaks. They only paused occasionally for another person to get on stage and pick up a guitar or sit down behind the drum kit. The fiddle player was a frail looking old man but he played effortlessly all night long.

The crowd was a curious mix. Some tough looking rednecks like you might expect, but a lot of old people too, and even some little kids. A few people were very well dressed, but most looked like they just got off work from the farm or some blue collar job and went to the dance.

Miss Julia's friend Sue and her boyfriend Dave were there, but we didn't hang out with them much. There was also an old couple I remembered. They owned the property where the trailer was where Miss Julia had severely paddled me some time ago. She told me that night that they had been foster parents of hers when she was younger and she stayed in touch with them, occasionally fishing in their pond or using the trailer as a weekend retreat.

While people at the dance seemed friendly enough, to my surprise Miss Julia was a bit of a snob towards most of them. Near the end of the evening I had this feeling like I was a trophy wife that a former geek had brought to his high school class reunion just to show off. I was brought back to present time as I

heard the low growl of a diesel engine approaching. Miss Julia came into view driving a large yellow end loader, fitted with a backhoe.

The tires of the machine were coated with fresh mud and the front mounted scoop contained some heavy chain, lengths of dirty rusty pipe, and some tools I didn't recognize. Her thick dark hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She wore tan coveralls and floppy rubber work boots, and both were heavily smeared with mud. To see her dressed like that and driving the end loader, I found to be incredibly sexy. Miss Julia pulled a few hydraulic levers, lowering the backhoe and front bucket to the ground, throttled down the engine, then shut it off.

"Sorry I'm late," she called out to me as she climbed down from the driver's seat. "I had to take care of a technical difficulty." I assured her that it was no problem.

Miss Julia gave me a cautious embrace so as not to get me dirty, and a deep kiss with her hot tongue. She momentarily sat on the front steps to pull off her muddy boots and then tossed them to one side of the porch. I hadn't been ordered to worship her boots or shoes in a while, and I was glad that I wasn't going to have to lick that pair clean.

"You told me that you could cook," Miss Julia said in a challenging tone as we walked in the front door. "I have some pork chops in the fridge. Go cook them up for us along with whatever else you can think of while I get cleaned up. Don't disappoint me." There was no time for me to ask any questions as she quickly slipped behind her bedroom door and closed it.

It was true that I've always considered myself to be a good cook, though as a bachelor I didn't make many elaborate meals at home unless I had a woman

over. Having someone over for dinner was always convenient as you didn't have to awkwardly ask them back to your place afterwards. Miss Julia may have similar thoughts. Perhaps later on we would light a few logs in the fireplace and then find other ways to heat things up.

The kitchen was primitive. A small addition off the back of the house, one step down from the living room, with a low sloping ceiling. I found the pork chops in the refrigerator as promised. Dirty dishes were heaped on the drainboard of the old porcelain sink across the back wall of the room. After a quick search of the few cabinets I realized that I'd have to wash some dishes first, just for the sake of having some clean utensils to work with. The pipes were already screaming with running water as Miss Julia was evidently in the shower.

I imagined her in the prefab shower stall that was jammed into the tiny bathroom adjacent to her bedroom. Steam would be rising off her wet naked body, her breasts rolling gently under the hot water as she massaged thick suds of shampoo through her raven hair. Assuming that the water pressure was bad, I cracked the tap open just enough to wash a few items without disturbing her.

I found a partial bag of mixed vegetables in the glacier lined freezer. She also had some spaghetti and enough spices and condiments that I thought I could whip up a sauce to make that into a tasty side dish.

The gas stove was an antique but the burners fired right up. While the pork chops I had dipped in flour were starting to sizzle in a heavy cast iron skillet, I checked the refrigerator again. Near the back and possibly being saved for a special occasion was a bottle of chardonnay. I had no idea if that was a proper wine to serve with pork, but I set it in the center of the table along with two glasses. That was when I took a closer look at the bottle and realized that the label had been run off on a computer printer. There was a family name, something complicated and possibly of German origin, and the name of a

small town just east of here. It was then that I remembered that Miss Julia had a source for getting some homemade wine. It would be interesting to try.

As I was finishing up in the kitchen, the bedroom door opened and Miss Julia came out. I had to catch my breath when I saw her dressed in a blue satin bustier top with black lace trim. It shaped her figure wonderfully, leaving the tops of her breasts fully exposed, the nipples barely covered by a border of black lace. She wore a black mini skirt that I could only assume barely covered her ass. Her shapely legs were sheathed in black nylon stockings, the tops of which were just visible below the hem of her skirt. Unexpected though were the boots that she wore.

On one of our previous dates, Miss Julia had worn some black leather knee high boots with some sexy heels. They would have been a better look with her outfit than the black rubber riding boots she was wearing now. Boots that I had been ordered to worship several times in the past, and perhaps would be licking later on as my desert. Her dark wavy hair was still slightly damp, and there were light traces of makeup on her face. Her smile was provocative, seductive, and challenging all at the same time.

"You can put your eyes back in your head, Eric." she told me.

"Sorry, Miss Julia," I said.

The title seemed appropriate now since she was wearing her black rubber boots. For all I knew she might order me to put my plate of food down on the floor, where she would stomp in it and have me lick my supper from her boots.

"That's okay," she replied. "I'll take it as a compliment.

She sat down at the table and seemed to have no objection that I had place settings for two. Miss Julia nodded in approval towards the bottle of wine, so I quickly retrieved a corkscrew from a drawer where I had seen it earlier, and poured us each a glass.

"This looks interesting," Miss Julia said as she served herself a small portion of the spaghetti in the light creamy sauce. "What's in it?" she asked.

"It's just something I through together on the spot," I said. "It's pretty good. Try it," and I took a bite because I knew the sauce had turned out better than expected. A little flour, milk, water, parmesan cheese, and a selection of spices.

"Not bad," she agreed. "If I ask for the recipe later and you don't give it to me, I'll beat it out of you," she said with a provocative smile.

"In that case, I refuse to tell," I replied.

Though I was certainly up for a domination session, I was hoping that our relationship might progress in a different direction later this evening. Maybe pull the ratty blinds closed, and finish off the rest of the strong wine while getting cozy on the futon.

Eventually I'd work a hand up her nylon clad thighs, above the top of her stockings and under that short skirt. She was probably wearing some skimpy

lacy panties, and they would be moist with her arousal. Then I'd kneel between her legs, push up her skirt, move the damp panties to one side with a thumb and part her moist pussy lips with my tongue. I envisioned her hooking one of her legs behind my head as I pleased her and I doubted she would bother to take her boots off.

"Do you like my cottage?" she asked, suddenly bringing me back to reality.

"It has a certain utilitarian flair," I said, trying to be polite. "Since you drove up on that end loader I guess you work here part time, so living here is probably cheap. Maybe you board a horse here for next to nothing, so it's probably a good arrangement."

Miss Julia explained that the farm's owners had been foster parents of hers at one time. She had lived in the big house back then but had always liked this little cottage, where a young couple had lived and worked on the farm part time.

"It always reminded me of a doll house with that Victorian trim around the front porch. I knew it was rundown," she said. "But I still thought it was cute and would be a nice place to live."

Miss Julia then told me she had been living here for a few years now, rent free, in exchange for feeding and watering horses on weekday mornings, and helping out with some of the larger projects as needed. She was currently paying off student loans and saving her money for a down payment on a townhouse condo a bit closer to work, and thought she would be here only another year at the most.

"I'm not going to ask you why you were in foster care," I said. "But whatever negative stuff happened, you seem to have been pretty resourceful. That is, networking in a sense with old foster parents for a place to live, a place where you can get away and fish, and who knows what else."

She just nodded and changed the subject, asking me about my work, and that's pretty much how the rest of the meal went, like any other dinner date. When we finished I offered to pour her another glass of wine and light a fire in the fireplace.

"I think you should wash that big stack of dishes," she countered. "Then join me in the bedroom for desert." There was only a brief flash of a grin before she stood up and turned for the bedroom door, her walk a provocative strut.

The sound of her rubber soled boots with their flat heels as she walked across the old hardwood floor was mesmerizing when combined with her hips swiveling under the mini skirt that barely covered her ass. Needless to say I attacked the pile of dirty dishes with speed and enthusiasm.

When I entered Miss Julia's bedroom, she was waiting for me just inside the door, still fully dressed and holding a fierce looking riding crop. I hadn't been sure if pleasure or pain had been on her agenda until now. I'll admit I was a bit disappointed, and scared as well.

The riding crop she brandished wasn't some bedroom toy that you might find next to a set of furry handcuffs at an adult video store. Her crop had a robust handle and a thick loop of leather on the tip. It was a serious tool that a jockey would use to get their thoroughbred across the finish line to win by a nose. She had possibly borrowed it from one of the stables here on the farm, but more likely it was hers.

"Strip naked and get on your knees," she said in a voice that was barely a whisper.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I replied as I kicked off my shoes and began to remove my clothes as fast as possible.

"Take a look on the bed and tell me what you see," she commanded, stepping to one side so that her bed was now in full view. Until this day I had always envisioned her sleeping on a king sized bed draped in lush satin sheets. In reality she had a full sized bed, which barely fit into the tiny room and was covered with a plain quilt.

"It's a pair of thigh high boots, Miss Julia," I answered, now kneeling at the foot of her bed. The boots were black leather with pointed toes and stiletto heels that had to be at least five inches tall. Although I saw a zipper on the side, this was a pair that also laced up in the front through chrome grommets near the foot and what looked like too many chrome hooks to count all the way up to the top of the shaft. A pair of genuine dominatrix boots straight out of my perverse fantasies.

When Miss Julia and I had first met, she told me that she owned a pair of thigh high boots and I would eventually see them once I had proven I knew how to properly worship her riding boots. While I was delighted to learn that I might have finally proven myself worthy, I couldn't help but notice that this pair of boots looked brand new.

The sole and heel tip on one boot was just inches from my face and it looked like it had never been on the floor, and the scent of the black leather was strong and intoxicating as if the pair were fresh out of the box. There was no

time to contemplate whether or not Miss Julia had lied to me at the time about owning boots like this, because she distracted me from my thoughts by slowly and gently tracing the tip of her riding crop from the small of my back up to the base of my neck.

"Do you like those boots, Eric," she asked teasingly, knowing well what my answer would be. Then she asked if I would like to see her wear them, and again I answered,

"Yes, Miss Julia."

"Well then," she said, now standing behind me. "Before that happens, you need to turn around and properly worship the boots I'm wearing right now."

Staying on my knees, I turned around and quickly dropped my elbows to the wooden floor, the planks worn perfectly smooth over perhaps a hundred years. I lightly kissed the rounded toes of her black rubber boots, and then slowly licked the tops, stopping at the base of the shaft.

Then I gently kissed her boots just below the ankles and licked the sides of the low flat heels, taking my time. She didn't say a word as I slowly kissed and licked my way up the shaft of one boot, then crawled around on the floor behind her to work my way back down to the floor. While I had licked these boots before, this time I made sure that my lips or tongue made contact with every square inch. The black rubber was smooth, and lightly warmed from her body heat.

As I began to worship my way up the backside of her other boot, Miss Julia began to lightly run the tip of her crop through my hair. Gently tracing

through it and playing with one lock of hair and then another. She had told me that she liked that I wore my hair a bit longer than most men, and I had been letting it grow a bit more since then just to please her.

As I circled around her other side, my tongue not breaking contact with the shaft of her boot, Miss Julia continued to caress my naked body with the tip of her riding crop. I'd seen enough femdom video clips on the internet to know that a crop could deliver a lot of pain, and I wouldn't mind taking a few strikes from it to see just how bad it hurt, but for right now I was content. Feeling the tip of her crop gently dragging across my back like a slow massage was wonderful, and extremely arousing.

Miss Julia placed the tip of her riding crop under my chin and without a word gently directed me to raise my head. On my knees directly in front of her, staring up into her dark brown eyes but stealing glances at her firm breasts covered by tight satin and lace, she told me that I had done a good job and that she was pleased.

She then sat on the edge of the bed and quietly ordered me to take off her boots. They had no zippers and appeared to be a snug fit, but kneeling in front of her and cupping one hand around the back of a heel, I was able to pull the first boot easily off her foot.

A plain white ankle sock covered the foot of her nylon stocking, and she held it up to my face as I set her boot on the floor to my side. I held her foot gently in my hands and pressed my nose lightly into the sole, deeply breathing in the faint odor of light sweat. There also seemed to be just a hint of perfume near her ankle, as if she had planned to have her foot in my face all along.

I caressed and lightly kissed her socked foot, inhaling deeply. Miss Julia hadn't ordered me to do this but she didn't object. My cock now hard and straining, she pulled her foot away and presented me with her other boot. When I had removed it, she told me to smell the inside. Placing the open end of the shaft over my nose and mouth, I slowly inhaled the lightly damp perfumed atmosphere.

"How does that smell?" she asked.

"It smells wonderful, Miss Julia," was my muffled reply. I thought I would get to savor the moment longer but then she handed me one her thigh high boots, the tall unlaced shaft flopping open and the long laces draping on the floor threatening to become a tangled mess. She presented her left foot to me, down turned with her toes pointed up, as if wearing a high heeled shoe. This allowed me to easily slip her foot into the leather boot.

I was really nervous about being able to lace up Miss Julia's boots to her satisfaction. All the hooks to loop around and the seemingly mile long laces, it looked like it might take all night. Then she turned slightly and stretched her leg out along the edge of the bed. That way I could position the long unlaced open boot shaft under her smooth nylon sheathed leg. It was now just up to me to lace through all the hooks.

Some time ago I had come across a video on the internet where a dominatrix had her male slave lace up her pair of thigh high boots. Even if the video had been staged with paid actors, I was still envious of the guy, and it was in a way tough to believe I was in that situation right now.

I remembered that he had hooked one of the laces first, and then with both laces off to the same side, he was able to hook the two laces at once. Then in a

quick side to side motion he moved up the shaft two hooks at a time. He had made it seem quick and easy. I tried to duplicate the technique, thinking that Miss Julia would be impressed.

My efforts were slow and a bit clumsy, flipping the long laces from one side of her leg to the next, periodically having to draw them out through my fingers to their full length to prevent them from tangling. I was halfway up to her knee when she slapped her riding crop on the back of one of my hands.

"Where did you learn that?" she demanded to know as I recoiled in pain and put the back of my hand to my mouth, sucking on the hot stinging welt. "Have you been putting on another woman's boots? A professional dominatrix perhaps?" she accused.

"Miss Julia, I can explain," I said, and then told her about the video. "Before we first met, I considered trying to find a pro domme," I confessed. "But I couldn't do it. Even if they enjoyed their work, they'd still just be with me for the money. This is..." I fought to find a proper term. "Intimate. You, a girlfriend. We can go out and have a good time, but then you also know how to dominate me. The spankings, licking your boots, I don't want to do that with anyone but you, Miss Julia."

I had sunk down even lower on my knees, my cheek against her leg covered in soft black leather, looking up her face. Her expression looked as if she were deep in thought. After a few long moments she gently tapped her crop on the side of her boot and told me,

"Get back to work."

While I had been lacing her boot nice and snug, when I got to her knee I tried to leave a bit of slack, thinking that might be needed so she could comfortably bend her leg. I wasn't sure how much slack to leave, and was concerned about what might happen if the laces were too loose and popped off one or more of the hooks. The bright red mark on the back of my hand still stung. If that was the price I paid for showing off, the punishment for screwing up the job would be harsh.

After passing the laces around the last of the hooks, there was still plenty left over. Miss Julia bent her knee, raising it off the bed, giving me room to wrap the excess laces around the top of her boot, where I tied them neatly.

Her mini skirt had ridden up exposing the dark border of her stocking top, a bright silver clasp from her garter belt locked firmly to it in the front. I could also see a tight triangular patch of black lace covering her crotch. She was unshaven, perhaps even untrimmed, given the number of stray dark pubic hairs which peeked around the edges of the fabric.

"Enjoying the view?" she teased, lightly grasping a handful of my hair and pulling my face in for a closer look.

"Yes, Miss Julia," I answered, my mouth feeling dry and my penis throbbing.

"This is my favorite garter belt," she said. "It's a six-shooter." Miss Julia gave a low laugh and pulled up her skirt some more so I could see that there were three straps holding up each stocking. It might also be some sort of inside joke as I remembered she owned a gun of some kind, but couldn't recall how I knew that. I lost my focus and only heard the last bit of a sentence, something about a garter belt leaving her easily accessible.

Miss Julia placed the sole of her boot squarely on my chest and gently but firmly pushed me back away from the edge of the bed. She then placed her other leg up on the bed, and callously tossed me her other unlaced boot.

Now having a bit of experience, I could have probably laced up the second boot faster, but I worked as slowly as I dared to enjoy the task. When I had finished, she stood up and adjusted her skirt back into place.

"I know you want to lick these boots, Eric. Right now though, all you'll get is a small taste. Place one light kiss on the toe of each boot and don't linger," she ordered.

I did as I was told, the scent of new leather strong as I lightly pressed my lips against the toes of her boots.

"Now one kiss at the base of each heel," she commanded, and started to caress my back with her riding crop as I lay one cheek against the wooden floor to kiss the tip of a tall spiked heel.

"Very well," Miss Julia said after I had kissed the heel of her other boot. She stood in front of me as I remained kneeling on the floor.

"You've been very attentive and obedient so far, Eric. You haven't been foolish enough to intentionally be disrespectful or refuse an order to see what you could get away with. A smart move," she emphasized. "I've had no reason to punish you, but perhaps that is why you are still willing to go out me. You are here in my bedroom and should consider that to be a privilege. I'm ready to take our relationship to the next level, and can see that you are ready too."

Miss Julia started to gently stroke the underside of my hard penis with the tip of her riding crop. I shuddered, having been so strongly aroused for what seemed like eternity, and I thought I would shoot multiple bursts of cum all over her boots. She must have sensed I was close to the point of no return, so she tucked her crop under one arm and strutted slowly around behind me, the new leather boots making soft creaking noises.

"However, before we can take things any further, you need to be tested," she said in a soft menacing voice. "I need to know if you can handle being punished by me. Stand up, and hold onto that shelf," she ordered.

While I wanted a few lashes with the crop, to feel the difference in the pain compared to a paddle or belt, I sensed that she was about to give me a severe whipping. I was terrified, yet I wanted to roll with her onto the bed later this evening, so I slowly rose to my feet.

"Please, Miss Julia," I begged in a weak voice. "Be merciful."

"Shut up!" she yelled from behind me, and I flinched at her suddenly raised voice. "Do as I say!"

The bedroom had no closet. Instead, an entire wall had been covered with an assortment of brackets, scrap pieces of plywood, and lengths of used piping, arranged as a system of shelving and rods for clothes hangers. I lightly gripped the edge of a shelf that was at shoulder level. Thick plywood that at one time was painted a light blue color that I associate with swimming pools. Upon it were several plastic milk crates loaded with shoes and boots. Different heel heights and colors, most of them pretty sexy in some way, all jumbled together with no sense of order.

Miss Julia was standing behind me speaking in a low voice, though I confess it was difficult to concentrate on her exact words, essentially telling me that I was about to get a fierce whipping, and would receive a similar one if I ever displeased her.

Her riding crop made a loud snap as the leather tip made contact with my bare ass. I flinched and stifled a cry of pain in a hiss through gritted teeth.

“Hold still, bitch,” Miss Julia said in a warning tone.

The crop landed at random on my buttocks in a series of loud snaps, and each time I recoiled in pain. The impact reminded me of a time several years ago when some friends and I rented CO2 powered guns and shot paintballs at each other in some local woods. I had several good bruises and welts after that day despite wearing several layers of clothing for protection. There was no doubt in my mind that she would be leaving marks on me this evening.

Suddenly the tip of her crop snapped me on the back of my right thigh. I couldn't help jumping and crying out.

“I didn't tell you to dance,” she said. “Hold still or I'll have to restrain you.”

There was no doubt in my mind that she would have something on hand to anchor me to the wall. The open bedroom door was to my right, and even though I was naked I preferred to not be bound and have the option of making an escape if I felt that the situation was getting out of hand.

I was almost glad when she resumed whipping me on the ass and I tried to hold as still as possible. Though my eyes were tearing up with the pain, I looked down the improvised clothing rack. It looked like she had a lot of nice clothes for the office. Living rent free would be an advantage for a woman who liked to shop. Through watery eyes her clothes were a blur of satin and other fabric that looked expensive, mostly in conservative colors.

“Ahh!” I cried out, jumping and howling as another blow landed on the back of a thigh. “I’m sorry, Miss Julia,” I offered as a quick apology, planted my feet and gripped the shelf again with white knuckles.

There was a long pause and I heard her slender boot heels click on the wooden floor a few times. Perhaps she was reaching for a roll of duct tape that I might not have noticed on her cluttered dresser. I was getting really nervous when suddenly three sharp blows snapped the back of my left thigh, almost all of them in the same location. Groaning quietly, I managed to keep my feet planted on the floor, though I thought my left leg was going to collapse under me from the pain.

Bowing my head and assuming the worst, the next loud snaps across my buttocks felt lighter, though that was probably my imagination. Down at the far end of the wall of clothes I could see some dresses on hangers. The ones against the corner were bright colors and looked out of place. Then I remembered my sister had kept all of the bridesmaid dresses she had worn, and looked as if Miss Julia did the same. My sister eventually married, but the way Miss Julia liked to dish out pain, it was easy to imagine her as a bachelorette for many years to come.

The next painful blow landed on my right shoulder blade. It was so unexpected that one hand lost its grip and I had to stifle a yelp of pain.

“You just can’t take it,” she said under her breath before the riding crop snapped again on the opposite shoulder blade.

I glanced to my right through the open bedroom door. It would be one long stride from there to the front door, which was standing open. The screen door beyond would offer little resistance, but without my clothes where would I go?

Bowing my head and bracing myself, I squinted back the tears. As she whipped my ass some more I tried to detach myself from the moment, recalling the last trip I had taken with my previous girlfriend to the Smoky Mountains.

In my mind I tried to bring back every detail of our little rental chalet with the round bed and heart-shaped whirlpool tub. The balcony overlooked the wooded mountainside and the tourist town of Gatlinburg below. Over those few days we only drove down in the evenings to dine at restaurants. The rest of the time we spent in bed, or in the tub, on the balcony, making love wherever and whenever we pleased.

How had that relationship gone bad? Pressured to marry and settle down, had it been too predictable or normal for my kinky desires? Was it worth abandoning to end up here in some shack taking a painful test administered by a beautiful but potentially dangerous woman?

If I passed the test and got Miss Julia into bed she probably wouldn’t bother taking off her thigh high boots, and I tried to imagine what the soft leather would feel like with her legs wrapped around my waist as I got to bang her for the first time, convincing myself that it would be worth enduring the pain.

Miss Julia's riding crop landed a few sharp snaps on my tender shoulder blades, and one hit on the back of a thigh that almost made me lose my balance. Out of a corner of my eye I saw her riding crop land on the bed as if tossed carelessly to the side. Her spike heeled boots clicked on the plank floor and leather creaked as if she were pacing slowly. I was silently crying, and slightly trembling, and there was no way that she couldn't notice.

Was the test over? Did I pass? I couldn't help thinking that she was simply taking a break. Maybe she would bind my wrists to some of the shelf brackets because I had moved around too much. Her wooden paddle was surely close at hand so maybe I still had to endure a number of painful swats, or get whipped with one of the many belts that hung close by on a makeshift rack assembled from scrap wood and mismatched screws.

Thinking of femdom porn I had looked at, the most brutal instrument of all seemed to be the cane. The slim bamboo wand that sliced through the air and left bright red stripes on a bare bottom and sometimes even broke the skin. It would make sense that Miss Julia would own such a thing, and I hated to think of one in her hand. If she did pull out a cane and only wanted to give my sore ass one stroke I would have to bolt out the front door. Running barefoot on the gravel road would be painless in comparison to what I had just survived.

"Turn around and get on your knees," she ordered, breaking the dreadful silence. I readily complied, the test hopefully over.

Miss Julia stood at the foot of the bed with her back turned to me, her ass just inches from my face. After a few moments she reached for the narrow zipper that ran up the backside of her skirt, and to my surprise she slowly lowered it. She let her mini skirt fall to the floor with a slight rustle of black fabric, where she stepped out of it and kicked it off to one side.

The pale skin of her perfectly shaped ass was enticingly framed by the rear straps of her garter belt, which was made of wide heavy looking cloth and had none of the usual lace trim. The stocking clips and strap adjustments were robust shiny chrome. Not the usual cheap lingerie garter belt, this one seemed like it was made for regular use, and it was easy to envision her wearing it under a conservative skirt to work.

The panties I had caught a glimpse of earlier were a thong, and a thin strip of black lace was firmly clenched between her butt cheeks. I had no idea if I had lost my erection during the painful whipping, but my cock was straining now, my scrotum feeling tight with denial.

"Kiss my ass," Miss Julia said quietly. While that phrase is normally an insult, coming from her lips I knew it was an order, and I willingly obeyed.

Using a combination of soft gentle kisses, and light nibbling ones that I might normally apply to a woman's neck or earlobes, I worshiped her sweet ass for what seemed like a long time. Listening to her slow deep breathing, I tried to gauge what she liked.

Then she reached behind her and grabbed a handful of my hair, positioning my nose right in the crack of her ass.

"Lick it," she commanded, spreading her legs a bit so that my nose was enveloped between her soft cheeks.

I'd never done such a thing before. Maybe under different circumstances I'd find such a task repulsive, but she had showered not long ago and smelled of soap and light perfume. Also, I didn't dare disobey her. That would call for a

real punishment session, and right after my so-called test, I knew I wouldn't be able to handle it.

Starting as low as I could, I gave a slow continuous lick upwards to the waistband of her thong, the lace strip between her cheeks coarse on the tip of my tongue. After doing this a few times, I concentrated lower, where I knew her asshole was barely hidden by the fabric. I assumed she would tell me to do this soon enough, and while I was a bit unsure about it, I felt it best to make the move when I was ready instead of risking hesitating when given the order.

Miss Julia responded with a soft moan. Her high heels scraped on the floor as she spread her legs some more, then bent over the edge of her bed giving me better access. Reaching around and hooking an index finger under the thong's vertical strip of lace, she pulled it off to one side, fully exposing herself.

Sensing what she wanted, I gave a few tentative licks at her small puckered asshole and hearing her gasps and moans in response, I moved in more aggressively. There was no foul taste or odor as I might have guessed, still I couldn't help but thinking that what I was doing was nasty. At the same time I was more turned on than any time I had gone down on a woman in the usual way.

Soon she was breathing quickly, occasionally punctuated by low moans or hissing gasps. I felt a subtle rhythmic movement in her body and I realized that she was fingering herself. She probably had her whole hand down the front of her panties, pleasuring herself while I worshiped her asshole.

Sensing her tension building, I didn't let up, swirling around the small indentation, occasionally probing her with the tip of my tongue. She came with a series of hard stifled grunts. I tried to maintain contact while her hips

bucked involuntarily, and then I slowed to light teasing licks as her spasms subsided. Her breathing was now loud slow exhales, like a steam locomotive throttling down as it pulls into a train station.

Miss Julia reached around and adjusted her thong back into place. My work done for now, I sat back on my heels and waited for my next order, which it turned out was to hand Miss Julia her skirt from off the floor. While I was certain at that point that I wouldn't be getting into bed with her, my erection was almost painful now and I hoped she would allow me to masturbate.

"You didn't pass your test," she told me with a tone of disdain. "But since you've proven yourself useful in the bedroom, I'm willing to give you another try. Now I realize that I've been pretty rough on you, so it's only fair that you should have some time off to think. You need to go home now. Don't try to contact me. In a week or two I'll call you when I'm ready to administer another test, and at that time you can tell me if you are man enough to take it again."

She took a few steps across the floor to where my clothes were laying in a pile, and gave them a swift kick. I caught my shirt in the air while other items landed around me.

"If you refuse to take the test," she warned. "This relationship that we've gotten off to a good start will be over. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Julia," I said humbly.

Soon afterwards I was on the long gravel driveway, a light contrail of dust rising behind me as I slowly approached the main road. I hunched forward a

bit in my seat. Like having bad sunburn, the backrest of the driver's seat was painful on my shoulder blades if I leaned back. My ass felt like it was on fire, but there was nothing I could do about that.

Knowing I'd be passing a drug store on my way home I wondered what I might get to help with the pain. Maybe there was some broken skin that needed some antiseptic. I winced at the thought of more pain on top of pain.

In the end I just went straight home, where I finally got some sexual relief by means of my own hand. It was strangely unsatisfying. While worshipping her ass had been really hot during the moment, I now felt degraded, especially since I had willingly let her savagely whip me beforehand. Miss Julia had me under her control, knew it, and so she used me and then kicked me out of her house when she was finished.

Over the next few days, as expected, the ugly red welts on my backside morphed into a collage of bruises in various dark hues. Some looked like they might never fade away. Miss Julia was on my mind constantly as I sat uncomfortably at my desk at work, or as I lay on my stomach in bed at night, trying to fall asleep. She was a sexy dominant goddess straight out of a pornographic fantasy, and perhaps for me it should stay a fantasy. If she would ease up a bit on the paddling and whipping, I'd probably do anything she wanted. That would never happen though and I knew it.

The engineering firm that I work for is in a modest sized office building with several other companies. By chance I was introduced to a young lady who recently started working for an insurance company on one of the upper floors.

Sandra was an attractive brunette about my age, and we had started going out to lunch together on a casual basis. She always wore skirts or dresses to work,

nothing slutty but sexy enough, and seemed to have a nice collection of high heeled shoes, which always turned me on. Quick witted and a bit adventurous, she seemed perfect and it felt as if things could develop further between us if I made the first move. There was nothing wrong with that since I hadn't heard from Miss Julia in several weeks, and even if she called it would be to schedule another test with her. An invitation that was less appealing every day.

Sitting down at my desk one morning with a fresh cup of coffee, looking over some plans for a new boiler plant, my phone gave the distinctive ring for an outside call. The desk phone had a built-in caller ID display. I recognized the name as that of a sheet metal fabricator on the east side of town, where Miss Julia worked. As the phone rang again, I considered letting my voicemail pick it up.

Chapter 5: She Takes What She Wants

Pulling into the parking lot of my apartment complex one weekend afternoon, I saw my friend Mike unloading a set of new wheels from the back of his small 4x4 pickup. Oversize heavy lugged tires mounted on plain black painted steel rims. He was rolling them one at a time to the side door of his building, which led to the laundry room and storage bins.

"Looks like you bought a set of play tires," I said, walking up to him. Play tires. A term that Miss Julia used to describe wheels like these that she put on her Jeep when driving off-road. Mike considered her to be a psycho bitch so I was not surprised when his response was only half a smile and a grunt as he hefted one wheel down the short flight of stairs to the side door. I grabbed another wheel and followed him inside where I saw that Mike had a lot more work ahead of him. I would have had the sense to clear some space in my storage bin before bringing home four massive wheels.

Before I left him to his task, he invited me to go four-wheeling and camping with him and some of his friends next weekend. I had to assume that Miss Julia would be there and we had not parted on the best of terms. Perhaps I should have taken some time to make my decision but thinking that other people would be around, the worst thing that could happen would be that she would give me the cold shoulder treatment or possibly some insulting remarks. I could handle that, so I accepted his invitation.

As the following week wore on, I began to get nervous about facing Miss Julia. We had originally met on one of these four-wheeling trips. A beautiful and strong willed brunette, several years older than I. When I learned she liked to dominate her boyfriends, I confessed to her that having a female domination session had always been a fantasy of mine.

She was more than happy to let me worship the rubber boots that she wore, and then she whipped my bare ass with her belt. Ever since then she preferred that I address her as Miss Julia and it was difficult now for me to think of her as just Julia.

We got together several times after that for domination sessions, and then dated seriously for almost two months. I had been the one to terminate our relationship just as it was really starting to evolve.

Having been invited to a shack on a horse farm where she lived for free in exchange for doing odd jobs, she had given me a savage beating with a riding crop. Miss Julia claimed it was a test to prove if I was worthy of being her boyfriend, being able to withstand such a punishment which might be necessary in the future. While I had endured the pain as best I could, she told me that I had failed the test.

I was then forced to worship her asshole until she had a powerful orgasm. It had been extremely arousing at time, though afterwards I felt degraded as she made it clear that licking her asshole might be the only use that she would have for me in her bedroom. Then she kicked me out the door, saying that she would call me later to schedule another test.

Several weeks passed without hearing from Miss Julia, and over those days I thought a lot about the times she and I had spent together. There were dinners and other activities that a dating couple would do, but also paddling and whippings that she had administered with enthusiasm. She was clearly a lifestyle dominatrix and had used my female domination fantasies, my fetishes for sexy boots, high heels, and of course her beauty, to lure me under her control. Miss Julia had taken me further than I had imagined beyond my limits of pain, submission, and obedience.

She had taken me to a world where she ruled and even if I wasn't at her feet all the time, I was still under her command. Had I been her boyfriend, while I would have been free to make my own decisions, she would always have the final say. To disobey her would result in a harsh punishment, which she would be all too happy to administer to reinforce her position of authority. I had not been willing to enter into such a relationship and so I began dating someone else, although in the end that did not work out either.

The four-wheeling trip with Mike and his friends followed pretty much the same plan as the first one that I went on. We left the apartment complex early on a Saturday morning and met at a remote outpost of a convenient store gas station, located near a national forest. I'd helped Mike put his new tires on his truck the night before, and they were noisy on the pavement. The ride was bouncy and seemed unstable. Having to restrain his lead foot, we arrived a bit late.

Dave, a burly redneck dude, and his chunky girlfriend Sue were already there, standing beside a different Jeep than I had seen last time. This one was a

modified rust bucket that had at one time been painted a dark green, fitted with monster tires that I doubted were street legal. Miss Julia's yellow Jeep was there, sporting her play tires, and she was chatting casually with them while attracting admiring stares from a young man over by the gas pumps. After we pulled up, Dave immediately started checking out Mike's new tires.

"Hello, Eric," Miss Julia said to me, turning her nose up slightly. She was wearing her black rubber riding boots as I had expected, and they looked freshly cleaned with a low shine. Her fine ass was molded into a pair of Daisy Dukes that seemed higher cut than normal, and her raven dark wavy hair spilled over the shoulders of a well worn red plaid flannel shirt that had the sleeves cut off and was unbuttoned enough to recklessly display her cleavage. It made sense that she had gotten word that I would be coming along and had purposely dressed to tease me as a subtle form of revenge.

I caught a faint trace of perfume as she strutted coldly past me, then bent over to inspect Mike's tires, purposefully tilting her ass so it would be provocatively displayed for me. She only looked at the new wheels for a moment and then taunted Mike, saying he would only dig himself into more trouble and need both her and Dave to pull him out.

After some discussion it was decided to start with the route we took on the last trip. While Dave considered that to normally be easy driving, there had been some heavy rains in the area over the last few days so conditions were going to be muddy and more difficult. Assuming Mike's tires worked well enough, we would use a fire access road to get to a more challenging area.

Conditions on the trail were indeed muddy. We had to stop early because Mike's windshield was completely smeared with mud and he hadn't thought to fill the washer fluid reservoir before the trip.

While the others watched him attempt to clean the glass with a rag, I found an empty two liter soda bottle off in the brush. After I filled it with water from a ditch, I told Mike to pop the hood so I could pour it in his washer fluid tank. Though Miss Julia was cool, aloof, and silent during this whole stop, I thought I caught a glimpse of a small grin on her face, as if she were somehow pleased that I had been resourceful enough to solve the problem.

Once back on the trail she led our procession at a responsible pace. Dave seemed to be held back, purposely spinning his tires and fishtailing around in

any shallow mud available. Splattered and bringing up the rear, I was glad I had thought to top off the bottle of water before we got moving again as Mike was often squirting down his windshield and the reservoir would probably have to be refilled later.

His new tires seemed to make a big difference and we made good progress. After a short while we took the fire road to a more difficult trail. Here, Mike's success and resulting cockiness were his undoing at a long deeply rutted twisting section that was known locally as the gauntlet.

Miss Julia had barely made it through and Dave left a wallowed mess that left us stuck halfway in. It was a lot of work getting him out, using the winch on Miss Julia's Jeep, as well as some heavy chains and a come-along that Dave had.

We all took a short rest after that. I was relieving myself behind a tree when suddenly Dave and Sue drove off. To my surprise, Mike started up his truck and followed after them without me. Walking back to the muddy trail, Miss Julia was already behind the wheel of her Jeep, the engine idling softly. The window was down on the passenger side and she called out,

"You're riding with me." It was an order, not an invitation, and as the sound of the other vehicles faded off down the trail, I knew I had no choice but to obey.

I had ridden in her Jeep a number of times before, but never off-road. The stereo was turned off and I saw the stubby shifter for the transfer case was engaged in four wheel drive. I had to roll up my window as she seemed to purposely brush the sides of trees so that small branches would whip and snap inside and close to my face. Her tall boots were coated with a film of drying mud, but otherwise she managed to remain clean. Staying in second gear, we lagged further and further behind the others, and I assumed that was intentional.

While her demeanor was calm and collected, her silence was deafening over the sound of tires splashing through the shallow muddy ruts and the low rumble of the engine. Paranoia began to set in as I realized that Mike had seen me with Sandra in the parking lot of our apartment complex. She was the young lady I had dated after breaking things off with Miss Julia.

It was entirely possible that Miss Julia had contacted Mike and asked him if I was dating anyone. He would have ratted me out for certain. While I consider him to be a good friend, I know that he is intimidated by Miss Julia and would be a willing stool pigeon for her. No doubt she had ordered him to drive off without me, and he probably complied without any question. For all I knew, this whole trip could have been planned by Miss Julia as an opportunity for us to be together.

At a curve in the trail she slowed and downshifted into first gear. Barely crawling along now, she seemed to be looking for something on her side of the trail. I briefly saw the slight parting in the brush which looked like an overgrown footpath before Miss Julia turned the steering wheel hard, stomped on the gas, and blasted into the woods. We were on an overgrown road and it only went a short distance before ending at a small clearing. Miss Julia shut off the engine, ratcheted the parking brake lever, and opened her door.

"Let's get out and talk," she said in a low menacing voice.

The ground here was soft and muddy. A crippled picnic table was off to one side and rusty remains of fire ring, now filled with weed growth, which told me that this was a back country campsite that saw little use. I walked around to the front of the Jeep and faced Miss Julia, who was standing with her hands on her hips and had a dark scowl on her face.

"About a month ago I called your office and you didn't answer your phone. I called later in the day, the main number this time, your receptionist said you were in and transferred my call. Still, I got your voice mail. That time I left a message for you. What was that message?" Miss Julia asked in a cold voice.

"You said something like I had four hours to call you back, Miss Julia," I weakly replied.

"But you didn't call me back," she said. "And now I demand an explanation."

It was true that I hadn't called her back, and at the time I had feared some sort of retribution. I thought she might show up at my apartment some evening to confront me but nothing had happened so I thought I was safe. Now it seemed that Miss Julia was ready to take care of some unfinished business.

Of all the female domination porn I have looked at, some of my favorite photos are at the beginning of a series, where the man is being confronted by his mistress. You know he is going to be punished and it is clear that he is helpless and has no choice but to accept whatever she cares to dish out. I knew I was in that situation right now, and there was nothing arousing about it.

Though I know little about martial arts, her stance had that sort of quality. If I were unwise and tried to attack her I would probably be flipped over her shoulder and stomped into the mud. If I was foolish enough to run I would probably be quickly tackled. Either way I would be painfully forced to answer all her questions.

Even if Mike hadn't told her that I had dated someone else, if I lied and was caught trying to deceive her, there would be hell to pay. Without thinking any further, I dropped to my knees and told her everything. How the last time we spent together, the painful test of being whipped by her riding crop had been too much for me to bear.

"You are a sexy goddess, Miss Julia," I said. "The dominatrix of my dreams, but I can't take the heavy punishment."

I confessed that shortly after our last session I had met Sandra and dated her for a few weeks. "It was then that you called, Miss Julia, and I was too afraid to talk to you. I didn't think you would understand." My voice was wavering and I realized I had clasped my hands together under my chin in the classic begging and pleading position.

"Where is this Sandra now?" she asked, taking a few steps forward to stand directly in front of me.

"We're no longer seeing each other, Miss Julia," I explained. "It just didn't work out. Her family, they are very close knit. My family lives out of state. I think I told you that once before. I moved here right after college and rarely have contact with them. It's just better that way. Sandra and her family, they thought that was strange and always confronted me about that."

I knew enough to safely assume that Miss Julia's upbringing had been rough. That probably influenced her as an adult, now taking charge of her own life and the few others close to her. If I had seemingly left my past behind that

was probably something she could relate to and I hoped that would buy me some sympathy.

"We just stopped going out and it was a mutual decision. I can put you in touch with her if you don't believe me, Miss Julia," my voice now tapering into a squeaky pleading tone.

She raised a muddy booted foot and rested it on one of my shoulders. She ground the muddy sole into my shoulder as if adjusting her balance, but then suddenly pushed me over backwards. In a split second I was flat on my back. Miss Julia stood over me and then planted her boot in the center of my chest. As I lay there helpless on the ground I could feel the cool wet mud soaking into my clothing and my hair.

"That was disrespectful to not call me back, Eric," Miss Julia said in a raised voice, staring down at me with her dark eyes. "You disrespected me and for that you deserve to be punished. Now, since you think I'm too rough and you are too much of a wimp to take it, I'm going to be nice and give you a choice. Look over there!" she ordered, pointing a finger towards the woods. From my view on the ground, at first I saw nothing but trees. Then I realized she was pointing at a marker on a tree for a hiking trail.

"You either take your punishment like a man, right now, or you're hiking out of here. I'll give you a bottle of water and a sandwich. If you set a good pace you can make it to a shelter at the trailhead a few hours from now and we'll pick you up there later. This is a rare and generous offer, so what do you want to do?"

There was no way of knowing what sort of punishment she had in mind. Her skimpy cutoff shorts were circled at the waist with the sort of belt I associate with heavy metal rockers. Wide, with the black leather barely visible between multiple rows of square chrome lightly pointed studs. Wielded by Miss Julia, that belt would be more than effective for a harsh whipping. However, it seemed to me that she had planned this encounter in advance and could easily have her homemade wooden paddle, riding crop, or who knows what other implements on board her Jeep.

"What's it going to be?" Miss Julia demanded to know for the second time, momentarily removing her boot from my chest and lightly kicking some mud towards the side of my face.

"I'll take the punishment I deserve, Miss Julia," I said, spitting a small piece of mud from my lips. "I'll submit willingly, Miss Julia."

She seemed surprised by my answer, and while I'd had little time to consider my choices, accepting my fate seemed like the smartest move. Miss Julia would probably let me hike out unharmed if I wished, but I had no doubt she would hold a grudge and I'd find myself at her feet sometime in the future, forced to make a similar choice again.

Having decided to take the punishment, there was no point wasting my time begging for her to be merciful. Miss Julia would do as she pleased no matter how much I might beg.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered, walking over to the driver's door of her Jeep.

I stood up and began to remove my wet muddy clothes. The hood of her Jeep was splattered with mud but was warm and might help my clothes to dry, so I hung them over the edge in front of the radiator.

Miss Julia was taking her time, rummaging through her camping gear that was stowed behind the driver's seat. That made me pretty nervous, but I couldn't help getting aroused at the thought of being punished by her. When she finally came around to the front of her Jeep my cock was fully erect.

Giving my penis a disapproving look, with a swipe of an arm she knocked my clothes from the hood of her Jeep onto the ground. Taking one step forward, her dirty boot pressing the pile of clothing into the oozing mud, she tossed a package at my feet.

"Pick it up," she ordered. I complied and examined the contents of the flimsy plastic grocery bag. What looked like a plain bologna sandwich on white bread, a small bottle of water, and an energy bar of some kind. There was also a folded piece of yellow paper on which I could see part of a trail map.

"My offer still stands," Miss Julia said in a challenging tone. "I'm going to give you the punishment you deserve. If at any time you feel you can't take it, then grab your clothes and hit the trail without looking back. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss Julia," I said obediently.

"Go cut me a switch," she said, handing me a small pocketknife and pointing towards the woods.

I was surprised by her instructions but walked carefully on my bare feet across the overgrown campsite. While I love the outdoors I am highly allergic to poison ivy and always keep a sharp lookout for it when I'm in the woods. Being naked in the woods, I was especially careful.

I remember hearing somewhere that a common punishment for children in rural areas was to be sent by a parent to bring them a switch to whip them with. Allegedly going to get the switch was just as bad as the whipping. The stress of knowing the pain that was coming, and by willingly bringing the switch you would partially be responsible for that pain.

Staying at the edge of the tree line so as not to enter the thick scrub growth where I saw a lot of poison ivy, I cut a slim branch from a tree. The pocketknife she had given me looked very old. The bone inlay on the handle and metal casing showed signs of wear. The stubby blade was wider at the base from having been sharpened to a razor edge over what was probably many decades.

As I walked carefully back to Miss Julia, she was leaning against the broken picnic table. The plastic bag was on the ground by her muddy boots. The opened bottle of water was in one of her hands and she was taking another bite from the energy bar.

She made a big production of inspecting the switch after I handed it to her. A three foot long slender branch with smooth bark. I'd already removed the leaves from it and used the knife to smooth out the nubs where the stems had connected. The switch made an intimidating sound as Miss Julia sliced it through the air several times.

"Well done," she said. To my surprise she commanded me to bring her a second switch. As I returned to the edge of the woods, looking for the same tree where I had gotten that first switch, I could only assume that Miss Julia planned to break several across my backside. Picking my way carefully through the brush, there was the occasional high pitched whooshing sound as Miss Julia cut the air with the switch I had already brought her.

Having fantasized about female domination for many years, I was open to trying a lot of different things. However, one of the things I had always feared was receiving a caning. The pornography I had seen made it look like a brutal punishment. While I was cutting that second switch and heard Miss Julia either warming up or trying to intimidate me by whipping her switch through the air, I realized that a switch was nothing more than an improvised and disposable cane.

Still standing at the perimeter of the clearing while trimming leaves from the switch I had cut, Miss Julia paused to seductively place her lips on the mouth of the water bottle and take a long drink. If I decided to wimp out now I'd only have half a bottle of water to take on the trail along with the sandwich. My guess was that only a small portion of the energy bar was left.

When I presented Miss Julia with the second switch, she barely gave it a glance before setting both of them on the table, declaring she would save the best part for last. Then she started to unbuckle her heavily studded leather belt and ordered me to face the picnic table and hold on to it.

I could hear the soft jingling of the buckle as she slowly removed her belt. Gripping the edge of the rotted wooden table, my bare feet sinking slightly in the cool mud, I braced myself for what I assumed would be a painful whipping.

Miss Julia's belt landed across both cheeks of my ass with a heavy thud. She had whipped my ass with a belt the first time we had met and I was surprised that after the first few blows I was handling it so well. Maybe I had built up a tolerance for pain, or perhaps she was taking it easy on me. Then she paused.

"When you were going out with Sandra, did she ever dominate you?" Miss Julia asked, to which my reply was negative.

"If you were still going out with her, do you think you would have at least asked her to give you a spanking?" The question was punctuated by a heavy blow of her belt slapping across my ass. My grip tightened momentarily on the picnic table and I inhaled loudly through clenched teeth.

"I don't know, Miss Julia," I said at last.

"Wrong answer," she replied as her belt landed squarely once again. "Answer yes, Miss Julia or no, Miss Julia!" I received another crack of the belt.

“No, Miss Julia,” I said quickly before she could whip me again.

I heard the flat rubber soles of her boots squishing in the mud as she walked up and stood closely at my side.

“Why not?” she taunted. While I was relieved to see her putting her belt back on, I knew the switches would be next.

“I’d be afraid she would like it too much and want to do it all the time, Miss Julia,” I said, hoping that my reply wouldn’t come across as a wisecrack.

“I suppose that would be unfortunate,” Miss Julia said mockingly, picking up one of the switches and lightly tracing the tip across one of my shoulders and down the center of my back as she moved into position behind me.

The switch cut through the air with a hiss and stung my ass like a hot wire. I could still feel the burning sensation when the next searing blow landed. Gripping the table with white knuckles I stifled my reflex to cry out in pain.

Miss Julia’s switch repeatedly sliced through the air and landed with hot burning precision across my butt cheeks. Through my tear blurred eyes I saw the plastic bag laying on the ground to one side, the water bottle having rolled out into a shallow mud puddle. All I would have to do was stoop down and pick it up and the punishment would be over, and I’d be free from Miss Julia forever. Then the whipping stopped.

I heard the faint rustle of her switch being tossed aside into the high weeds. Perhaps it had broken. My ass felt like it was on fire and I envisioned that it was striped with thin red horizontal cuts. If the skin was indeed broken and I was allergic to the plant I’d cut the switch from, there would be more suffering for days to come.

Miss Julia walked up slowly beside me. Her breathing was deep and her footsteps in the mud all seemed to be paced to build the drama.

“Having fun, Eric?” she asked in a seductive tone, picking up the other switch and tapping it on the head of my penis. Despite the pain and stress of the punishment, my cock was erect and straining.

“No, Miss Julia,” I answered quietly.

“Well, you are being punished,” she said casually. “Its not supposed to be fun. Naughty boys like you that want to be dominated, they just want the game.” She walked slowly behind me, caressing my back with the tip of her switch. “They want to grovel at my feet and then be spanked or whipped, but only with enough pain to be real. Not so much pain that the fun is over too soon. I’m willing to do that any time, but when you displease me, you will be punished.”

Her switch sliced menacingly through the air and landed red hot across my ass. Then to my surprise she ordered me to walk back over to her Jeep. There, she opened the driver’s door and placed her switch on the floorboard in the rear. Was it a souvenir or for later use? That would probably depend on my behavior.

Miss Julia removed a first aid kit from the front seat where she evidently had it waiting. I stood wincing as she wiped some type of antiseptic onto my already burning backside.

“I take care of my property,” Miss Julia explained. “For the rest of the weekend, I own you,” she said firmly as if that point was not open for discussion. “Now go put on your clothes.”

A short time later we were back on the muddy trail, Miss Julia confident that the others hadn’t gotten too far.

“No doubt your friend Mike has gotten stuck a few times, slowing them down. He just isn’t as smart and clever as you are, Eric.” Miss Julia patted the edge of my seat. I had improvised a slip cover out of some garbage bags she had stowed with her camping gear in the back. My clothing was almost completely soaked with mud and while it was probably good that Miss Julia was impressed, my real goal had been to avoid getting the seat dirty and risk facing more punishment. My ass was still burning and the rough rutted trail made the bumpy ride even more painful.

We made surprisingly good time, though she had to drive cautiously through several areas. I wasn’t afraid of getting stuck in the mud. Miss Julia was a skilled driver, had an electric winch on the front bumper, and a few other tools to get us out of a jam. I was in good hands.

When we caught up with the group, as Miss Julia predicted, Mike was stuck. Somehow he had managed to slide sideways off the trail into a muddy ditch, putting a dent in a rear quarter panel as it pressed against a tree. Dave had his winch rigged though it looked as if they had been struggling for a while.

The look on their faces as we pulled up was a mixture of relief, since we had arrived with a second winch, but also aggravation, in that we had lagged behind. I seriously doubted that anyone would chastise Miss Julia for our late arrival.

Once Mike's truck was back on the trail we decided to make our way back to the paved road and head to the campground. Shortly after we got on the blacktop, clumps of mud thumping in the wheel wells as they were flung loose, Miss Julia pointed to a small gravel parking area on the side of the road. An SUV was parked there next to little pavilion with a stone fireplace.

"That's where I would have picked you up if you hiked out," Miss Julia told me. "That was very responsible of you to take your punishment and you handled it well." I simply nodded in response.

The campground we pulled into was one that I recognized from the last trip. It was a small area that had been full at that time, forcing us to make camp at another location. There seemed to be only a few vacant sites now, so it was good that we arrived a bit early. Driving around the gravel loop of campsites, we pulled in at one that was large enough for all of us.

"Wait here," Miss Julia ordered, and got out so she could speak with Dave and Sue. A few moments later she got back behind the wheel. Circling back through the small campground, she pulled the Jeep into a tight narrow campsite.

"We'll be staying here," she explained. Handing me some cash from her purse that was stuffed into the center console, she told me to get us registered.

Walking towards the campground entrance, I could feel bits of dried mud falling off inside my clothing and it was getting itchy. Being a primitive camp, there were no showers here, but I wanted to find a water spigot soon in order to wash up and then change into some clean clothes. I also wanted to check the damage to my buttocks in a mirror but likely wouldn't get that chance until I got home tomorrow morning.

The check-in station was an unmanned booth near the gate, where I filled out a registration card, tore off the perforated section, and deposited that with the money in an envelope, into a locked steel box. As I headed back, I stopped to talk with Mike, who was on his way to register the other campsite.

“Hey man, I’m sorry about leaving you back there at the gauntlet with Julia,” he said in a genuine apology. “She told Dave and I to take off, saying she had to teach you a lesson or something like that. He just went ahead and left, and me, well, she scares the shit out of me so I wasn’t going to argue with her.”

“Yeah,” was all I could think of to say.

“Either you two got stuck in the mud or she worked you over pretty good,” Mike said, gesturing at my muddy clothes.

I didn’t feel like giving him any details, so I just told him that I would be getting my camping gear from the back of his truck and perhaps we would join them later for dinner.

When I arrived back at our site, Miss Julia already had her tent set up. A spacious dark green dome that could easily be set up single handed. I could tell she was pretending to adjust a rope on the rain fly, bent over to show off her ass.

“Set up your tent over there,” she commanded. “Now listen, Eric. I know I won’t be able to keep an eye on you the entire evening so let me make myself clear. Painful as your punishment was, I know that you also found it arousing. I don’t want you slipping off anytime to masturbate. I might want you later tonight and if so, I want you to be primed and ready. Do you understand?”

“Yes Miss Julia,” I responded.

As I set up my tent directly across from hers, I had to wonder about what she said. Was there a chance that I would finally get her in the sack, or was she just teasing me? There was no way to tell for certain. Miss Julia sat close by on the top of a picnic table, resting her muddy boots on the bench. I had an idea, and as I finished with my tent I offered to clean her boots. Miss Julia accepted, as I knew she would, and I hoped that by serving her I would be more likely to get some sexual relief later this evening.

The campground only had a few water faucets, and while the one we chose was farthest from our campsite, it was also the most private. The frost proof hydrant stood on top of a pipe coming up from the ground about waist high, and the surrounding area was paved in a circular pattern with flat slabs of limestone, with a drain near the center.

Miss Julia told me that she wanted to watch me wash up first. The clearing we were in was flanked by two campsites. One of them was vacant, while the other was occupied by a large silver Airstream trailer where an older man dozed in a chair under the roll-out awning. Since we were screened by trees and heavy brush, I thought nothing about stripping down to my boxer shorts.

The stones were cool and wet underfoot as if someone else had recently washed up here. I placed my dirty clothes next to a stack of clean ones on a nearby log. While I somewhat expected Miss Julia to knock my clothes on the ground, instead she stood close by me with her back to the road as if to give me more privacy.

While I wanted to rinse my arms and legs under the faucet, the water felt too cold. Instead I lathered up some soap on a wet washcloth and scrubbed myself down. Miss Julia's breathing deepened and when I caught her eye she was giving me a lustful stare. Building up extra lather on the cloth I made a show of slowly soaping up my chest and shoulders for her.

"You're one sexy bitch, Eric," she said in a low sultry voice.

Although the water was chilling my body I was starting to get aroused as well. I dropped my muddy underwear around my ankles, tried to twirl it on one foot, and then I kicked it towards Miss Julia. She stooped to catch it but missed as it landed in some bushes. We both laughed.

Despite the numbing effect of the water, my cock was solidly erect. I was careful as I soaped up my genitals, not wanting to get so aroused that I'd want to jerk off the first time I got the chance. I was hoping to get Miss Julia so aroused that she would want to take me soon, rather than wait until later tonight.

For the last part I had no choice but to dunk my head under the faucet, rinsing the caked dried mud from my hair. Before I had a chance to towel off and get dressed, Miss Julia stepped over to the hydrant, almost playfully splashing her

muddy rubber boots on the wet stones. She tapped her foot several times under the dripping water and told me to get to work.

“Yes, Miss Julia,” I said obediently, kneeling on the wet stones and reaching up to turn on the water to a low stream.

While she always managed to stay amazingly clean during a day on the trail, Miss Julia’s legs had a few small streaks of mud on them. Most were by the top of her boots, but one was just under the hem of her tight cutoffs. My washcloth was still in hand and I dared offer to first clean the mud off her legs.

She gripped the wet hair on the top of my head firmly, and held me for several long moments. I realized I might have made a mistake, speaking out of turn, or offering to touch her body.

“You can do that only if you use your tongue,” she said quietly.

For a brief moment I found that idea unappealing, but then I moved in, first slowly exhaling my warm breath on her leg before slowly licking at a little streak of mud. I felt the fine grit on my tongue but it seemed to melt in my mouth as there was nothing to swallow or spit out, and for that I was glad.

Miss Julia still had one of her hands on my head, but now she was gently playing with my damp hair. She continued to do so even after I had to shift my position to get at a small patch of mud high on one thigh.

“I can feel some mud back here,” Miss Julia said, turning her back towards me and running a fingertip along the bottom hem of her Daisy Dukes, where a sliver of butt cheek was exposed. “It feels pretty dirty and might take you a while.”

Although her skin was clean, I took the hint and began to slowly kiss and lick around base of her shorts. The frayed denim was soft against the edge of my tongue, while her warm skin glided beneath the tip.

Since the last time we were together Miss Julia had ordered me to worship her sexy ass, it wouldn’t have surprised me if she peeled off her tight cutoffs, grabbed a handful of my wet hair and jammed my nose between her butt cheeks.

Instead she turned around and quickly opened the water faucet. The blast of cold water splashed all over me, and I jumped back. Miss Julia held one of her dirty boots under the running water momentarily and then gave a few kicks in the air towards me, sprinkling me with light drops of mud. Shutting off the water, she pointed at her feet and ordered me to get to work.

I used my washcloth like a chamois, wiping down the smooth black rubber. The mud streaked, but once the cloth was rinsed I started to get better results. Hearing noise at the occupied campsite I glanced over through the brush.

An older lady was coming out of the trailer with some food to put on the grill. She said something to the man who had woken up, and they both laughed softly. He got up from his chair, took two beers from a cooler and popped the tops as he walked over towards his woman. I heard a sizzling as meat was put on the grill, and then as the man handed her one of the beers they clinked their bottles together, smiling before taking long sips. A seemingly happy couple, not old enough to be retired, but likely well set in life. The man started to stoke up their smoldering campfire and I turned my attention back to my task.

Miss Julia's rubber riding boots were cleaning up nicely, but my damp naked body was getting cool and I wanted to finish the job soon and get some clothes on. Also, seeing the older couple, apparently content in what looked like a normal relationship, I had to wonder what sort of long term future I would have if Miss Julia and I were together.

She ordered me to put my clothes on. Perhaps she had seen me start to shiver, or it may have been because of the people next to us. I gladly pulled on a clean pair of jeans, sweatshirt, and wool socks, which I slipped into some dry hiking boots. Miss Julia approached the log where I was getting dressed and rested one foot on it.

"Lick my boot. Make sure it's clean," she said quietly. I had no choice but to get down on my knees. Thankfully the ground here was dry.

Her boots were still damp and cool on my tongue as I licked first one and then the other. Of course I knew they were clean. If I had left any speck of mud on them I would have risked more punishment. Miss Julia told me I was rushing the job and told me to slow down and savor her boots.

Truthfully, I had been rushing a bit. Before meeting her, I had always fantasized about licking the high heeled leather boots of a dominatrix. Perhaps it was ironic that I had found a real dominant woman, and the pair of boots I usually licked was made of rubber and had flat heels. A pair that had obviously been worn a lot as they were practical for getting out in the mud.

We joined the others a short time later at their campsite. While I had brought a small amount of food, Dave and Sue had prepared a large supper for all of us. Burgers that had been grilled over an open fire, beans, and some potato salad. There was some type of cobbler baking off to one side in a Dutch oven, reminding me of my younger days with the Scouts. After the long day it was a great feast.

Later as the sun began to set, Dave excused himself. There was a small pond adjacent to the campground and he was going to do some night fishing. The rest of us sat around the campfire drinking some beers.

Sue and Miss Julia chatted mostly among themselves. After a few beers Mike became obsessed with the damage that had been done to his truck. He was thinking of filing a claim with his insurance company, saying it was a hit and run in a parking lot while he was in a store. He wanted to know if I had any ideas on repairing the body cheaply so that he could pocket most of the insurance money.

I'm not a heavy drinker, but tonight I drank less than I normally would. Miss Julia slowly nursed her beer. Not sure what she might want later on, I thought it best not to get drunk. It still seemed a bit early when Miss Julia announced that she and I would be heading back to our campsite. Taking my cue I said goodnight to Sue and Mike, and Miss Julia and I walked hand in hand through the dark campground.

We didn't say a word to each other, and while I had a small flashlight in my pocket, I didn't take it out. The moon and stars in the sky above were bright enough to see the gravel road, which crunched under our feet. I was starting to get hard as we approached our campsite.

When we stopped outside of Miss Julia's tent she embraced me tightly. We kissed deeply and she boldly reached her hand between our bodies and began to rub my erection through my jeans. I was surprised when she stopped and broke away from me.

“Goodnight, Eric,” Miss Julia said. “Don’t forget, you’re not allowed to masturbate. Perhaps I’ll join you later tonight.”

With that she stooped to unzip her tent. Even after she was inside I stood for a few moments in the darkness, painfully hard and frustrated. A short while later I climbed naked into my sleeping bag. The cool nylon was smooth and soothing on my still hard cock, and I was tempted to play with myself.

I assumed that I wouldn’t see Miss Julia until the morning. She was probably aroused as well, perhaps naked in her own sleeping bag, lightly fondling herself in the darkness. Since Miss Julia made the rules, she could masturbate any time she wished. I thought of slipping a dirty sock over my penis and stroking myself until I filled it with cum, but just in case Miss Julia wasn’t teasing me, I lay on my back, hands at my sides, and tried to wait patiently.

Maybe only a few minutes passed, or it could have been a few hours, but I must have dozed off and was suddenly waken by the sound of my tent flaps being unzipped. The moon shone brightly through the thin nylon roof and Miss Julia was clearly visible as she crawled into the confines of my small backpacking tent. She was wearing a long t-shirt that came down below her waist and some soft leather moccasins. I reached to unzip my sleeping bag but she stopped me.

Miss Julia climbed on top of me and without a word began to kiss me, her tongue darting deeply into my mouth. Her body pressing down on top of mine, I could feel a slow subtle grinding of her hips against my groin. My cock was throbbing hard in no time, the heavily insulated sleeping bag an impenetrable barrier between our bodies.

I wanted to embrace her and caress her body, maybe finally get my hands on her breasts, but Miss Julia’s position on top of me had my arms trapped inside my sleeping bag. She then began to kiss and lightly nibble at the base of my neck, and as she did so, she reached down between us and grabbed hold of my cock. Roughly fondling me through the sleeping bag, Miss Julia said that she was glad I had obeyed her and not masturbated.

“For that you get a reward,” she said.

Before I could even contemplate what I might have earned, Miss Julia got up on her knees, turned around, and started to lower herself onto my face.

Hiking up her long t-shirt, for a split second I could see that she wasn't wearing any panties, and then she lightly pressed her thick patch of dark pubic hair against my lips.

She was already moist with arousal, and musky with sweat from a day of driving on the trails. I treated her to long, slow licks of my tongue, with periodic darting probes for her clit. Miss Julia responded quickly, rocking her hips, I assumed to get the best angle of penetration for my tongue. My nose was occasionally mashed between her butt cheeks, making it hard for me to breathe.

As Miss Julia began to move in a more steady rhythm, I felt her stroking my erection through my sleeping bag. I was so turned on and still sexually frustrated from earlier in the evening, and knew if she didn't stop playing with my cock soon I would explode.

It was then that I realized this wasn't foreplay. She was steadily riding my face towards a powerful orgasm. There was no way that she was going to stop to free me from my sleeping bag so that I might hump her for a few moments before erupting, and I did indeed erupt.

My heavy moaning was muffled as Miss Julia ground herself against my mouth with several spasms signaling her orgasm. I could feel the expanding pool of cum spreading on my stomach as I spurted one blast after another inside my sleeping bag.

Then she raised herself slightly. Both of us breathing heavily, I gave a few gentle, teasing licks, giving Miss Julia several light aftershocks. She slowly stroked my now softening penis through the sleeping bag, milking the last drops. Her final gesture was to firmly rub a hand all over my crotch and stomach, effectively spreading the mess all over me and soaking that portion of the sleeping bag with my own cum.

"Goodnight, Eric," was all she said, and without a kiss or even looking back over her shoulder, she slipped out through the tent flaps.

I found my damp towel in the pile of dirty clothes by my side. Unzipping my sleeping bag almost all the way I tried to clean myself and the inside of the bag as well as I could. Later as I lay back down I could still feel the sticky dampness, but after having such a powerful orgasm, I quickly fell asleep.

Early the next morning I woke up just as sunlight was beginning to filter in through my tent. Though I lay comfortably in my sleeping bag and the campground was silent, I could not fall back to sleep. After quietly rummaging through my gear, I soon had a small percolator brewing fresh coffee on a little backpacking stove set up on the picnic table.

Returning to our campsite after a quick trip to the restroom, I saw that Miss Julia was up now. She was dressed in some tight black nylon runner's shorts, a heavily worn denim jacket pulled over a white top of some kind, and her usual riding boots. Her hair was pulled back in a thick dark ponytail and she sat at the table with an empty coffee mug, knowing that I wouldn't dare refuse to offer her some.

"You think of everything," she said, nodding towards the coffee pot as I approached.

"Well, maybe not everything," I said, accepting the compliment. "I drink it black. If you want cream and sugar I can go see if Sue and Dave brought any. That is if they are awake yet."

Miss Julia was willing to drink her coffee straight from the pot and we sat right next to each other, our bodies lightly touching. We barely sipped from our mugs as the brew was still too hot to drink. The morning was cool, which made the hot coffee and body contact that much better.

She broke the long but comfortable silence to inform me that she would be giving me a ride home, so that when we broke camp I was to load my gear in the back of her Jeep. There was no time to refuse because then Miss Julia ordered me to go to the other campsite and see if the others were awake and starting a breakfast.

It turned out that Sue was cooking a communal breakfast. A large cast iron griddle had been placed over the fire and what looked like a whole package of bacon was sizzling on it. An open carton of eggs lay off to one side, ready to be cracked open and fried in the grease.

Mike looked hung over as if he had sat up drinking beer by the campfire long after Miss Julia and I had left. Dave had incredibly good luck catching some crappie last night, some of which were packed in a cooler.

Not long after breakfast, Miss Julia and I broke camp and were on the road. Her play tires were noisy on the highway and seemed a little squirrely, though it looked like she had good control even when driving a bit over the speed limit.

She asked if I had plans for later today, but I told her it would just be my normal weekend routine of doing laundry and grocery shopping. I added that I was also looking forward to taking a hot shower.

“I imagine you do,” Miss Julia said, reaching over and briefly rubbing my crotch and inner thigh. Then she went on to tell me about her job and how a new rolling mill was going to be installed soon. Evidently she had turned away a lot of potential customers since her employer’s shop wasn’t set up to roll form sheet metal. She’d been working hard to sell the idea to her bosses as installing the equipment would not be cheap, but she figured it would pay for itself in a few years. Miss Julia was also imagining the extra sales commissions she would earn.

I told her a little bit about a liquid nitrogen distribution system I was designing. It was for chilling high tolerance machine parts down to cryogenic temperatures so they could be fit together. Miss Julia was probably the only woman I’ve ever met who would find that interesting.

Our conversation was easy, as if we hadn’t spent any time apart, but I could not forget that we had, and why. Hot as she was, and regardless of how well we normally got along, I wasn’t willing to be in a relationship with her, knowing that I would be punished whenever she felt it necessary. I was anxious to be dropped off at my apartment complex and would probably avoid any future four-wheeling trips with Mike.

Miss Julia told me about a festival that was coming up soon. Some event held out in the country where a bunch of old farm machinery would be on display. Antique one-lunger gas engines, and even a steam powered tractor hooked up to a portable sawmill. There was also live music and a bonfire after dark, with plenty of hard apple cider and homemade wine available. We could even camp out overnight there. The scene as she described it actually sounded pretty cool. However, if Miss Julia was planning our next date, I would have to decline.

When we were getting close to the city, I was surprised when she turned off on a county road. It didn't take long for me to realize that she was taking me to the farm where she lived.

"I thought you were taking me home," I said as casually as possible.

"I will," she answered coolly. "Just not now. Don't worry. I'll make sure you have plenty of time to do your shopping and laundry." It was then that I realized I'd made a mistake earlier, telling Miss Julia that I didn't have any real plans for later today.

We pulled in the main gate and followed the long driveway towards the large house. When she was a child, Miss Julia had been in and out of foster care, and at one time had lived on this farm.

Circling around the house, I could see Miss Julia's dumpy little shack of a cottage in the distance, but she pulled off to one side towards a cluster of buildings. She stopped in front of a small open front shed, shut off the engine, and told me to get out.

Just down the road was a large metal building and through the open bay doors I could see a hydraulic lift, other machinery, and numerous gleaming red tool boxes. The farm's repair shop.

The place Miss Julia had parked in front of was a contrast. A rough wooden framed structure covered with dull corrugated tin, which leaned slightly to one side but would probably stand for another decade or more.

Inside, a battered old tool box and a clutter of tools were sprawled out on top of a wooden wire spool that evidently served as a workbench. Four radial tires mounted on aluminum rims, were leaning against the wall. In the back of the shed among other clutter, on a low stand knocked together out of scrap wood padded with carpet remnants, was a black fiberglass hardtop for her Jeep. This was clearly Miss Julia's shop.

"Take that hose over there, it will reach that hydrant, and rinse the mud off my Jeep," Miss Julia ordered. She pointed with the switch that she had removed from behind the driver's seat, at an old garden hose hanging in her shop and a distant water faucet. "It doesn't have to be perfectly clean, but I want you to

be sure to get the underside and inside the wheel wells. Come over to my cottage when you are done.”

As she started to walk away I realized that if I was going to confront her, this was the time to do it.

“Julia. Wait,” I called. She stopped in her tracks and turned to face me.

“That’s Miss Julia to you,” she said in a stern tone.

“Julia,” I said. “I can’t be in a relationship with you. You’re beautiful and I love being dominated by you, but I only want that as a fantasy. For you, it’s a way of life. I’ve given this a lot of thought and I just can’t handle it. Please, just take me home.”

Her face drew up in a scowl. She placed one hand on her hip, breasts thrust out in her low cut white tank top, and threateningly pointed the switch at me.

“Don’t speak to me as if you have a choice, Eric,” she said bluntly. “I want you, and I take what I want.”

With that she spun around and started to walk off towards her cottage in a slow confident strut, the sunlight making her black rubber boots and tight black nylon shorts gleam with a low shine.

Watching her walk into the distance, I knew there would be no arguing with Miss Julia. She takes what she wants. Having no other choice, I walked into her shop to fetch the hose.

The End