

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is wearing a bright red, strapless, form-fitting dress. She is standing against a dark wooden background with horizontal slats. Her hands are resting on her hips. The text is overlaid on the image.

Katt Ford

***A Mother's
Revenge***

Parts 11-15

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All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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Shared By His Mistress

"How was your day at Morgan's?"

I didn't raise my head as Crystal spoke. I knew better than that. Kneeling on the living room floor in front of the sofa, I kept my head between my mistress's spread legs. Crystal lay back on the couch, her dark hair contrasting sharply with the white furniture as it pooled around her beautiful face. And the faint moan of pleasure that rose from her throat as I slipped my tongue once again between the wet folds of her pussy made my aching cock throb painfully inside the steel chastity device that contained it.

"It was hard, Mistress," I said truthfully. Crystal laughed, a laugh that soon turned to another moan of pleasure as she gripped my head in her hands.

"I bet it was," she said. "I bet she was almost as mean to you as I am."

"Yes, Mistress," I said. It was true. Crystal was a woman with a great deal of experience, but Morgan was as new to these kinky games as I was. However, she had quickly taken to them. And why wouldn't she? For her and for Crystal, it was all upside. I was at their beck and call, ready to serve them at a moment's notice. In the months that passed since I had first met Morgan, the two of them had had enormous fun having me wait on them hand and foot. It wasn't even purely sexual. Sometimes, they would just use me as a kind of servant, having me bring them food and drinks. One memorable weekend afternoon, Crystal had summoned me to her house in order to give the two of them manicures. Once the job was complete, I had been dismissed, sent home without so much as a thought for my own desires. Ever since Crystal had locked the chastity cage on me, my life had gotten very difficult. Because Crystal and I both knew the truth that Morgan had also come to understand. I couldn't say no. The promise of orgasm dangled in front of me, and Crystal used it to push me further and further into submission to both of them. And even on the few occasions when she allowed it, when my humble servitude earned me permission to cum, it never seemed to do much to mitigate my desire. At least, never for long. I was young, and Crystal and Morgan were just too sexy for me. Especially Crystal. This might be hard to believe. In fact, I found it difficult to believe

myself. But I couldn't deny the truth of my feelings. When Crystal had sent me over to Morgan's house to serve her friend, I had actually missed my mistress.

"Well? Cat got your tongue?" Crystal laughed softly at her own joke as I licked and kissed her streaming pussy on the sofa. "Tell me what happened. I want all the juicy details."

Morgan lived in the same neighborhood as Crystal did, the broad tree-lined streets near the edge of town where the rich had their homes. If anything, her house was even bigger than Crystal's. After I pressed the button at the gate and announced myself, it seemed to take forever just to walk up the driveway toward the front door of the house. And it wasn't just because the driveway was exceptionally long. Every step was taken against resistance, some part of my brain screaming at me that I shouldn't be doing this. It was one thing to submit to Crystal, and even to Morgan when she came to Crystal's house – something she had been doing more and more lately. But this was different. Crystal wouldn't be joining us. I would be completely in the hands of Morgan. And Morgan, of course, didn't have a key to my chastity device. No matter how well I served her, I wouldn't be getting released that day. That much was certain. So why do this at all?

Because Crystal had commanded it, of course. And with the inescapable chastity device locked onto my cock, Crystal owned my manhood. My orgasms were hers to award or deny as she saw fit. And for the most part, she denied them. Following her orders to the letter was the only method I had to achieve some kind of physical release. And I would be a fool to think that Morgan wouldn't gladly report any disobedience or infractions of the rules on my part to her friend.

So despite the feeble protests in my heart, I dragged myself up Morgan's driveway and knocked on the front door. I waited a while on the broad step in front of the door, listening to footsteps echoing through the large house. Finally, the door opened.

Morgan looked fantastic. Her vibrant red hair hung in loose waves around her shoulders, framing her pretty face with its high forehead and delicate, slightly upturned nose. Her brown eyes glowed like syrup between dark lashes. Her lips were full and pink, carefully made up to look infinitely

kissable as she smiled at the sight of me. Not that I had ever kissed Morgan. Not on the mouth, anyway.

"There you are, boy toy," she said, her adoption of Crystal's humiliating name for me causing a fresh bloom of pain to spread from my caged cock as she spoke. "Come inside." Morgan turned and stepped into the house, and I followed her, swinging the door shut behind me. Walking behind her gave me a chance to check her out, and my eyes roamed uncontrollably over her body while my trapped cock ached inside its cage. Morgan wore a green and black patterned shirt, the neckline a deep V that revealed the tempting swell of her breasts beneath the fabric. A wide black patent leather belt hugged her stomach, accentuating the provocative thinness of her waist. A black pencil skirt clung to her hips and ass, the fabric straining against her thighs with every step she took. Tall black high-heeled pumps completed the look and made her body as she moved. It was a look designed to turn me on, to make my cock try and fail to swell inside the tight metal that confined it. And it was working. Crystal kept me in a state of near-constant arousal as it was, my brief periods of release serving only to ramp-up the desire for her and her twisted games. Seeing Morgan like this was more than enough to tease and frustrate me. And there was no doubt in my mind, as I followed the beautiful older woman deep into her house, that she knew exactly what she was doing to me.

In her palatial kitchen, Morgan pulled open the door of the closet and reached inside. I waited while she pulled some items down from the shelves. Uncomprehendingly, I took them from her as she handed them to me. A plastic bucket with a brand-new sponge inside and an unopened bottle of detergent. Besides that, there was nothing but a folded white cloth. Morgan raised one eyebrow challengingly as she turned to face me.

"What – what do you want me to do, my lady?" The term of respect never failed to please Morgan. I saw the way her pink lips twitched at the corners as she smiled.

"You're here to do whatever I say, right?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"Good. So you're going to hand wash my car. It's outside in the driveway. And you're going to do it wearing nothing but these." As she spoke, Morgan picked up the folded white cloth from the edge of the bucket

and held it out between her hands. I realized that it was a pair of shorts. Shorts that were smaller than the underwear I usually wore. God only knows where she got such an item of clothing from. I gulped back the urge to argue with her as she stared directly into my eyes. An order from her, Crystal had made abundantly clear, was the same as an order from my mistress. Morgan was not to be disobeyed. And something in her eyes gave me the impression that she might like nothing more than to get me into trouble with Crystal.

“You – you want me to wear that, my lady?”

"Yes. I do. So get changed. Right here." I glanced around the kitchen as she spoke, taking in what I could see of the sprawling house. But so far as I could tell, we were alone. I had only noticed one car parked in the driveway outside, and there was no sound of anyone else that I could detect. There was nothing to do but comply. I set the bucket down on the floor and took the shorts from Morgan's hand. She stood watching me, folding her arms under her breasts as I quickly stripped in her kitchen. I heard the faint chuckle of laughter she gave at the sight of my cock trapped in the inescapable chastity. It never failed to get a laugh from her. And once my clothes lay in a pile on the floor, I struggled into the shorts she had provided for me. They were brand-new, clearly bought especially for this. And they were far too small. The thin fabric was stretchy, but I felt as though I was pushing the limits of its tensile strength as I pulled them up over my legs. The bulge of my balls and caged cock showed through the front of the shorts as they sat high up on my thighs. Morgan's brown eyes studied the shorts thoughtfully, and she tapped one finger against her chin as though deep in thought as she stared at me.

"Turn around," she said at last. "Bend over. Touch your toes." My cheeks burned with humiliation as I did what she said. On display for her amusement, I bent at the waist, the shorts straining over my ass as my fingers brushed the floor. Morgan's high heels clicked on the floor, and I sucked in air she delivered a stinging slap to my ass. Her fingernails pressed against my skin through the fabric as she squeezed one cheek possessively. And I groaned as her hand journeyed slowly downwards, between my legs, gripping my balls and caged cock in one hand.

“Good,” she said in a low voice that made the hair stand up on the back of my neck. “That’ll give me something to look at while you serve me. Now, off you go. And you’d better do a good job. I want my car spotless. Don’t think I won’t check.”

"Yes, my lady," I breathed. Morgan released her grip on my balls, and I straightened up. Picking up the bucket from the floor, I began to reach for my discarded clothes until Morgan stopped me.

“Leave those there,” she ordered. “You’ll get those back when I decide to let you go.”

"Yes, my lady." Morgan had come a long way in a month. She seemed almost as comfortable giving me orders now as Crystal did. Still, there was that slight smile on her pretty face as she did so, as though she was waiting for me to refuse. Her eyes, I had noticed, often scanned my face, as though she was looking for some sign that I had had enough. As though she never quite believed in what was happening, even as it happened right in front of her. But I was never going to resist or refuse. Crystal knew that. And with every day I spent submitting to her will, I could see that Morgan was beginning to doubt her power less and less.

“I’m very busy today,” Morgan added. “When I need you for something, I’ll come get you. Otherwise, I don’t want to be disturbed.”

"Yes, my lady," I said. With a faint nod, Morgan turned on her heels. Her footsteps echoed through the house as she strode off down the hallway, her swaying body silhouetted by the light from a large window at the far end of the hall. She was gorgeous. Just because she wasn't Crystal didn't change that fact. And my cock cried out for release inside the steel cage that held it; a release I knew would not be coming that day, no matter what happened.

So instead, I made my way back to the front door and stepped outside. Morgan's European sports car crouched in the driveway like some jungle cat ready to spring. It was a machine as gorgeous as its owner. With all my nervousness and anticipation as I arrived at the house, I had barely noticed it. But now, there was little else to focus on.

Filling my bucket from a hose that lay coiled close to the closed garage, I added some of the detergent and swirled the sponge through the

mixture. I didn't even own a car of my own. This was just another way to humiliate me, to remind me of my lowly status in the eyes of both Crystal and Morgan. And it was working. I ran the sponge over the hood of the car, the metal warm from the sun. The bright light turned the many windows of Morgan's house into mirrors, and the relative darkness inside made it impossible for me to guess where she was. She might be watching me from one of those windows. She might be on the phone to Crystal, the two of them laughing at me and my total humiliation. Or she might be doing something else entirely. In a way, it was that possibility that scared me most of all. That she might set me some menial task and then forget about me, leaving me to function as some kind of unpaid servant without even the reward of playing with her. The relentless throbbing of my caged cock wasn't necessary to remind me how much it all turned me on. Whoever knew that washing a car could be so exciting?

Mindful of her instructions, I took my time washing Morgan's car. At least her driveway and property were large enough that I was confident no one could see me from the street in my ridiculous outfit. Working in construction had kept me in decent shape, and being as young as I was didn't hurt, either. I never went to the gym in those days; I didn't need to. My body fat percentage was low enough that my muscles showed through my skin naturally. And no doubt it flattered Morgan's ego to have a fit young guy in his early 20s washing her car in shorts that were more like underwear. If that's what Morgan wanted, that's what I would do.

In situations like this, it's hard to keep track of time. I wore no watch. Only the slow movement of the sun told me that the minutes were passing. And Morgan did not reappear. Whatever she was doing in the house, she had clearly decided I needed no part of it. All I could do was perform the task I had been assigned to the best of my ability and hope the rest of the day might involve some more exciting activities. So I scrubbed and rubbed, sponging off the dirt of the road from Morgan's sleek car, and the soapy water ran down the sloping curve of the driveway toward the gate, shimmering under the sun.

I had worked my way from the front of the car all the way to the rear wheels when I heard the gate open at the bottom of the driveway. I lifted my head as a car crawled slowly toward the house. Another European model, even more expensive than Morgan's was. The car slowed to a halt in

front of the house, and the engine fell silent. I rose to my feet as the door opened and someone stepped out.

It was a man. He wore a light blue shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, and a pair of tan pants with a brown belt. Brown leather shoes shone on his feet. I'd have guessed him to be in his mid-40s to mid-50s, his forehead lined with creases and his hair silvered with gray. He swung the door of his car shut behind him and paused for a moment in the driveway, staring at me. His blue eyes glowed under dark brows drawn down in what looked like a habitual expression of disapproval.

"Hello," he said guardedly.

"Hi," I said. And then, because something more seemed to be needed, "I- Morgan hired me to wash her car."

"Did she now." The way he said it, it wasn't a question. I saw the plain wedding band on his finger, and my heart skipped a beat as I wondered if this was Morgan's husband.

"Yeah," I said weakly.

"Well then I suppose you had better get back to it," the man said. "Is my wife inside?"

"Yeah, she is," I nodded. But the man made no move toward the door. Instead, he simply stood watching me. I felt horribly exposed in the tiny shorts Morgan had forced me to wear, my bare skin glistening with water from the sponge. Could he see the outline of the cage I wore through the fabric of the shorts? Carefully, trying not to draw attention to myself, I attempted to hide the lower half of my body behind Morgan's car.

Just then, the front door opened.

"Hi, honey," Morgan said. Her high heels scraped on the cement of the driveway as she hurried forward, wrapping her arms around her husband's neck. His quick smile made deep lines appear in his cheeks as he turned to her and embraced her. Morgan pressed her body against his, one foot off the floor as she kissed him. I tried not to watch. But Morgan was putting on a show. As her husband tried to pull away, she held him tighter, moaning slightly in the back of her throat as she continued to make out with him. I

saw his eyes briefly stray toward me as they continued to kiss. Clearly, this was unusual.

"Let's go upstairs," Morgan said in a breathless voice as their lips finally parted. Her husband simply nodded. Taking him by the hand, she led him toward the open front door.

"You go on up, Dan," Morgan said as her husband stepped inside the house. "I'll be up in just a moment." Dan's footsteps receded as he made his way toward the grand staircase of the house. Morgan pulled the door closed behind her before walking quickly toward me.

"What did you say to him?" she demanded.

"Nothing," I said. "I told him you hired me to wash your car. That was it."

"That was it?"

"Yeah, that was it."

"That was it *what*?" Morgan hissed the last word between her teeth, and I realized at once my mistake. But before I could say another word, she glanced around to make sure no one was watching and then seized me by the ear. Savagely twisting it, she forced my head down. I put my hands on the trunk of her car, wincing in pain while she stood close to me.

"Are you forgetting to show me the proper respect?" she hissed into the ear she held.

"No, my lady," I gasped. "I'm sorry, my lady."

"Don't talk to my husband," she said. "Do you know what I'm going to do now?"

"No, my lady."

"I'm going to go upstairs to my bedroom, and Dan's going to fuck my brains out. And while he's doing that, do you know what you're going to be doing?"

"No, my lady."

"Well, after you finish washing my car, you're going to wash his. And it better be sparkling. When he comes down here with his balls emptied, I

want him to find his car immaculate. Then I might forget your lack of respect just now. Understand?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Good." Morgan released her grip on my ear and stood back. For a moment, she stood watching me as I slowly straightened up and reached for my sponge again. I could hardly bring myself to look in her direction. Inside the locked chastity device, my cock was throbbing as urgently as ever. After a long pause, Morgan turned and disappeared inside the house, leaving me alone in the driveway to do her bidding.

Though I wasn't alone for long. At least not in a certain sense. As I finished Morgan's car, setting aside the bucket and turning to the hose to rinse the soapy water from the gleaming vehicle, I heard a faint sound from up above. Turning off the hose, I listened. There it was again. Attuned as I was by the frustrated desire that never slept in me, not for a moment, it didn't take long for me to understand what I was hearing. The window upstairs was open, and Morgan was crying out in pleasure as her husband fucked her.

I knew for myself how incredible her body was. I knew all too well the taste of Morgan's pussy and the ecstatic expression on her face as she achieved orgasm. But I had never had sex with her. By her strange logic, that would be cheating. Instead, she used me the same way Crystal did, as a kind of living sex toy whose sole purpose was to pleasure women, and whose own desires were irrelevant. I groaned in frustration as Morgan's cries grew louder and more frantic, a climax tearing through her unmistakably as I listened from below.

And still, the noises went on. Clearly, Dan had more stamina and skills that I would have given him credit for at first glance. Remembering Morgan's words, I began to work on his car, sponging it down just as I had done for Morgan's. And all the while, he was upstairs, fucking the woman who dominated me so easily.

This new torture went on and on. By the time the noises stopped, and the two of them seem to have finished, I was close to finishing Dan's car. I was just setting aside the sponge and placing the bucket on the floor when the front door opened again.

It was Morgan. Her provocative clothes had been shed, and she was wearing instead a short silk robe that she held closed over her stomach. The mere sight of her was more than enough to confirm what I already knew. Her cheeks were glowing, flushed with ecstasy. I knew the faint smile I could see on her face, as though she had a secret from the world. She looked like what she was: a woman who had just been well fucked. And jealousy and rage burned my heart at the sight as she all but skipped across the driveway on bare feet, all sweetness and light now that she had had the pleasure that I was constantly denied.

"Not bad," she said as she cast her eyes over the two gleaming cars. "And just in time, too. Dan has to get back to work. You'd better rinse his car off quickly."

"Yes, my lady," I said in a low voice, hoping that my words wouldn't be as audible through the open upstairs windows as Morgan's cries of pleasure had been. But discovery by her husband seemed like the lesser danger compared to failing to address her properly again. Morgan barely seemed to notice. Still holding her robe closed, she crouched to the floor near the nose of her husband's car and swept up the hose from the ground. Before I could react, she turned it on me, and I gasped under a sudden stream of icy water as she sprayed me down. Squeezing my eyes shut, I turned my face away. I could hear her laughing as she turned the hose off.

"Back to work," she giggled as she dropped the hose to the floor. "I'll be back to deal with you later." Morgan hurried back into the house and shut the door behind her. The shock of the cold water quickly subsided under the warm sun. But I realized with a faint sense of horror that the white shorts she made me wear were virtually see-through now. Even someone who didn't know what the chastity device was would clearly see that there was some kind of mechanism attached to my cock.

And I barely had time to snatch up my bucket in an attempt to cover myself before the front door opened again. This time, it was Dan. He strode out of the house, barely looking in my direction as he walked toward his car. I watched him go, inwardly despising him for the reward he had just been given, for the relief and contentment that showed in every line of his face. Turning to me, he gave only the slightest nod of greeting, and it was all I could do to return it just as curtly. His eyes moved over me again, and

his eyebrows drew together as he frowned to see me soaking wet. But fortunately, he said nothing. Shaking his head, he climbed into the car I had just washed and drove away.

I watched the gate open and close behind him, and listened to the drone of his engine slowly fading.

He had barely left before the front door opened again. Morgan stood in the open doorway, raising one hand to lean against the doorframe as she smiled at me. She was still in her robe, and I was as horny as ever. She looked utterly beautiful, and the glow of orgasm that still showed on her pretty face only made her more desirable to me.

"Come here, boy toy," she said, crooking one finger at me. Setting my bucket down on the floor, I hurried towards her. I stepped into the house, and she shut the door behind me. Taking my hand, she led me still dripping through the large hallway of the house and up the grand stairs, down the hallway toward her bedroom. I followed her inside.

The room smelled like sex. Morgan led me over to the side of her bed, and her short robe rose up her thighs as she sat down on the edge of the mattress. Her eyes glowed as she bent forward, her breasts hanging against the soft silk and threatening to spill out the open front of her robe as she dug for something under the mattress. Finally, she found what she was looking for. Metal rattled as she produced a pair of steel handcuffs from under the bed.

"Crystal gave me these," she smiled up at me. "Get down on your knees and put your hands behind your back."

I did as I was told. Morgan rose from the bed and crouched behind me, quickly locking my hands together in the small of my back. Then she stood in front of me again. The silk robe slid gently over her skin as she smoothly shed it, and I gazed upwards in helpless desire at her naked body. Her nipples were red and puckered, hard with desire. Between her legs, her bare pussy shone wetly. My heart thumped in my chest as Morgan sat down on the edge of the bed in front of me and spread her legs, revealing her freshly fucked pussy in front of my hungry eyes.

"This is what a real man does to a woman," Morgan grinned. 'Come closer. I want you to get a good look. You smell that? You smell my

orgasm, and his?"

"Yes, my lady," I growled through gritted teeth.

"Good," Morgan sneered. "And now, do you know what you're going to do? You're going to clean me up." Without another word, Morgan placed her hand on the back of my head and pulled me toward her. Off-balance, I stumbled forward on my knees, and she quickly clamped her thighs around my head. Laughing gleefully, Morgan rubbed her dripping pussy against my face.

"Eat it up, boy toy," she snarled. "Eat my husband's cum out of me so you can taste what you can't have."

And that's exactly what I did.

In Public

I lay awake. From the road that ran below my window, the occasional droning noise of a passing car swelled and receded into the night. Headlights moved across the far wall of my bedroom, casting strange shadows as they swept through the glass and vanished. Besides that, the dull orange glow of the streetlights outside was the only illumination.

I should have been asleep. But how could I even think of sleeping with the noise that rose and swelled through the apartment? My roommate's bedroom was right next to mine, the two separated solely by a single paper-thin wall. And Josh had a girl over. That much was obvious. I could hear her next door, screaming her head off in paroxysms of pleasure as he fucked her. I could hear him too, moaning and groaning as he pumped away, the bed creaking and shaking and trembling beneath them to the rhythm of their passion. As far as I knew, Josh didn't have a steady girlfriend. Who knew where he had picked this woman up? I hadn't seen her. But that didn't mean I couldn't picture her with horrible clarity in my mind. Young, no doubt. Like Josh was, like I was, like we all were at the time. Pretty, probably. She was certainly uninhibited, if the volume of her ecstatic cries was anything to go by. She sounded as though she was having the time of her life next door. And while hatred bloomed in my heart, I tried to keep my jealousy in check. It had been two weeks since my mistress last allowed me to cum. And in the steel cage that encased my cock, my bruised flesh strained uselessly against the bars. Crystal had the only key. And no matter how bad things got, I wasn't going to call her. It would only make things worse. To hear her voice now, to hear her smiling on the other end of the phone as I begged and pleaded. She would listen, and laugh at me, and then tell me no. I knew the twisted pathways of Crystal's mind well enough at that point to be able to guess her answer. If Crystal wanted me freed, she would free me. Otherwise, there was no point begging for mercy. She had none.

If only they would finish up, I caught myself thinking as I sat up in bed, alone in the darkness with my manhood aching for release. Who knew Josh had it in him? He did okay with girls, I guess, but not as well as I used

to. Back when that was still an option. Back before Crystal took away my ability to be with any woman but her.

And predictably, thinking of Crystal only made things worse. More than that, I had long ago learned that the cage acted as its own fuel. Wearing the thing was enough to remind me of the position I was in, and of the person who held this awful power over me. And that in turn was enough to get my heart pumping, to get my stubborn cock trying to swell in the device again. You'd think I would have gotten used to the discomfort at that point, but maybe there was no getting used to it. Maybe the whole situation was too wild and strange for me ever to be able to process it.

But this wasn't helping. The mysterious girl in the room next door was yelling and screaming, her throat hoarse with passion as she howled ecstatically. I could hear everything, as though the wall between us wasn't there at all. Like a bat, I reconstructed every detail of what was happening through sound alone. I could see the way her lips trembled as she cried out, and the way her body stiffened. I heard the arch of her back in the growl of her throat as she stiffened and suddenly erupted in orgasm. The long moan Josh made told me that her pussy was spasming around his shaft, gripping him tightly as though she never wanted to let him go. It felt like long, barren years since I had experienced the same blissful sensation. And my cock ached in its steel prison as I reflected that I had no way of knowing how long I would have to wait before feeling it again.

The girl next door had cum, and I had felt every tiny instant of her pleasure as I listened forlornly from the next room. But my torment wasn't over yet. Josh wasn't done. My roommate was holding back, clearly savoring the same pleasure whose absence tormented me on a daily basis as he continued fucking his latest conquest. The bed continued to creak and groan, and both our bedrooms continued to echo to the music of their passion as Josh plunged his manhood deep inside the screaming girl.

It was an impossible situation. And in that kind of predicament, useless thoughts race through your mind. At least, they did through mine. The metal of the cage that held me prisoner was smooth and slick under my fingers as I rubbed it pointlessly. If there were any way to escape its cruel embrace, or to give myself pleasure while wearing it, I would have discovered it a long time ago. But I couldn't shake the reflexive action of

stroking my cock, even though I knew it could do me no good. My cheeks prickled with shame as I remembered the way Morgan had used and abused me at her house. The way she had treated me like a lowly servant, having me wash her car along with her husband's while the two of them fucked upstairs. And the greatest shame of all: her forcing me to eat her pussy and clean up the mess her husband had left inside her. It hardly bared thinking about. And yet, as I sat there in the darkness tormented by the sounds of other people's pleasure, it was impossible not to think about what I had been through. Strange urges flared inside me as another passing car painted the wall of my bedroom momentarily white. No one knew my secret, except for Crystal and Morgan. And the thought of discovery stabbed at me, one of the nails that kept my sexual prison sealed shut. And yet...what if I went next door, right now, where Josh and this unknown girl were having so much fun? What if I begged them to let me watch, just to see what she looked like while he fucked her? I didn't know what to do with the thoughts the rattled around my head, as though they had been put there by someone else. It didn't take a genius to guess who. Crystal was training me, slowly remaking me into what she wanted me to be. Rewiring my desires and my most basic urges to more closely fit her wishes. Josh would never go along with it, and his lover would most probably be horrified at the suggestion. Besides, I knew that to stare at what I couldn't have would only make my torment worse. But what if she would let me touch her? What if she would let me taste her? What then?

My body moved as though no longer under my control, obeying the call of forces far more powerful than I as I rose from the bed and made my way across the room. I hardly even noticed that I was pressing myself against the wall between my room and Josh's, listening to the cries of passion of a girl I had never met. And there I stood, the orange streetlight reflected dully in the steel bars that encased my cock while my roommate fucked a stranger and frustrated lust tore at my guts.

Even as I stood there, helpless and ashamed, I knew that what I was doing would come back to haunt me in the cold light of day, when I was confronted once again with my own inadequacy, my own pathetic submission. But it didn't matter. I was helpless. And it was Crystal that had made me that way.

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Every head in the bar turned as we entered. Both men and women turned to stare, albeit for different reasons. The perfect gentleman, I held open the door while the women stepped inside, strutting like show ponies as they basked in the attention. The door swung shut behind me as I followed them inside.

Crystal and Morgan both looked incredible. That was the truth of it. Only I knew how much work they had put into their appearance before heading out. But it was worth it. Crystal's bright pink dress clung to her enviable curves, accentuated by the thin belt tightened around her narrow waist. I watched the fabric stretch and tighten over the delicious curve of her ass as I followed her into the bar, her toned calves swelling under the hem of the dress with every step she took in her matching hot pink pumps. Women half her age, I knew, struggled to walk in shoes like hers, but Crystal moved on 6-inch stilettos as though she was born in them. As though there was some extra joint in her spine that mortal women didn't possess, that allowed her hips to roll and sway the way they did as she carved her way through the crowd, moving toward the bar. Her black hair tumbled in loose waves over her shoulders and down her back, and the pale skin of her bare arms contrasted it as she moved through the room.

But it wasn't just Crystal that was turning heads. Morgan's dress was black, a deep black that made her fiery red hair seemed to glow that much brighter against the fabric. The dress's long sleeves were offset by the plunging neckline that bared her mouthwatering cleavage. A swooping asymmetrical split ran up the dress, from its hem in the middle of her thigh, over her stomach and the swell of her breasts, finally reaching her shoulder. Crisscrossed laces held the two edges together, and Morgan's skin showed provocatively through the gap between. Bright red stiletto pumps, every bit as tall and sexy as Crystal's, shone on her feet. Despite the wedding ring that glittered on her finger, Morgan didn't look like a married woman. Not that night. She looked like a woman who wanted all the male attention she could get, and knew that she would get it. Just being in the presence of two women who looked the way these two did was enough to make me short of breath. If my cock hadn't been locked away, I knew it would stand at full mast, tenting the front of my pants in an embarrassingly obvious display of

desire. But it was locked away, and the key hung from a silver anklet on Crystal's left leg. Every step she took was a fresh reminder of the power she held over me. As though I needed one. With the two of them looking the way they looked, the dull ache of my manhood trying and failing to harden in its tight cage was ever-present. My only consolation as I followed them into the bar was that I got to look at them for a moment from behind, to admire their beautiful bodies that they would not allow me to possess. Crystal's victory was total. Once, I had been a cocky young man, even arrogant. I had seen women as objects to use for my sexual gratification. Now, I was the one who longed to be used by these two beauties. And even that humble desire was something I had to earn.

While every eye in the place followed them, Morgan and Crystal made their way to the bar. There was one free chair, and Crystal slid into it, her already tight dress tightening even further as she crossed her legs elegantly. With a smile, a man beside her got up to offer his seat to Morgan, and she smilingly took it. For women who looked like they did, people made room. I saw the man who had given up his seat looking at Morgan, his eyes lingering on her crossed legs as her dress rode higher up her thighs. He glanced at me briefly before returning his gaze to her. He knew I was with the two women. For all he knew, I could've been Morgan's husband, the man who had given her the ring that shone on her finger. He didn't care. I could practically see the gears turning in his head as he struggled to come up with something to say, an icebreaker to open the conversation with the goddess who had taken his seat. I didn't catch what he said over the music of the busy bar, but Morgan's red hair shone as she turned toward him and laughed, her teeth showing between her parted red lips in a wicked smile. She was beautiful; there was no question of that. In most bars even in a city as big as this one, she would have been the most beautiful woman in the place, even if she was close to twice the age of some of the other pretty girls out drinking. But this bar had Crystal in it too.

I stood behind the two women, not even trying to get a seat of my own. I watched the barman turned to the two of them, his eyes straying from Crystal to Morgan and back again as he studied their clothes and their bodies beneath the fabric that barely concealed them. Ridiculous jealousy scorched the edges of my heart with green flame. I had no claim on either woman. Whatever relationship Crystal and I had, she had never put a name

on it. And I would never dare. Meanwhile, Morgan was married, and I knew better than anyone that she and her husband had an active sex life. Not that that held her back from playing with me. Still, as hard as it was even for me to believe, I had never had sex with either of them. Not in the strictest sense of the word, anyway. And even while my cock ached and strained painfully against the unyielding cage, I wondered if I ever would.

Neither of them asked if I wanted a drink. And I didn't dare speak up. But at a few words from Crystal, the barman turned and poured them a couple of martinis. A sly smile showed on his face as he slid the glasses to the two women, and I noticed he didn't take any money from them. These two could get anything they wanted. I was living proof of that.

Finally, drink in her hand, Crystal turned in her chair until she sat side on to me. Her gorgeous eyes glittered under her painted eyelids, and her lips parted in a devious smile that made the blood roar in my ears as I looked at her. I had never gotten used to the effect she had on me. I had never gotten over that sudden rush of beauty, the unstoppable desire I felt every time I looked at her. Different and sometimes contradictory desires raged on different levels of my psyche as she smiled at me. There was that part of me, the animal part that cared nothing for social convention, that screamed at me the key to my cage was within reach, dangling teasingly from Crystal's raised ankle as she sat with crossed legs in front of me. I could snatch it and free myself and end my torture and frustration in one single movement.

But on another, stranger level of my mind, a different desire entirely roared at me. The desire to drop to my knees right there in the crowded bar and worship the goddess who sat in front of me. And for the thousandth time, I had the eerie feeling that Crystal knew. She stared deep into my eyes, and I felt as though she was reading my twisted thoughts right off the surface of my brain. It was that, along with her incredible beauty, that gave her the power she wielded so well.

"How are you feeling, boy toy?" Crystal asked. A shiver raced along my spine as she spoke. In the noise of the busy bar, I hoped her words had gone unheard by anyone but me. But I couldn't be sure. Clearly, she wanted to extend our games outside of the bedroom. And the word no completely vanished from my vocabulary when it came to her.

"Okay," I said slowly, and the faintest flicker of Crystal's exquisite eyebrow made me add, "Mistress." Her smile deepened as my cheeks burned with shame. Morgan had turned to look at us now too, and her brown eyes glowed like copper as she watched her friend work.

"Are you horny?"

"Yes, Mistress." That was the understatement of the century. The relentless teasing the two women subjected me to kept me in a constant state of frustrated arousal. Watching them get ready for this night out had been an unending torment. Being humiliated like this in public was only feeding my bottomless desire. And Josh's conquests the previous night had me in a state of almost feral lust. Icicles of fear bloomed in the pit of my stomach as I realized I was ready to do just about anything. Crystal had the power to let me cum, and in the state I was in, it seemed more important than life and death. She could have me do anything she wanted.

"Of course you are. You always are. That's what I like about young boy toys like you." Crystal's perfume rose around me in a faint cloud as she leaned closer, and I tried and failed to resist the urge to peer down the front of her dress as the pink fabric struggled to contain her large breasts. I winced as I felt her hand on the front of my jeans, her fingers taking hold of my caged cock through the fabric.

"Remember when I told you the rules?" My breath grew short in my chest as Crystal's fingers continued to caress my caged cock, causing tendrils of pain to radiate out from my stomach as she teased me. "I told you you must always be hard in my presence, didn't I? If I let this cock out right now, would it be nice and hard for me?"

"Yes, Mistress," I panted. "Of course, Mistress."

"And what would you do to have me unlock you right now?" Crystal teased. As she spoke, she moved her leg, making the key sparkle and shine on her ankle under the lights of the bar. I could barely believe what she was doing to me in public. But no one besides Morgan seemed to have noticed her hand between my legs. Not that I would have realized if they did. I had eyes only for my mistress as my heart rose ever higher in my chest, my pulse roaring in my ears with hope and fear as I stared at her.

"Anything, Mistress," I answered truthfully. "Anything you say." Crystal laughed out loud at that, her dark hair tumbling down her back as she tossed her head. I cringed, dreading other people looking over and seeing the way she held my cock in her hand. But I didn't even attempt to stop her.

"Careful, boy toy," Crystal warned, her eyes flashing and sparkling as they found mine once again. "You know I'll hold you to that."

"Yes, Mistress." I knew she would. But it hardly mattered. As long as Crystal had the key to my cock, it was as though she owned my soul. We both knew she could get me to do anything she wanted. The only way for me to have an orgasm was by her indulgence, and the only chance I had of getting that was to obey her completely.

"Come with me." Crystal slid off her barstool, releasing her hold on my cock to tug at her tight dress as she adjusted herself. I could feel Morgan's eyes watching us as Crystal brushed past me, the movements of her body hypnotizing me all over again as I followed her. Neither Crystal nor Morgan carried a purse; why would they need to with me around? One of Crystal's many bags hung from my shoulder, another subtle humiliation I was forced to endure for my mistress's sake. And I meekly followed Crystal through the bar, as obedient as a well-trained puppy as we made our way through the crowd.

Crystal was leading me toward the women's bathrooms. Without a second glance in my direction, she pushed open the door and stepped inside. The fear that had been tugging at my nerves all day swelled like music inside me as I wondered what she had in mind. But I had meant what I said when I told her I would do anything. What was one more humiliation set against what I had already endured? The door hinges squeaked as I pushed the door out of my way and followed her inside.

A woman gasped. As Crystal made her way to a sink and the mirrors on the wall behind it, a young woman stared wide-eyed at me. Her blonde hair was cut to fall just above her shoulders, its highlights and dark low lights accentuating her pale blue eyes that stared at me while color rose to my cheeks. Crystal was already staring at her own reflection in the mirror, raising one delicate hand to brush an imaginary hair back from her face.

"Don't worry about him," she said without so much as looking at the younger woman. "He's totally harmless. Hand me my lipstick." That last line was meant for me. I slid one strap of her bag from my shoulder as I rummaged inside, grateful at least for the opportunity to look away from the young woman who was still staring at me in disbelief. Crystal's lipstick was as pink as her dress, different enough from Morgan's that even I could tell them apart. My hand trembled as I handed the item to my mistress.

"Wow," the blonde woman said as Crystal uncapped the lipstick and began to reapply it. "Does he just do what you say?"

"Absolutely," Crystal smiled at the mirror. "I own him. Don't I, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress." I could barely get the words out in front of the stranger. I could barely hear my own voice over the roaring of my blood in my ears. But Crystal was evidently in the mood to test me. I could see the mischief in her eyes every time she looked at me. As though she wanted me to defy her, so that she could have the pleasure of bending me once again to her will.

"Oh my God," the young woman said, and I could hear the laughter in her voice now, the familiar humiliating sound of feminine laughter that seemed to follow me around wherever I went these days. You'd think that I'd have gotten used to it, but it never stopped stinging. Especially when it came from a total stranger, a girl no older than I was myself. "Is he, like, your slave?"

"Basically," Crystal said calmly, as there was nothing more natural in the world. "Boy, why don't you get down on your knees and show this young lady how well-trained you are by kissing my feet?" The woman gasped again. But I did as I was told. Trying not to look at the woman who stood watching us, I sank to my knees and bent over my mistress's feet. I kissed her skin tenderly, hungrily, painfully aware of the tiny key that dangled right in front of me, its metal tip just brushing my lips as I kissed Crystal's left ankle.

"That's awesome," the watching girl laughed. "How do you get him to do what you say?"

"It's easy," Crystal said. Her lipstick tube clicked as she pushed the cap back on and pressed her lips together. Finally, she turned away from her reflection to look at the blonde woman. "We all know men only want one thing. So I use that to make him behave himself. Boy, take the key off my ankle." Crystal didn't even look at me as she spoke. And I knew better than to disobey. My hands shook even more violently as I carefully unclipped the key from her anklet. It was the first time I had ever held it in my hand, the closest I had been to sexual freedom since the day my mistress caged my cock and took control of my sexual pleasure. Tiny as the key was, it seemed to weigh a ton in my hand as I waited for Crystal's next command.

"What's your name?" Crystal asked the other woman.

"Serena," the young woman said.

"Nice to meet you," Crystal said. "Boy, hand her the key." I raised my head. Crystal stared down at me coolly, her gorgeous multicolored eyes sparkling as she watched me from what seemed an unassailable height. My mistress didn't joke around; I knew that. But this was something else. This was a woman neither of us knew the first thing about. Crystal's command terrified me.

But what terrified me more was the thought of disobeying her. Still kneeling, I raised my eyes toward Serena and held out the key. Tentatively, she took it, a slight wrinkle forming on her smooth brow as I placed the key in her warm palm.

"Open your pants," Crystal ordered finally. "Show Serena what she's holding the key to." My mouth opened by itself, ready to protest. But I caught myself in time. Crystal had promised to put me to the test. My mistress wasn't above playing games with me, just to test me. My hands shook as I tugged at the fastening of my jeans, and I turned my gaze to the floor again as I heard Serena gasp at the sight of my caged cock.

"Oh my God!" she shrieked, raising her hand to her open mouth. But she didn't look away. In fact, she bent slightly at the waist, peering down at me to get a better look at the device that imprisoned me. And I kept my eyes down, trying not to look at her breasts showing in the top of her shirt as she bent over me. "What the hell is that?"

“It’s a chastity device,” Crystal said in a matter-of-fact tone. “My boy toy doesn’t get to cum unless I say so. That’s why he’ll do anything I say. Won’t you?”

"Yes, Mistress." Under the scrutiny of the two women, I could hardly breathe. But my cock ached inside the steel prison at what Crystal was doing to me. There was always some new humiliation, always some fresh disgrace. My mistress played me like an instrument.

"Why don't you hold onto that for me?" Crystal said, while my heart hammered in my chest. "Be careful. It's the only one I have. I know he was hoping to be released tonight, but he'll last a little longer if he has to."

“Okay,” Serena giggled, barely able to believe what was happening. I felt the same way.

"Why don't you give me your phone number?" Crystal said. While Serena read out a string of numbers, I struggled to contain my fear and shame. Crystal was handing over the power she held over me as though it meant nothing to her. As though every woman on earth had a right to control me and my orgasms. It was utterly embarrassing, and unbelievably erotic.

"Good," Crystal said finally, as though that settled that. "That's one less thing I have to worry about. And if I were you, boy toy, I would show Serena here the same respect and obedience that you show me."

“Yes, Mistress,” I said forlornly. Resigned to my fate, I inched forward on my knees. Crystal’s high heels tapped on the bathroom floor as she took a step back, making way for me as I bent over the feet of a stranger. Serena shrieked with laughter as I crouched on the bathroom floor and pressed my lips to her feet.

Humiliated At The Bar

I used to run these places. I practically lived in bars. Big as the city is, I knew almost every one of them. And in the few years since I had reached legal drinking age – and, let's be honest, the year or two before that when I got my hands on a fake ID – bars like this one had become a second home to me. Or maybe a first home. I felt more comfortable in these drinking establishments than I did the apartment I shared with Josh.

And yet there I was, running myself ragged as I hurried around the packed space. Crystal and Morgan remained at the bar, two extravagant beauties in their provocative dresses, drawing the eyes of men half their age. Men my age. And I didn't dare neglect them. Crystal had a power over me that only a few months before I would never have believed possible. Even on the first night we had met, she had taught me the foolishness of disobeying my Mistress. And Morgan was just as bad, if not worse. Crystal's best friend seemed to take bottomless delight in ordering me around, in treating me like some kind of servant as she abused the power Crystal had given her.

But Crystal seemed to be on a one-woman mission to teach other females how to control me. She had given the key to my chastity device to a stranger, and said that it was the only one. If I wanted to be freed, I needed Serena to give that key back to Crystal, if not directly to me. And the only way I could think to make that happen was to do what Serena said, too.

So that's how I found myself hurrying back-and-forth through the busy pub, racing from bar to table and back again.

Serena was no older than I was. She and her friends had to be in their early 20s, just like me. Somehow, that made it even worse. Even more humiliating to be forced to obey a young girl like that than it was to be bent to the will of a mature goddess like Crystal or Morgan. Crystal carried herself like the mistress she was, as though it was simply part of the natural order that men would obey her every whim. And although Morgan had only recently been introduced to the kinky game Crystal was playing with me, she had taken to it like a natural. They were women who had been around

the block more than once, women who had seen the world and all it had to offer in the way of pleasure. Women who were surprised by very little any more when it came to the dark parts of men's minds. But Serena wasn't like that at all. Fresh-faced and wide-eyed, she was every inch the kind of pretty girl that I once would have targeted on a night out in a bar like this. While she was clearly extremely open-minded, I had no doubt that this kind of power was completely new to her. And why wouldn't it be? Most women Crystal's age had never been involved in anything like this, let alone young girls like Serena and her friends.

But Serena was taking to her new position of power like a natural.

"Go get us more drinks." She raised her voice to be heard over the loud music of the bar, and I nodded in compliance as my cheeks burned. Serena's pale eyes flashed every time she spoke to me, every time she looked at me. I knew the memory of me kneeling on the toilet floor, humbly kissing her shoes, still glowed in her brain the same way it did in mine. Neither of us were ever going to forget it. And it hung between us like a threat, a ticking bomb that she held in her hand, another nail in the coffin of my ego. Without a word, I turned and headed to the bar to follow her orders.

"How's the new girl treating you?" Morgan beamed at me as I approached the bar where she and Crystal sat, savoring the drinks that no one was going to ask them to pay for.

"Okay, my lady," I said, doing my best to pitch my voice at a level where Morgan would hear it over the music but nobody standing nearby would. Although why it mattered anymore, I couldn't say. Anyone paying even the slightest bit of attention would have noticed the way I was rushing back and forth across the bar as though I worked there, at the behest of multiple women. Deeply ashamed of the position I was in, I was still trying to keep a lid on my lowly status as much as possible, even while knowing that Crystal took great pleasure in revealing it to strangers. And all the while, my cock throbbed and ached inside the steel chastity device that contained it. Being treated like this, being reduced to this, a lowly servant for the pleasure of beautiful women, was turning me on more than I could say. And the weeks of chastity I had endured had me writhing on a spike of my own desire. Morgan knew that, as she grinned at me over the rim of her glass, her lips puckering as she took a careful sip, and I watched every

movement of her beautiful body, every expression on her pretty face. These women were driving me crazy with every single thing they did. And they knew it. At least, Morgan and Crystal both knew it. Serena and her friends still had a lot to learn. But they were quick studies.

"She's certainly got you working," Morgan said, and Crystal laughed in agreement. The barman managed to tear his hungry eyes away from Crystal and Morgan's bodies for long enough to take my order of a round of drinks for Serena's table, and I waited, standing between my two mistresses while he began to make drinks.

"That's good," Crystal said. In the dim light of the bar, her eyes appeared to be a deep emerald green that bordered on blue, like two different seas meeting and mingling in her cool stare. It never failed to make something tremble inside me to have my mistress look at me like that. "You need to keep her happy if you want her to give me that key back. In fact, I've got an idea." My heart spasmed as Crystal leaned forward, her dark hair hanging down around her pretty face as she inclined her head closer to mine. I saw Morgan lean forward too, anxious to catch every word her friend said to me as she set down her drink momentarily on the bar.

"If Serena gives me the key back," Crystal said, speaking very slowly and clearly as she laid a hand on my shoulder, "I might let you cum tonight. But only if you're a very good boy. And only if she decides to give the key back of her own free will. I'm not going to ask her. And if she decides to keep it, you're out of luck."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress." The words burst from my mouth before I could even think to stop them, and both Crystal and Morgan laughed out loud as I spoke. It was ridiculous, of course. To be thanking this cruel woman for even the faint chance of an orgasm, when not so long ago, I had had total autonomy over my body. But that felt like another life. The calendar lied when it said it had only been a matter of weeks. My life now was sharply divided into the days before I met Crystal, and the time since. And every moment I spent in her presence, or Morgan's, served to make the days before I had met them seem duller and grayer by comparison. This was my real life, the agony and ecstasy of serving these gorgeous women, the bright light and deep black of this kinky new life. Nothing else could compare.

The barman reappeared and set the drinks I had ordered down on the bar between Morgan and Crystal. Summoned by a customer at the other end of the bar, he moved off without a word.

"Well, you'd better get going," Morgan said. "You don't want to keep her waiting."

"But don't forget about us," Crystal added, giving my shoulder a slight squeeze as she spoke. "Don't forget who really owns that useless cock of yours." Morgan laughed loudly at her friend's words while I meekly nodded.

"Yes, Mistress," I muttered under my breath as I reached for the glasses in front of her. I was just about able to pick all four of them up together so that I wouldn't have to make two trips. Feeling the eyes of Morgan and Crystal locked on me, I turned and carefully carried the drinks back to Serena and her friends.

"There he is," Serena said as I appeared beside her table, my hands full of drinks. She watched me carefully as I set the glasses down in front of her and her friends. They all did. And each one of Serena's friends was maddeningly pretty in their own way. And each one seemed fascinated at what was going on. I wondered if Serena had explained who I was, and how we had met. Had she told them why I was so obedient, so submissive? Did every woman at the table know my most humiliating secret? There was no point thinking about it. Women talk about everything. If her friends didn't already know, there is no doubt in my mind that Serena would tell him eventually. But there was nothing I could do to stop it, and thinking about it only made me feel more ashamed. Still, if we could simply tell ourselves not to think about the things we shouldn't, life would be infinitely easier. That's just not how it works.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" Four sets of female eyes watched me closely as I spoke. I didn't turn around to see if Morgan and Crystal were still watching from the bar. I felt exposed enough, as though the whole world was watching me in this bizarre predicament. As though everyone could see my hidden shame, and I was about to become a laughing stock for the entire city.

"Sure," Serena said. These weren't the first drinks I had fetched for her and her friends, and I detected the slight beginnings of a slur in her voice as

she spoke. The position I was in was bad enough, I reasoned, without having to deal with a drunk and less inhibited version of this stranger.

"In private," I added. A faint smile danced across Serena's pretty face. Her friends exchanged knowing glances. But they couldn't possibly know what was in my heart. Or so I told myself.

"Okay," Serena said. Taking a quick sip of her drink, she rose to her feet, sliding out from behind the table she sat at. While her friends watched, saying things to one another that I couldn't hear but were evidently highly amusing judging by the laughter they elicited, Serena set out through the crowd in the bar. She was heading toward the women's bathroom again. With a sinking heart, I followed her. I suppose it was the closest thing to a private space in the packed saloon.

Serena pushed open the swinging door of the bathroom, and I followed as she led me toward a stall. It was like a sickness, the way I couldn't keep myself from looking at her. The tightness of her jeans around her hips and the way she walked in her high-heeled boots could only bring me more pain, could only cause the cage I wore on my cock to feel even tighter. But I couldn't help it. I wondered if Serena had even the faintest idea just how difficult this all was for me. I wondered if she would care if she knew. Were all women secretly like this, capable of the same selfish cruelty that Crystal specialized in? Was it simply a question of opportunity? Given a chance, would all women find within themselves some spark of the same dominant nature that made Crystal rule over me so easily? The chastity device Crystal had put on me was the greatest weapon I could imagine to make men submissive and compliant. Maybe any woman would jump at the chance to taste that kind of power for herself.

I followed Serena into the bathroom stall and swung the door shut behind me. The last thing I wanted was to be discovered in the women's bathroom and have someone make a scene. At least inside the stall, no one could see us. But I tried to keep my voice low as I spoke, painfully aware that other women would be coming and going while we talked.

Serena's blue eyes glittered in the bathroom's bright light as she stared at me expectantly. She stood with her back to the toilet, her hands on her hips and her feet apart as she waited. A network of silver chains hung from her neck and over her chest, set off by the sparkly black top she wore.

Crystal had undoubtedly picked a very attractive girl to be my new keyholder. I wondered if that was deliberate on her part, or just a happy accident. I wondered for a moment, while I tried to formulate my thoughts into words, which would be worse. To be made to submit to and serve a beauty like Serena and her pretty friends, or to be forced to obey someone to whom I wasn't attracted at all. Because there was no doubt in my mind any more that Crystal could make me do anything. Anyone she handed the key to from now on would have the same power over me that she herself did. And that thought terrified and thrilled me in ways I didn't bother to analyze as Serena waited for me to speak.

"I need that key back," I finally said. The blonde waves of Serena's hair bounced slightly as she tossed her head, a smile spreading across her face. She could hardly be surprised at my request.

"Why?" I had to admit, Serena had it down. The note of command in her voice. The power posture she had adopted. The direct and challenging stare she turned on me she spoke. If I hadn't gotten to know Crystal so well, maybe I wouldn't even have noticed the faint, barely perceptible hesitation in her voice. The tiny scintilla of doubt. But it was there. Serena, I guessed, had never had this kind of control over anyone before. She was only just awakening to the power that she held. Whereas Crystal wielded power as though there was nothing more natural, as though she was born to rule over others. Serena was too young and too inexperienced to come across like the aloof goddess that my Mistress was. But she was certainly trying. And I was in no position to challenge her.

"Because..." I said, and paused. Because I wanted her to? Because we didn't even know each other? These were not arguments that I had much faith in. Serena might not have Crystal's natural flair for dominance, but I could tell she was enjoying having me as a servant to show off in front of her friends. I could appeal to her mercy all I wanted, but the glow in her eyes as she looked at me was too similar to Crystal's for me to have much hope. Still, I had to try

"Because Crystal said she would let me cum if you do," I said. The words left me in a rush of air as though I was a balloon rapidly deflating. Serena let out a short burst of laughter, and her white teeth showed against

her lower lip as she grinned wolfishly at me. But her expression abruptly changed. I watched her brow furrow in mock confusion as she shook her head slowly.

"Crystal?" she said.

"My mistress," I said, lowering my head in shame as Serena nodded.

"I see," she said. Taking a step backward, she leaned against the back wall of the stall, perching herself on the toilet tank. Then she sat, lifting her feet onto the toilet seat as she stared up at me. "Does she let you cum often?"

"No," I said. "It's been two weeks."

"Two weeks?" Serena's brow furrowed again. "That doesn't sound very long."

"It is," I said uncomfortably, shifting my weight from foot to foot under her scrutiny. "For a guy. Especially since she teases me."

"She teases you?" The smile had reappeared on Serena's face. "How does she tease you?"

"She wears sexy clothes in front of me," I began. "She makes me do things to her. To please her. Use toys. Things like that. Her friend Morgan made me wash her husband's car while I could hear them having sex in the house." Serena howled with laughter, just as I had known she would. But there was no point trying to hide the truth. After all, for all I knew, Serena could go up to Crystal right after this conversation and see if my story checked out. And knowing Crystal, she would tell Serena, too. I knew what my mistress wanted that night, and it was for me to be completely and utterly humiliated. And I had learned long ago that it was impossible to fight what Crystal wanted.

"How did you two meet?" Serena was leaning back against the wall behind her, making herself as comfortable as possible as she sat on top of the toilet. I suppressed a sigh as I realized that she had no intention of making things easy for me. New shame burned my cheeks as I began to tell this stranger the story of my enslavement.

"I used to date her daughter," I said, as Serena's eyes opened wide and her eyebrows climbed her smooth forehead. "But we split up. I – I cheated

on her. Crystal's daughter, I mean. I guess she's teaching me a lesson."

"She sure is," Serena giggled. "But I guess if you're a dirty cheat, you deserve it. Maybe every guy who cheats should be locked up in one of these things. If a guy can't control where he sticks his dick, maybe he should have it locked away." I hung my head as Serena spoke. There was nothing I could say. I had treated Gemma badly, and in the past few weeks, I had had plenty of time to think about my mistake. Admittedly, it had brought Crystal into my life. And for all the suffering and humiliation she put me through, I couldn't bring myself to regret that. But that didn't mean I wasn't ashamed of what I had done.

"Show me your cock," Serena said. There was that look on her face again, that mischievous smile as she bit her lip. I reached for the front of my jeans and began to unzip. Her eyes dropped at once to my crotch as I exposed myself, my cock straining against the bars of the cage that held it so tightly, preventing the erection I would otherwise have attained.

"That's so crazy," Serena said. Her eyes never left my caged member as she spoke. "Does it hurt?"

"Sometimes," I admitted. "When I get turned on."

"Does it hurt now?" Serena finally raised her eyes to my face as she spoke, and I returned her stare. A fresh bloom of pain rose deep in my stomach as my cock throbbed. There was no mistaking the glint in her eye now.

"Yes," I said in a low voice.

Serena's hand moved slowly, reaching for the tiny pocket at her hip. I watched with rising hope as she fished out the tiny key to my chastity device. This stranger was turned on. I had no doubt about that any longer. And wild hope bloomed inside my heart at what she was about to do.

"You want to fuck me?" There was someone outside the stall. I could hear the splash of water in one of the sinks. Serena spoke quietly, but I heard every word as though it was carved on the surface of my brain. The key shone in her hand like the promise of heaven as she offered me everything I had wanted for what felt like forever. Serena was beautiful, and her hot young body was driving me wild with temptation. I would have wanted her even if I hadn't been denied and teased relentlessly for the past

couple of weeks. But in the state I was in, I wanted her desperately, as though my life depended on burying my free cock in this gorgeous beauty.

Serena was beautiful, all right. But she wasn't my Mistress.

"Yes," I growled through gritted teeth, "I do. I really do. You're so hot, and I want you badly. But I don't cheat anymore." Serena's eyes opened wide in surprise again. I was barely any less surprised than she was at my words. Every cell in my body screamed at me that I was being stupid, that I should take the offer she had made and seize the pleasure the Crystal so cruelly denied me. But my heart said something else. The entire reason I was locked up in chastity was to teach me a lesson. And it was a lesson I had learned well. Crystal wasn't my girlfriend, at least in any traditional sense. But being with someone else felt somehow disloyal to her. And as much as I wanted to, I couldn't bring myself to do it.

"Good," Serena said finally, a pale smile returning to her face. "That was a test. You passed." I nodded. I had no idea if that was true, but I suspected that Serena was saying it to save face. It didn't matter. I watched as she pulled down the front of her top, exposing a cleavage that made my mouth water as she slipped the key into one of the cups of her bra. "I'll give this key back to your mistress," Serena said, and my heart expanded with joy at her words. "But first, you have to do something for me." As she spoke, she was already reaching for the front of her pants. There was no need to say any more. Serena unzipped her jeans and wiggled her hips from side to side as she pulled them down, past her knees to bunch around her ankles. Her pink panties went the same way, until she sat naked from the waist down on top of the toilet tank, her legs parted and her glistening pussy revealed in front of me. I didn't hesitate. I knew exactly what she wanted. For the second time that night, I sank to my knees on the floor of the women's bathroom.

Serena's thighs felt firm yet soft under my hands. Her pussy was already wet as my lips made contact with hers, her juices running freely from deep inside her body at the arousal she felt. A faint whimper rose from her throat as I gently kissed her sex, teasing her swollen lips with my tongue. Crystal had taught me well. Oral servitude was one of my mistress's favorite things to have me do, and it had become one of my favorite duties as well. Serena tasted differently from Crystal and from Morgan, but her

free-flowing juices were no less delicious as I lapped them up and tried to ignore my cock aching in its steel prison. Serena tried to keep quiet, fearful of discovery in the busy bathroom, but her pleasure overwhelmed her. The sounds from the bar outside grew louder momentarily every time someone stepped through the door into the bathroom. And every time they did, I heard a strange silence fall over them as they listened to the sounds Serena was making. The fact that any woman who came to the bathroom knew that I was going down on Serena only made the whole experience more powerfully erotic.

Crying out at last, Serena gripped the back of my head and pushed my face harder against her pussy as she came. Her whole body spasmed, and a hot flood of her juices poured over my face as I licked her to orgasm. With a loud gasp, she slumped back against the wall behind her, finally releasing her grip on my head. I sat back, feeling the warmth of her moisture on my skin as she stared at me with glassy eyes. She hardly seemed to believe what had just happened. And I couldn't blame her. Unless she lived a life like Crystal's, as wild and strange and thrilling as that was, I suspected young Serena might never have an experience quite like the one I had given her ever again.

Finally, she pulled up her pants and got dressed again. Rising to my feet, I offered her my hand as she climbed down from the top of the toilet. Her cheeks were glowing with the obvious flush of pleasure as she brushed past me, and I winced at the feel of her ripe young body against mine. Regret tugged at some base layer of my brain as I wondered if I hadn't made a giant mistake. I could have had this beauty, and I had missed my chance. But it was too late for second thoughts. Serena carefully opened the door of the bathroom stall, checking that the coast was clear.

"Come on," she said as she led me out into the bathroom. She didn't look directly at me as she made her way to the door and back into the bar. She didn't want to turn her head to see if I was following as she made her way through the crowd with me at her heels. It was as though she couldn't bring herself to look at me after what we had just done, as though she was suddenly embarrassed by what had happened. But I was used to embarrassment. Not to say that I ever stopped feeling it.

As we approached the bar, I saw Crystal and Morgan raise their heads from some private joke they had been sharing to watch us approach. Serena stopped in front of Crystal, and I saw her reach down the front of her shirt. Retrieving the key from inside her bra, she slapped it down on the bar in front of Crystal. Then she leaned forward. I couldn't catch the words Serena spoke to my mistress, but I saw the wicked smile that spread across Crystal's pink lips as she listened. When she was finished, Serena turned on her heel. She gave only the quickest of glances in my direction as she stepped past me and vanished into the din of the bar, returning to the table where her friends waited.

"Well," Crystal grinned at me, shifting slightly on her stool as she spoke. "It seems you have been a very good boy. Serena gave you a glowing report. So maybe you will get that reward I promised you after all."

"Thank you, Mistress," I gasped, while Morgan and Crystal laughed again. Serena's juices still clung to my face; I hadn't had a chance to wash them off. My cock raged expectantly inside the cage. I had pleased my mistress, a woman it normally seemed almost impossible to please. The thought thrilled me.

But if I had known what form Crystal's pleasure would take, I might have regretted earlier, as I came to many times later, not taking Serena up at her offer. Because my dominant mistress's pleasure was destined to cause me a great deal of pain.

Her Reward

The air in Crystal's bedroom sang with the sounds of pleasure.

She lay on her gigantic fourposter bed, her gorgeous body contorted with the bliss she could scarcely contain as she howled in ecstasy. My beautiful mistress had never looked more stunning. Her eyes were squeezed shut as another wave of joy tore through her, her brow furrowed and her mouth wide open in an expression you might mistake for pain if you didn't know any better. But I did. There was no way to mistake what she was experiencing for anything other than total satisfaction. And when she finally rode the wave of another powerful orgasm and opened her glittering eyes to stare right at me, the purity of her pleasure pierced my heart.

Crystal's bedroom was no stranger to scenes like this. In the short time I had known her, I had watched this woman cum over and over again. At times, I had been allowed the privilege of being involved. At other times, crueler times, her ecstasy was dangled in front of me as a reward I kept striving for and so rarely attained. The glittering prize that kept me on the treadmill of servitude and submission to Crystal and to any other woman she saw fit to hand me over to. Like Morgan. Like Serena. But no matter how many times I saw this outrageous beauty, it never lost its power to thrill me. Crystal was beautiful in whatever she did, but she was never more beautiful than this. She was always so in control, so poised and deliberate in everything she said and did. It was a big part of her bewitching beauty. But it made the rare moments when she lost control, when she screamed in ecstasy and surrendered at last to something even more powerful than she was, that much more striking. I had seen my mistress orgasm many, many times, especially in this bedroom, where she lay on her giant bed like a sacrifice on an altar, a minor goddess offered up to a greater one to be consumed and devoured. But I never got used to it. And every one of her spasms, every orgasm my beautiful mistress had ever had in my presence, was burned onto my brain. Each one unique and beautiful in its own way, even as the combined total of these images added up to a kind of hymn of physical pleasure. The rapture, the ecstasy, was something that once seen, could never be forgotten.

But it wasn't a kind of sympathetic bliss that filled my heart as Crystal's loud cries echoed once again between the walls that seemed to forever ring with them whenever I was in her room. And it wasn't longing for physical release, the bright shining prize on the distant horizon that she so expertly used keep me in her power. No, what I felt in that moment as I watched crystal cum again and again, soaking the mattress beneath her as she roared and convulsed in absolute joy, was closer to hatred.

Not even Crystal could deny that I had done my part. I had played the submissive boy toy to the letter, humiliating myself in a bar full of strangers for her amusement. I had turned down Serena's offer, and with every minute that passed, I became more sure that the young woman had been lying when she said it was a test. She would have unlocked me there and then, in the toilet of the bar, and let me fuck her. I was sure of it. But somehow, I had resisted one of the greatest temptations of my life, and I had done it all for Crystal. Because it was thinking with my cock that had gotten me into this predicament in the first place. And more than that. Being with Serena, even just for a moment, would have felt like a betrayal, no matter how much I wanted it. No matter how cruelly Crystal treated me. And when she had heard that I had resisted the great temptation on her behalf, my mistress had been pleased. She herself had admitted I deserved an orgasm of my own.

But it wasn't the weight of my body that caused Crystal's massive bed to shake with every thrust. It wasn't me that was drawing those cries and squeals of pleasure out of her, driving myself deep inside her body and enjoying the sensation of her wet pussy spasming around my cock. It wasn't me that had made her cum over and over, that had reduced her to a quivering wreck of greed and desire, of pleasure and ecstasy. It wasn't me that was fucking her.

Instead, I kneeled on the floor at the foot of the bed where I had kneeled so often before. Gazing up at a beauty that seemed more unattainable than ever before, and more desirable because of that fact. I kneeled on the floor as though praying at that same altar, and no prayer could be more fervent and more desperate than my humiliated desire for my mistress. The sense of injustice stung me, the anger flaring up and mingling with the unstoppable lust I felt as I watched Crystal getting fucked by a stranger.

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Crystal's barstool wobbled slightly underneath her as she shifted her weight. I knew that look in her eye. My mistress, never short of kinky ideas, had come up with something new. It never failed to send a shiver down my spine when she looked at me like that. The taste of Sabrina's orgasm still haunted my mouth, causing my cock to press painfully against the inside of the chastity device I wore. The key shone on the bar in front of Crystal, where Serena had slapped it down before returning to her friends. Everything felt as though it was poised on a knife-edge, as though I moved in some strange dream with consequences I could only begin to guess.

And Crystal moved. Her pink dress tightened around the outrageous curves of her body as she shifted. Her dark hair hung down from her head as she leaned back in her stool, raising her legs. She gripped her chair with her hands for balance as she lifted her long legs to the bar. No one who didn't look like she did would be able to get away with it. But Crystal was too beautiful and too confident to argue with. She put her feet up on the bar, crossing them at the ankle, and her gorgeous multicolored eyes shone as she smiled at me.

"Put the key back on my anklet," she ordered. I could feel Morgan's eyes on me as I stepped forward to do as Crystal said. In fact, I could feel many sets of eyes on me, as people in the busy bar turned our way to see what was happening. Crystal and Morgan had no trouble attracting attention, and as Crystal's tight dress slid up her toned thighs, I felt as though the whole world was watching.

My hand trembled as I picked up the key from the bar. Once again, I had the chance to be free. To shake off Crystal's power over me and return to a more normal life. But if I hadn't succumbed to the temptation when Serena boldly offered me her body in the bathroom, I wasn't about to now. Holding the key in one hand, I carefully took hold of the thin silver chain around Crystal's ankle with the other. There was a tiny clip on the chain that allowed me to fasten the key back where it had been when we left for the bar earlier that night. Once again, my release dangled like a piece of jewelry from my mistress's delicate ankle. And her smile as I meekly did what she ordered chilled my heart, even as it caused my cock to try and swell yet again in the merciless chastity device I wore.

"Good boy," Crystal smirked. She was no longer even trying to keep her voice down. Busy running back and forth from Serena to Crystal, I had barely noticed how much Crystal and Morgan had been drinking. I didn't know if it was alcohol that was loosening her inhibitions, or if she was simply losing herself in her dominant role. From my perspective, it didn't matter. What mattered was that Crystal was looking to humiliate me further.

"You must really want that orgasm," she grinned, knowing that I could only answer her question one way.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, watching her smile grow along with Morgan's, and hearing a faint ripple of laughter from the strangers who were watching us.

"Good," Crystal purred. "I like it when you're nice and horny. It makes you so much more obedient, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress." More laughter from the growing crowd around us. Crystal had been toying with me all night, teasing me with the possibility of exposing the true nature of our relationship. Now, it seemed, she had decided to go all the way. She knew as well as I that there was nothing I could say or do to stop her. As always, things would go the way Crystal wanted them to go.

"Then show me the proper respect," Crystal went on. A single manicured finger pointed at her raised feet on the bar she spoke. "Kiss my foot right here in front of everyone." Morgan laughed out loud, and the sound of her amusement only drew more attention to us. My face, still shining with Serena's juices, burned as I blushed deeply. But Crystal was staring right at me. Her gorgeous eyes were boring into mine, the way they did whenever she seemed to suspect I might try and defy her. I trembled under her bright gaze the way I always did. Morgan inched backward to make room as I stepped up to the bar, where Crystal's feet waited.

My hands on the wood, I bent over my mistress's feet. The skin exposed by her high-heeled pump was soft and warm as I placed my lips against it. My cock surged as I heard a gasp echo through the bar, followed by the mocking laughter of strangers as they watched me debase myself. As though they would do any better in the same situation, I angrily told myself. There wasn't a man here that would have done any better resisting Crystal than I had. I was sure of that. But I was the one she had chosen. I was the

one who had cheated on her daughter and been made to pay this terrible yet thrilling price. I was the one kissing her foot on a bar in front of what felt like the whole world.

"Good," Crystal said again. I raised my head from her feet as she swung her legs down to the floor, her high heels rapping sharply on the ground as she sat up. "Such a good boy. When you want something."

"You guys are crazy." The barman stood on the other side of the bar, grinning at Crystal and Morgan. I couldn't bring myself to meet his eye, staring instead at the floor close to Crystal's feet. He couldn't be much more than my own age, maybe in his mid-20s. Much younger than Crystal. Not that that mattered. She was more stunning than any other woman in the bar that night. And I knew the barman had had his eye on her and on Morgan from the minute we entered. Just like every other man there.

"You have no idea," Crystal said. Placing one elbow on the bar, she leaned forward, her breasts rising against the pink fabric of her tight dress as she ran a finger around the rim of her glass. Her hair tumbled in silken black waves around her face. It was as though I had vanished completely from her thoughts as I watched her flirt the stranger. The shape of her body in her tight dress was driving me wild as I watched in sullen silence. And Morgan's eyes darted from Crystal to me and back again to her friend as she watched the scene playing out in front of her.

"Well, maybe I'll see you down here again sometime," the barman said. He was the arrogant type, the type who thinks nothing of trying his luck with a woman as far out of his league as my mistress was. But Crystal threw back her head and laughed, as though she had never heard anything funnier in her life, tossing her head so that her hair shone in the dim light as he smiled at her.

"Maybe," Crystal said coquettishly. Still smiling, the barman turned and reluctantly headed down toward the other end of the bar to serve somebody else. I could see him glancing back at Crystal from time to time over his shoulder, and jealousy stung my heart as Crystal smiled at him.

"He's cute," Morgan said.

"He is," Crystal agreed. There was a dreamy expression on her face as she toyed with the glass in front of her, still staring down the bar toward the

young barman. Abruptly, she twisted in her seat, turning back to me.

"I want you to ask him to come home with me," she said firmly. Morgan gasped. But it was nothing compared to the moan of despair that rose from my throat at Crystal's cruel words.

"But -" I started, and stopped. The sudden flash of Crystal's beautiful eyes was all the warning I needed. She had only physically punished me one time, but I had never forgotten the unpleasant sensation. Besides, Crystal had other ways to punish me. More subtle, and more devastating. The key to my release hung once again around her ankle, and only she could grant me the orgasm I so desperately desired. Defying her was a sure way to guarantee it would be a long, long time before I got to cum again.

"You heard me," Crystal said in a voice that sounded like the groaning of thin ice under my feet. "Making you my bitch in public has got me wet. I want to fuck. And you need to make that happen for me."

My mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. Crystal was a woman with a gift for pushing my boundaries, but this felt like the most outrageous demand she had yet made of me. To freely give what I so desperately wanted to a stranger, when I had worked so hard to earn her favor. The idea horrified me. I knew that I couldn't argue with her, and that any protest I might make would only make things worse for me. But the terror of what she was proposing kept me rooted to the spot, trembling under her firm stare like a sapling in a storm.

"Better be quick," Crystal said at last. "Every minute you spend deciding makes me less likely to unlock you tonight. Don't keep me waiting."

For a moment more, I stood rooted to the spot in front of her. Crystal stared at me, the faint bulge of her tongue visible at one side of her mouth as she waited. One long finger tapped rhythmically against her glass. She said nothing more. And while I couldn't tear my eyes away from her, I could feel Morgan staring at me too. Waiting. Wondering if I would finally take a stand, or if this was one more boundary of mine that Crystal would easily shatter.

As though there was ever any doubt. Something inside me seemed to suddenly give way, my faint resistance folding back in on itself as it

collapsed. I lurched suddenly forward, stumbling toward the far end of the bar where the barman was plying his trade. The sound of Crystal and Morgan laughing at me and my pathetic capitulation echoed in my ears the whole time.

"Hey," I said. The barman closed the cash register and turned to me, his dark eyebrows rising in an unspoken question. I swallowed, trying to find the right words to say while he leaned across the bar toward me expectantly. "That – that lady over there. The one you were just talking to." I nodded my head back in Crystal's direction, and felt my heart spasm again as the barman looked back at her and smiled.

"Yeah," he said. "The one who made you kiss her foot."

"Yeah," I said through gritted teeth as my cheeks burned anew.

"Is she your girl?"

"I – not rea - I - she told me to ask you if you want to," I stammered, choking on the hateful words while Crystal watched from the other end of the long bar. Clearing my throat, I tried again, staring down at the bar where the barman's hairy hand rested, unable to meet his eyes. "She wanted to know if you want to go home with her. Tonight." A horrible silence followed my words. The noise of the bar seemed to shrink and recede until I could barely hear anything but the pounding of my own heart. My question had clearly taken the man by surprise. Before answering, he looked toward Crystal again. I didn't look up.

"Are you serious?" he asked at last.

"Yes," I growled. "She asked me to ask you. You can ask yourself if you like."

The barman shook his head in disbelief. I glanced up at him from under my eyebrows, still struggling to make eye contact with the stranger who had seen me so utterly humiliated.

"Sure," the barman said at last, and my stomach knotted up in helpless rage as he spoke. "She's hot as hell, bro."

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We got back to the house, and Crystal wasted no time. The front door was barely closed behind us before she was all over him, kissing him, embracing him, her hands moving over his body as his moved over hers. Brad, his name was. The name I knew at once I would hate forever after what I was forced to witness.

Morgan was there too, of course. She wouldn't miss a humiliating ordeal like this for all the world. And as usual, Crystal had no inhibitions at all in front of her friend. She had led Brad up to her bedroom and encouraged Morgan and I to come with them. Of course, Morgan had complied. While Crystal and Brad undressed one another on the bed, Crystal's tight dress finally shed like the close-fitting sheath of a beautiful weapon, Morgan had dropped her own dress and ordered me to strip. Busy as he was with Crystal, Brad given only the most cursory of glances at my chastity cage as Morgan ordered me to kneel on the floor at the foot of the bed. Crystal had soon taken his mind off it with her wandering hands and mouth. And if Brad had had any reservations about what was happening, Crystal knew how to sweep them away as though they had never existed.

While I watched in dull horror and Crystal and Brad embraced naked on her bed, Morgan disappeared inside her friends walk-in closet. She soon returned, a set of handcuffs dangling from her hand as she strutted towards me in nothing but her underwear and high heels. I didn't try to fight Morgan as she crouched behind me to cuff my hands behind my back. I didn't expect anything else. Rising to her feet again, Morgan stood beside me, one hand resting possessively on top of my head as the two of us watched the show unfolding before our eyes.

Crystal took her time. There was a glimmer of the aggressiveness in her that I knew so well as she pushed Brad onto the mattress. But it was only so she could toy with him more. Smiling dazzlingly, Crystal crawled down the bed to take the stranger's cock in her mouth. Morgan laughed as I whimpered in despair, and Brad groaned in pleasure as my mistress tightened her lips around his shaft. Sweeping her long hair back from her face and pinning it behind her ear, Crystal bobbed her head up and down, her jaw working as her tongue teased the young bartender until he was groaning in pleasure. Crystal certainly knew her way around the male anatomy. In no time at all, he was writhing and squirming on the mattress

beneath her, as though his muscular body could barely contain pleasure that she incited.

Crystal sat up. I felt Morgan's hand tightened on my scalp she seized a fistful of my hair, keeping me focused on what my mistress was doing. As though I could possibly look away. As though there was anything else on earth that compelled me to watch, even though every moment of it burned a hole in my heart. I watched as Crystal straddled her young lover, facing me at the foot of the bed as she took his slippery cock in her hand. With a low moan, Crystal lowered herself down onto him, impaling herself with his manhood as the two of them sighed in pleasure. And her thighs tightened and bunched as she rode on top of him, her dripping pussy sliding up and down his cock in time with her cries of passion and pleasure.

The key to my chastity still dangled from the chain around her ankle. The steel cage still held my cock tight, pressing my erection back on itself and making me whimper with unrelieved desire. Crystal threw back her head and cried out in ecstasy, screaming out every quantum of the pleasure she was feeling and would not allow me experience as she had her first orgasm on Brad's cock.

And the night went on and on. The young barman seemed tireless, and Crystal was more than ready to keep up. Again and again, I watched her pussy spasm around his cock, her beautiful body contorting in the throes of orgasm. Again and again, I heard her cry out, and listened to her scream in wild desire. As pleasure overtook the two of them, they moved from one position to another, Crystal now on top, now below, Brad arcing his body over her, then holding her hips he fucked her from behind. They ran through every sexual act I had ever experienced in my life in a single night. Drunk on one another, they turned the hours into passion, into explosive joy and deep satisfaction. I had never seen anything like it. And with every thrust of the stranger's cock inside my beautiful mistress, I felt my own inadequacy driven home, over and over again.

Crystal was on her back, Brad pumping away on top of her, when Morgan finally lost her self-control. Releasing her grip on my hair, she hurriedly pulled down her panties and stepped out of them, kicking them savagely aside. Then she gripped a fistful of my hair again. From the bed above me, I heard Morgan cry out in delight as she watched her friend use

me. Morgan pulled me toward her, and the carpet burned my knees as I shuffled forward, pressing my face between her legs as she guided my mouth to pussy. Morgan moaned as I licked her, ignoring the ache in my jaw from pleasuring Serena earlier. This was my role in life, to give pleasure and not receive it, to be used like the boy toy Crystal always said I was while another man fucked my mistress. My heart trembled with shame and lust, but I did what Morgan wanted. I licked and kissed her streaming pussy until she was howling as loudly as Crystal was, the two of them drunk with their shared pleasure that came from very different sources.

Morgan moaned, and I felt her pussy convulse on my tongue. I did my best to swallow the juices of her pleasure as she surrendered to orgasm. And almost at the same time, Crystal cried out. Brad was moaning louder than before, his breath catching in his throat as he thundered toward orgasm. Envy and despising him for getting what I couldn't, I drank down Morgan's juices and felt her grip on my hair relax as she released me. Crystal cried out, and I closed my eyes as I listened to Brad cum inside her, claiming the body that I had been teased with and denied for weeks on end. In a single night, he had gone further with Crystal than I ever had. And, I was starting to fear, further than I ever would.

Sighing, Brad rolled away from Crystal, and they clumsily disentangled themselves from one another. I looked up to see Crystal staring at me, her face made even more beautiful by the red flush of orgasm that shone in her cheeks. I was the only one in the room who hadn't felt that intense physical pleasure. And I couldn't have felt more disgraced as I kneeled naked on the floor, my hands cuffed behind me.

"That was amazing," Crystal gasped. She wasn't looking at Brad. She was looking straight at me as she spoke. And I watched her breasts heave and sway as she sat up in the bed, sliding across the mattress until her feet found the floor. Crystal stood, and I watched her naked body with its hourglass figure sway as she approached. Morgan stepped back to make room as my mistress stood above me, her hands on her hips, her cum-filled pussy shining directly in front of my face as I stared up at her with utter longing. The smell of sex filled my nostrils as I breathed in air scented by her presence.

Abruptly, Crystal crouched down in front of me. I watched her reach for the anklet, freeing the key to my chastity from the silver chain. Smiling deviously, she slid the key into the lock of my cage and twisted it. The metal bar around my balls fell away, and Crystal gently pulled the device off my manhood. Immediately, my cock swelled to full hardness, bursting with blood as the dense network of veins ignited. I felt lightheaded as my body rerouted the hot blood that coursed through me.

Still holding the empty device in her hand, Crystal stood. Just as Morgan had, she placed her other hand on top of my head as I kneeled at her feet.

"You were such a good boy tonight," Crystal beamed at me indulgently, as though I was some spoiled pet. "So you've finally earned some pleasure. Hurry up and cum before I change my mind."

I gasped as she raised one foot and ran it along the underside of my cock. My member swelled at her touch, even the slightest contact feeling like heaven after the long absence I had endured. I whimpered and groaned as my pleasure grew, and Crystal went on stroking me with her foot, giggling along with Morgan as she did so. I had given up sex with Serena for this, the halfhearted stroke of my mistress's bare foot. But in the moment, I didn't care. Almost at once, I felt my balls tightening against my body as my orgasm approached.

The bed creaked as Brad moved to get a better view. Morgan was staring at me, her face wearing an expression of disbelief. Crystal continued to grin down at me as she toyed with my manhood. Everyone's eyes were on me. And everyone in the room saw the humiliating spectacle as, with a loud groan and a visible shudder, I finally came. My eyes rolled back in my head as my orgasm overwhelmed me, and my cock spurted my semen across the floor with the force of my pleasure. More of my fluids dripped from my straining shaft to pour over Crystal's bare foot as she held it out in front of me. Evidently pleased with herself, she stroked my head affectionately as I gasped and convulsed in the last throb of ecstasy.

"There," she giggled girlishly. "All done. Now, let's get you locked back up again."

Crystal's Game

The strain was palpable. I could feel it in every fiber of my body, in every nerve and sinew as I lay stretched out on the mattress. I was a taut string that Crystal plucked on expertly, keeping me vibrating for her amusement. And these breaks were part of it. She was in the bathroom, no doubt keeping herself as beautiful as she always was, all the better to tease me. Crystal sometimes seemed to know my body better than I did. She knew I needed a break. At least, if she didn't want me to cum right there and then. Which Crystal evidently didn't.

It would have been so easy for her, too. The slightest touch. Almost any part of her body would do. But she knew what I wanted. Every time she straddled me where I lay helpless in her bed, I felt that faint twinge of hope that experience should have cured me of. The faint but ever-present hope that she would finally climb on top of me, impale herself on my hard cock, ride me to ecstasy the way I so badly wanted her to. Her selfishness drove me wild with desire, and her cruelty was the most potent aphrodisiac I knew. And yet, sprawled out in her bed with my limbs tied to the tall posts of the canopy, there was nothing I could do but wait.

And think. Ever since she had come into my life, it seemed as though I was incapable of thinking of anything that wasn't related to her. And that was deliberate, too. Even at work, or alone at home, I couldn't get her off my mind. The steel grip of the chastity device around my cock ensured that. I could never forget the power she held over me, not for a moment. Just as she wanted.

But there was more than that going on. I could try to deny the truth all I wanted, or stick my head in the sand and pretend that this wasn't happening. But lately, I had started to wonder what would've happened if Crystal took the chastity device off me and never put it back on. Not that she'd give me any reason to think that she would. But with all the endless fantasies and memories of my mistress that raced through my head whenever we weren't together, this one surfaced from time to time. What would I do then? She would no longer have the unstoppable power over me

that she currently possessed. But would anything really change? I would always want her. I was sure of that. My desire for her was unlike anything I had felt before for any woman, including Crystal's daughter Gemma. The way I had treated her daughter brought me to where I was now, Crystal's helpless love slave, and I couldn't bring myself to regret a moment of it. But in my more tender moments, I found myself wondering what Crystal was getting out of all this. And what her true intentions were.

There was the sex, obviously. No way to look past that elephant in the room. Our relationship had been about sex from the moment she shimmied into the restaurant where we met in her tight red dress, her exquisite beauty blowing away every woman I had ever seen before in my young life. Sex and revenge. Those were the two poles around which we circled, the beat to our dance. But surely Crystal had been revenged on me enough already? Yes, I had cheated on her daughter. But I had paid for that a thousand times over. I had been tortured and humiliated, reduced to the status of a pathetic slave for Crystal and her best friend. And, I remembered with a shudder of blissful shame, for a total stranger in the bar too. Surely that was enough?

I had been down this road before, of course. And every time my thoughts went in the same direction, I tried – and usually failed – to rein them in. I couldn't remember when it had first occurred to me that perhaps Crystal was getting more out of this relationship than just sex. But once the idea had formed, there was no way to shake it. And I couldn't even say why I thought that way, beyond my hope that it was true. Nothing Crystal said or did encourage me to believe that I was anything more to her than an entertaining diversion. Whenever we were together, she used the same domineering tone of voice, the same arrogant command of me that she had been using since we met. And except for our excursion to the bar where we met Serena, we never went out in public. Our dalliances had assumed a familiar pattern. I would come to her house, and she would fuck with me. She would tease and torment me, and get me to do whatever she wanted. Sometimes, she would have me kneel at her feet and worship her like a goddess. Other times, my favorite times, she would allow me to pleasure her with her toys or even her mouth, my whole being dedicated to providing her with yet another orgasm while my own needs went completely ignored. Such sweet torture to be the instrument of her pleasure and yet be denied my own. And then, sometimes, she would simply have me do the

housework. The various tasks and chores that she didn't feel like doing. She had me wait hand and foot on her and on Morgan, and there were times when that was all I did. Those were the worst times of all.

And yet... Sometimes, just now and again, there was something in Crystal that seemed different. The occasional look that I would surprise in those stunning eyes of hers, a look that wasn't predatory or mocking or devious at all. A look that made my heart soar whenever I caught it in her stare. And if I was wrong, if it was simply wishful thinking, what exactly was I wishing for? It was sex that had brought us together, and sex that kept me coming to Crystal's house, ready and willing to obey her every whim. Sex, and the promise of it. Because after all I had been through, after all Crystal had made me suffer the night we met, we still had not had sex. Not completely.

Maybe I should have hated her for that. Or maybe I should have just taken our relationship for what it was, a kinky game I was playing, being instructed by a gorgeous older woman in some of the darker parts of human sexuality. If I could have simply seen it like that, things might've been different. They might have been easier. But they certainly wouldn't have developed the way they did.

The hissing sound of water running through the pipes of the house abruptly stopped. Footsteps echoed on the tiled floor of the en suite bathroom. Crystal was wearing high heels, and my already hard cock throbbed even more urgently as I listened to her approach. The door of the bathroom opened, and there she stood in all her ravishing beauty. My mistress, my goddess, her dark hair tumbling in artful waves over her shoulders and her glorious eyes glowing as she smiled wickedly at me.

"Okay, boy toy," Crystal purred as she stepped into the room, her movements as graceful and languid as ever. "Ready for round two?"

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned, and Crystal let out a quiet chuckle at my strained compliance. It didn't matter what I said. Crystal would have her way with me regardless. But it was the truth. Even though I knew she was going to drive me crazy, even though I knew what she was going to put me through, what she had been putting me through all afternoon, was a form of torture. I couldn't resist her. For once, the chastity device was unlocked from my cock. But there was more than the ropes around wrist and ankle to

keep me in place. Crystal still held the only key to the invisible, unbreakable device locked around my heart.

I watched her approach, and she watched me watching her. No mirror on earth could show her to herself the way my eyes did as I gazed up at her in wonder. She wore a black bustier that hugged the curves of her body, emphasizing her narrow waist as it supported the mouthwatering swell of her cleavage. Long black gloves rose up above her elbows, as though she was participating in some formal event. But below the bustier, Crystal was naked. Her black panties had been long discarded, and her womanhood was nakedly on display. She approached the bed slowly, letting my eyes take it all in, as though I had never seen her before. As though I hadn't stared for what felt like hours at the pussy that dripped between her legs, desperately longing to sink my cock into it while knowing that she would never allow it. I couldn't help it. I stared again. And Crystal seemed to take years to walk over to the bed, carefully placing one high-heeled foot in front of the other so that her hips rocked from side to side, making my heart rise higher in my throat with every step she took.

"What are the rules?" Crystal stood at last at the edge of her huge bed, and I tried not to groan as she leaned over the mattress. Her boobs strained against the bustier she wore, and one gloved finger slid slowly up the shaft of my cock, barely brushing the hot skin as she teased me with maddening ease.

"I have to stay hard, mistress," I barked at once. As though there was any possibility of doing anything else in Crystal's presence. "I'm not allowed to cum without your permission, Mistress."

"That's right," Crystal grinned as she continued to slide the tip of her finger up and down my twitching cock. "And what happens if you break the rules?"

"I get locked up for three months, Mistress." Crystal laughed out loud as I repeated what she had told me when we began the day session. The threat filled me with terror. It hadn't been three months since the day I met Crystal, yet even within that time, I been allowed the occasional orgasm, if never the one I wanted. The thought of being physically prevented from orgasm for a full three months, knowing that Crystal would spend the entire time teasing me to the brink of madness, horrified me. My unlocked

chastity device lay on the bedside table, and even without looking at it, I could feel the weight of its presence like some distant star tugging at my guts while Crystal bent over me. But... Maybe there's no better demonstration of the turmoil that raged inside me than to say that as soon as Crystal had mentioned her threat, my first thought had been that it meant she would keep me around for at least three more months. And while the idea of a period of denial so long scared the hell out of me, I couldn't ignore the way my heart skipped a happy little beat at the thought that Crystal was thinking so far ahead.

"Right again," Crystal grinned. I hardly felt her weight as she sat down on the edge of the mattress beside me. Everything Crystal owned was of the highest quality. With the possible exception of me. "Now, what were you telling me before we took a little break? You were telling me how you'd do anything, absolutely anything, to be allowed to cum, weren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped. "Please, Mistress, please let me come. I'll do anything you say, I promise."

"Oh, I'm sure you will," Crystal grinned. Her finger had never stopped moving on the shaft of my cock, and now another gloved digit joined it, stroking and teasing while I shivered and shook at every touch. "But you already do whatever I say, don't you? I think I've trained you pretty well."

"Yes, Mistress." I could hardly deny the truth of that. It was hard to believe it'd only been a matter of weeks since I met this woman. Already, she had made me do things I had never thought I would do. Things I would never even have imagined. She had made me kiss her feet in a crowded bar and kiss the feet of a stranger. She had made me watch while she got fucked by a barman, taunting me with what she knew I wanted, what she had never yet allowed me. She had loaned me to her best friend as some kind of domestic servant, and I had washed Morgan's car and that of her husband while they had noisy sex upstairs. I had never once said no. And the chastity device was part of that, the faint hope of finally being allowed to fuck her keeping me in thrall to her and making me submit to her wildest whims. But it wasn't all. What scared me more than anything else, far more than these torturous games Crystal played with me, with the fear that one day she might grow bored of me and stop playing them at all.

"So you have to do something really special," Crystal said. I gasped as she wrapped a gloved hand around my cock at last, gently stroking it while I bucked my hips into the air, trying to get more contact between her hand in my cock. "Obedience is what I expect from you. That's how a boy should be around his mistress. But if you want a reward, you need to go above and beyond."

"How, Mistress?" It was often dangerous to question Crystal. But this time, she simply laughed at the note of desperation in my voice that even I could hear. I didn't have her imagination. I didn't know what she wanted, besides my complete and total humiliation. My submission to her was all I had to offer, and Crystal had that already. We both knew that.

Crystal's toned arms pressed her boobs together in the tight top she wore as she leaned over me. Her hand never stopped moving on my manhood as her glowing eyes peered into mine, the swirling blue-green sea that had entranced me from across the room the minute I laid eyes on my ex-girlfriend's mother. Her even teeth showed as she bit her lower lip, and the blood roared in my ears as I gazed at the perfection of her beautiful face, the undeniable appeal of her sexy body, and the delicious cruelty that sparkled in those fabulous eyes.

"I shouldn't have to come up with everything," Crystal said in a low voice. I struggled to hear her words over my ragged breathing as I bucked and rose on the bed beneath her, my orgasm boiling inside me as I battled to both suppress the urge and give into it. "You've been my boy toy for long enough now. You ought to know what I like. And you should be able to come up with ways to please me. Little things that will make me happy. That's what a good boy would do."

"Please, Mistress," I groaned while Crystal laughed again. "I'll do – I'll do whatever you want. You know I will."

"Be careful," Crystal said. Her hand stopped dead, still holding my cock but no longer stroking it. "You know I have a devious mind."

"Yes, Mistress," I panted. Who knew that fact better than me? Even at the height of my lust, I still had enough sense to be slightly intimidated by her words. After all, who knew just how far Crystal would decide to take things? And there I was, handing her a blank check to use me in any way she saw fit. But I couldn't help it. With my cock in her hand and my orgasm

throbbing inside me, sending bright bursts of almost painful pleasure through my body, I was in no position to resist her. "I'll – I'll learn how to do pedicures so that I can look after your feet."

"That's a start," Crystal grinned.

"I'll clean your house from top to bottom. Every day if you want. I'll wash your car. I'll do your laundry."

"You already do that," Crystal said.

"I'll do it more," I wailed. "I'll wash your car. I'll scrub your floors. I'll – I'll –" gritting my teeth, I growled as I struggled against the pleasure welling up inside me. Crystal's hand was on the move again, stroking my cock more firmly as she sensed my pleasure approaching. And as always when the two of us were together, fear bloomed alongside pleasure in the pit of my stomach. What if she made me cum, there and then? There was nothing I could do to stop her. I was right on the edge of ecstasy, and I didn't know how much longer I could hold out. Three months of torture yawned in front of me, the grim sentence that I knew my cruel mistress was more than willing to carry out. For all I knew, that was her plan all along.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Crystal said, and a faint frown showed on her face as she stared at me. "That's just stuff any good slave would do. I'm going to need more from you if you want this orgasm."

"I'll help you fuck other men." The words were torn from me in a long groan, rising from my throat with origins I could hardly guess at. Watching Crystal have sex with Brad had been one of the most painful and humiliating experiences of my life, and there was no shortage of those. Even if it had finally ended in a rare orgasm for me, I hadn't been able to shake the pure shame of what had happened that night. And again, Crystal's hand paused for a moment on my cock as she listened.

"Help me how?"

"I'll help you get ready," I babbled, swept up in the excitement caused by knowing something I had said had finally interested her. "I'll help you bathe, and get dressed. I'll even buy the clothes for you if you want. Please, Mistress, I'll do –"

"Anything. Yes, you said that. Though I have to admit, it's an interesting idea." I moaned as Crystal's hand began to move on my cock again. It was slower now, as though her mind was elsewhere. Her eyes assumed a faraway expression as she looked away from my face, glancing across the room at nothing in particular as she considered what she had heard.

"It would be torture for you, wouldn't it? Knowing that other men are getting to do what you want to do and can't. And having to help them, too. What if you had to find the men for me? What if your orgasms depended on finding studs to please me?"

"Oh my God," I gasped. Crystal chuckled, turning her eyes at last back to me as she began to stroke my member more vigorously.

"Yes, that would be awful for you, wouldn't it? But so much fun for me."

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped. As though it wasn't shameful enough being in the position I was in, knowing that this gorgeous woman could do whatever she liked to May. Now I would always know, if she went ahead with this, that it had been at least in part my idea.

"The thing is," Crystal said, as that maddeningly beautiful smile crept over her face again, "this could be really dangerous for you. I mean, I still haven't fucked you. And if I have lots of other men keeping me satisfied, better men than you, I might not ever feel the need to. Are you worried about that?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped. "Of course I am."

"But you'll do it anyway," Crystal said. "Just for the privilege of being allowed to cum right now."

"Yes, Mistress." It did sound ridiculous when she put it like that. But I couldn't fight with my body any longer. My cock pulsed in her hand, and every nerve in my body felt stretched to its absolute limit as my mistress toyed with me. I knew that I was making things hard for myself. But I couldn't resist.

"Interesting." A howl of rage rose from my open mouth as Crystal abruptly removed her hand from my cock. My whole body trembled, the

ropes that held me tied to the bed lashing as I struggled against them. No matter how often it happened, I never got used to this. I never got used to the moment of absolute rage that filled me when I hovered on the brink of orgasm, only to have it denied. And Crystal's delight showed on her smiling face as she sat up. My cock pulsed and throbbed in the empty air, swaying from side to side as I struggled uselessly.

"Feels like you were about to cum there," Crystal beamed. "I'm not sure you deserve that yet. Your little idea was interesting, but I'm going to need to think about it before I decide if you've earned that orgasm."

With that, she stood. I turned my head to watch her adjust her bustier, the soft orbs of her breasts jiggling maddeningly in the tight confines of the garment as she stood above me.

"But in the meantime, I'm feeling a little excited myself," Crystal went on. "So I think we need to take care of that first before I decide if you should get to have your little orgasm. After all, you're always better at pleasing me when you're trying to impress me." With that, Crystal turned on her heels and strutted across the room, toward her walk-in closet. Where she kept her toys. I knew it well, having spent more than one night locked in there myself. Just another one of Crystal's toys. My cock surged predictably at the thought as I watch my mistress leave me. As intense as it invariably felt in the moment, my anger at being denied never lasted long. It was only a matter of seconds before it was overwhelmed by the same desperate list that held me so in thrall to my maddening mistress.

And so once again, I was left alone with my thoughts, while Crystal moved around inside the closet. I heard the rattle of a chain and the thump of some object being tossed aside, and my heart raced as I wondered what she had in mind. Caught up in my anticipation and desire, I barely noticed a noise from downstairs. It wasn't until I heard footsteps rising up the grand staircase of Crystal's home that I began to panic

"Mom? Are you up here?" Gemma. Fear exploded inside me, the fear of discovery that was almost the only emotion that could hope to pierce the lust that Crystal ignited within me.

"Mistress!" I growled, raising my voice in the hope that Crystal would hear me without giving my presence away to her daughter. And all the while, Gemma's footsteps rose up the stairs, coming down the hall toward the bedroom while I struggled uselessly against the ropes that held me. Crystal had done her job too well. If I were able to slip the knots that held me, I would have done it long before that moment. I was trapped, and I was naked, and every second brought Gemma closer to the door of her mother's bedroom and to discovering me exposed and erect in her mother's bed.

"Mistress," I growled again.

"Quiet, boy toy," Crystal snapped imperiously from inside the closet. Gemma's footsteps kept coming down the long hallway of Crystal's house. The bedroom door was open. Crystal lived alone, and we never bothered trying to hide our activities. I was seconds away from being discovered by my ex-girlfriend, and terror gripped me. My eyes rolled in my head as though searching for some way out of my predicament, two rats in an inescapable cage. I had to do something. And whatever it was, I had to do it fast.

"Crystal." That did it. Dropping whatever she was holding, Crystal appeared in the doorway of her walking closet. Her face was a mask of anger as she stared at me. I never failed to address her by the title she had given herself, but desperation left me no other choice. I needed to get Crystal's attention, and I did what I had to do. Finally, she was looking at me again, abandoning her toy collection to address me at last. But it was too late. As Crystal opened her mouth to speak, Gemma stepped into the bedroom.

Crystal echoed the loud gasp of surprise that Rose from Gemma's open mouth. With a yelp, my powerful mistress ducked back into the closet, hiding her nakedness from her daughter. Gemma's eyes widened as she turned to me, taking in the sight of me sprawled in her mother's bed with my erect cock reaching for the ceiling. And for a long moment that felt like years, though it couldn't have been more than a second or two, she was silent. Between the space of two dull throbs of my heart, my entire existence seemed poised on a knife-edge. Everything seemed to take on a dreamlike quality, as though what I was experiencing wasn't real. It couldn't be real, could it? How could this really be happening? Every moment of

shame and embarrassment I had ever felt in my life up to that point – and they were legion – seem to pale in comparison to this. My ex-girlfriend, the girl I had treated so badly, who I had cheated on and humiliated, now knew the truth. And tied to her mother's bed like I was, there was nowhere for me to hide.

"What. The. Fuck." Gemma's voice was quiet, but there was no way to miss the emotions that raged behind her words. From her hiding place in the closet, Crystal said nothing. It was the first time I had ever seen her uncomfortable or surprised. The first time my mistress wasn't in control. And helpless on the bed, all I could do was cringe in shame and wait to see what would happen next.

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Katt Ford

The Lioness



