

A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest down, wearing a bright red, strapless, form-fitting dress. She is holding the thin red straps of the dress with both hands, pulling them slightly away from her shoulders. The background is dark and appears to be a wooden wall or paneling. The text is overlaid on the image.

**Katt Ford**

***A Mother's  
Revenge***

**Parts 1-5**

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Kindle Edition

All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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# The Apology

Look, I'll be the first to admit to some stupid stuff in my time. Especially when I was younger. Age is supposed to bring wisdom, but I wouldn't say it's done that for me. Still, I've learned a trick or two over the years. I would have to, wouldn't I? Make enough mistakes, and you more or less have to learn from at least some of them. And I've made them all.

But somehow, even to this day, I can't quite bring myself to really regret what was, without a doubt, one of the biggest mistakes I ever made. I think about it sometimes, even to this day. Okay, okay – I think about it a lot. Sometimes, I find myself wondering how life might have been different if I had handled things differently. It was one of those moments in life that you can point to and say that this, this right here, is where everything changed.

I was 22 years old at the time. Still young enough to make bad decisions, and old enough to be forced to deal with the consequences. Your only hope at that age is that you still have so much time ahead of you that you can afford a couple of setbacks. I'm not going to lie – I enjoyed being in my early 20s. It was fantastic. I don't just mean the physical capability which I can see slipping away more and more these days, although that was part of it. Remember being able to spend all night partying and shrug off the hangover in the morning? Remember being able to run up flights of stairs without getting out of breath? I do. I wouldn't say I was in great shape at that time; it's not like I trained anything. But I worked a physical job, and it kept me in decent condition. That, and the magic of youth.

I worked in construction, laboring at the bottom rung of the ladder. I didn't care. There was so much time ahead of me. I could figure out what I wanted to do later. For now, I needed a roof over my head. I needed to pay rent and buy food. But most importantly of all, I needed money for beer. I needed money to go out on the weekends, to meet girls and have a good time. That's all my job was to me. My employer might as well have sent my wages directly to the bar. And to be honest, I don't regret any of that. I'm more responsible now, but if you can't be reckless when you're young, when can you?

I met Gemma at the bar. Another pretty girl, her cheeks flushed with alcohol as she danced under the moving light. My confidence had never been higher. I don't want to sound like some kind of chauvinist, but I was a young guy having fun. I had had a run of success with women lately, and I was feeling pretty impressed with myself. Of course, back then, I was as good-looking as I was ever going to be, for what that's worth. But I had only just learned at the time a fact that all men come to discover sooner later. Girls like good-looking guys, but there's a lot of things they like more than that. If you can be charming, and funny, and project confidence, you can get away with being distinctly average when it comes to looks. In fact, I had friends at the time who were downright ugly and still did okay. They just knew how to talk to women. I was learning. From being a shy kid, my early 20s had been a period of growing confidence and self-possession. And poor Gemma was the recipient of all of that.

I'd be lying if I said I remembered much about that first conversation of ours. I was pretty drunk, and so was she, and as the night wore on, we only got more wasted. She was a year younger than me, only just old enough to drink, and the whole bar scene was new to us both. New, and exciting. We were both just figuring out what it all meant. And while she still lived with her mom, I had a place of my own. That by itself was apparently enough to impress her. We ended up back there that same night.

Nothing wrong with that, of course. I've never been the type that judges a woman by a different standard to a man. We were both young, both drunk, both horny. And she looked good. To this day, I can remember the way her jeans clung to hips as she moved on the dance floor, and the tight black tank top she wore that exposed a deep cleavage. Her long blonde hair was streaked with darker tones as it tumbled in loose curls around her shoulders, framing her pretty face as she smiled. Gemma was hot. As far as I know, she still is.

But she was also very sweet, and fun to hang out with. I wasn't looking for anything serious, but these things have a way of finding you at certain points in your life. I'd been a bar star for a little while, enjoying my casual hookups with different women who made no more claims on me that I made on them. But Gemma was someone I wanted to see again. So we did. For a few weeks, we would meet at the bar and inevitably end up going back to my place together. Then we started meeting before going to the bar,

saving a little money by getting loaded before heading out. Soon enough, we found we were having just as much fun hanging out together at my place as we would at the bar. A relationship kind of snuck up on me if I'm being honest. As though I just turned around one day to find that all of a sudden, I had a girlfriend.

I have to admit, it made me uneasy. Mistake number one. I'd been doing well with girls, and I was starting to get an inflated opinion of myself. I didn't want to be tied down. In the heart of any man, there's that distant echo of the ape that craves variety. Our mutinous genes commanding us to go forth and be fruitful. I'm not anti-monogamy, not now. Maybe I wasn't even back then. But I was painfully aware that for whatever reason, I was doing well with women, and I was in no hurry to be tied down to anyone. Even someone as cool and fun as Gemma was.

And all might've been well if I had simply sat her down and told her that. But I would like to remind you again that I was 22. I was as dumb as a bag of rocks, and wildly inexperienced in human relationships to boot. I didn't say a word about my fears and doubts, scared of having to endure an awkward scene. Instead, I let them fester.

Until one night, I was at the bar with my friends. Gemma was out of town with her mom. My friends were being guys; giving me shit for having settled down, for being whipped. They called Gemma my wife, and it irritated me. Sometimes I think that a man's entire life is one long struggle with his ego. And in your early manhood, the ego is very much in charge. That's when the approval of your friends means more to you than anything else. That's part of why you do such stupid things.

Not that I'm trying to blame anyone but myself. Again, that would be childish. No one made me do what happened. No one forced me to go up to a girl sitting at a corner table with her friends and strike up a conversation. A girl whose name I don't even remember anymore. I just remember her dark hair and her red lips and her – well, I don't mean to be crass. But her boobs were absolutely huge. My friends and I had noticed that from across the bar. And that as much as anything else is what drew me over to her. Toni with an I - that was it! Her name just came back to me after all these years.

Anyway, Toni came home with I. It probably surprises me even more now that I think back on it than it did at the time. I don't even remember

what I used to say to these women. I don't think it mattered. It was more about the way I talked to them, as though it was a foregone conclusion that they would like me. Somehow, it worked. And when I woke up in the morning next to Toni with an I and her magnificent breasts, I felt a deep sense of shame. For the first time in my life, I had cheated on someone. Gemma and I had only been dating for a few months, but I couldn't pretend that I didn't know that what I had done was wrong. It was. And knowing that it might impress my friends was very little consolation.

I felt even worse a few days later when Gemma confronted me. She may have been out of town, but some friends of hers were at the bar that night. They saw me leave with Toni with an I. After some halfhearted denials, I gave in and confessed the truth. After all, it was plainly obvious. Gemma may have been young, but she wasn't stupid. She saw me at that moment for what I was, what I truly was. And through her eyes, I saw myself. I didn't particularly like what I saw. It was one thing to say that I was just a young guy having fun. I was. But that didn't give me any right to hurt anyone else. Especially a girl like Gemma, who had only ever been nice to me.

But hey –life goes on. Especially when you're young. After my breakup with Gemma, I stopped going to the bar where we had met. The last thing I wanted was to run into her there. But it's a big city, and there were plenty more bars for my friends and me to go to. Plenty more girls. Only something had happened. It took me a few weeks to realize it, but things were different now. My confidence wasn't as unassailable as it had been. It only took me a little soul-searching to figure out why. After what had happened with Gemma, I felt like, quite frankly, a bit of an asshole. And that's not a feeling that helps you seduce women. After Gemma, I went through a significant dry patch. Week after week, I'd hit the bars, but my old lines weren't working the way they used to. All of a sudden, the girls were laughing at me more than they were laughing with me. Confidence is a funny thing. Whether you have it or whether you don't, it tends to reinforce itself. A self-fulfilling prophecy. And I knew that, but that knowledge didn't help me gain my old swagger back.

So maybe that goes some way to explaining what happened next. Going weeks without sex may not sound like a lot, but when you're in your 20s and used to getting it multiple times per week, it can feel like a long

time. My confidence was shaken, and there was some residual guilt bubbling away in a dark part of my heart. Alongside all that, I was horny, too.

It was about two months after my breakup with Gemma that I got an unexpected message through social media. Back when we had been dating, I had received a friend request from Gemma's mom. Unthinkingly, I had granted it. But Gemma and I had split up before I ever met the woman. And I had more or less forgotten about her until she reached out to me.

*Can you meet me? her message read. I need to tell you something.*

Now, a message like that can be very worrying for an otherwise carefree young man. What could she possibly want? It couldn't be anything good, could it? A horrible fear gripped my stomach with an iron claw as I wondered if Gemma was pregnant. We had been careful, but you never really know. Surely she would tell me that herself?

*What do you need to tell me?*

*Not here. In person. Meet me on Saturday at Don Leone's.*

What could I do? Curiosity got the better of me. And to this day, I'm glad it did. Even if the path that I took by choosing to meet with Gemma's mother wasn't always the easiest road to walk. I wouldn't change those experiences for the world. No matter what they cost me.

\*

“I'm – I'm meeting someone here?”

The pretty hostess smiled as she guided me into the restaurant. It was a new experience for me at the time. This restaurant was far fancier than any I had been to in my life, and I had no idea what the protocol was. I felt like a fraud as I followed the young woman to an empty table. Putting on a button-down shirt to go with my jeans was about as dressed up as I was capable of getting at that point in my life, but I could see at once that it wasn't nearly enough for this place. The hostess smiled again as she pulled out the chair, and I unthinkingly took the other one, as though she was going to sit down with me.

"Your server will be along to inform you of the specials," she said, and I nodded as though I knew what she was talking about. I watched her disappear back through the maze of tables, her print dress seeming to float around her body as she moved, and that familiar hunger growled inside me again.

The restaurant was busy. The server I had been promised didn't arrive for a while. I passed the time by looking around the restaurant, observing just how out of place I really was. The place reeked of money. Nobody in there was even close to my age, with the possible exception of the staff. So this is what you do when you get old, I thought to myself. Instead of going to the bar, you come to a place like this. With your wife, presumably. Or, I mentally added as I glanced at some of the other tables, perhaps not. Everyone in the place might have been older than me, but I would have had to have been blind not to notice that there was a marked difference in age between some of the women and their male companions. A difference in age that was unsurprisingly reflected by a disparity in their relative attractiveness. No one stays young forever. But money offers something to men that it usually doesn't to women: a chance at a second youth. Or at least a rough approximation of it.

As soon as the hostess came towards my table again, I knew. I looked up while she was still on the other side of the restaurant. But I knew. Somehow I knew that the woman who followed a pace behind her was Gemma's mom. Even if I didn't recognize her at once. It was all in the eyes. The way her eyes were fixed on me as she moved between the tables. As though I was a target she was aimed at like a bullet from a gun. As though she were a lioness, and I was her prey. Honestly, that's what it felt like. Even at the time.

Now, I had an inkling of what Gemma's mother looked like. When she'd sent me the friend request, I had taken a look at some of her pictures. I knew that she was an attractive woman, even if she looked nothing like my former girlfriend. It wasn't even that Gemma's mom looked young; she didn't particularly. She looked good for her age, but you would never take the two of them for sisters. Jenna's mom looked in her social media photos like exactly what she was; an attractive older woman. But when she appeared before me in the restaurant that night, I didn't recognize her. Not at first. Her hair was jet black, falling in loose curls over her shoulders. Her

brow was smooth and free of wrinkles. Some fine lines showed around her mouth as she smiled, but they only served to emphasize the beauty of that smile. Her eyes were hypnotic. I couldn't know at the time how much of the overall effect had to do with the skillful usage of a makeup brush, but Gemma's mom's eyes seemed to glow even from across the crowded room. You could call them blue, I suppose, but that would be like describing the surface of the sun as a little warm. They were far more than blue. As she came closer, I could see how the blue of her eyes tended one moment towards a cool gray, and at other times towards a bright and glittering green. They were eyes unlike any I'd ever seen, before or since. I can still see them even now, whenever I think of her. That's how striking they were.

Do I need to remind you that I was 22? Frankly, it was a miracle I noticed that she had eyes at all. Especially in the dress she was wearing.

It was silk or satin or something like that, the kind of fabric that shines in the light. It was a deep and vibrant red, and it fit her body like a glove. The spaghetti straps bared her shoulders and what looked like acres of her chest, her breasts threatening to spill out of the low-cut cups with every step she took. The dress clung to her hips, and the rounded shape of her thighs showed with every step she took, the hem ending just above her knees. In short, Gemma's mom was sexy as hell. And sexy in a way that women of her daughter's age almost never are. There was a classiness about her look, an elegance, even if there was no denying that she was as hot as any 20-year-old. Her body would be the envy of women half her age, but the smile on her beautiful face spoke of experience. I was honestly tongue-tied as I watched her come up to my table and bend her body into the seat the hostess pulled out for her. The smell of her perfume rolled around me in a narcotic cloud as she sat and smiled and held out her hand to me.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Crystal."

"Hi," I managed, my tongue feeling suddenly three sizes too big for my mouth as I spoke. "I'm Brandon."

"Nice to finally meet you," she said. Her voice was deeper than I had expected as I took her hand in mine. It was a kind of low purr that sent a deep thrill racing up and down my spine. Her palm was soft against mine, her fingers delicate in my grasp as I gently shook her hand. Gemma's mom was utterly beautiful. Far more attractive, I quickly realized, than her pretty

daughter. More attractive, too, than the woman I had cheated on Crystal's daughter with.

"Vodka martini," Crystal said. In the state I was in, it took me a moment to realize a waiter had appeared beside the table and asked us for our drink orders.

"I'll take a beer," I mumbled, and the waiter curtly nodded. As he disappeared, Crystal shifted her weight in her chair, moving her hips slightly as she crossed her legs. I had never envied a chair before in my life. She placed one bare elbow on the table and laid a long finger on her cheek, supporting her elegant chin on her thumb. For a moment, she sat like that in silence, her breathtaking eyes moving over me and the same slight smile on her face. I felt as though I had forgotten how to breathe in her presence. In my young life, I had never met a woman like that before. Sure, I'd encountered female beauty. Not like this. I'd never met a woman who seemed so confident, so comfortable in her own skin. So sure of herself. And it made her incredibly sexy. For the first time, I began to understand just why confidence was so attractive to the women I used to seduce. But even at my best, I had never been a match for Crystal. I could see that at once. She was so beautiful and so sexy that it was deeply intimidating. It was a new feeling for me at the time. And even as I sat at the restaurant table, I had to admit to myself that it was exciting.

"I wanted to talk to about Gemma," she said finally. I drew a deep breath before speaking.

"Is she okay?" I said. "I feel bad about the way things happened between us."

"She'll get over it," Crystal said. "But you're right. You didn't handle that situation very well at all."

"I know," I stammered. "I tried to tell her I was sorry. It was a shitty thing to do."

"It was," Crystal nodded. "I'm glad to hear you acknowledge that. Gemma doesn't know I'm here, and I'd like to keep it that way."

"She doesn't?" I probably should have been more curious. Crystal had still not explained why we were meeting. But I was too enraptured with the way she looked to care. The truth was, I had never felt anything quite like

that before. I'd been infatuated with a girl in high school, a typical puppy love situation that was as unrequited as it was juvenile. But this was totally different. From the moment I saw Crystal, I couldn't turn my eyes away. As though I was trying to memorize every line of her face and curve of her body. I was smitten. The effect was instantaneous, even if it took a while for my own realization to catch up. Sitting across the table from those gorgeous eyes, I was finding it difficult to remember anything about Gemma, or any other woman I had been with. Seeing Crystal was like seeing the female of the species for the first time. This was a woman. Up until that moment, I realized, I had only been with girls.

"No, she doesn't," Crystal smiled. "I don't think she would thank me for interfering. But I can't help being protective of her."

"Of course," I said. I found it impossible to disagree with this woman. And from the smile on her face, I was guessing that she could tell.

"I have to say, you seem like a nice young man," Crystal said. "Not the heartless frat boy I expected. Your manners could use some improvement. But that can be taught." Her glistening white teeth showed as her smile widened, and I felt something surge within me. I'll say it again; I was 22. Hardly a surprise, then, that under the table, I could feel my cock beginning to swell. Just looking at Crystal was enough, even apart from that voice of hers and the words she said. The space between us felt at once like the span of the galaxy and the breadth of a hair. I wanted to touch her. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to run my hands all over that incredible body and peel that sexy dress right off her, right there in the restaurant. And there was something in the bright multicolored pools of those eyes that encouraged me somehow. As though Crystal knew exactly what I was thinking about. As though it pleased her. As young and dumb as I was, I felt sudden hope flaring inside me as I looked at her.

I jumped, and the table between us jumped with me as my knees collided with it, sending the silver forks clattering. Heads turned in our direction as other diners looked our way. Something had touched me under the table. Crystal smiled at me, saying nothing as her foot slid up my leg. The long tablecloth hid her actions from view, but I could feel everything. I could hardly believe what was happening. But her foot never stopped. I saw her shift her position in her chair, and her foot slid between my thighs,

pressing finally against the bulge of my erection. I saw her eyes flash as she opened them wider, just for a moment. And I sat as though turned to stone, completely without any frame of reference to tell me what to do next. All I knew was that the feel of her foot against my cock was amazing, and that whatever was happening here, I didn't want it to stop.

"I can see what Gemma saw in you," Crystal said. "You're a decent looking guy. And you certainly seem...Eager." Crystal laughed as she spoke, a bright ringing sound that made my stomach flutter. Her foot was moving between my legs, describing slow circles as she manipulated my cock. I could feel my breath getting short. I gripped the sides of the table as my head began to spin. I felt as though I was falling into the twin whirlpools of those eyes as Crystal stared at me.

"I think you need to apologize to me though," she went on. "For upsetting my daughter."

"I'm sorry," I blurted out at once. Crystal left again.

"Not like that," she said. "I want a proper apology." A silver fork flashed in her hand as she picked it up. She leaned across the table toward me, and I studied the way her breasts rose inside her tight dress. Her foot was still teasing me, and I tried to control my breathing, to arrest the unstoppable urge welling up inside me. She was going to make me cum right there in the restaurant. And I couldn't bring myself to stop her.

"I want you to get on your knees," she said in a voice too low for anyone but me to hear. "Under the table. No one will know. And who knows? You might enjoy it." Sitting back again, Crystal tossed the fork she held under the table with a loud clatter. "Oops," she said in a loud voice. "Could you get that for me, Brandon?"

I had only a split second to decide what to do. A simple choice: yes or no. I had no way of knowing at the time the ramifications of what I chose. I only knew that Crystal was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. And I wanted to make her happy. Instantly, I dropped to the floor and crawled under the table to retrieve her fork.

The tablecloth came all the way to the floor. Underneath the table, I couldn't be seen. I crawled forward on my hands and knees, picking up Crystal's fork from the floor. Slowly, she uncrossed her legs. I listened to

her dress whisper as she moved, her hands appearing underneath the table as she pulled it slowly up her thighs. Speechless with disbelief, I watched as she drew her dress higher and higher, revealing more and more of her toned thighs until the dress was bunched around her hips. And slowly, Crystal parted her legs. I gasped as I saw that she wore no underwear beneath the dress. Between her thighs, her pussy was exposed, framed by a patch of trimmed black pubic hair. Her lips were swollen and pink, already glistening with excitement. Every rational cell in my brain screamed at me not to do what I was doing, but my body took over. I lunged forward and felt the softness of Crystal's skin on my hands as I grabbed her legs. She slid forward in her chair, sitting closer to the edge as I lowered my face between her thighs. The smell of her arousal drove me to new heights of desire as I breathed in, and the soft moan of pleasure she gave as my lips touched her pussy made my cock surge urgently in my pants. To my undying shame, it pushed me over the edge. While I kissed Crystal's pussy under the restaurant table, my own orgasm washed over me. My cock exploded, my hot semen filling my underwear as I kneeled at the feet of Gemma's mom.

And that was how my new life began.

# An Agreement

Look, I was 22. I'm saying it again because it's important. If what happened that night happened to me now, things would go differently. At least, I think they would. But who can really say? Take away the experiences that made us who we are, and we would necessarily be different people. You can never know how different your life might have been if, at these critical moments, you made different choices. We're stuck with our pasts, ultimately. The things we have done become inescapable. That's if I could ever bring myself to want to escape this particular part of my history.

But being 22 has its advantages. As I felt my ejaculate cooling in my pants, a deep sense of shame washed over me. I was between the thighs of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and I had humiliated myself by creaming my pants. But Crystal didn't know that yet. And even as I kneeled under the table, hidden from the rest of the restaurant's diners by the tablecloth that reached all the way to the floor around me, I could still feel desire burning inside me. Despite my orgasm, my cock refused to soften completely. While it shrank from its full tumescence, it never softened completely.

And the intoxicating taste and smell of Crystal's pussy had everything to do with that. As I gave in to my excitement, I paused for a moment, crouching between her feet while I tried to master my own body. But Crystal wouldn't stand for any of that. One manicured hand appeared under the table, and I felt her grab the back of my head. Inexorably, she pulled me forward, guiding my face back between her thighs until my mouth sat squarely on her sex again. The message couldn't be more clear. And as ashamed as I felt, as nervous of discovery as I was, I couldn't help myself. I kissed her fragrant pussy again, sliding my tongue over her swollen lips and feeling her legs tighten around me. Up above, Crystal kept quiet. It seemed she, too, was trying to avoid discovery. But I could feel her body responding. Warm juices began to flow freely from her quivering sex as I licked. I slid my tongue inside, savoring the tightness of her wet folds and the slickness of her flesh as she opened her thighs further to me. Crystal

raised one foot from the floor, and her high-heeled shoe blindly found its way toward me, sinking once again between my own legs. By the time it found the bulge in my pants, I was already hard again. And Crystal slid her foot up and down, toying with my cock in a way that made me moan into the folds of her womanhood. Her thighs trembled in my hands. Even as I went down on her, it was hard to believe that this was actually happening. I was eating out a sexy older woman in a restaurant, and as far as I could tell, no one knew.

Crystal's body stiffened. She was still trying not to make a sound, but I could feel the wild spasming of her pussy against my lips. I nodded my head up and down, driving my tongue in and out of her while her juices poured forth into my mouth. The sudden tension of her body just as suddenly relaxed, and her chair groaned faintly underneath her. I had made her cum. But the only outward sign to the other diners in the restaurant was a faint sigh that she allowed herself up above me.

Hidden by the tablecloth, I sat back. Crystal reached under the table to pull down her dress again and crossed her legs, depriving me of the view of the pussy I had just licked. After taking a moment to collect myself, I rose up from under the table, still holding the fork that had been the pretext for my journey down there. Crystal's beautiful eyes shone as she smiled wickedly at me. It was as though she had gotten even more beautiful in the interval since I had last looked at her face. As though I couldn't adequately remember just how stunning she was. My heart contracted at the sight of her in a way that was completely new to me, and completely mysterious. And the faint flush on her smooth cheeks made me feel like a king as I once again sat across the table from her.

"No," she said, her voice quiet but sharp as I reached a hand to my face. "Don't wipe it off. Leave it there. I want to mark you." I smiled as I set my hand back on the table, even as an erotic shiver ran through me. Already, I could see that Crystal was unlike any woman I had ever been with. There was an aggression to her that was totally unfamiliar to me, completely absent in the younger women I usually consorted with. It turned me on. And under the table, my cock was as hard as ever, even as my semen still cooled in my pants.

"Not bad," Crystal grinned as she leaned toward me again. "I've definitely had worse apologies from men. It kind of makes me hope you'll do something bad again so that you have to apologize to me like that."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," I smiled. Crystal said nothing. I was trying to seem as sophisticated as she was, as experienced and uninhibited. But inside my chest, my heart was racing. Nothing even close to this that ever happened to me before. It was all I could do not to cry out with joy that it was happening at all. And all the time, my cock throbbed and raged in my pants as desire flowed relentlessly through me.

At that moment, the waiter appeared at the side of our table, holding a tray with our drinks. I couldn't meet his gaze as he set the glasses down in front of us. I could feel Crystal watching me, studying my reaction. But I couldn't look at her either. I could still feel her juices on my cheeks and chin, and I felt as though everybody else in the restaurant could too. It seemed to take forever, but I heaved a sigh of relief as the waiter set down the drinks and vanished. While Crystal raised her glass and studied me over the rim, I took a sip of beer that tasted of her.

"I'm going to go out on a limb here and guess that you've never been with a woman like me." Crystal took a careful sip of her martini after she spoke, leaving a faint impression of her lipstick on the glass. I swallowed my beer as I pondered how best to answer. I didn't want to reveal my inexperience. And after all, I wasn't some blushing virgin. I had been with my share of girls. But not like this. Never like this. I got the feeling the Crystal could see that for herself.

"Like you? No," I smiled, shaking my head and hoping that I was coming across as charming.

"That's what I thought." Crystal took another slow sip of her drink. "But naivety has its charms. I like a clean slate. Someone I can mold into exactly what I want." Another shiver raced through me as Crystal spoke. I hadn't missed the sinister edge to her words. It was matched by the glow in her eyes, as though she wanted to possess me. To consume me. But I was too turned on to worry. The truth was, looking the way she did, I was all too willing to be consumed.

"You obviously want to fuck me. Don't you?" Crystal's vulgar words were at odds with her gorgeous appearance. She leaned forward again as

she spoke, keeping her voice low, her words meant only for me. I gulped. Girls my age were never this forward. And even when they were, it came off like an act. With Crystal, it seemed a simple statement of fact. Even if the way in which it was delivered startled me.

"Well – yes," I nodded. A slight smile lifted the corners of Crystal's mouth and made the lines rise in her cheeks.

"Maybe one day, I'll allow it," she said. "But not today. I'm not some slut you just picked up at a bar."

"Of course not," I protested. Crystal took another sip of her drink before she spoke.

"Listen, Brandon," she finally said, "at my age, you know what you want. And you get tired of waiting for it to fall into your lap. I've learned if you want something, you need to take it for yourself. And I do want something. That's why I wanted you to meet me here tonight. And after that lovely apology," and now her smile grew, her teeth shining between her lips as she grinned wolfishly, "I feel like you might be interested in what I have in mind."

"Okay," I said slowly as I took another sip of beer. My heart was racing in my chest. As inexperienced as I was, I knew enough about negotiation to not tip my hand too early. But I couldn't wait to hear what Crystal had in mind. What we had done already, right there in the restaurant, ranked among the most erotic experiences of my life. She was right; she wasn't like any woman I had ever been with. That much was abundantly clear.

"I'm not looking for a boyfriend," she said, softening her words with another dazzling smile. "At the risk of sounding conceited, I don't lack for male attention. But there is something that men your age have that you don't find with older men, no matter how wealthy or successful they may be." I sighed as I felt Crystal's foot between my legs again, pressing once more against my erection. "Besides, look around you," she went on. Her dark hair tumbled over her shoulders as she turned her head from side to side, taking in the restaurant we sat in. "All these old man with their trophy girlfriends. Why should they have all the fun? I could use a little boy toy of my own. So that's what you would be. A boy toy for me to play with whenever I feel like. Nothing more serious than that."

"Okay," I grinned. Honestly, nothing she was saying sounded anything short of fantastic to me. It's not like I was looking to get into a relationship with my ex-girlfriends mother. But some casual sex sounded like exactly what I was after. It was only when Crystal's beautiful face darkened that I realized she hadn't yet made her point.

"I have a lot of rules," she said. Her foot was still between my legs as she placed one hand on top of mine above the table. My breath grew short again as she continued to tease me with her touch. "You would need to be available to me. And you would need to be...willing to please."

"No problem," I said.

"I'm serious. This wouldn't be a relationship between equals. I don't worry about my toy's feelings. I just want them to do what I say." Again, I could hardly believe what was happening to me. At the age I was at, regular sex was more than exciting enough for me. I had never gotten involved in anything too kinky. That didn't mean I was unaware. After all, I grew up with the Internet. There wasn't much in the way of human sexuality that I hadn't at least heard of. And what Crystal was describing sounded like some kind of S&M type situation. Was I ready to be a sex slave to this woman? If I said no, would I ever forgive myself? Chances like this don't come along too often. Especially after the dry spell I had been going through, everything Crystal was saying sounded fantastic to me. And to be honest, it almost felt like a kind of promotion. I had been banging my way around the bar scene for a while, and it was fantastic. But it's never a bad idea to change things up. What she seemed to be proposing would most definitely be that.

"That's cool," I said, trying to fake a confidence I didn't feel. As though propositions like this from sexy older women were a common occurrence for me, instead of a once-in-a-lifetime deal. "As long as you're not looking for anything too crazy." Like I say, I had seen some wild things on the Internet. We all have our red lines.

"Those are the kinds of details that would be best discussed elsewhere," Crystal said. "Let's get out of here."

"Okay. We can go back to my place." Crystal snorted with laughter, as though the idea was utterly ridiculous.

“And what does that look like?” She mocked. “Are there posters on the walls?”

"No," I said uneasily. Crystal seemed to see something in my face that made her soften her tone.

“Do you have a roommate?”

"Yeah," I admitted, "but he's not there tonight." My voice trailed off at the look on Crystal's face. Already she was shaking her head.

"Absolutely not," she said. "We'll go to my house." Fear gripped my heart, warring momentarily with the rising lust that filled my body.

“What about Gemma?” I asked.

“Don't worry about her,” Crystal said. “She got a place of her own.”

“She did?”

"She did. We'll have the house to ourselves." I didn't need any more convincing. If Crystal had asked me to go with her to the bathroom of the nearest bus station, I would have done it. Going back to her house with her was exactly what I wanted. It was only as she made the suggestion that I realized I had never actually been to her house in all the time I had been with Gemma. We had always gone to my apartment instead. I won't deny it added a strange little thrill of excitement to the proposal. My confidence was climbing again. If a woman like this wanted me, for whatever purpose, I couldn't be that undesirable.

"Are you ready to order?" I almost jumped as the waiter appeared soundlessly at the side of our table again. The guy might as well have been a ghost, the way he materialized out of thin air. Crystal gave him a smile that was paper-thin as she raised her eyes towards him.

"No, thank you," she said. "Just the check. We're leaving." The waiter simply nodded. Crystal spoke in a tone that suggested she didn't want to hear any further words on the subject. In moments, the waiter returned with the bill, and Crystal snatched it up as I reached for it. Sliding a credit card from out of the purse that dangled from the back of her chair, she handed it to the waiter. Once the transaction was complete, I stood, and the waiter pulled Crystal's chair out for her as she rose to her feet. As we made our way to the door of the restaurant, I felt as though limitless possibilities were

dawning like doors opening out in front of me. I was entering a strange new world, and this incredible woman would be my guide.

"I'm parked over here." Crystal's high heels echoed on the sidewalk she led me towards a sleek black sedan. I climbed into the passenger seat as she got behind the wheel. Her tight dress rose up her silky legs as she sat and pulled the door shut behind her. Without another word, she turned on the engine and steered the car into the night.

We drove most of the way to her house in silence. I could think of almost nothing to say. Intuitively I felt that my usual cocky banter would not be welcome here. As Crystal had said, she wasn't some girl I was picking up in a bar. Besides, it seems redundant. We were already going back to her house. The juices of her orgasm still shone on my face. We were long past the point of doubt. We were going to have sex. And my cock strained against my pants as I sat in my seat, my erection making a bulge in my lap. I groaned as Crystal wordlessly reached toward me, cupping her hand over my cock while she kept her eyes on the road ahead.

"So horny, aren't you?" she chuckled. "Look at that young cock, just desperate for me."

"Yes," I groaned. I shifted in my seat and felt her hand caressing me through my jeans. I placed my hand on her leg, sliding it upward toward the hem of her dress. But without so much as looking at me, Crystal took me by the wrist and pushed my hand away.

"Not now," she said firmly. And so I sat beside her in an agony of desire while she manipulated my cock through my jeans without letting me touch her.

Finally, we arrived at her house. She swung the car up the long curve of the driveway and pulled into the garage that opened to greet her. As she killed the engine, the garage door swung shut again. Crystal finally turned to me with a sly smile.

"Take off your clothes," she said. "You can leave them in the car. Rule number one is that my boy toy doesn't wear clothes in the house."

"Are you serious?" Crystal's face darkened, her brow furrowing as she scowled at me.

"Don't ever ask me that question again," she said firmly. "I don't like to be questioned. If you're going to fight me every step of the way, we may as well end this thing right now."

"No, no," I protested. My cock was rock hard, and my hands were already reaching for the buttons of my shirt as though my body no longer cared to hear my brain's intervention. It knew what it wanted. Of course I had no problem getting naked in front of Crystal. I was just unfamiliar with things being so one-sided. Normally, the girl and I would undress one another. But nothing about this was normal. It seemed as though Crystal intended to reinforce that fact with everything she said and did.

As I unbuttoned and removed my shirt, Crystal sat watching me. At least she was smiling again. Her momentary frown had frightened me. It would be just like me to fuck up a good thing like this. Sure, Crystal was kinky. But there was no point pretending that that was a bad thing. In fact, it excited me. And as I shed my shirt and kicked off my shoes and reached for my belt, I felt vulnerable and exposed in a way that added to the thrill of what was going on. I pulled down my pants and my underwear, my cock springing free. Crystal grinned as she stared at it, shamelessly studying my erection as it rose before her.

"Good," she said. "That's how I like my boy toys. Hard and ready. That's rule number two. I want you to have an erection at all times unless otherwise instructed."

"I – I don't think that will be a problem," I said. As I spoke, I twisted in my seat, leaning toward her as I tried for a kiss. But Crystal simply laughed. Opening her car door, she climbed out of the seat and swung the door shut behind her. I had no choice but to open my own door and hurry after her as she headed deeper into the garage. A door connected it to the house, and my hard cock swayed from side to side as I hurried after her, through the door and into the huge kitchen of Crystal's house.

It had been obvious to me from the moment we pulled up that Crystal had money. If her car didn't prove that, the house certainly did. It was big, far bigger than any single woman needed. Even when Gemma had lived with her, the two of them had had plenty of space. I had no idea what Crystal did for a living. If Gemma had ever told me, I had forgotten it. I certainly never realized that my ex-girlfriend came from money like this.

And I felt extremely foolish as I followed Crystal deeper into the house, with her fully dressed and me completely naked. Her high heels echoed on marble floors, and she walked in the sexy shoes as though she was born in them, as though they were a natural part of her gorgeous body. Half a step behind, I followed her into a large sunken living room. I longed to touch her, to pull her body against mine, but after the episode in the car, I guessed that would be a bad idea. Crystal liked to be in charge. That much was obvious. And as she lowered herself onto a massive white leather couch, she patted the seat behind her as she crossed her long legs. I sat. Idly, she reached out to me, wrapping her soft fingers around my hard shaft as she began to slowly stroke. The leather creaked underneath me as I gripped the cushion while pleasure coursed through me.

“I’m going to show you pleasure unlike anything you’ve ever experienced,” she said as she turned those magnificent eyes on me. “But as I said over dinner, there will be rules. So let’s see if we can come to an agreement here. This is the only time I’m going to ask you for your input into what we do. So if there’s anything you know you don’t want to do, tell me now.”

My mind raced. All of my experience with this kind of kink was secondhand. I had no real idea of what to expect. As though being naked didn't put me at enough of disadvantage, I felt as though I was walking into a trap. But I've never seen bait more alluring than Crystal. I never really stood a chance.

“I – I’m not really into being hurt,” I tried. Crystal’s lower lip projected as she pouted.

"Well, that's no fun," she said. "How am I supposed to train you if I can't show you the error of your ways? Besides, pain can be a part of pleasure. Didn't you know that?" As she spoke, her hand moved a little faster on my cock, squeezing a little tighter, and I sighed as my balls tightened against my body. I couldn't resist her. Crystal clearly knew that. In fact, I found I was barely capable of speech as another orgasm boiled inside me.

"I tell you what," Crystal went on. "I may have to hurt you sometimes, if you disobey me. Or if it just seems like fun. But I won't make any permanent marks. You'll be left just as you are. Physically, at least." She

laughed out loud at that, a laugh that made fear flutter in my stomach at the sound. But I nodded.

"Okay," I gasped.

"Good," Crystal grinned. Her hand moved faster, and I saw her eyes on my face, studying my reaction. "You've never done anything like this before, have you?"

"No," I panted.

"Didn't think so," Crystal smirked. "So how about this? I'm going to do what I want with you. If I'm doing something you really don't want me to do, you can ask me to stop. But bear in mind that there will be consequences. If we're not compatible, then this isn't going to work. So if you don't want to play with me, you can stop at any time. But be warned. I play hard." I cried out as Crystal savagely squeezed my cock. But the cry was one of pleasure, not pain. My manhood surged in her hand, and it was all I could do not to erupt there and then. Not just at the feel of her hand on my skin, although that was most definitely part of it. But the things she was saying were driving me wild. I had had girls talk dirty before, but never like this. And they certainly hadn't been sitting fully clothed with my cock in their hand while they said it.

"Okay," I gasped, "okay! I'll do what you say!"

"Of course you will," Crystal grinned. "You boys always do in the end. I wish I had known that when I was Gemma's age. But it's never too late. Now, since you been so agreeable, I'm going to give you a little treat. I'm going to let you cum. But don't think that this is how it's going to be all the time. Rule number three is that from now on, you need my permission to have an orgasm."

"Oh my God," I gasped. But it was already too late. Crystal's hand moved faster and faster, up and down my cock, and in a matter of seconds, I lost control. I cried out, throwing my head back against the couch as another orgasm tore through me. Semen spurted from my twitching cock, jetting through the air to splatter on the floor several feet away from where we sat. Crystal laughed triumphantly as my cock throbbed in her hand, my balls emptying themselves of a fat load of cum while she toyed with me.

“That’s it, get it all out,” Crystal chuckled as she milked my cock of every last drop of my orgasm. “That’s the last orgasm you’re going to have as a free man.”

## **Punished By His Ex's Mom**

Crystal stood. I sat on the couch in a kind of daze, watching every move she made. I didn't know what to do with myself. The dull narcotic fog that often follows orgasm had descended upon me, and I was as content as a tranquilized animal. But the strangeness of the situation had not diminished, not even a little bit. I was sitting naked in my ex-girlfriend's mother's living room, and she was still wearing a stunning red dress, standing over me as I sat on the couch. Nothing in my life had prepared me for a situation anything like this.

And Crystal didn't help. She didn't say a word. Turning on her tall heels, she strode across the living room and disappeared down a hallway. I listened to her footsteps recede into the echoing space of the large house. It sounded like she was going upstairs. I felt my cheeks grow warmer as embarrassment overwhelmed me. What now? Was I supposed to leave? My clothes were still in the car. For all I knew, the car was locked. In my list at lust-addled state, as I followed Crystal into her house, I hadn't even noticed whether she locked the car or not. Either way, the idea of running out the garage naked didn't sound all that appealing to me, even though I knew no one would see.

And I didn't want to leave. That was the truth of the matter. My cock was finally soft, vanquished by Crystal's skilled hand. But my orgasm had only dulled the edge of the desire I felt for her. It hadn't made it go away. And as I sat there, painfully conscious of my nakedness and the power this woman already had over me, I could feel my member beginning to swell again. I was young enough at the time that such events weren't all that remarkable. Besides, I had to admit to myself that I had never been more turned on. Crystal did something to me that no other woman did. She excited me like no one else ever had. The young women I picked up in bars were attractive, certainly. But none of them had anything close to the outrageous sexiness possessed by Gemma's mother. Why would I want to leave?

I heard Crystal's footsteps on the stairs again. My breath caught in my chest, and it took an effort, as though I had to remind myself to breathe, as I waited for her to reappear. I couldn't even guess what was in her mind. Already, Crystal had demonstrated to me that her imagination was far beyond my own. And when she reappeared in the doorway of the living room, wearing nothing but the same pair of towering high heels she had worn to dinner, my cock finally swelled back into full erection at the sight of her.

Her body was incredible. Of course, I knew that from our adventure in the restaurant. And the tight red dress she had been wearing didn't leave a lot to the imagination. But Crystal was a woman who knew how to dress. Far more so than my usual weekend conquests. You never know what you're going to get with a woman like that. The right clothes can conceal a multitude of sins. But when it came to Crystal, there was nothing to conceal. Her body would be the envy of women half her age. Her breasts were large and full, the round nipples pink and raised as I stared at them. Despite her nudity, they seemed to defy gravity, rising proudly from her chest as she stood in the doorway and smiled at me. A long line of muscle ran vertically down her toned stomach, her waist narrowing dramatically before the expanse of her hips. There was that dark patch of pubic hair I remembered from the restaurant, and her exposed six glistening between her legs. My body couldn't help but respond at the sight of her. A handjob on the couch was all well and good, but I wanted more. My heart soared at the thought that so did she.

With the total confidence that set her apart from almost anyone I had ever met, Crystal stood in the doorway to the living room for a while, letting me look at her. Letting me study every line and curve of her spectacular body. Then, she stepped forward. Her high heels rapped loudly on the floor with every step she took as she made her way towards where I sat on the couch. She took her time. Each step was careful, deliberate, calculated for maximum effect. The way she walked was enough to clutch at my stomach and tie my nerves up in knots. That was true even when she was dressed. When she was naked, the effect was that much stronger. So strong, in fact, that I didn't even notice immediately that Crystal carried some objects in her hands. Objects that were meant for me.

"Stand up," she said. Her voice was soft, but there was no doubting the command in her words. And I did as I was told. It never even occurred to me to do anything else. I rose to my feet, and Crystal smiled as she felt my cock rub against her hip. I hadn't broken her rule. Just as I had imagined, staying hard in her presence wasn't a difficult task.

I gasped quietly as Crystal wrapped her fingers around my cock again. Still looking me in the eye, she took a step backward. And another. I had no choice but to go with her as she pulled gently but firmly on my manhood. I stepped away from the couch, following her to the center of the large room. The feel of her hand on my skin was all I could think about. I didn't even notice the objects she held.

Once I was positioned in the center of the room, Crystal released her grip on my cock. She stepped behind me, and I turned my head to keep my eyes on her. But her hands on my arms kept me standing where I was.

"Give me your hands," she said. And I didn't argue. No thought of defiance so much as entered my head as Crystal slid her hands down my arms to reach my wrists. Gently, she guided my arms behind my back. I felt something soft against my skin, and I turned my head again to look over my shoulder and see what she was up to. But all I could see was Crystal's smiling face, and her spectacular boobs rising from her chest and making my cock hum with lust. Gasping for breath, alive with lust in a way I had never been before, I let her do what she wanted. I didn't resist as Crystal wrapped something around each of my wrists. Some kind of fabric that grew tight as she fiddled with the fastening. Then there was a metallic click, and Crystal chuckled as she let go of my arms. They were held now behind my back. She had put handcuffs on me, locking my arms together behind my back. No one had ever treated me like this before. My cock raged with excitement, and I realized my sudden helplessness. Cuffed as I was, I could no longer touch her, and couldn't even touch myself. A strange combination of fear and excitement flooded my veins. Crystal was kinky, that much was for sure. The only thing in doubt was whether I was ready for her.

But Crystal didn't worry about that. She was a woman who knew what she wanted. Circling around me again, she stood in front of me. I didn't even try to prevent my eyes from wandering again over her beautiful body, as though I was seeing it for the first time. She smiled approvingly. Crystal

basked in my obvious adoration of her beauty. It was that, far more than the handcuffs or anything else she might do, that kept me exactly where I was.

"I'm not going to let you fuck me," Crystal said, and I gasped as she ran the tips of her fingers lightly along the underside of my shaft, making my cock bounce in response to her touch. "Not tonight. I'm going to teach you that there are other ways to please a woman. I'm going to train you to devote yourself entirely to my pleasure. That's what my toys are for. To please me. That's all that matters."

"Oh my God," I gasped. If Crystal hadn't so recently milked my cock of an orgasm, I had no doubt that I would have come there and then. Even with the orgasm she had given me, I felt myself hovering on the edge of another. But Crystal knew what she was doing. She was comfortable and knowledgeable about the male anatomy like no one I had ever been with. She was playing me like an instrument, I realized. Keeping me trembling on the very edge of ecstasy without letting me slip over. It was such divine torture to be her plaything. Nothing mattered except the orgasm she dangled in front of me, and yet part of me didn't want that. Not yet. Not that it mattered, apparently, what I wanted. Crystal had her own ideas.

"That's right," Crystal grinned. Those beautiful eyes of hers shone enchantingly as they gazed into mine. "You need to learn. Luckily for you, I enjoy training boys to serve me. I can't promise it will always be easy. But I think you'll learn to enjoy the process."

"Yes," I gasped, eager for whatever it was that she had in mind. Her hands moved, and it was only then that I realized that along with the handcuffs, she had brought downstairs a short length of dark blue rope. I groaned as she took my manhood in her capable hands, deftly holding my balls with one hand while she wrapped the rope around them with the other. Looping the rope around the shaft of my cock a couple of times, she tied it all up in a neat package, leaving one long end of the rope trailing. Taking the trailing end in her hand, she gave a gentle little tug, and I groaned again.

"See?" Crystal said. "I've got you by the balls now. Metaphorically, and literally." With an amused little chuckle, Crystal turned her back on me. She looked just as good from behind as she did from in front. Her ass was full and round, almost at odds with the narrowness of her waist. My cock throbbed against the rope she had bound around it at the mere sight of her

as she stepped forward. The high heels she still wore elongated her toned legs and made her hips sway with every step, and my eyes were locked on the motions of her ass as though her body was hypnotizing me. As she walked away from me, the rope grew taut between us. I grunted in discomfort as Crystal tugged on my balls. I had no choice to follow her, hurrying along after her as she led me on a leash through the house. When she turned to smile at me over her shoulder, my heart missed a beat at the sight of her beautiful face, framed by the cascading locks of her dark hair.

"Come on, puppy," she left as she gave another tug on the rope. "Learning to walk on a leash is part of every boy toy's training. You should stay close enough behind me that there's some slack in the rope. But you walk behind me, always. Your Mistress goes first." I gulped at her words. Shame and humiliation made my skin prickle. This was all so bizarre. The more rational part of my brain demanded that I put a stop to this, that I tell this woman in no uncertain terms that I was not some dog to be trained by her. But my cock surged all the more against the rope wrapped around it, and another playful tug on the line only made my desire grow. Crystal led me to the foot of the stairs, and I watched her buttocks tighten as she began to climb. I followed a single step behind her, trying to maintain the slack in the rope that she had ordained. The bedrooms, I guessed, were upstairs. And despite what Crystal had said, I allowed myself to entertain some hope of what might happen once we reached her room.

Crystal led me down a long hallway where multiple rooms opened on either side. What a spectacle the two of us made, I thought to myself. I had met this woman a matter of hours ago, and now she already had me leashed and cuffed and following where she led. It was embarrassing how easily she took control of me. But I wanted this. I wanted her to control me, even as I feared it. And while embarrassment tugged at my jangly nerves, I had to acknowledge that there was nowhere else at that moment that I wanted to be.

Crystal's bedroom lay at the very end of the long hallway. It was huge. As I followed her inside, I wondered if the place was the same size as the apartment I shared. But I had as little time for such thoughts as I had interest in them. My focus was all on the woman in front of me. Having your cock and balls tied up does wonders for your focus. Not that she

needed it. All Crystal needed to command my entire attention was the spectacular way that she looked.

Crystal's bed dominated the room. It was a vast four-poster affair, with a tall canopy from which curtains hung. The kind of bed that would seem more appropriate in the castle of some beautiful queen. It suited her. To someone who had spent the few years of his adult life on a series of cheap futons, Crystal's bed look like paradise. Especially knowing that it belonged to her. And Crystal led me to the foot of the bed, making me stand so that I faced the mattress. Still holding the end of the rope that was tied around my genitals, she wrapped it around a bar that ran from one of the posts at the bottom of the bed to the other. I groaned as she pulled the rope tight, binding my cock and balls tightly to the furniture. Pleased with her work at last, she stepped back. I was growing more helpless by the minute. Which was exactly what Crystal wanted.

"Does that hurt?" I turned my head to look at Crystal as she stood beside me. The faint smile never left her face as she studied me. She crossed her arms, and her bare breasts rose above them.

"A little bit," I said truthfully. The ache in my balls wasn't nearly enough to mask the arousal I felt. But it was there nonetheless. And there even more so when I tried to move. I would stay tied to the bed until Crystal decided otherwise, that much was clear.

"Good," Crystal smirked. "Remember what I said about pain being part of pleasure? Don't try to pretend that you're not enjoying this." Crystal raised one foot suddenly, and I winced as she brought her high heel down on the bar my cock was tied to. I felt the vibration as her shoe collided with the hard wood, missing my tender flesh by inches. Grinning delightedly, Crystal slid her foot forward until her toe was on top of my cock, pressing it down gently but firmly against the wooden bar. My balls tried to retract closer to my body in fear as she demonstrated the power she held. Panic bloomed in my stomach. This woman was a complete stranger to me. I had no idea of what she might be capable of. How had I let her get me in such a venerable position? The answer to my question throbbed right underneath her shoe. My cock had led me into this situation, my lust the lever she used to get me to do what she wanted. Clearly, it worked.

"You've never had a woman tie you up before?" Crystal's shoe pressed down a little more firmly on my cock as she spoke.

"No," I gasped.

"So we're starting from scratch. Good. But that means I need to teach you the basics. Such as obedience. And respect. And the consequences of your actions." I groaned as Crystal push down even harder on my cock with her foot before lifting it away. I turned my head to watch as she made her way across the vast room. What I had taken to be a separate room was, in fact, a huge walk-in closet, and Crystal disappeared through the open door as she went to fetch something. I heard a drawer open and close. When Crystal reappeared in the doorway, she held a black leather paddle in her hand.

Menacingly, Crystal strutted across the bedroom toward me, rhythmically tapping the paddle lightly against the palm of her other hand. I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. I had been about to tell her to stop, that things had gone too far. A little bit of kinky sex is one thing, but the weapon she held terrified me. But her words downstairs came back to haunt me. If I told her to stop, she would stop. But that would be an end to this journey of discovery. Our relationship, such as it was, would be over before it began. And that was the thought I simply couldn't bear. So I kept silent as Crystal advanced on me, sauntering in the full knowledge that there was nowhere I could go. Finally, she stood behind me, and I felt her free hand on my shoulder as she pressed her body against mine. The warmth and softness of her skin drove me to distraction, making my cock surge against the ropes that bound it as she ran her hand over my chest behind.

"First of all, you need to show me the proper respect." Crystal's voice was low, but I heard every word as she spoke. Her lips brushed against the skin of my ear as she held me from behind. "From now on, you will address me as Mistress. Is that understood?" I gasped as her paddle tapped against my bare ass. The blow was soft, but the implication was clear. Crystal was going to make me do what she wanted. And there was nothing I could do to stop her.

"Yes," I gasped. Crystal's laugh in my ear was chilling.

"Yes, what?" This time I cried out as the paddle slapped my ass. The blow was much harder this time, and I felt the stinging heat spreading out from the site of impact across my skin. I had never been spanked, not even as a child. But at the mercy of this older woman, I was quickly learning that it was foolish to cross her.

"Yes, Mistress," I growled between gritted teeth. I heard a sharp hiss of drawn breath as Crystal reacted, and the fingernails of her free hand against the skin of my chest as she raked them over my body.

"That's better," she whispered in my ear. Her voice had changed. There was an edge to it now that made some wild part of me want to run. But I was going nowhere. We both knew that. Crystal had me completely at her mercy.

"You need to learn that disobeying me will bring punishment," Crystal went on. "And besides, I think you need to be punished for what you did to my daughter. This is how cheaters are born. They get away with it once, and they are certain to do it again. I'm going to teach you never to treat a woman like that." Crystal could say whatever she wanted. But I knew the truth. You could hear it in her voice. She wanted this. The thought of what she was about to do excited her. And the fact that it excited her couldn't help but excite me. The rope grew ever tighter around my cock and balls as my erection swelled frantically.

"Bend over," she ordered. I felt her hand on my shoulder pushing me down, forcing me to bend at the waist. My chest hit the mattress. I turned my head, trying to keep her in view as she stood behind me. I felt ridiculously vulnerable. I was. And I knew what was coming next. The cuffs she had put on held my wrists firmly behind my back, just as the rope tied around my cock and balls kept me anchored to the bed. There was nowhere to go, no way to stop what was about to happen without bringing this whole kinky game to an end. And so I determined myself to endure.

The paddle cracked against my ass with a sound that filled the bedroom. The pain bloomed just a moment later, and I groaned as I felt it slowly spreading.

"Don't be a wimp," Crystal snarled behind me. "Take your punishment like a man. The more you protest, the more I'm going to beat you."

"Yes, Mistress," I winced as the paddle fell again. Crystal struck me over and over, making sure there wasn't an inch of my skin that didn't feel the sharp sting of the implement. And it hurt. Make no mistake about that. But the pain was unlike any I had felt before. Each blow seemed to send another jolt through my bound cock as I lay bent over Crystal's bed. I recoiled uselessly from the blows she landed, and yet a good part of my writhing owed more to pleasure than to pain. She was right. I had told her I wasn't into being hurt, and I didn't think that I was. But when Crystal was the one doing it, everything changed. The helplessness and humiliation of my position served to fuel my desire, so that I had never wanted anyone more than the woman who was torturing me. It was my first encounter with the dark waters of submission. I've never forgotten it since.

Ten times, the paddle cracked against my ass. Crystal did not take it easy. She swung each blow with full strength, laughing with glee at the way I bucked against my bonds and the cries of protest that escaped my clenched teeth. When she finally set the paddle down, laying it on my back just above my cuffed hands, I heaved a sigh of relief. Beneath me, my cock raged, as hard as ever. But I hoped desperately the punishment was over, and we could get to the more enjoyable parts of the evening.

"Have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, Mistress." Crystal laughed out loud at the speed of my response. The pain in my ass told me that I would never forget to address her properly again. Crystal was so beautiful and so sexy that I inherently wanted to do whatever she wanted. But this demonstration of her power was not wasted on me. Crystal could reward, but she could also punish. My best course of action was to do everything I could not to displease her.

"I hope so," she said. "I hope you've learned the error of your ways. You shouldn't have cheated on my daughter."

"No, Mistress," I panted. "I'm sorry. I'll never do it again, I swear."

"Well, you say that right now," she said. "But we'll see. Lots of men will say whatever they think they need to say to escape punishment. Once I'm done training you, you won't even think about disrespecting a woman like that again."

"No, Mistress." It shocked even me how readily the humiliating words tripped off my tongue. But it was impossible not to see the truth of it. In a matter of hours, Crystal had reduced me to exactly what she said she would – a toy for her amusement. I was entirely at her mercy. And even with the pain she had delivered, I loved it. To be taken like this, to be owned, to be made helpless by the most beautiful woman I had ever seen was a giddy thrill. And as I lay on the bed, the pain in my beaten backside slowly fading, I listened to Crystal make her way across the vast bedroom towards the closet again. What else did she have in store for me? All I could do was wait and see.

Crystal took her time, as always. There was no need to hurry. She reinforced that fact with every second that trickled past. She finally returned from the walk-in closet, and I raised my head from the mattress to look at her. She was carrying the cardboard box in her hands. Smiling faintly, she made her way across the bedroom and set the box down on the bed in front of me. Then she climbed onto the mattress, her high heels shining in the light as she sat up on her knees. Her hands disappeared into the box, and she smiled at me as she rummaged through its contents.

"I told you I wasn't going to fuck you tonight," she said. "And I'm not. But breaking in a new boy toy always gets me excited. I deserve to cum, don't I?"

"Yes, Mistress." I craned my neck to look up at her from the mattress. Strangely enough, it never even occurred to me to stand up straight again. Crystal hadn't told me to, and so I never even thought of it. Even then, on the first night we met, I could feel myself losing my will to her. I never stood a chance.

"I'm glad you feel that way," Crystal grinned. "So now, I'm going to have some fun. And all you get to do is watch."

# The Threat

Crystal sat on the bed in front of me. I craned my neck to look up at her as I lay on my stomach, right where she had left me. My ass burned from the spanking she had given me, but every throb of my hot skin only served to remind me of the arousal that I felt. And underneath my stomach, another merciless throb reminded me of the perverse pleasure I was getting from being in this submissive position. My cock was trapped underneath my body, pressed between my stomach and the mattress I lay on, and the pressure of my own weight was doing interesting things to my organ. I could feel the rope she had tied around my manhood tighten as I struggled against it. I couldn't help myself. The desire for orgasm was just too strong. Slowly, subtly, barely noticing myself what I was doing, I moved my hips back and forth, even as the tight rope grew tighter. I was humping the mattress, so overwhelmed with lust that I couldn't help myself. If Crystal noticed, she said nothing.

Instead, she reached into the box that sat on the mattress in front of her. I watched as she produced a plastic toy. All of her movements were slow and deliberate as she put on a show for me. Crystal knew exactly what she was doing. And a stray thought ran through my mind as I wondered how often she had done this kind of thing before. It was all completely new to me. But Crystal was twice my age. And the confidence she exuded left me in no doubt that this was a woman who had been around the block. Her toy collection alone demonstrated that.

A low buzz filled the air in the bedroom as she flicked the switch on the toy she held. Sitting back on the bed, Crystal spread her legs in front of me. Already, it seemed like days since I had gone down on her under the table in the restaurant. My frustration was turning minutes into hours. And although I had cum not long ago, looking up at Crystal on the bed above me made it feel as though it had been weeks. Her body was incredible. I had never been with a woman as old as she was, but Crystal did not need to be envious of the 20-year-olds I had been with up to that point. She was sexier than any of them. Her black hair cascaded over her shoulders, framing her delicate features. Her multicolored eyes glowed as she stared fixedly at me.

I watched her eyelids slowly lower as she pressed the buzzing toy against herself. The rounded head moved up and down between her spread thighs, buzzing against the swollen lips of her pussy and the emerging bud of her clit. Crystal let out a long moan, and I watched her beautiful body convulse with swelling pleasure. Whatever the toy was doing to her, its effects were virtually immediate. Her voice rang out in the bedroom, and for the first time in my adult life, I realized that we didn't have to try and be quiet. The walls in my apartment were paper-thin. But Crystal's house was huge, and attached to no one. We could be as loud as we liked. And a combination of delight and nervousness filled me at the realization that no one would hear us. It's not that I didn't know already that I was completely Crystal's mercy. That was what made what was happening so thrilling. But the fading remnants of the rational part of my brain screamed at me that I must be mad to allow this. To place myself so completely in the hands of a total stranger.

And yet there was nowhere else I wanted to be.

"Oh God," Crystal gasped, her eyes rolling in her head as she thrashed on the mattress above me. One of her slender high heels caught in the sheets as her legs thrashed, but she didn't seem to notice. Crystal moaned, lost in a world of pleasure of which she was the sole occupant. A beautiful and endlessly alluring world that I could only peer into as though through the bars of the cage. The blood pounded in my ears, and my bound cock throbbed mercilessly underneath my stomach.

"Oh, that feels so good," Crystal gasped. And I could hear the truth of what she was saying in the raw edge that had entered her voice. "That's it," she panted. Her eyes were closed now, and her long dark lashes cast faint bars of shadow on her skin in the overhead light. "That's it. Keep watching," she moaned, and the plastic toy in her hand creaked as she squeezed it tighter in her fist. "I want you to see what you can't have," she growled, as though every word cost her an enormous effort. "I want you to see what my toys are for." The words trailed off into a high shriek, and the bed quaked beneath us as she writhed and thrashed in what, if I had known better, would have looked almost like pain. But it wasn't. It was pleasure, the kind of pleasure I could only imagine. As I watched Crystal squirm and yell, I wondered if I had ever felt anything quite so overwhelming as the orgasm that tore through her. I'll admit it; I was jealous. As much as I craved another orgasm of my own, I knew it would never compare to hers.

The all-body sensation of female pleasure seems so much more profound than the brief bright release of my own climax. Still, that was what I wanted above anything else. And that was what I couldn't have.

Crystal yelled, and I saw her body stiffen. I had seen women cum before, of course. But never like this. Usually, when it happened, I was deeply involved in the process, too bound up in my own pleasure to notice every subtle sign and nuance. But not this time. This time, I saw it all. I saw the way Crystal's closed eyelids fluttered, and the way her nipples hardened. The way her shoulders shook, and her stomach flexed. The way her legs thrashed, the thighs trembling uncontrollably as the toy buzzed against her pussy. I saw it all. As though her body was connected to my own, the vibrating string that I was being tuned to. The music of her pleasure filled not only the air of the bedroom around us, but also the hollow space inside my chest and stomach. I could feel nothing, yet I could feel everything. Crystal's orgasm washed over me through all of my senses but one. I couldn't touch her. She was so close, and yet she might as well be on the other side of the planet all the good it did me. All I could do was watch and breathe in the air perfumed with her lust and listen to her moan and sigh in pleasure as she slowly descended from the dizzying peak of orgasm.

When Crystal opened her eyes, their fearsome beauty struck me again as though I was seeing them for the first time. She stared down the mattress at me, her white teeth showing in the gap of her parted red lips as her chest rose and fell. The buzzing noise stopped as she turned off her vibrator and set it down on the mattress beside her. She was glowing with pleasure, her cheeks flushed and her body still trembling with the aftershocks of orgasm. But the way she was looking at me told me that the night wasn't over. Far from it. She wasn't done with me yet.

Crystal swung one leg over the other, crossing them at the ankle and depriving me again of the sight of her wet pussy. I remembered how she had done a similar thing in the restaurant early that night. Like any good performer, Crystal knew not to show too much at any one time. That might no longer be any real mystery for me between her legs, and yet I still yearned for the sight of her womanhood, and felt the torment of frustration as it was denied me. The high-heeled pumps she still wore glistened in the light right beside my head as one of her feet twitched. Crystal looked endlessly pleased with herself she gazed down at me, basking in her

complete control of the situation. I stared up at her open-mouthed, my cock throbbing mercilessly underneath me as I gazed at her ravishing beauty and waited to see what was next.

"You silly boys," she finally said with a girlish giggle that was at odds with her middle age. "You always think with your cocks, don't you? That's what makes you so easy to control." I could hardly deny the truth of her words, even if I had been in a position to do so. After all, I was bent over the foot of her bed with my hands cuffed behind me and my ass burning from the spanking she had given me. It certainly wasn't rational thought that had led me to this position.

"You want to fuck me so bad, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped, my words accompanied by a bright burst of laughter from Crystal. The expressions moved across her face like the shadow of a cloud sweeping over a mountain, her obvious amusement quickly replaced by a mocking pout that made her project her lower lip outward as her smooth brow furrowed.

"Poor little boy toy," she teased. "You have to earn that privilege. Maybe you never will. Maybe I'll just keep you as a teased toy, and make you watch me cum without ever getting to yourself. Would you like that?"

"No, Mistress," I said as respectfully as I could manage while fear clawed frantically at my stomach. Was she serious? Part of Crystal's power came from the fact that I never really knew.

"That's too bad," Crystal smirked. "Little boys like you want to cum, but they need to learn that their pleasure doesn't matter. It's mine that counts. Isn't that right, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned as Crystal laughed again. There didn't seem to be much point arguing with her. No matter what humiliating declarations she wanted me to say, there was nothing I could do to stop her. And Crystal was right. I did want her. I wanted her more than I had ever wanted any woman, maybe more than I had ever wanted anything in my life. I wanted her the way a drowning man longs to feel the earth beneath his feet. It was a strange spell this older woman had woven over me, but I was helplessly ensnared. She could tease me all she wanted, and it would only make me

desire her more. Even I could see that much. And Crystal, of course, already knew. She knew everything.

“Good,” Crystal smirked at my answer. “You’re already getting more obedient. That beating has done wonders for your attitude. Or maybe it’s watching me orgasm that has brought you in line.”

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped, nodding my head in agreement while she burst out laughing. The bed rocked to the laughter that shook her body as she gazed down delightedly at me.

"I've trained enough boys like you to know what works," she said, and her tone of complete confidence made me tremble as I gazed up at her. "Some react better to punishment. While others are motivated more by reward. I guess we'll find out which you are in time."

"Yes, Mistress," I humbly replied. I had to admit, even if only to myself, that the spanking Crystal had given me had not been as unpleasant as I feared. Yes, it hurt. It was supposed to. I could still feel the heat of the blows radiating out from where she had struck me on my backside. But somehow, having a woman like her do it made it more erotic than I ever would have imagined. Still, it wasn't an experience I was keen to repeat. I wanted Crystal, in whatever way she might let me have her. I could still taste the flavor of her pleasure from our time at the restaurant, the only dinner I had had. I wanted more. I wanted to see and hear her cum again, even in the knowledge that it would only make my predicament worse. I didn't care. My body was firmly in charge of my brain, my manhood throbbing and aching beneath me as I pressed it against her mattress. It was shocking how easily Crystal had brought me under her control. But now that I was there, there seemed to be only one thing to do. To obey her completely and hope she would grant me at least some of what she knew I wanted most.

But Crystal was in no hurry. She never was. Still smiling down at me, her full breasts rising and falling on her chest with every slow breath she took, she uncrossed her ankles and moved her feet close to my face. The toe of her shoe ran over my cheek, and her high-heel scraped the bedsheet as she used her foot to raise my chin toward her.

"You know what I like?" Crystal asked as she stared into my eyes. Speechless, I shook my head. Something told me I was about to find out. "I

like making boys beg," she said. "Especially boys like you. Cocky little boys who just found out how to use their dicks and think that that somehow makes them God's gift to women. Boys like you have so much to learn. You're lucky I'm here to teach you. To teach you a lesson for cheating on my daughter."

"Yes, Mistress," I managed to say between clenched teeth. Crystal's foot under my chin didn't allow me to open my mouth. She could say what she wanted, about what happened between Gemma and me. She could pretend this was some perverse kind of revenge, and maybe there was some truth to that. But the look in Crystal's eyes told me that she was doing what she was doing because she wanted to. Because she enjoyed it. And her words only confirmed what I already knew. This was how Crystal was wired. She had played these games before, even if I hadn't. What excuse had she used on the last man she had in such a compromising position? I tried not to think about it. But the idea that this was something that Crystal did, that I wasn't the only man she had tormented and humiliated like this, was doing strange things to my brain. As though she was rewiring me, remaking me in the image of what she wanted. The relentless pressure of her teasing, the insupportable weight of my own desire, was warping my responses. Or at least that's how it felt. If I had ever had any desire to play these kinds of games, it was buried so deep that I might never have found it without her. But now that she was here, I couldn't deny the simple truth that nothing in my life had ever been this exciting.

"So beg," Crystal giggled. "You know the rules. You no longer get to orgasm without my permission. So I want to hear you beg my permission. Go on."

"Please, Mistress," I hissed through clenched teeth, surprising even myself with the speed of my response. Crystal laughed delightedly as I did as I was told. "Please let me cum, please Mistress! You're so beautiful, and you're so sexy. I'm sorry for cheating on Gemma, really I am. Please forgive me, Mistress! Please let me cum!"

"That's good," Crystal said, her voice a low growl now that raised the hairs on the back of my neck as she spoke. "I like a boy that's learned his place. You should probably kiss my feet to show me you understand your new position." Crystal bent one knee, removing her foot from under my

chin to set it on the mattress in front of me. I gulped. Just like being made to call her Mistress, I knew there would be no going back from this. If I did what she was asking, how would I ever be able to look at myself in the mirror again? I would always know what I had done. So would she. But then, how much difference could it possibly make at this point? She had already tied me up and spanked me. She had made me beg. For the rest of the time that we were in one another's lives, neither of us would forget what she had already made me do. In her presence, I already knew I would never be able to pretend to be anything other than what I was, horny and submissive.

And Crystal waited. Her beautiful eyes glowed as she stared challengingly into mine. I never could resist those greenish grayish bluish whirlpools that tugged at something deep inside me, that made me feel as though she could strip the flesh from my bones with just a look and see deep into the most hidden corners of my psyche. Crystal was undeniably beautiful, but she was more than that. She was sexy and powerful unlike any woman I ever knew. If she wanted me to grovel, to worship her like a goddess, it hardly seemed unjustified. Humiliating, yes. But somehow appropriate. And if there was any doubt that I would do exactly what she said, driven on by my desperate desire that only she could alleviate, it vanished as I lunged forward. Crystal laughed loudly, and my cock throbbed more urgently than ever beneath my body as I pressed my lips to the toe of her shoe. The patent leather was smooth and warm against my skin. I felt my cheeks burning with shame as I repeatedly kissed her foot while she lay back on the bed, watching my every movement with a smug smile on her pretty face.

"I didn't say you could stop begging," Crystal said in a quiet voice that nevertheless cut through the smacking sound of my lips against leather. Like anyone with real power, Crystal saw that she didn't need to raise her voice to make me bend to her will.

"Please, Mistress," I groaned as I continued to shower her foot with humble kisses. "Please let me cum, please! I'll do whatever you say."

"That's right," Crystal grinned mockingly. "You will do whatever I say. I'm going to enjoy training you to be my toy. By the time I'm done with

you, you won't have a thought in your empty little head other than how better to please your Mistress."

"Oh my God," I gasped between frantic kisses, and Crystal laughed again.

"That's right," she said again. "Or goddess might be more appropriate. You're going to worship the ground I walk on."

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned. Every kiss of her foot seemed to be pushing me further and deeper into total submission to her will. I didn't even notice that I was openly humping the mattress now, oblivious to the constraints of the rope that she had tied around my cock and balls and around the foot of her bed. Every nerve in my body crackled with unrelieved lust, and the room seemed to spin around me as I moaned and gasped. The leather cups wrapped around my wrists held my hands firmly behind my back, no matter how I struggled against them. My body writhed and bucked, no longer in my control as I lost what faint composure I had still possessed. My lips were pressed against my new mistress's shoe, and the smell of her recent orgasm still filled the air just as the taste of her still haunted my mouth, and my ass burned from the beating she had given me. The sensations I was feeling, both physical and psychological, overwhelmed me completely. I gave out a loud shout, half pleasure, half despair, as my orgasm overwhelmed me. My cock twitched under my stomach, and I felt the hot explosion of my cum as I spurted onto the mattress. My shameful ejaculate coated my stomach as I moaned and twitched, gasping out my pleasure against Crystal's foot.

And she watched the whole thing. Her gorgeous eyes never left me, not even for a moment, as she studied the physiological reaction traveling through me. The tremors shook my body and the bed we lay on. It was my third orgasm of the night, and yet I came as though it had been months since my last climax. It went on and on, spurt after spurt, as I emptied myself all over Crystal's bed. And when the spasm finally passed, a deep sense of shame and fear settled down over me. I had broken the rules. Crystal had been more than clear about that. She had not given me permission to let myself go, and I dreaded what her reaction might be. I hardly dared raise my eyes to hers as she sat above me in silence, letting the anticipation feed the fear I was feeling while the seconds ticked agonizingly by.

“Are you finished?” I couldn’t miss the new steel in her voice as she spoke. A tremor raced along my spine as I lay in front of her, totally humiliated by my loss of self-control.

“Yes, Mistress,” I gasped.

With sudden movements that made her bare breasts bounce, Crystal swung her legs over me to the side of the bed. In one smooth motion, she stood. I watched her with a rising sense of panic as she circled around behind me. What awful torment did she have in store for me next? Sharp pain bloomed in my scalp as she took hold of a handful of my hair and pulled.

"Stand up," she briskly ordered. Wincing at her grip on my hair, I raised myself up off the mattress. My cock stood at half-mast, the final drops of semen still leaking from its receding tip. The dark stain on the mattress where I had lain surprised even me with its size. I felt Crystal staring down at it, and I watched her beautiful face in the corner of my eye. Her nostrils flared in anger, and a faint muscle twitched in her cheek. Her wrath would be terrible; I was sure of that.

But I wasn’t prepared for what she did next.

Still holding her tight grip on my hair, Crystal reached down towards the rope wrapped around my genitals. She tugged swiftly at one end of the rope, and the knots fell apart, releasing me from her bed. Her eyes blazed as she flung the rope to the floor, turning to face me as I shifted uneasily on my feet.

"Get out," she snarled, pointing toward the open door of her bedroom. "I have no time for boys who can't follow simple instructions. You agreed to the rules, and then you broke them. Get out of my house. Put your clothes on and call a taxi. I never want to see you again."

And now it was my turn to surprise her. But not nearly as much as I surprised myself.

"No," I cried out, the word leaving my mouth before I could even think about what I was saying. Crystal's sculpted eyebrows rose on her smooth brow. "Please, Mistress," I went on, inwardly despising myself for the sob of desperation I knew she would hear in my voice. But I had already made my feelings clear. There was nothing to be gained from backpedaling now.

And my spontaneous reaction to her words had been utterly genuine. As terrified as I was of what perverse punishment Crystal might inflict on me for my disobedience, her threatened absence was worse than anything I could imagine. I didn't want to go. I couldn't explain it myself, and I struggle to explain it even now. But the thought of not seeing her again, of never playing these kinky games with her, terrified me. Anything was better than that.

"Please don't send me away, Mistress," I moaned, while a beautiful and dazzling smile broke across Crystal's face. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I promise I'll try harder. I'll do what you say." Young as I was, my cock had still not entirely softened despite my orgasm. With Crystal's beauty in front of me, I had a feeling it never would, not completely. And even though I had only just cum, my desire, though lessened, had not gone away. Crystal still had her most potent weapon, the one she used so skillfully against me. Or was it me using it against myself? In the days that followed, I often replayed this moment. There were times, I'll admit, I wondered why I hadn't simply taken the opportunity to leave and never see this crazy bitch again. But generally, I remembered why. To think about Crystal and the things we had done was to become turned on all over again, and in that state, I was hers. From the moment I met her, the very moment I saw her striding across the restaurant in her sexy red dress to meet me, I had fallen hard for my ex-girlfriend's mother. It was that, the desperate infatuation the source of which I could hardly guess, that made me unable to walk away.

"Is that so?" Crystal's eyes flickered dangerously, and my heart fluttered in my chest as she smiled wolfishly at me. "You really want me that bad?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped. "I do." Crystal's smile widened. She tapped a manicured finger against her chin as her devious brain kicked into high gear.

"Well, I could let you stay," she mused. "But you have to atone for your little accident. You have to make it up to me. And you're not going to like it." But I didn't care. Her warnings fell on deaf ears. Hope surged inside me at the thought that there was some way for me to get back into her good graces. I was that smitten already.

“Yes, Mistress,” I said, my heart brimming with joy. “I’ll do whatever you say. I promise, Mistress.” Even in my state of utter yearning, I couldn’t entirely suppress the fear that went scuttling in some low level of my stomach at the way Crystal smiled at me.

“That’s what I like to hear,” she grinned.

# Boy Toy's Humiliation

"On your knees." I still hadn't gotten used to the abrupt tonal shifts of Crystal's voice. Maybe I never would. One more tool she used to keep me forever off-balance, always on the back foot whenever I was near her. As though her staggering beauty wasn't weapon enough. Crystal pointed at the floor of her bedroom as she spoke, in front of her feet. Still wearing the high-heeled shoes she had worn to dinner, she was close to my height. But for the difference in power and authority between us, she might as well have been ten feet tall. And she looked so beautiful, standing there naked except for her provocative shoes, the patent black leather of one still glistening with the marks from my desperate kisses. One foot was in front of her, the knees slightly bent, her heels not quite touching the floor. The long muscles of her legs drew my eyes upwards, toward the intoxicating expanse of her hips and the dark patch of pubic hair that seemed to point the way to her glistening womanhood.

The air in the bedroom still smelled of her, the mixture of her perfume and the scent of her skin and the residue of her toy-assisted orgasm that still hung in the air and tugged at every taut wire of lust inside me. The faint line of muscle that showed on her toned stomach reached up to just under her breasts, where the round mounds of flesh rose from her heaving chest, their nipples pink and puffy. Her dark hair cascaded over her slender shoulders, and the deep black strands made her incredible eyes stand out all the more. Between dark bars of eyelashes like a cage, her eyes glittered, their color shifting as they caught and reflected the light. Now green, now blue, now gray, her eyes were a restless sea that only got more beautiful the more I looked at them. There was nothing in me that wanted to say no to her, no matter what she had in mind. The fear of being banished from her presence hung over me like a dangling sword, compelling me to do whatever lay in my power to ensure she would let me stay. My ass still burned from the beating she had given me earlier, and my heart rose toward my throat in fear of what she might do to me now, to punish me for an unauthorized ejaculation. But it didn't matter. Nothing she could do would be worse than refusing to see me ever again. I might have met Crystal only that night, but already I could see that I didn't want to be without her. Being with her,

playing these wild games, was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me. It felt almost as though I hadn't truly been alive until the minute she walked through the door of the restaurant and strutted towards my table, her bright red dress clinging to every curve of her beautiful body as she lowered herself into the seat in front of me. Everything that followed that moment was my real and true life. The rest was just a succession of chores and tasks I needed to perform while I waited to truly live.

So course, I dropped to my knees. Crystal had untied the short rope she had bound around my cock and balls and used to anchor me to the footboard of her bed. But she hadn't removed the handcuffs that held my hands behind my back. I lowered myself awkwardly to the floor, kneeling right where she pointed while she watched my every movement. The look of triumph on her pretty face was both chilling and exquisitely sexy. As young as I was, my cock twitched as I gazed up at her. No matter that I just had my third orgasm of the night. In Crystal's presence, my manhood couldn't seem to be tamed. Unlike the rest of me.

"You really want to stay, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied breathlessly.

"All right. But you need to clean up your mess." Crystal took a half step toward the bed, and I watched the muscles move under her soft skin as she bent slightly over the mattress. Her hand reached the wet spot I had left, the alarming eruption of semen that had exploded out of my body while I groveled before her. Smiling faintly, she dabbed with a single finger at the viscous fluid. Her fingertip shone as she held it in front of my face.

"Open wide," she giggled as she lowered her hand to my mouth. I grimaced. Of all the humiliating things I'd been made to do already that night, this was without a doubt the worst. I had never even contemplated doing anything like what crystal now ordered me to do. The last thing I wanted, after all that had happened, was to disobey her and risk her further displeasure. But I hadn't anticipated this.

Crystal saw my reluctance, and it was like a beacon to her. Wherever she found the faultlines of fear and disgust in me, that was where she knew to dig. I was an open book to her. Half her age, I lacked even a tenth of the sexual experience she had. It was as though she could see right through me. And she knew how to shape her charges.

Crystal's face darkened as she stepped closer to me. Her free hand gripped the back of my head, pulling my face toward her. Her other hand grew blurry in my sight as she held it in front of me.

"Do it," she snarled as her index finger hovered in front of my mouth, glistening with my cum. "You said you would do whatever I wanted. Or should I send you away after all?" That did it. Just as Crystal knew it would. I had revealed my biggest fear, and Crystal wouldn't be who she was if she didn't exploit it. As though she was determined to see just how much this all meant to me, Crystal was going to use the threat of ending this game to draw me further into submission to her. Even as I kneeled before her, I could see that. But I couldn't resist. Couldn't, and didn't want to.

So while my heart pounded in my chest, while my stomach flipped like an eager dog, I closed my eyes and opened my mouth. Crystal crowed in triumph as she slid her finger between my lips, and I tasted my own ejaculate on my tongue for the first time in my life.

"That's right," Crystal cooed above me, "get it all. Lick it up. Suck it. Suck my finger like you're sucking a cock. Suck it the way you'd want me to suck your cock. Like that would ever happen," she finished with a giggle that made my heart contract. I hadn't even dared to imagine Crystal doing such a thing. But now that she had said it, I could think of little else. More shame burned my heart as though I was slowly being roasted from the inside. While my cheeks turned red and my lips trembled, I did as I was told. I wrapped my lips around Crystal's finger and gently sucked, grimacing and swallowing as the last traces of my cum vanished from her fingertip.

"Good boy," Crystal purred, and there was an edge to her voice that made me tremble to hear it. Desire burned in her words, desire to disgrace and humiliate me, to make me bend to her will and lose my identity in service to her. It was exactly what I wanted too, my own desires repeated back to me in a different key. Doing this to me excited Crystal, and the thought that anything I did could excite a woman as beautiful and sexual as her felt like a victory. Even in the midst of total shame, I felt a perverse kind of pride to know that Crystal was getting turned on.

"Stay there," Crystal said. Her fingers slid out of my mouth with a wet pop, and I gasped quietly as I trembled on my knees. I couldn't explain the

tremors that shook my body. Was it lust or shame or fear or some combination of all of them made me shake like a tree in a gale? I didn't know. All I knew was that my body no longer seemed like my own. It was an instrument for Crystal to play, a tool for her to use. Even as I kneeled there at the foot of her bed, my cock rose ponderously into the air again, swelling unstoppably until it was fully erect again.

Crystal turned away from me. Placing one hand on the top of my head, she raised her foot to the mattress in front of us. Using me as a support, she climbed onto the bed, balancing precariously as her high heels sunk into the mattress. With one hand holding onto the tall post at the corner of the bed, she turned to face me again as she towered over me. I saw her sly smile as she raised a foot and ran it over the mattress, right at the spot where I had cum. She moved her foot back and forth, and I felt as though an iron fist was squeezing my heart as I saw what she was doing. Still smiling, she stepped toward me, standing at last on the footboard of the bed. She held with both hands to one of the tall posts of the canopy bed now, allowing me to gaze up at her naked body high above me like the goddess she was. Tossing her black hair back from her face, Crystal smiled as she pointed to her feet.

"Clean your cum off my shoe," she ordered, her glowing eyes peering deep into mine as though she was looking for the faintest hint of defiance. But I had none left. The task she had assigned me made my cheeks burn with shame, but I knew I had no choice. Not if I wanted to keep playing this thrilling game with her. I shuffled forward on my knees, my face level with her feet as I bent over her shoe. I could see my smeared semen on the black patent leather of her right foot, and as I got closer, I could smell my own fluids. It was utterly shameful. But I had no choice. And if I was going to do such a humiliating task, it was better just to get it over with as quickly as possible.

Crystal laughed loudly as I pressed my mouth to her foot. My cum slid over the leather as I tried to lick it up, trying not to taste the fluid as I took it into my mouth. There was nothing quick or easy about the job she had given me. My cum clung to Crystal's shoe as though it never wanted to leave, as though it wanted to remain on her body no matter what. I had to lick every inch of her foot to get it clean of the semen that she had wiped up from the mattress. And Crystal was in no hurry. She watched, laughing and

giggling to herself the whole while as I debased myself at her feet. She had me. She knew it. She knew it as surely as I did.

Finally, Crystal's black shoe shone with nothing more than my own saliva. Every trace of my cum was finally removed. But from where I kneeled at the foot of the bed, I could see how much of the dark stain remained on the mattress, and how much of my cum still pooled on the sheet. Such a monstrous orgasm she had drawn from me. More of my fluids were clinging to my stomach as I gazed up at her in total humiliation, total rapture. The image of her standing so tall above me, her feet level with my face, felt as though it was burning itself onto my brain. It was an image I would return to again and again, on those empty nights when Crystal wasn't with me. That, and a million other images of the night we first met.

“I’ve got an idea,” Crystal said. The beautiful smile on her face sent a chill through my bones. Releasing her grip on the tall post of the bed, she sank to her knees on the mattress. She turned away from me, reaching for the cardboard box her vibrator had been in. It was all I could do not to sigh out loud at the curve of her ass presented in front of me, so close and yet so far away. Her body only seemed to get more incredible, more unbelievably sexy, the more time I spent gazing at her. I couldn’t tear my eyes away. Everything about her was sheer perfection.

When Crystal turned back toward me, sweeping her ink-black hair away from her face, I saw that she held a dildo in her hand. A black rubber cock that looked large and obscene in her fist as she kneeled on the mattress in front of me. Her thighs were spread, and I didn't even try to stop my eyes sinking to the dark patch of her pubic hair and the pussy that shone underneath. Crystal was monumentally turned on, as excited in her own way as I was. But she didn't experience the fear I felt of what was coming next. She didn't share in my helplessness. She was fully in control. And I watched as she rubbed the dildo over the wet spot on the sheet, just as she had done with her shoe. It didn't take a genius to know what was coming next. Once the dildo glistened with more of my semen, Crystal moved forward. Shifting her weight, she sat on the end of the bed, draping her legs over the footboard in front of me. While one hand held the base of the dildo against her body, the other reached out to grab a fistful of my hair and pulled me closer.

"Get over here," she growled, but the smile on her face as she spoke was even more terrifying than her voice. Her grip on my hair was remorseless. She held the dildo against her pubic bone so that it rose up from between her legs as though it was a part of her, as though she had been somehow transformed into a creature once male and female. I tried to banish such thoughts as I shuffled closer to her. Once again, I could smell my orgasm rising from the toy as it hovered in front of my face. Of course I knew what Crystal wanted. She hadn't been joking when she said she was going to make things hard for me. She was making me earn the privilege of her company. The cuffs rattled behind my back as I tried to move my shackled arms. But it was no use. Crystal's toy shone in front of my lips, and the way out, I knew, was the way through.

"Your pussy eating in the restaurant showed potential," Crystal grinned down at me as she pressed the toy to my lips. "But now I think you need to work on your cock sucking skills. Get this toy nice and shiny and clean for me." She pulled harder on my hair, and I had no choice but to open my mouth and take the toy inside. It's just a toy, I told myself, over and over as the dildo invaded my mouth. Just a piece of rubber. It's not the real thing. Even if I could taste my own semen on the dildo. Even if it filled my mouth until my eyes began to water. Crystal laughed in sadistic delight as she used her grip on my hair to make my head bob up and down, just like some slut in a dirty movie sucking cock on her knees.

"That's it," she snarled, her eyes half-closed as she stared down at me between her legs. "Suck that cock. And make sure you swallow like a good slut." And I did. I had no choice. The sooner my punishments were over, I hoped, the sooner we could get back to more pleasant activities. My tongue moved over the toy, scooping up my semen before I swallowed it. The humiliation was total, the situation utterly mortifying. I found myself wishing that Crystal had chosen to paddle my ass again. The physical pain she gave me was nothing compared to this. But Crystal had her own desires and pleasures. And as I watched, I noticed that she was grinding her hips against the base of the dildo, using the end of the toy to pleasure herself. The smell of her arousal gradually overcame the taste of my own cum, and the deeper she forced me to take the toy into my mouth, the closer my nose came to her divine pussy. Trying not to gag on the dildo, I let her fuck my face while her pussy streamed with a fresh flood of excited juices.

"That's good," Crystal snarled above me, her arousal getting the better of her as she surrendered to her deviant lust. "That's a good boy." I hardly noticed, distracted as I was, that she had raised a foot until I felt her sharp heel press against my shoulder. The dildo slid free of my mouth as she pushed me away, and I fell backward with a cry. I sprawled clumsily on the floor, flopping like a landed fish while Crystal rose to her feet. She stepped quickly forward and put her foot to my shoulder again, pinning me to the floor with one slender leg. As she stood above me, the dildo in her hand, I stared up at her dripping pussy as it hovered above me. My cock throbbed with unrelieved desire. She was remorselessly beautiful. She looked so dominant and commanding as she stood above me with the menacing toy in her hand. Another image I would never forget.

With an agility that belied her age, Crystal stood over me and swiftly crouched. She hovered close above me now, her feet on either side of my shoulders as she brandished the dildo above me. Her free hand seized me by the chin, her fingers digging into my cheek as she stared down at me.

"Open your mouth," she ordered. And I did as I was told. I opened my mouth, and Crystal pushed the dildo between my lips again. Only this time, she'd reversed it. The base of the toy was between my teeth, and the sculpted head rose into the air above my face.

"Hold that there," she said firmly. "Don't move." And her knees thumped on the floor on either side of my head as she shifted her weight forward. Her pussy hovered above me, and I watched in an agony of frustration as she straddled the dildo that rose from my face. Her wet lips parted easily for the head of the toy as she descended on it, groaning happily as she took its rigid length into her body. At close range, I watched her womanhood gripping the shaft lubricated by my saliva, sliding easily over the toy while she trembled with pleasure. My cock surged. Rejected, I could only watch as she favored the toy over me, and my body that was primed and ready to give her what she wanted. Crystal began to slide up and down on the dildo I held as firmly as I could with my lips and teeth, and almost immediately, her juices began to run down the shaft. Steadily, drip by drip, she anointed my face with her fluids, and I began to taste her extraordinary flavor around the base of the dildo that filled my mouth.

Crystal's movements grew more and more frantic, more and more aggressive. Soon, she was bouncing up and down on top of my face, driving her body down onto the dildo before rising up again with gasps and screams of unstoppable pleasure. I lay still beneath her, my cuffed hands pinned behind my back and my hard cock completely ignored. Crystal gripped her thighs as she bounced up and down, the juices of her desire streaming down the inside of her thighs to splatter all over my eager face. My whole attention was on her, her smell and taste flooding my senses while I gazed up with desperate need at her womanhood. As though she were driving a nail deeper into my soul with every bounce she made on top of the toy, I felt myself falling more and more into her power, if such a thing was possible. As if I wasn't already hers. As though she was baptizing me with her juices, preparing me for a new life in service to her. She was the sun around which I would orbit from now on. I knew that much already. And as more and more of her nectar dripped into my mouth, I swallowed eagerly, desperate for any part of her that I could have.

With a loud cry, Crystal came. Her body stiffened, and everything went dark as she gripped my head between her thighs. Both hands were in my hair, two tight fistfuls pulling on my scalp while she growled and moaned and rocked her hips back and forth over my face, the dildo buried almost entirely inside her spasming pussy. I lay helpless beneath her, unable to move, barely able even to breathe while she came. And her orgasm seemed to go on and on, her beautiful body bucking and writhing above me.

But finally, Crystal gave out a great gasp and rose off my face. Instead, she sat on my chest, and I watched her rise and fall slightly with my heavy breathing as she grinned down at me. There was that flush in her cheeks again, the one that made her even more incredibly beautiful if that was possible. Satisfied, but not yet content. Crystal was as insatiable as she was beautiful.

Grinning, Crystal reached toward my face and wrapped her fingers around the dildo. I opened my mouth as she lifted it away from me, turning it around in her hand so that the head pointed toward me again. My jaw ached from holding it still for her, and I welcomed the chance to work the muscles and relieve some of the tension. A faint chuckle rose from her as she watched me lick my lips.

“That was good,” she said in a voice that dripped with pleasure. “Somehow, I’m not quite as angry at you as I was. Not quite. But you need to keep doing as I say if you want to keep me happy.”

"Yes, Mistress," I panted. There wasn't a moment of hesitation or doubt in my mind. I had endured what she had put me through, and the idea that she was in a better mood filled me with hope. She had told me she wasn't going to let me fuck her, and I had already learned that she was a woman of her word. But I hoped there might be some other reward in the near future for my total submission to her.

“Lick it,” Crystal giggled as she waved the toy in front of me. “Lick my cum off this cock.” Again, Crystal held the base of the dildo against her body as though it were her own natural appendage. And again, I did as I was told. She laughed out loud, raking her dark hair back from her face so that nothing would obstruct her view as she watched me lick the shining rubber of the dildo. I licked it eagerly, hungrily this time, relishing the taste of her rather than the taste of myself. And Crystal watched my every move, smiling down at me like the summer sun as I did as I was told.

"That's a good boy," she said as I licked her dildo clean. "See? It turns out you can obey orders with the proper motivation."

"Yes, Mistress," I said. There was nothing else to say. Nothing else my mistress wanted to hear. And that, after all, was exactly what she was. After only a few hours, she had taken control of me so completely that it almost seemed difficult to imagine another life. She was my superior in every way. The evening had made that much abundantly clear to me. And obeying her orders and cruel whims didn't seem like a price I needed to pay to be with her. At least, not entirely, anyway. Instead, that was the essence of the game itself. That was what made it so thrilling. My remorselessly throbbing cock was proof of how I felt about what my ex-girlfriend's mother had done to me.

"Well, that's enough for now," Crystal said. I watched as she set the dildo down on the floor beside my head. "I'm tired. And I've had my orgasm. That's all it matters." A bright peal of laughter bubbled up from deep inside her chest as she stared down at me. "You should see the look on your face," Crystal laughed, pressing one hand to her mouth. "You look so disappointed. You didn't think I was going to let you cum again, did you?"

"No, Mistress," I sighed ruefully. Perhaps I didn't think she would. But I had hoped for it. I had done everything she said. But although I hadn't known Crystal for long at that point, I ought to have seen already how cruel and capricious my new mistress was.

"Good," Crystal smirked down at me. "Because you're here for my pleasure. Don't ever forget that." Abruptly, she rose to her feet, stepping over me to stand beside my stretched out form. "Get up," she ordered. With an effort, I rolled over onto my side and then on to my knees, hindered by my hands still cuffed behind my back. My cock swayed ludicrously from side to side with every movement I made. But finally, I was able to struggle to my feet, with no help from Crystal. She simply stood watching me. I groaned as she took my cock in her hand.

"You can stay here tonight," she said, peering deep into my eyes as she gave my manhood a squeeze that drew another groan from my throat. "What do you have to do tomorrow?"

"Nothing, Mistress," I said. Faint creases appeared in the smooth skin of her cheeks as she smiled. "That's right," Crystal said. "Your life just got a lot simpler, boy toy. Your only purpose now is to keep me happy." Crystal turned, and I stumbled after her as she led me across the room by my cock. I followed her to the open door of her walk-in closet, and she led me inside.

"You can sleep in here, with the rest of my things," Crystal said with a wicked little smile. "If I feel like using you tomorrow, I will. But until then, I don't want to hear a sound out of you. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. It took monumental effort not to sigh in disappointment as Crystal released her grip on my cock.

"You'll stay cuffed," she said, and her stunning eyes flickered down my body to look at my engorged cock. "I can't trust you not to touch yourself. And you are forbidden any more orgasms tonight. If I find out you had one, even by accident, you're going to be very, very sorry."

"Yes, Mistress." Already at that stage, I was incapable of arguing with her. Crystal smiled smugly at my response. Then she turned and stepped toward the door. I watched her naked beauty disappear from my view as she swung the closet door shut with me inside. I heard a lock turn, and another shudder raced through me as I realized that she had locked me in. A second

later, the light went out. The closet had no windows, and the darkness was absolute. Carefully, I lowered myself to the floor. I could barely believe all that had happened that night. And clearly, my adventure with Gemma's mother was far from over. But as horny and frustrated as Crystal had left me, I was also exhausted. Stretching out on the floor, I closed my eyes and fell almost immediately into a deep sleep.

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A close-up portrait of a woman with striking green eyes and dramatic leopard-print eye makeup. The makeup features dark brown and black spots on a golden-brown base, extending from the inner corner of the eye towards the temple. The woman's hair is pulled back, and the background is a soft, out-of-focus warm light.

Katt Ford

*The Lioness*