

A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest down to the thighs, wearing a vibrant red, form-fitting, spaghetti-strap dress. She is standing against a dark brown, vertically-slatted wooden background. Her right hand is resting on her hip, and her left hand is near her shoulder. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the dress and her skin.

Katt Ford

*A Mother's
Revenge*

Parts 16 - 20

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Kindle Edition

All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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A Mother's Revenge: Parts 16-20

Gemma's Discovery

"What's going on, Mom?"

But Gemma had to know what was going on. She was many things, but stupid was never one of them. It didn't take a genius to know exactly what was happening when she stepped into her mother's bedroom and saw me, her ex-boyfriend, spreadeagle and tied to the bed. The hard part wasn't in understanding what was happening, but believing it.

"Oh my God, honey," I heard Crystal moan from her hiding place inside her walk-in closet. "I - I didn't want you to find out like this." Finally, my mistress emerged from the closet. She had found a robe and wrapped it around herself for stepping out to confront her daughter. Now, only I was naked.

And maybe it was the state I was in, the unrelenting arousal that Crystal inspired in me and used to control me. Maybe it was that. But Gemma had never looked better to me than she did at that moment. Standing just inside the open doorway of her mother's room, wearing a yellow T-shirt and a pair of jeans that did nothing to hide the curves and contours of her young body, I was reminded why I had dated her in the first place. Her blonde hair tumbled in gentle waves down her shoulders, framing a face as delicately pretty as her mother's. She didn't inherit Crystal's gorgeous multicolored eyes, that could change their hue according to the light or the mood she was in. But Gemma's eyes were clear and bright blue, like a cloudless sky in summer. With her golden hair, there was a summery look about her that contrasted with her mother's more autumnal appearance. They looked very different, the two of them. But there was no denying that Gemma was Crystal's daughter. There was no way for me, in the state I was in, not to notice the beauty the two of them shared.

Gemma's eyes darted from me to her mother and back again. Crystal approached her daughter, raising a hand to place it on Gemma's elbow. I noticed that Crystal didn't even look at me. Maybe she couldn't. Or maybe she didn't care. Their attention was all on her daughter now, trying to pacify Gemma after what she had seen.

"Are you fucking him?" Gemma nodded slowly, as though answering her own question while her mother struggled to find words. This was a side of Crystal I had never seen. She was always so in control of everything that happened. She was never embarrassed, never caught off guard. Not until that day. And maybe I should have taken some pleasure in the sight, seeing my mistress be the one to squirm in shame for once. But all it did was make Crystal seem more human to me. It was like a gap in her armor, or like peering through the keyhole of a door that was usually firmly locked. Crystal was only ever my mistress, and I loved that about her. But the reminder that she was a person too, a woman that loved her daughter and never wanted to hurt her, made my heart spasm with some unaccountable sensation as I watched. Pity, perhaps. Sympathy, maybe. Or maybe it was more than that. Something stranger and stronger that I wasn't ready to admit to myself at that point.

"Come on, honey," Crystal said, her hands still on Gemma's arm. "Come downstairs. We'll talk about it."

"What's to talk about?" Gemma's eyes blazed as she spoke. "This is fucked up, Mom! Him? Really? Of all the guys in the world, you had to fuck him?"

"Come on, Gemma," Crystal said, still in the soothing tone of voice I had never heard from her before. "Come on. We'll talk about it downstairs." Gemma snorted derisively and tore her arm away from her mother's gentle grip. But as Crystal turned toward the open door of the bedroom, Gemma followed. Casting one last outraged glance at me, she stepped out into the hallway with Crystal. And Crystal reached for the door handle, pulling the bedroom door shut behind the two of them as they left. I listened to their footsteps recede through the house as they made their way downstairs. Alone and helpless, I let my head fall back onto the mattress below me. It was almost as though Crystal had forgotten I was even there. Or, more correctly, that I no longer mattered at all. Her attention was all on her daughter now, and I would stay where she had put me. The restraints that pinned me to the bed made sure of that.

With plenty of time to think, fear took hold inside me. And what was I so afraid of? Discovery? That had already happened. Gemma knew, and there was nothing Crystal could possibly say that would change that fact.

Gemma knew, and maybe she would tell her friends. Or maybe she wouldn't. Maybe the shame at having her mom sleeping with her ex would keep her mouth shut. Either way, I reflected, it hardly mattered. Compared to the public humiliations I had already endured at Crystal's hands, Gemma's friends didn't matter to me at all. In all likelihood, I would never see any of them again.

So what was this fear rising up inside me? Tied up alone in Crystal's gigantic bedroom, I had plenty of time to analyze it. And perhaps I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was at the outcome. Because my true fear, I was finally forced to admit to myself, was that being discovered like this by her daughter would cause Crystal to put an end to the game we were playing. Sure, we pretended that she was doing this to get revenge on me for the way I treated Gemma. But we both knew that was no longer the truth, if it ever had been. Crystal was doing these things to me because she enjoyed them. Enjoyed what we were doing just as much as I did. If not more. But what if her daughter's reaction caused her to stop? What if Crystal now untied me and told me to leave, to never contact her again? What then? What would I do with the burning desire that simmered inside me at all hours of the day? Yes, I'd have my freedom back. I'd be free to masturbate as much as I liked, to sleep with any woman who would let me, to decide when and how I got to experience orgasm. But in the silence of Crystal's bedroom, I realized that none of that was worth losing Crystal. That was what I feared above all things. That was what kept me there, more than any amount of handcuffs and chastity devices. That was the true power this remarkable woman had over me.

And downstairs, the talk went on. I could hear nothing; the house was far too big for that. For all I knew, the two women could be having a blazing row about what Gemma had discovered. They could be tears and accusations. They could be hurling dishes at each other for all I knew. Up in the bedroom, I was completely isolated, cut off from anything that was going on downstairs. And the total silence of my luxurious prison allowed my mind to wander to strange places.

Finally, the bedroom door opened. My constant nervousness reached a new peak as I waited to see what the outcome would be. Still burning with the shame of being seen in such a compromising position, I dreaded the thought that Crystal would end our relationship there and then. But it wasn't

Crystal who stepped through the bedroom door as it slowly opened. It was Gemma. And she was alone.

No tears, then. At least, I couldn't detect any sign that she had been crying. Her eyes were as clear as ever, and her skin was still pale around her eyes. Gemma walked slowly toward the bed where I lay, her footsteps soundless as she moved, and I watched her blue gaze glitter as her eyes traveled over my body. While I waited for the two women to finish their talk, my urgent erection had subsided only slightly. Exposed under the stare of my ex-girlfriend, I could feel my cock swelling and rising back to full hardness. There was nothing I could do to prevent it. And there was no way that Gemma didn't notice as she stood at the foot of the bed, her hands on her hips as she stared down at me

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"Mom said I should talk to you," she said finally, breaking the silence in a soft voice that nevertheless seemed carved into stone to me.

"Okay," I said guardedly. Talking to Gemma in the position I was in was more or less the last thing I wanted to do. But there wasn't much I could do to stop it. May as well get it over with.

"How did you two even meet?" Gemma's smooth brow furrowed slightly as she spoke. It wasn't the question she most wanted the answer to; I was sure of that. But Gemma was having as hard a time with this new discovery as I was.

"On social media," I said truthfully. "She invited me to dinner, and I went."

"And then you had sex."

"Not exactly." The faint lines in Gemma's brow deepened

.

"What does that mean?" she asked. The restraints that held me rattled as I shifted uncomfortably on the bed. There was nowhere to hide. No way for me to cover my nakedness, or mask the obvious arousal I felt. It seemed to be my role in life to forever be at a disadvantage compared to women.

"We've never really... done that," I tried to explain. "Not exactly. Not, like, all the way."

"I don't want to hear about that." Jenna's nose wrinkled in disgust as she spoke, and I fell silent. It didn't matter anyway, I supposed. Crystal used sex as motivation, the high prize she still had not seen fit to give me. Whatever was going on between us, whatever name you might want to give it, it was unquestionably sexual in nature. One look at me, lying in her bed naked and fully erect, was proof of that.

"How long has this been going on?" Gemma asked.

"A couple of months," I replied. Gemma nodded slowly, as though what I had said agreed with some private conclusion she had come to. I had no way of knowing what her mother told her. Was she testing me?

"So you must like her, then. My mom." Gemma's voice cracked slightly on the final word. But she stepped forward as she spoke. I felt the dent her slight weight made on the mattress as she climbed over the footboard and sat on the bed. Between my spread legs, she was alarmingly close to my manhood as it throbbed in the air between us. And that did nothing to relieve the inescapable tension of desire that I was feeling. Whatever other problems had existed in the course of my relationship with Gemma, desire had never been one of them. She was a beautiful girl. There was no question of that. And as Crystal's daughter, how could she be anything else

?

"Yeah," I sighed. Like was hardly the word. I had no idea at that time how to describe the way I felt about Crystal. Even to this day, I struggle with it. Back then, my feelings were far less clear than they are now. I was still in the grip of self-consciousness, still overly concerned with what I felt I should be feeling rather than what I actually was. She made me happy. That was undeniable. Even if I still felt as though she shouldn't, as though the torture she put me through ought to be enough to make me hate her. They clearly weren't. In fact, they kept me coming back for more. But I was a young man, and even after the time I had spent with Crystal, I was still struggling to accept who and what I was, what exactly I truly wanted

"I was really upset. When you cheated on me," Gemma said. She looked down as she spoke, no longer meeting my eyes.

"I know," I sighed. "I'm sorry. I should never have done that to you. I know that now. I was an asshole. I'm sorry."

"That's easy to say now." The ghost of a smile showed on Gemma's face as she raised her eyes to mine again, but it was a smile that had little to do with genuine happiness. "You have to say that now. Look at you." As she spoke, Gemma reached out for one of the ties that connected my ankle to the post of her mother's extravagant canopy bed. She tugged gently at the restraint, making my bound leg wobble slightly. My hard cock swayed from side to side with the movement.

"True," I admitted. "But I mean it. Crystal – she taught me a lesson. She showed me – what I did. How wrong I was." If Gemma didn't want details, I was happy not to provide them. The last thing I wanted to do was to list all the things that her sexy mother had done to me. I didn't want to relive the pain and humiliation of being forced to watch Crystal fuck another man in this very bed while I kneeled helplessly on the floor. And yet, predictably, my cock surged at the thought.

"That's what Mom said," Gemma went on. Her voice was quiet again, and I strained to hear it over the hammering of my heart. "She said she did this to teach you a lesson. She said you've changed. That she got revenge for what you did to me."

"She did," I nodded. Gemma's tiny smile deepened into a smirk as she looked at me.

"She told me you like to be dominated," she said. Her deep blue eyes looked right into mine now, staring at me over my erection as she tested me. "She said that the meaner she is to you, the more you like it. And she's made you do nasty, humiliating things. Is that true?"

"Yes," I admitted. I raised one hand, and the rope tied around my wrist flapped against the bedpost it was bound to. A tiny snort of amusement

escaped Gemma's nostrils. It was pretty obvious what was going on between her mother and me.

"I never knew you into this kind of stuff," Gemma said. Excitement bubbled inside my gut as her hand brushed the inside of my thigh. Gently, teasingly, her fingertips slid over my skin, climbing steadily higher, towards my straining cock. I hardly dared to dream of what might happen. I had expected Gemma to be mad, to be furious, and I had feared a little for my safety when I saw that she had come upstairs without Crystal. But now, I was starting to wonder.

"I'm not," I protested. "I wasn't. I just – I don't know. It's hot, I guess. I just can't say no to her. I don't know what it is."

"I do," Gemma said. She was smiling openly now, grinning at me from between my legs as she shifted her weight on the mattress. "You just like being my mom's bitch. Isn't that right? You're just a submissive little bitch boy." I gasped as Gemma reached out and closed her fingers around my balls. I squirmed on the mattress, but the ropes held me tight. There was nowhere for me to go, and no way to defend myself. Gemma held my most vulnerable organs in her hand, and I winced as she slowly tightened her grip. Not enough to hurt, but more than enough to demonstrate what she could do to me if she wanted. And how little I could do to stop her.

"Say it," Gemma said. And a terrible thrill raced along my spine as I heard the change in her voice, the change I had heard so often in that of her mother when Crystal was dominating me. Gemma had never seemed more like her mother that she did at that moment, and it terrified me almost as much as it excited me.

"I'm a submissive little bitch boy," I gasped, and Gemma howled with laughter as I spoke. Crystal. Morgan. That girl in the bar and her friends. And now Gemma. Was every woman I met from that point on going to learn the darkest secrets of my hidden heart? And was every single one of them going to exploit that knowledge to humiliate and torment me? It was a thought to make my cock ache with the pressure of an unstoppable erection as Gemma sat between my legs.

"Mom said she doesn't let you cum," Gemma went on, still holding my scrotum in her hand. "Hardly ever. She says you have to earn it. And that

she locks your cock up so that you can't have an orgasm without her permission."

"True," I whimpered, tormented by desire as my ex-girlfriend held my balls in her hand. "It's true."

"Is that the thing over there?" Without waiting for an answer, Gemma released her hold on me and bounced off the bed. I sighed in a mixture of relief and regret as she moved away from me, circling around Crystal's giant bed toward the bedside where the chastity device sat. My eyes followed her movements as she picked it up tentatively, feeling its metallic weight in her hand as she frowned down at the tiny device. Such a small thing, to give Crystal such unstoppable power over me. I could almost see the thoughts churning in Gemma's head as she looked at the toy.

"Yes," I croaked. Gemma's curious frown softened again into a smile as she turned back toward the bed. My body moved on top of the mattress as she climbed back onto the bed with me. Curling one leg underneath her, she sat by my side, stopping just short of touching me as she balanced the chastity device in her palm.

"So when you're wearing this," Gemma began, brushing her hair back behind one ear with her free hand as she spoke, "you can't get hard? Like, at all?"

"No," I said, and I wondered if she noticed the way my mouth closed tight on the end of the word, my treacherous lips already forming the M that began the word mistress. Crystal was right; she had trained me well. And novice that Gemma might be, I could see the hint of steel in her inherited from her mother, the confidence and kinkiness that made Crystal so utterly irresistible. So impossible to disobey.

"Doesn't it hurt?" I could see now that Gemma could hardly contain her amusement. As angry if she might have been at discovering me in Crystal's bed, as shocked as the whole situation had made her, she was quickly coming around. I could see that much. I wondered, while my erection throbbed in the air between us, whether it was exciting her the same way I knew it excited her mother.

"Yes," I admitted. It was the same curiosity I seen in Selena at the bar when Crystal exposed my shame to her. The same curiosity Morgan had

had. The same curiosity, I suspected, that I would encounter whenever my situation was revealed to a woman who had never come across such a device before. I wondered in some quiet corner of my brain how often that was going to happen.

"So your dick goes in there," Gemma said, pushing a finger into the curved tube of the device, "and then Mom locks it on. And you can't get it off." Gemma was no longer really asking as much as she was stating a simple fact. But I nodded in agreement anyway. She seemed fascinated by the steel device that shone in her hand, the secret to everything that happened between Crystal and I. "I wish I'd known about this when we were dating," Gemma said, and her eyes flashed menacingly as she smiled at me. "Then you wouldn't have been able to stick your dick where it didn't belong." I said nothing. What could I possibly say? There was no doubt in my mind now that Gemma had a plan. Somehow, Crystal had talked her down from the wild anger that had filled her when she first entered the bedroom. And maybe she was helped in that by some hidden taste for dominance that her daughter had. After all, she was Crystal's child. And even under the all-encompassing lust that clouded my thoughts and made it almost impossible to think of anything besides desire, I wondered what might have been if I had known this side of her when we were together. Or if I had known this side of myself. Was it always there, lying dormant until it was activated by the right situation, the right person? Or was it something Crystal had done to me, some desire she had implanted in me that I might never have had if she hadn't come along? I would never know the answer. The fact was, it was a part of me now, a part that seemed to be taking over all the rest, unignorably rewriting and rewiring my brain until I could think of little else. And now Gemma knew the secret as well as her mother did.

"So you must be pretty horny," Gemma giggled. Setting the device down on my chest, she rose up on her knees to loom above me. I moaned loudly as she reached out and took hold of my cock, and she giggled again. During our time together, Gemma and I had become intimately acquainted with each other's bodies. She knew exactly what she was doing. Her hand slid up and down, and at once, I was completely hers. Pleasure burned inside me, dancing on the very edge of orgasm as my ex-girlfriend toyed with my cock.

"You'd probably do anything for an orgasm now, wouldn't you?" Even through my inescapable lust, I felt the fear that accompanied her words. Gemma knew. She knew just as well Crystal did, just as well as Morgan did, how to control me. How to get me to do the unthinkable, to humiliate myself for their amusement just for the chance at a moment of physical pleasure. If there was any doubt at all how our encounter would go, it was banished now. Gemma was totally in control. And from the wide smile on her pretty face, I guessed that she loved the feeling of power just as much as her mother did.

"I can see why Mom likes this so much," Gemma smirked. My cock throbbed in her hand, ready to erupt as she skillfully teased it, keeping me just on the edge of bliss. Right where she wanted me.

"I could help you out," Gemma went on, raising her voice so that her words could be heard over the increasing noise of my moans and gasps. "I could let you cum right now. But what's in it for me?"

"Anything," I desperately gasped. "Anything you want, Gemma. I'll do whatever you say. Just, please, please let me cum, please." Gemma laughed in delight as I whined and bucked. She reminded me so much of Crystal at that moment that it was uncanny. But there was something I was seeing in her for the first time, something I would never get to see with Crystal. The discovery of her own power, the weapon that her beauty could be if used correctly. By the time I met Crystal, she was well aware of who she was and what she could do. But her daughter, as far as I could tell, was discovering it for the first time with me in Crystal's bedroom. And it was a beautiful and terrifying thing to behold.

"Okay," Gemma giggled. "From now on, you're my bitch, just as much as you are Mom's. You're going to do what I say, no matter what. Or else I'll tell her not to let you cum. And she feels so guilty about all this, she'll do it. You know she will."

I nodded frantically. I had long ago learned never to underestimate Crystal's cruelty. There was no doubt in my mind that she would happily go along with what Gemma was proposing.

"I'm going to ask Mom if I can borrow you this weekend," Gemma went on. I gasped and thrashed against the ropes that held me as she spoke,

her hand never stopping its merciless teasing of my manhood. "You'll spend all weekend serving me, waiting on me hand and foot. Once you cum here today, that device is going back on. You won't have an orgasm all weekend, no matter how well you serve me. But if you disobey me, I'll tell Mom to make it a long, long time before she lets you come again."

"Yes," I gasped, my head thrashing from side to side as I begged, "yes, yes please, Gemma, please. I'll do it. Just let me cum, please."

Gemma giggled again. Shifting her weight, she placed her free hand on my stomach while the other pumped faster. I arched my back, driving my organ into her hand and howling with pleasure. Within seconds, my organ erupted in my ex-girlfriend's hand, spewing a hot load of my semen into the air to splatter across my skin while Gemma laughed in pure delight.

Princess Gemma

I stared up at the ceiling, barely seeing anything as the last throb of pleasure reverberated through me. My orgasm had been powerful, powerful enough to exhaust me as I lay in Crystal's bed. The ropes that held my limbs tight to the tall posts grew slack as I relaxed, splayed out on the bed beneath Gemma.

But I knew I wasn't going to be allowed to enjoy the deep contentment that comes with a long-awaited release. With the last dregs of semen still dripping from the tip of my cock, being a pitiful slave to my ex-girlfriend lost a lot of its appeal. But for Gemma, the whole game was as exciting as ever. And just like her mother, she knew when to press an advantage.

"Look at that," Gemma grinned, staring down at my dripping cock and the mess I had made on my stomach with my cum. "Looks like you really needed that. My mom must drive you crazy."

"She does," I panted, while Gemma laughed again.

"I bet she does," she grinned. "She's hot, my mom. Isn't she?"

"She's beautiful," I sighed. "So are you."

"Oh, please," Gemma laughed out loud. "You think you're going to get around me that easily? All the flattery in the world isn't going to make me go easy on you." Flattery hadn't been my intention. It was a simple expression of the truth. Gemma was beautiful, as beautiful in her way as her gorgeous mother. She had Crystal's fine features combined with the freshness of youth, like seeing an exquisite sunset reborn in the following sunrise. They were both utterly gorgeous. And that was the problem. They were totally beautiful, and totally in control. And I was totally theirs.

My heart raced at the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Crystal was coming. My mistress appeared in the open doorway of her bedroom, still wearing the black robe she had donned when Gemma appeared, and smiling devilishly as she took in the scene in front of her. She stepped forward, and Gemma smiled back at her, happy and flushed with the success of her first kinky game. The last shreds of my orgasm still echoed inside me, but at the sight of Crystal, I felt my soft cock twitch. Her rules demanded that I always be hard in her presence, at least when I wasn't caged. And my youth

and her beauty combined to make that a possibility. In a matter of moments, I knew, my cock would be as hard as ever, as though it hadn't just erupted in orgasm in Gemma's hand. The sheer kinkiness of the situation, as I lay bound and naked between mother and daughter, would see to that.

"Looks like you two are getting along fine," Crystal grinned.

"This is so crazy," Gemma giggled. "I can't believe you're doing this to him. But - I have to admit, it's kind of fun."

"Kind of?" Crystal raised her eyebrows as she spoke, addressing her daughter as though I wasn't even in the room. "It's more than that. You've only just started seeing how much fun it can be to have a little boy toy like this." Crystal turned as she spoke, and I watched her make her way toward her walk-in closet again. That tiny room contained a seemingly inexhaustible supply of sexy outfits and evil toys to torment and tease me. All I could do was wait and see what was coming as I lay on the bed with Gemma kneeling beside me.

When Crystal emerged from the closet, my breath caught in my throat. She held a slender riding crop in her hand, menacingly tapping the leather flap against her open palm. She was still wearing her robe, though I longed to see her remove it and stand in front of me in her black bustier again. Not that it mattered. Crystal could wear a potato sack and still look absolutely stunning. And so could her daughter.

"I had a feeling you'd go too easy on him," Crystal said as she moved slowly toward the bed. I kept my eyes on the weapon in her hand as she approached. She had only beaten me once, with a paddle, and I could still remember its sting against my bare ass. Crystal didn't need corporal punishment to keep me in line. Her beauty and her control over my pleasure gave her more leverage than she would ever need. I couldn't deny the way she looked as she stood at the side of the bed with the crop in her hand, the very image of a dominant woman in charge. My sluggish cock was swelling by the second as I gazed up at her.

"You let him cum," Crystal added. The leather tip of the crop slid over the skin of my stomach, smearing my ejaculate as it moved, and I shivered at its touch.

"I made him beg," Gemma said defensively. Crystal smirked as she continued to tease me with the riding crop.

"Of course he begged," Crystal said. "He's a horny boy. He's always going to beg. But a mistress knows that she decides when horny boys get to cum, not them." The tip of the crop tapped lightly against my stomach, slapping against the luminous skin coated in my semen.

"I did decide," Gemma argued. "I only let him do it because he promised to do whatever I said. Can I borrow him this weekend, mom?"

"What for?" My cock continued to swell as the two women talked about me as though I wasn't in the room, my fate a trifle to be decided between the two of them without any input required from me.

"Just for... stuff," Gemma smiled. "I want to see just how obedient this slave of yours is." Crystal smiled. The riding crop continued to stroke my skin as she considered her daughter's request.

"Well, I did have plans of my own for him this weekend," she said. "But I guess he was your boyfriend first. The two of you probably have a lot of catching up to do."

"We do," Gemma smirked, and the look on her face made my heart contract nervously as I looked up at her. "It's gonna be fun. At least for me." Both women laughed at that. Lying on the bed beneath them, I gulped nervously. There was no doubt in my mind that Gemma would have her fun with me, just as Crystal did. If the younger woman was half the natural dominant her mother was, I knew I was in for a wild time.

"We should get that cage back on him," Crystal said. "Once he gets fully hard again, it's not easy." Gemma reached for the steel device that still lay on my chest where she had put it. Turning, she held it out toward her mother. But smiling, Crystal shook her head.

"Why don't you put it on him, honey?" Crystal said. "It'll remind him of his place beneath you."

"Okay," Gemma giggled enthusiastically. Turning to face my feet, she leaned over my lap, and I winced as she took my cock in her hand. Already my manhood was swelling again, and her touch did nothing to alleviate

that. I felt the steel against my skin as Gemma inexpertly slid the tube over my cock, forcing it down toward my body.

"That's right," Crystal said, stepping closer to the side of the bed to watch what her daughter was doing. "Slide it all away down. Good. Now swing that bar up under his balls. That's right. It goes in there. Just push it in there, and it should lock." The click of the device was disproportionately loud in my ears as Gemma locked it on. Already, my cock ached inside the tight confines of the toy. Gemma's eyes shone as she looked down at me. I could almost see the newfound sense of power flowing through her, filling her with all kinds of wild ideas. I could only imagine how it felt to lock away a man's cock for a pretty young girl like her. But judging by the look on her face, it felt pretty exciting.

"That's better," Crystal smiled. "Now, you'd better be a very good boy for my daughter if you want that thing to come off anytime soon. You are to do what ever she says from now on, just as you do for me. Just as you should for any woman. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said reflexively, and it was only when Gemma laughed loudly that I felt the flush of shame rise to my cheeks.

"Oh my God," she spluttered, clapping her hands together with glee. "You really do have him whipped, mom."

"That's nothing," Crystal smirked as she stood over me. "You're going to find out yourself that once you lock away a man's cock, he'll do absolutely anything you tell him to. Isn't that right, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I promptly answered, to another peal of laughter from Gemma.

"Now, it seems you came without my permission," Crystal said menacingly. "You know that's against the rules."

"Yes, Mistress." It was useless to point out to Crystal that I had no choice, that it had been her daughter who had torn my orgasm from me. I couldn't have stopped it no matter what I did. But that didn't matter to Crystal. Her rules were her rules, and they were absolutely ironclad. My

heart fluttered somewhere in my throat as the tip of her riding crop slid over my skin again.

"So we're going to need to punish you," Crystal smirked down at me. "Maybe you can help me with that, honey."

"Okay," Gemma grinned, a little too happily for my liking. But I couldn't pay much attention as Crystal raised the riding crop toward my face. Its tip shone with the faint sheen of my semen as she let it dangle in front of me.

"First things first. Clean up your mess," she ordered. And the gasp of shock that rose from Gemma only made my humiliation worse as Crystal pressed the leather flap to my lips. What choice did I have? Crystal didn't make jokes, at least not with me. The vulnerability of my position, splayed out naked on her bed while she held a whip, was all the motivation I needed. Grimacing, I humbly licked my semen from the tip of the crop while Gemma howled with laughter.

"This is unbelievable," Gemma said. And a sly smile shone on Crystal's face as she scooped up more of my juices with her crop and fed them to me.

"This is how all men should be," Crystal said, her gorgeous eyes still on me, watching every moment of my submission and humiliation as I licked her whip over and over again. "I wish every woman knew how easy it can be to control a man. The world would be a better place if losers like this knew their place."

"True," Gemma giggled.

"To think he cheated on you," Crystal went on, while I cringed at the reminder of my bad behavior that could only harden Gemma's heart towards me. Not that she would have forgotten, not for a moment. "He should have been thanking his lucky stars that you would even give him the time of day. He should have been kissing your ass and worshiping the ground you walk on."

"Also true," Gemma giggled. She was enjoying this game. I could see the way her fingertips made tiny dents in her thighs as she gripped them, kneeling on the mattress beside me and watching the outrageous spectacle

of her mother completely dominating me. Crystal's eyes fluttered toward Gemma too. For a moment, she seemed to be thinking, the faint bulge of her tongue showing in one cheek while that sly smile never left her face

"Well, there's no time like the present," Crystal said at last. "Why don't we make him kiss your ass? To show us that he knows his place is beneath you now."

"Really?" Gemma said. But I could see the bright smile on her face, the incredulous joy that Sean and her eyes as she turned her gaze from her mother to me and back again.

"Why not?" Crystal shrugged. "I make him do stuff like that all the time. He'll probably enjoy it, the little pervert." Gemma laughed again. But I could see the way she looked at me. I could see the way she bit her lower lip as she considered the offer. And inside the metal cage, my cock ached with desire as I watched her reach for the front of her jeans.

Crystal watched, too. The older woman beamed in approval as her daughter hurriedly pulled down her pants. She kept them on, pulling them down only far enough to expose her backside as she turned to face my feet. She wasn't about to get naked in front of her mother, even if she did want to do what Crystal had planned. Gemma shuffled back on the bed, lifting one leg to straddle my chest as she faced away from me. The smooth skin of her ass was in front of my face as she slowly backed up. I could feel the warmth of her young body, and my cock strained desperately against the steel that held it. Crystal was watching. Crystal was always watching. And her pretty face radiated delight at what was happening, moments before Gemma's ass blocked it from my view. The young woman sat back, until all I could see was her round buttocks and flawless skin. God, she was sexy. I had forgotten just how attractive Crystal's daughter was in the months since I had last seen her. But it was all coming back to me now as she sat on my face.

"Kiss it," Crystal barked sharply, and the riding crop whistled through the air to strike my inner thigh. I yelped in pain, a burning sensation spreading across my skin where the blow had struck. Lifting my head, I pressed my lips once again to Gemma's ass and heard her giggle in delight, wiggling her hips adorably at the sensation.

"Again," Crystal snapped, and my lips pressed again against Gemma's skin even before the crop struck me a second time. It didn't matter. Crystal was in the mood to punish me, to show off her total control of me in front of her daughter. Nothing was going to stop that. But I would do exactly as I was told. It was the only way I could even hope to soften Crystal's heart toward me.

"How does my daughter's ass taste, boy toy?" Gemma gasped at her mother's words.

"Delicious, Mistress," I groaned.

"Apologize." The crop cracked again against my thighs as Crystal spoke.

"I'm sorry, Gemma," I moaned, desperately planting a flurry of kisses against her ass while she squirmed on top of me. "I'm sorry for everything. I should never have cheated on you. I was lucky to have you. You're better than me."

"Damn right," Gemma growled on top of me. Crystal chuckled as she watched the whole humiliating spectacle.

"Get your face in there," Crystal snarled, and I cried out as the crop cracked this time against my caged cock. The steel took the sting out of the blow, but I was painfully aware of how exposed my balls were in the device. Crystal knew exactly what she was doing. Craning my neck, I pressed my face harder against my ex-girlfriend's ass, closing my eyes as the soft flesh enveloped me.

"Have you ever had a guy lick your asshole, honey?"

"No," Gemma giggled, shocked yet intrigued by her mother's words.

"Well, maybe you'll like it," Crystal said. "That's the nice thing about having a toy like this. You can try out anything you want, and he'll do it. He doesn't have a choice." I cried out as she struck again, the crop stinging my inner thigh. "Get your face in there and lick my daughter's asshole," Crystal snarled. And I did as I was told. Gemma gasped as I worked my face between her butt, running my tongue over the tight puckered hole of her ass. After a moment, I felt her relax, and her weight pushed my head back

against the mattress as she leaned back, sitting more fully on my face as I tongued her.

"Look at that," Crystal said. I could hear the smile in her voice she spoke. "Your own personal brown noser. That's how you apologize to a superior woman." Gemma's ass muffled the cry I gave as the crop struck me again, but I felt her body stiffen as I moaned beneath her.

"Oh my God," Gemma said in a breathy voice.

"How does it feel, honey?" I heard Crystal ask.

"It's... weird," Gemma said. But it was more than that. I could tell by the way she wiggled her hips, settling down further on my face so that my tongue could go deeper into her ass. "Make him shout again," she said.

My skin burned anew as Crystal struck me again. As I screamed my pain into the crack of Gemma's ass, I heard her moan with pleasure at the vibration it caused. She shifted again on top of me, squirming in delight as my tongue slid past the resistance of her ass to bury itself inside her. It was utterly humiliating. And as Crystal knew all too well, humiliation had an undeniable effect on me. As I tongued my ex-girlfriend's ass, the steel of the chastity device I wore bit into my cock as it tried desperately to swell.

"Feels good, doesn't it? It feels good to be in control." Crystal spoke in a low voice, her words gentle and soothing as she encouraged her daughter. By contrast, Gemma's voice was growing louder. There was no denying now that she was enjoying the sensation of having my tongue buried in her ass. And so, to my surprise, was I. I could feel her writhing and moaning above me, her inhibitions shed as her pleasure grew. Slowly, delightfully, I felt her wetness running over my chin. Gemma was turned on, as turned on as Crystal was when she had her fun with me. Perhaps even as turned on as I was, or close to it. The difference, of course, was that she could do something about it.

"Yeah," Gemma gasped. I knew that voice, the one she spoke in when she was close to orgasm. When her desire took over and made her into the firebrand in bed that I remembered from when we were dating. It didn't matter how long it had been since I'd heard it, or the things I had done since that far surpassed anything Gemma and I engaged in together. The sound of feminine pleasure still had a direct line to the primal part of my brain that

made me want to fuck. And knowing that that was impossible only made the desire greater.

"Well, this boy still needs to be punished," Crystal said, and I cried out again as she delivered yet another stinging slap to my thighs. Gemma moaned in pleasure above me. "But...I think I'm going to take a quick break. Leave the two of you alone for a while."

Gemma gasped. It was as clear to me now as it was to Crystal that her daughter was losing herself in pleasure. Their relationship changed in less than an hour, and while I had no way of knowing how open the two of them were with each other about their sex lives, I had sincere doubts that they had ever been this open. But Gemma was losing herself to the sensations I was giving her, and Crystal could see that.

"Take this," Crystal said, and I felt Gemma's weight shift slightly on top of me as Crystal handed her something. Then the older woman's footsteps sounded in the bedroom as she made her way to the door, closing it behind her. Once again, I was alone with my ex.

"Oh, fuck!" Gemma cried out. With her mom no longer present, she could give full vent to her pleasure. And she screamed ecstatically as I yelled into her ass, pain tearing through me as she whipped me harder with the crop than Crystal ever had. My skin burned under the blows, but Gemma was merciless. She thrashed my thighs with the weapon, and glancing blows bounced off the steel around my cock that I was thankful for, perhaps for the first time, as it protected me from the worst of her punishment. But Gemma was like a woman possessed, grinding her ass against my face while she whipped me. And I felt her shift her weight as her free hand curled up underneath her, her fingers sliding easily into her dripping pussy as she touched herself. The hot juices of her pleasure poured over my skin, soaking my chin and neck while she bounced up and down on my tongue. The blows never stopped raining down. Soon, my legs were one mass of stinging skin where the crop had struck me. My pain was Gemma's pleasure. I gasped with relief as I finally felt the sudden flood of her orgasm, her cries of ecstasy filling her mother's bedroom as she rocked up and down on my face. The crop stopped singing through the air as her body stiffened, her back arching and her full weight pressing down on my face as

she came. Then, with a low moan, she climbed off my face and flopped down on the mattress beside me.

We lay there for a while. Like old times, and yet nothing like them. We were young, and regular sex had always seemed like enough for both of us. Neither of us had ever dreamed of a situation like this, where I lay tied to the bed, my face covered in her juices with my cock locked away. My skin burned from the beating she had given me, and the crop lay neglected beside me as Gemma recovered her breath. Her head was down by my hip, her feet resting on my bound arm. Thankful at least that the beating had stopped, I waited for her to recover herself. Finally, Gemma sat up.

"Fuck," she gasped, and a disbelieving smile showed on her face as she grinned at me. "That was hot." Her cheeks were red with orgasm, her blonde hair clinging to her shoulders as she moved her head. Her jeans were bunched around her knees. She was a mess, and she looked spectacular. A beautiful young woman in the full flush of sexual pleasure, while I lay helpless in her mother's bed.

Idly, Gemma reached out and took hold of my caged cock. With the device locked on, it was small enough for her to hold in her hand, and I winched as she jiggled it gently from side to side.

"This thing is amazing," she said, almost as though talking to herself. "I guess Mom was right. I can make you do anything with this, can't I?"

"Yes," I moaned, while Gemma sighed happily.

"You call my mom mistress," Gemma said. "You should call me something too. I think you should call me..." her pretty blue eyes slid to one side as she considered, still holding my cage cock in her hand. Her smile deepened she turned her gaze back on me. "Princess," she said. "I want you to call me Princess Gemma."

"Yes, princess," I said, and a deep chuckle rose in Gemma's throat at the words. Stretching out, she held one foot above my face.

"Kiss my foot," she ordered. "Tell me how happy you are to be my slave."

"So happy, M - Princess," I said as I unhesitatingly pressed my lips to her skin. If Gemma had heard the slight slip of my tongue, the reflex that

almost made me call her Mistress, she gave no sign of it. "Thank you, Princess."

"We're going to have so much fun together," Gemma sighed. Removing her foot from my lips, she sat up. She lifted her T-shirt over her head, and my cock surged at the sight of her young breasts contained in the bra she wore underneath. Wiggling out of her jeans and panties, she flung them to the floor at the side of the bed. I watched nervously as she picked up the riding crop again. Rising to her knees, Gemma climbed on top of me, straddling my lap as she faced me this time. Just as her mother had done, she tapped the tip of the riding crop against her open palm. The skin of my legs was still burning from the beating she had given me, and I stared up at my new mistress with fear and desire as she loomed above me.

"My mom should've told me about you a long time ago," Gemma smiled. I saw her close her eyes for a moment, her eyelids fluttering in pleasure, as she began to rock back and forth on top of me, rubbing her bare pussy against my caged member. "I could've had so much fun torturing you. But here we are now. I've got so many ideas already."

"Yes, princess." Gemma moaned at her new title. But there was nothing else I could say. Yet another woman had seen my submissive nature and was ready to use it for her own kinky pleasure. I would have been afraid if it wasn't so enduringly exciting. And while Gemma rocked back-and-forth on top of me, her moans of pleasure filling the air of Crystal's bedroom again as her desire swelled, punctuated by the occasional slap of the riding crop against my chest as she simultaneously punished me and pleased herself, I was faced yet again with the awful truth of my desires. There was nowhere else I would rather be.

A Natural Tease

I never thought I'd be here again. When Gemma and I broke up, we broke up hard. I was stupid, and I treated her badly. But when you're 22 and male, nothing matters more than getting laid. My sex life with Gemma was fine, but like so many men, I couldn't resist the appeal of the new. I messed up. I know that now. I knew that then. I had had plenty of time to ponder what I had done wrong. But Crystal's punishment for my actions was a strange kind of revenge. Because the sexy older woman had me wondering, if I could go back in time and change things, would I?

Not that it mattered. What happened happened, and there was no changing that. Now I was facing the consequences. And they were more painful, more delightfully tormenting, that I would ever have believed possible.

Gemma's apartment was much as I remembered it. The same cheap furniture. The same mess. It was strange to me, now that I knew more about her background, that she didn't show a little more flash in her personal possessions. Crystal evidently had plenty of money, and Gemma was her only daughter. But then, there was a lot about Crystal that was hard to understand. Perhaps she wanted her daughter to make it on her own. Or maybe she didn't believe in spending a lot of money on furnishing an apartment that would only be a temporary home for her daughter. I didn't know. And it wasn't exactly top of my thoughts as I sat on the bed in my ex-girlfriend's bedroom, my head spinning with the strange familiarity of everything around me. Even if the situation between us now couldn't be more different than the way it had been the last time I was here.

"Remember when you used to fuck me on this bed?" Gemma smiled at me down the length of her naked body as she spoke. Her blue eyes glittered beneath half-closed lids. Blonde hair lay pooled around her head and shoulders, resting in chaotic tangles on the pillow she lay her head against. I could see her face over the steady rise and fall of her breasts, her pink nipples raised and pointing at the ceiling with her excitement. In my time with Crystal and with Morgan, I had almost forgotten the appeal of a young

female body. Soft yet firm, rigid but yielding. Not that Crystal had anything to be jealous of. Gemma's mother had the most incredible body. But it was different. Gemma's beauty was like her mother's in a different key, a fresh and youthful variation on the familiar gorgeous theme. Staring up at Gemma in all her exposed loveliness, I had the strange sensation that being with the two of them was almost like making love to two different versions of the same woman. And if it were possible, I would've wished for a hundred versions of Crystal so that I could serve and worship them all.

But Gemma didn't intend to give me much time for those kinds of thoughts.

"We had some good times," she said. I knew that sound in her voice, the low purr of mounting pleasure. It was the same thing I heard from Crystal, from Morgan. The slight cruelty that seems to grow along with desire in the heart of a woman who's finally realized the power her beauty gives her. "Nothing like this, though," Gemma went on. "This is going to be even more fun. For me, anyway."

"Uh-huh," I mumbled in agreement, and Gemma cried out in pleasure as the vibrations of my words teased her dripping pussy. I lay between her spread legs, my face buried in her crotch as she had demanded. I felt her pussy spasm around the two fingers I held inside her, sliding them back and forth rhythmically while I reached for the spot inside her that I knew would give her the most pleasure. Meanwhile, my mouth stayed busy as I licked and sucked her swollen clit, making her gasp and tremble with pleasure. It was the closest I ever came to being in control. And it excited me mercilessly. Just the way Gemma knew it would. The young woman might be new to these games. But it was clear to me already that she had inherited her mother's natural dominance. Gemma was made for this.

"That's right," she moaned as ecstasy tightened its grip on her young body. "Lick that clit. Make me cum." As though I needed to be told. As though I had any other plan or desire in my head beyond that. The familiar ache of my cock trapped in the steel chastity that held it reverberated through my body, but I ignored it as best I could. It was rapidly becoming the background noise to my existence, my constant companion day and night. Even when I wasn't with Crystal, or with Gemma, or with Morgan. Though now, that was becoming less and less frequent. Whenever I wasn't

at work, it seemed one or more of the ladies would demand my services. With three of them now to please, I barely had a moment to myself. And it was the most excruciating ecstasy to be used by them.

"Oh fuck," Gemma gasped, closing her eyes at last as her head thrashed from side to side. Her hands gripped the pillow behind her head, and her legs trembled on either side of my face as I felt her orgasm approach. Her pussy grew even tighter around my fingers, squeezing my digits wetly as I manipulated her body. My cock screamed for hopeless release as I sucked Gemma's clit into my mouth and watched her cum. The sheets darkened beneath her beautiful body as a flood of her juices spurted from between her legs, gushing into my mouth before dripping onto the sheets.

"Oh fuck," Gemma gasped again, this time with a kind of weary sigh. Her orgasm had passed. I had done my job. And I watched her tremble as I lifted my head and slowly slid my fingers out of her spasming slit. She looked lovely to me, unutterably, unbearably lovely as she lay back in bed, basking in the glow of the same pleasure I was denied. The rules were clear. Gemma had stated unequivocally that I would not be getting an orgasm of my own that weekend. As far as I know, the only key that could free me was still at Crystal's house. There was no point even begging for mercy. Gemma couldn't grant it even if she wanted to. There was no doubt in my mind, as I watched her eyes slowly open again and a wicked smile bloom on her face, that she wouldn't want to even if she could.

"I think you got better at that since we broke up," she smiled. "I guess practice makes perfect, huh?"

"Yes, Princess," I said humbly, and her smile deepened. She was still getting used to her power, still getting used to being addressed in the way she had demanded. Unlike her mother, this was all new to her. New and endlessly exciting.

"Well that's good," Gemma smirked. "After all, you may as well be useful for something. That cock of yours certainly isn't." She laughed as she spoke, as though she had just told the funniest joke in the world. Gemma was still an unknown quantity to me. Sure, we had dated for a few months. That was different. I had never seen this side to her. She had never had anything like this power over me. And it was changing something in her; I

could see that. Crystal could pretend all she wanted that we played the games we played as revenge for the way I had treated her daughter. But if that was ever true, it had stopped being the primary motivation a long time ago. But with Gemma, it was different. There was a wildness in her that was absent in her mother. Perhaps even a simmering anger. Crystal scared me because her power over me was so complete, so total that she barely even needed the chastity device to make me do what she said. But Gemma? I still had no idea what she was capable of.

"My mom really did a number on you," Gemma said. As she spoke, she slowly raised one leg. Sitting back on my heels, I took the hint and held her foot gently in my hands. At an expectant look from her, I craned my neck and kissed her toes. Her teeth glinted as she grinned triumphantly at me.

"She's got you so well-trained," Gemma giggled. "And you love it, don't you, you little pervert?"

"Yes, Princess." It was shameful to admit. That was the whole point. But it was also the truth. If it had been a matter of simple coercion, I might have been able to maintain some modicum of self-respect. I could've sought help to free me from the evil woman who had made me her prisoner. But that wasn't what I wanted. Crystal knew that as well as I did, and Gemma was quickly learning it too. Whatever spell it was that her mother wove over me, it was more powerful even than the unyielding steel of my chastity device.

"I'm starting to see the appeal of it," Gemma said. "Having a slave boy to do whatever I say. I can just use you to get off and not worry about your pleasure at all. Just like guys like you do to women. Just like you used to do, anyway." Gemma giggled again.

"Yes, Princess." There was nothing else for me to say. Gemma was basking in her newfound power as much as she was in the afterglow of the orgasm I had given her. And while my cock raged uselessly inside her mother's chastity device, all I could do was participate in her twisted game.

Gemma's foot slid from my hands as she sat up. Unable to help myself, I studied the firmness of her round breasts as she moved. She was unutterably gorgeous, and the constant teasing she and her mother made me endure only made them both more attractive to me. It made all women more

attractive to me, as my body screamed at me to do what the cage made impossible. I want to fuck. I wanted it badly. More badly, perhaps, than I ever would have thought possible. And that, I knew, was the whole point.

And Gemma knew it too. Rising on the bed, she crawled toward me on her knees. Taking hold of my shoulders, she pushed me down onto the mattress, pinning me on my back. I didn't resist. I lay where she directed me as she climbed off the mattress and headed towards the dresser that occupied one wall of the small room. Lying still, my cage shining dully in the light, I studied the solid curves of her beautiful body as she opened the drawer and retrieved some small object. Smiling, she turned back toward the bed, and I saw again her mother in her, the fiendish delight that showed on Crystal's gorgeous face when she emerged from her walk-in closet with some new object of torture chosen from her ample collection. When had my mistress first started down this path? Was she as young as Gemma was now when she first discovered the power she had over men? Or had it taken her longer to come to terms with the goddess that she was? Either way, she was well in touch with it now. Whereas Gemma was only just starting down that same road.

I gasped as Gemma took my caged cock in her hand. With the other, she slid something over it. A kind of soft rubber band that gripped the base of my shaft, with a hard plastic device on one side that she fitted onto the top of my cock. The small cylinder sat just behind the lock of the cage, held in place by the immovable device. Gemma smiled as she pressed one end of the cylinder, and an insistent buzzing began. I moaned, unable to control myself, as I felt the vibrations reverberate through my caged manhood.

"You like that?" Gemma grinned. But I didn't answer. I couldn't. All that rose to my open mouth was another long moan of frustration. More than ever, the steel bars of the chastity device bit into the tender skin of my cock as the vibrations seem to radiate out through my body from between my legs. Pleasure and pain merged flawlessly there, the intoxicating brew that Crystal had introduced me to, had introduced her daughter to. The same irresistible concoction I seemed to be addicted to.

Gemma climbed onto the bed. Throwing one leg over my body, she straddled me. I heard her sigh with pleasure as she settled down on top of the buzzing device. The wet lips of her pussy slid over the stainless steel,

and between the bars, I could feel the teasing wetness of her sex as she sat on top of me. Sweeping her hair back from her face, Gemma beamed down at me, delighted with what she was doing as she gently rocked her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy against my cage.

"Once upon a time, after a pussylicking like that, I would have let you fuck me," Gemma said. Her toned thighs tightened as she rocked back and forth, riding the vibrations that were making us both whimper and moan with pleasure. "I might have begged you to. But now? Now you don't get to fuck me. Ever again. All you get to do is lick me and watch me and make me cum. And worship me like the go

ddess I am. Right?"

"Yes, Princess," I gasped. The chuckle that escaped Gemma's parted lips merged seamlessly with another moan of desire as she leaned forward. Her hands were on my chest now, her boobs dangling between her upper arms as she rode my cock. I had been here before, and the memory of the sex I used to have with this beautiful girl stung me as I lay beneath her once again, on the very brink of pleasure without the capability to experience it fully. Between my legs, I could feel the constant flow of her warm juices, sliding between the bars of the cage to coat my cock as though we were truly having sex. But we weren't. Instead of the soft and blissful embrace of her around my shaft, all I could feel was the rigid steel. And the unceasing maddening buzzing of the vibrator she made me wear.

"Mom's right, though. This is hot," Gemma panted. "Fuck. I'm gonna cum again. I'm gonna cum riding your locked up cock, and there's nothing you can do about it. Is there?" Her fingernails dug into my chest as she spoke, as though she was prompting an answer from me.

"No, Princess."

"How bad do you want me right now?"

"So bad, princess. You're so sexy. You're so beautiful. I was so stupid to cheat on you. I was lucky to be with you."

"That's right," Gemma growled, and her fingernails dug a little deeper into the skin of my chest. "You were. But you blew it. And now you're my mom's slave, and you'll never get to fuck me again." She hardly seemed to

be talking to me at all anymore. The pleasure was swelling inside her, and she closed her eyes as she began to grind her pussy against my caged cock harder and faster. The juices flowed thicker and faster over me, adding to the growing puddle of moisture beneath me as I lay under her. The eyelids fluttered, and stray tendrils of her blonde hair clung to her shining skin as she began to tremble again. Her knees gripped my sides as she rode me, and I dared to place my hands on her thighs, feeling the uncontrollable trembling of the muscle beneath the skin as another orgasm wracked her body. Gemma howled with pleasure, and I winced as she raked her fingernails down my chest, leaving angry red marks on the skin as she came like an animal. After one final convulsion, she rolled off me, flopping carelessly on the mattress beside her as she pressed her thighs together, her hands between her legs while she gasped and moaned.

We lay like that for a while. I had learned already not to interrupt a woman basking in the throb of ecstasy. Crystal didn't appreciate such interruptions, and I instinctively knew that her daughter would feel the same way. I let my new mistress enjoy it, savoring the sensations of pleasure like a fine wine. All I could do was watch. Watch, and try to ignore the ceaseless pain in my caged cock and the maddening buzzing of the vibrator that only made it worse. The steel shone as though new, anointed by my ex-girlfriend's orgasmic juices. I could still feel the heat of her pleasure against my skin, and it was driving me crazy with desire. But I knew the rules. There would be no orgasm for me, not that day. All I could do was please Gemma as best I could and hope she put in a good word for me with her mother.

Finally, Gemma seemed to relax. She opened her eyes, smiling at me as she pushed her hair back from her face. Her cheeks were flushed with orgasm, but I wondered if I also detected a slight embarrassment in her face. Caught up in the moment, all manner of sexual cruelty seemed appropriate. But once the orgasm had come and gone, Gemma was more like the sweet girl I had once dated. The utter strangeness of what we were doing seemed to break over her again in those moments, as she returned to herself from the peak of lust.

Not that it made a difference to the way she treated me.

"That was nice," she said with a gentle sigh that made the hair ripple at the side of her face. "But I need to get ready." She rose clumsily from the bed, swinging her feet down toward the floor. I sat up too, breathlessly watching her as she moved around the room. I knew only the vaguest details of what Gemma had planned. She was going out. No surprises there. She was young, and it was the weekend. Until Crystal came along, I had never let a weekend go by without a visit to the bars myself. But since I had become involved in this strange relationship with Gemma's mother, the bars had lost a lot of their appeal. Especially after what she and Morgan had made me do the last time we went out. Was Gemma planning something similar? If she was, there was nothing I could do about it.

I watched as Gemma opened another drawer in her dresser. Her fingers picked through the items inside before she selected what she was looking for. Holding something frilly, she half turned toward me again. A sly look crept over her face. My stomach fluttered as I watched a new idea occur to her.

"What do you think of this?" She held up a bra between her two hands. It was purple and black, trimmed with lace. I had never seen it before.

"Looks nice, Princess," I said. The bra sailed through the air as Gemma tossed it toward me.

"Well don't just sit there," she said. "Put it on me."

I picked up the underwear. It wasn't the first time I had been ordered to dress a woman. Crystal and Morgan had seen to that already. But it was certainly the first time I had done it for Gemma, and I had to assume the first time a man had dressed her. Undressed, sure. But not dressed. Still, I didn't protest. Sliding off the bed, I walked towards her as she waited, holding the bra between my hands. Gemma stretched out her arms so that I could slide it on, then placed her hands on her hips while I stood in front of her, maneuvering the garment into place. I could feel her smiling at me, even if I didn't look at her face. I was forced to stare at her breasts as I gently wrapped the bra around her. I reached behind her to fasten the clasps, my caged cock pressing against her body as she stood in my arms. It was an embrace, of a kind. Her mouth was mere inches from mine, and Gemma smiled slightly as she stared up into my eyes, her pretty face framed by her cascading blonde hair. She didn't move away. There was a challenge in

those gorgeous blue eyes, a strange light that made me wonder what she wanted. With nothing more than the slightest incline of my head, I could press my lips to hers. And we would kiss, just like we used to. Although not like we use to at all. I was naked with my cock locked away in an inescapable steel device, symbolically castrated by her mother. For a moment, I felt simultaneously as though nothing had changed, and everything had. And Gemma just stood there, smiling up at me while I stood with my arms around her.

Finally, the hooks of her bra slid into one another. I stepped back. A shudder of repressed desire rolled through me as I watched her adjust her boobs in the bra, making the soft flesh jiggle mouthwateringly as she moved. The bra was carefully engineered to push her already full breasts up and together, giving her a cleavage that made my cock ache inside its still-vibrating cage.

"Now the panties. Here," Gemma ordered imperiously as she stuffed more fabric into my hands. I felt the lacy lightness of her underwear between my fingers, and I unfolded the panties in front of her. I held them out, and Gemma's hand on my shoulder as she stepped into them felt like some strange kind of affectionate gesture, an intimacy that was somehow greater than the intimacy of sex. But if Gemma felt the same thing, she gave no sign of it. Reluctantly, I pulled the panties up her long thighs, covering her pussy with the thin scrap of purple fabric that disappeared between the cheeks of her ass. Her body looked phenomenal, gift-wrapped for pleasure, and I all but winced at the sight.

"Go to my closet," Gemma ordered. "Find a black halter top and a denim miniskirt." Under her watchful eyes, I slid the hangers along the closet rod until I found what I was looking for. The feminine smell of Gemma's clothes rose in the air. I had only the faintest idea of what a halter top looked like, but I hoped I had guessed right as I retrieved the asked-for items and returned to her. Gemma said nothing. She simply watched me with that maddening sly smile on her pretty face. I knew what she wanted. Carefully removing the top from the hangar, I rolled it up in my hands and stepped toward her. Gemma raised her arms, and I pulled the top over her torso, sweeping her hair aside as I positioned the straps in place. Again, I had to resist the urge to kiss her as my hand lay for a moment on the back of her neck. My cock ached dully inside the cage.

The skirt came next. Gemma raised one foot from the floor, then the other as she stepped into the garment, and I pulled it up to her hips. Again, her body was pressed against mine, her hips in my hands as I pulled up the zipper in the back of the skirt. It felt so wrong, to be dressing her when what I really wanted to do was undress her. The skirt was teasingly short, barely reaching the middle part of her thigh and exposing what seemed like miles of her toned legs. As Gemma sat on the edge of the bed, the skirt rose up higher, and I felt my cock aching again as I watched her.

"Go get my boots," she ordered. "The ones just inside the closet door." I saw what she meant as I returned to her closet. Black leather boots that rose to midcalf, fastened in the back by a series of laces. The boots had a tall heel that made them wickedly sexy. She had bought them before we met, though I had never seen her wear them. And I picked them up, returning to the bed with her shoes in my hand. Gemma smiled as she watched me sink to my knees in front of her. She kept her legs together as she raised one foot from the floor, and I carefully slid her boot onto her foot, tying it too before she set her foot back on the ground. Then we repeated the procedure with the other shoe. Finally, Gemma was dressed. I kneeled at her feet, gazing up at her open-mouthed.

"How do I look, slave boy?"

"Amazing, princess," I rasped. "You look beautiful." Gemma giggled giddily. Of course, I had no choice; I was hardly going to tell her she looked bad in the position I was in. But if I had, it would have been a lie. She looked fantastic.

"If you saw me in a bar, would you want to fuck me?"

"Yes, Princess," I said. "Very much." Gemma laughed out loud, throwing back her head as her hair cascaded over her shoulders.

"Well, of course you would," she chuckled. "You're so horny, you'd fuck anyone." As Gemma spoke, she raised one boot from the floor and tapped the toe against my caged cock, making me wince at the contact. She wasn't wrong. In the state she had me in, desire seemed to overwhelm everything else. That didn't mean she didn't look great in an outfit that only her youth let her get away with. She was stunning. So different from the way her elegant mother looked, but no less sexy.

“Well, I need to put my makeup on,” she said. “And you need to get dressed. My guests will be here soon, and I want you to make a good impression. Understand?”

"Yes, Princess," I said humbly. Gemma laughed again. I knew already I was in for a long night.

Dominated By Her Friend

It didn't take me long to get dressed. I didn't put in half the effort that Gemma did. And why would I? The night yawned open in front of me, a torture to be endured more than it was a pleasure to be enjoyed. Of course, the thought of such humiliating torment wasn't without a faint echo of pleasure for me. To suffer at the hands of a woman who looked the way Gemma did was my deepest and darkest desire. But that didn't mean I wasn't horribly nervous as I pulled on a T-shirt and jeans.

Still, there wasn't much time for me to reflect on my feelings. As Gemma was at great pains to remind me, they hardly mattered. I was there to do what she said. And I had barely finished putting my clothes on before her cell phone, lying on the table beside her bed, rang.

Smiling slyly at me, Gemma rose to her feet and walked over to her buzzing phone. Her makeup had transformed her. She was a beautiful girl, with or without it, the inheritor of Crystal's exquisite bone structure and wickedly sexy smile. But now her eyes glittered like twin pools of frost, accentuated by skillfully applied cosmetics that made them and her full lips the focus of attention on her face. I felt a hollowness in my stomach as I watched her sweep up her phone from the bedside table. Her skirt was really very, very short. And the heels of the boots she wore made her legs look even longer than they were, made the muscle stand out under the smooth skin with every step she took. She was gorgeous, and she knew it. And she knew what that would do to me as I helplessly watched, my cock throbbing inside the steel cage that contained it. She had only just allowed me to remove the vibrator she'd attached, and I could still feel the ghost of the insistent buzzing against my manhood that the toy had created. Desire bubbled and boiled inside me, the way it had been all day, all week, for the past couple of months. Crystal and Morgan were already too much. But now with Gemma in on my secret, I knew I would never know a moment's peace from deep and abiding sexual frustration.

"Hi. Okay. Come on up." Gemma held her phone away from her face as she pressed the screen. Clearly, her apartment building had the kind of

buzzer that could be controlled from her phone. Setting the device aside, Gemma turned a sly smile on me. The look on her pretty face chilled me to the bone as I stood in front of her, fully clothed but feeling as naked as ever as her gaze seemed to pierce me like an arrow.

“Go get the door,” she ordered. “Let my friend in.”

I nodded. Turning, I stepped out of Gemma's bedroom and into the living room. I could feel the vibration of her footsteps on the floor as she followed me, walking on her tall boots toward the living room while I made my way to the door. Her apartment wasn't large, and it was the work of seconds to cross it. As soon as I heard a faint tap on the door, I swung it open and there, standing right in front of me with a look of shock on her face that echoed my own surprise, was Kelly.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Those were the first words out of her mouth. She had never been one to hold back; I remembered that about her. Gemma and I hadn't been together long enough for me to get too familiar with her friends, but I had met most if not all of them. And I had hung out with Kelly many times. She would have known, of course, about the way my relationship with Gemma ended. As one of Gemma's closest friends, Kelly most likely offered a shoulder to cry on as the two commiserated about what a bastard I was. I could hardly blame her for being surprised to see me now in Gemma's apartment. But something told me that was hardly the biggest surprise the night had in store.

Physically, about the only thing Kelly had in common with Gemma was dyed blonde hair. It fell straight and silky over her shoulders, falling like curtains on either side of a round face. Her brown eyes peered at me from beneath long lashes, an expression of mistrust on her face. Kelly was overweight; not massively so, but noticeably. Compared to Gemma's toned and slender body, she perhaps looked fatter than she was. But there's no doubt the girl had a few pounds to lose. Still, maybe it was the chastity device talking, and my state of utter frustration that made every female I came across more desirable than they naturally were. But Kelly had never looked better to me. She wore a black and white dress that clung to her body, the white fabric on top emphasizing her huge breasts while the black skirt clung tight to the spread of her hips. She might be on the bigger side, but you couldn't argue with her proportions. She had a natural hourglass

figure, her waist comparatively narrow between her ample chest and hips, and she carried her weight well. As I stood in front of her, just the other side of the open doorway, I couldn't deny an attraction to her that I had never felt before. She was no Gemma, and certainly no Crystal. But she was rocking that dress, and the generous curves of her body were plucking on that same taut string of desire that her friend knew so well how to manipulate.

"Come in," Gemma called from the living room. "I'll explain everything." Exactly what I was afraid of. But there was nothing I could do to stop it. Still scowling uncertainly at me, Kelly stepped through the open door of the apartment, her high heels clicking on the tiled floor as she walked past me. I closed the door and followed her, almost unconsciously noting the way her dress clung to her body as she moved.

Gemma awaited us both in the living room. She sat on her sofa with her legs crossed, her posture causing her already short skirt to rise even higher on her thighs. Kelly took the armchair that stood next to the sofa, bending her body carefully to sit down while her dress tightened around her. Gemma was all smiles, practically bubbling over with excitement, unable to contain herself. And it terrified me.

"What's going on, Gemma?" Kelly's eyes darted from me to her friend and back again, her golden hair shining in the light with every movement of her head. I stood where I was, between living room and kitchen, cringing with nervousness as I waited to see what would happen. Gemma had planned this all out, I was sure of it. Just like her mother, she knew that I was totally humiliated by my predicament. And every time my position was revealed to someone new, I experienced all over again the shame and disgrace of what I had become. What Crystal had made me into. I drew a deep breath, as though that could somehow assuage the fear and embarrassment I felt as I waited to see what Gemma had in mind.

"Don't tell me you two are back together?" Kelly prompted. Gemma laughed as she shook her head.

"No, no," she chuckled. "I'm not that stupid. Why don't you tell her, Brandon? Tell Kelly what you're doing here."

I gulped. Whatever I had expected Gemma to do, this was somehow worse. I dreaded my position being exposed to Kelly, but if it had to be, I

wanted to get it over with. I would cringe with embarrassment while Gemma told her friend what was going on, and Kelly would laugh and mock me, and one more person would know what a submissive loser I was. But to have to tell her myself made things so much more insufferable.

Still, Gemma sat there on the couch, blue eyes glittering like daggers as she looked at me. One booted foot bobbed slightly in the air like the twitching tail of a cat on the hunt. Disobedience would have consequences. Consequences probably far worse than the embarrassment I was about to be subjected to.

"I... Gemma's mom told me to come here."

"Your mom?" Kelly's brow furrowed she dressed her question to her friend. "What's your mom got to do with this?"

"Tell her." Gemma's voice was soft, yet as firm as a steel bar. A challenging gaze probed my eyes, and I longed for something to happen. A fire, an earthquake, a nuclear bomb. It didn't matter what. Anything that could emerge out of the blue and let me escape the moment I was in. But I wasn't that lucky. I was stuck in this apartment with these two women, one of whom knew my deep and secret shame. And the other was about to find out.

"I... I've been seeing Crystal. Gemma's mom."

"What?" Kelly spluttered.

"No, you haven't," Gemma snarled at me. "Tell her what you really are. Tell her what you call my mom."

"Mistress," I said, my voice catching on the word as I spoke it. Kelly's eyes widened, her full attention now on me as she shifted in her chair.

"And what do you call me?" Gemma pressed. I sighed before speaking, trying and failing to mentally compose myself, to act as though none of this bothered me. But it did. And anyone could see that. Gemma certainly could. And so, I knew, could Kelly.

"Princess," I said at last. And Kelly let out a burst of laughter, promoted more by shock than happiness. She still hadn't put things

together. I could see the confusion on her face as she sat in her chair. But things were about to be made abundantly, horribly clear.

"He's my mom's slave," Gemma said at last, as Kelly turned her head toward her friend. "They met after we split up. My mom's been training him. And now, I guess he's my slave too."

"No," Kelly frowned, her hair shining as she shook her head from side to side. "No way. You mean... What, like a sex slave?"

"Basically." It was Gemma's turn to laugh now, her eyes sparkling in her gorgeous face as she giggled. "Except not for me. I don't have sex with him. And neither does my mom. In fact, he can't have sex with anyone anymore."

"Why? Did you cut his dick off?"

"Almost," Gemma grinned, to another burst of laughter from Kelly. "Show her," she added, turning her eyes on me. I knew exactly what she wanted. It had all been leading to this. This had been her plan all along. Just as her mother had taken such delight in exposing me to a stranger in a bar. But this was even worse. This was someone I knew. Someone I had never thought I would see again, who was now going to be admitted into the ever-growing circle of women who knew the most humiliating thing about me. And there was no way to stop it, either. Not without incurring Gemma's wrath, and therefore Crystal's, too.

So I did as I was told. Gemma sat back on her sofa, beaming with pride as she crossed her arms over her chest. And Kelly looked momentarily concerned as I reached for the front of my pants, drawing the zipper down. She turned toward Gemma with a wordless question on her face, but her friend smiled reassuringly while she waited. And right there in Gemma's living room, I pulled down my jeans and my underwear to show Kelly my cage. The steel bars that shone in the light, containing my manhood and making me exactly what Gemma said I was. A slave. To her and to her mother.

"Oh my God! What the fuck is that?" Kelly pressed her fingertips together as she covered her open mouth with both hands. Her eyes were on the device, as though she was incapable of looking anywhere else. I could hear the smile in her voice as she spoke, even as my cheeks burned with

shame. It was the same shocked reaction I got whenever my predicament was revealed to someone new, but it never stopped humiliating me.

"It's a chastity belt," Gemma explained. "It keeps his cock all locked away so that he can't put it where it doesn't belong. Just think: if I'd had one of these on him when we were dating, he never would have been able to cheat on me. But maybe it's for the best. Because now, he has to do what I say if he ever wants to cum again."

"I can't believe this," Kelly said. She was still sitting on the edge of her chair, still covering her mouth with her hands as she spoke. But I didn't miss the sparkle in her eyes. I shouldn't have been surprised. Kelly had always been open-minded. She gave the impression of someone who had been around the block, not some shrinking violet who would be shocked at the turns human sexuality could take. Still, this was out there, even for her.

"I was shocked too," Gemma said. "But once my mom explained it to me, and I saw how obedient it makes him, I couldn't resist. It's weird, I know. But it's so much fun having a guy you can boss around, and knowing that you never have to do anything for him. In fact, I can't do anything for him. I don't even have a key. He's mine for the weekend, and then he goes back to my mom. But if he isn't a good boy, I'm going to tell her. And she decides when and if he gets any pleasure at all."

"This is so fucking crazy," Kelly laughed. Finally, she lowered her hands from her face. Tearing her eyes away from my caged member at last, she turned toward Gemma, just for a second, before facing me again. As though she couldn't look anywhere else. As though my cage was a magnet for her eyes, drawing them toward me against her will. She had never seen anything like this, I could tell. Before Crystal came along, neither had I.

"Well, now everyone's seen what you've got down there, there's not much point in you hiding it anymore, is there?" Gemma said. "Take your clothes off. Now." Without a word, accompanied by a new fit of laughter from Kelly, I did as Gemma ordered. She was right, in a way. What did I have left to hide? But that didn't stop the blushes from rising to my face as I stripped in front of the two of them, setting my T-shirt and jeans carefully down on the floor. The armchair creaked as Kelly sat back at last, crossing her legs in her tight dress. There was a smirk on her face as she looked me

up and down, studying my body as though I was something she was ready to devour.

"Put your clothes in my bedroom," Gemma said. "Then you can bring us something to drink. There's some vodka in the freezer. I'll take a vodka and Coke. Kelly?"

"The same," Kelly murmured, her eyes never leaving me as I bent to pick up my discarded clothes. I felt her gaze following me as I moved across the room, tossing my garments onto the floor of Gemma's bedroom. She was still watching me as I reemerged, totally naked except for the cage that hung from my aching cock. I made my way toward the kitchen to carry out Gemma's commands. While ice clinked merrily into two glasses, I heard the two girls laugh at something. No; not at something. At me. What else could they be talking about? With the drinks made, I carried them back to the living room. Kelly smiled up at me as I handed her a glass, watching me step past her to give the other to Gemma. Then I stood awkwardly at the side of the sofa, awaiting further instructions. Something told me Gemma wouldn't want me to take the only seat that was left, on the sofa beside her. Instead, I stood like a servant while the superior women sipped the cold drinks.

"I figured we could pregame here," Gemma said. "Get a good buzz going before we go out."

"Sounds good to me." Kelly's eyes shone above the rim of her glass as she stared at me. Uncomfortable under her searching gaze, I shifted my weight from foot to foot. In some strange way, I was glad Gemma was there. The way Kelly was looking at me was making me wonder what would have happened if I were alone with her. I could almost see the wheels turning in her head every time she looked in my direction.

"So what do you do with a slave?" Kelly finally asked, drawing out the last word as though she liked the way it tasted on her tongue. "I mean, with that thing on, you can't fuck him." Gemma's brow furrowed as she took another gulp of her drink.

"Fuck him? Why would I want to do that?" she asked rhetorically, while Kelly spluttered in laughter. "I can find plenty of guys to fuck when I want to. But how many of them will go down on me for hours if I want,

focus solely on getting me off, then go make me a sandwich after?" A few stray drops of Kelly's drink landed on her skirt as she erupted in laughter. Still chuckling, she brushed the moisture away with her hand. The girls had only just started drinking, but already the air in the room crackled with a kind of wildness. I had felt a similar sensation the first time I met Morgan at Crystal's house. But this was different. These younger women knew me in a way that Morgan and Crystal hadn't at the time. And Gemma had more reason to be mad at me than her mother did. By extension, so did Kelly. I was afraid. And that fear, just as I knew it would, poured gasoline on the flames of my desire. My cock ached inside the tight confines of the cage as I looked from one woman to the other. Both very different, but both sexy in their own ways. And both completely unavailable to me.

"That's what you do with him?" Kelly asked.

"I do whatever I want with him. Don't I, boy toy?" Hearing Crystal's words from Gemma's mouth made me tremble with repressed desire. Gemma was different from her mother in many ways, but I often caught glimpses of Crystal in her daughter. Certain things she said, or a particular look in her eye. In this case, I knew, Gemma was consciously echoing Crystal. And it was working. I winced at the pain that bloomed in my stomach as my cock tried and failed yet again to get hard in the unyielding steel device that contained it.

"Yes, Princess," I moaned.

"This is awesome," Kelly giggled. "I've always wanted to be Mistress Kelly."

"Really? Well now's your chance," Gemma smiled. "He'll do whatever we say. Won't you, bitch boy?" Another gale of laughter rose from Kelly at Gemma's insult.

"Yes, Princess," I said.

"Well, I want a better look at that thing," Kelly said. "Come over here." She pointed at the floor in front of her chair as she spoke, one black painted fingernail visible on her index finger. Despite her commanding tone, she seemed surprised and delighted as I stepped forward to comply. But Gemma was right. I had no choice. My caged cock swayed slightly with every step I took, and I saw Kelly watching it with a smile as I approached,

finally standing right in front of her. I tried not to gasp as she reached out with her free hand and ran her thumb over the steel bars that contained my manhood. As though I had no rights to my body at all, and any woman could touch me in any way she wanted. I winced as Kelly slid her thumbnail between the bars of the cage and scraped the swollen shaft of my trapped cock.

"So you can't get out at all?"

"No," I panted, and instantly knew my mistake. My hands twitched at my sides, but I resisted the urge to fight Kelly as she dug her thumbnail deeper into my sensitive cock. Over on the sofa, Gemma laughed loudly at her friend's cruelty.

"No what?" Kelly demanded, her brown eyes glowing as she stared up at me with her drink still in her other hand.

"No... Mistress Kelly," I whimpered. Gemma clapped her hands together with glee, laughing again as her friend took easy control of me.

"That's better," Kelly said. I sighed as the pressure of her thumbnail receded. But she kept her grip on the chastity device as she stared up at me.

"You can't even get hard, can you?"

"No, Mistress Kelly." That much was obvious. With my cock in her hand, Kelly would have to be blind not to notice the way my manhood was trying to swell, straining against steel bars as it filled the gaps between them.

"How long since your last orgasm?" Her eyes transfixed me as they stared deep into mine, almost pinning me to the spot. Kelly was interrogating me. And with my cock in her hand, I wasn't going to resist her.

"Three days, Mistress Kelly." Kelly frowned as I spoke.

"That doesn't seem very long," she said. "I've gone longer than that without an orgasm. How long since you last had sex with a woman?"

I had to think about that one. It depended on what she meant by sex. But it was no time for semantics. I knew what Kelly meant. And I knew what she wanted to hear. Still, evidently, I was taking too long, because I

felt the sharp pain of her thumbnail pressing against my cock through the bars of the device again. Hurriedly, I answered.

“About six months, Mistress Kelly,” I said.

“That’s better,” she beamed, satisfied with my torment. “And when was the last time you made a woman cum?”

Pausing for a moment, I looked over my shoulder to where Gemma sat on the sofa. Slowly, she nodded.

“About half an hour ago, Mistress Kelly,” I said.

“Really?” Still holding my cock in her hand, Kelly turned toward Gemma. And as Gemma nodded in agreement, Kelly laughed out loud.

“I never knew you were so naughty,” Kelly giggled, her eyes shining. “Was it good?”

"It wasn't bad," Gemma said grudgingly. "He's getting better with his mouth all the time. It's amazing what a device like that will do for a man's focus."

"I bet," Kelly murmured. Her thumb slid over the bars of the device, feeling the smoothness of the shining steel that contained me. Inside, I was a raw mass of desire, my caged manhood twitching uselessly in her hand as she toyed with me. Until that day, I had never been especially attracted to Kelly. But standing in front of her like this, seeing the power she could exude when given the chance, she seemed suddenly unbearably sexy to me.

“When was the last time you had a guy go down on you without trying to get you to return the favor?” Gemma prompted. Kelly’s golden hair shone she shook her head.

“Pretty much never,” she said.

"Ever had a man beg to lick your pussy?" Kelly spluttered with laughter at Gemma's words.

"No," she said slowly. I could feel her grip on my chastity device tighten, and saw her sudden shortness of breath. I was feeling the same way myself. In the way she so often did, Gemma was pushing things forward,

following some script in her head that she had concocted for her enjoyment and my torment.

"You know what to do, bitch boy," Gemma said. And she was right. I knew what she wanted, what both women wanted. My imprisoned cock slid from Kelly's hand as I took a step back and sank to my knees on the floor in front of her. Her eyes followed me, sparkling with delight as I lowered myself in front of her.

"Please, Mistress Kelly," I said slowly, making my voice as meek and humble as I was able while Gemma cackled with delight behind me, "please may I lick your pussy? Please. Please let me help you cum, please!"

"Oh my God," Kelly gasped. Her big breasts strained against her dress as she breathed, and a pink flush rose to her plump cheeks as she stared down at me. My humiliation was complete. And if she hadn't felt empowered before, she certainly did now. She was seeing at last what Gemma had seen, what Crystal had taught her and Morgan. I would do anything they said. And the more I submitted to them, the more dominant these women seem to become.

"Is he for real?" Kelly looked at Gemma over my head as she spoke.

"If you want," Gemma said with a shrug. "Nothing like a quick orgasm before going out for the night, is there? You can take him in there if you want." I didn't turn to look at Gemma as she spoke. But I knew she was talking about the bedroom we had so recently left. Kelly's eyes darted toward the open door, and as she bent at the waist to set her glass down on the floor, I inhaled the scent of her perfume and the warmth of her body in its tight dress. Placing both feet on the floor in front of me, Kelly rose to her feet. She plucked the fabric of her dress and adjusted it around her body. Then I felt her fingers in my hair as she reached out and grabbed a handful.

"Okay," she said, and I could hear the smile of triumph in her voice just as I could see it on her face. "You're coming with me." Gemma laughed in approval as Kelly pulled my hair, stepping toward her friend's bedroom. I had no choice but to follow, scampering along at her heels on my hands and knees while she led me into the other room.

Their Toy

What does normal mean, in the context of a life like mine? Until Crystal came along, I guess I was a pretty normal guy. Just a young man trying to figure out his place in the world, working laboring jobs and spending my earnings at the bar on the weekends in the never-ending quest to meet girls. Pretty standard stuff for a guy my age. But all of that changed when Crystal came along. Suddenly, my life became something else entirely. On the outside, I might still be that young guy, working for a living the way everyone has to. But my private life had transformed completely. Suddenly, it was like something out of a dirty movie. Endlessly exciting and infinitely frustrating at once. Crystal had introduced me to areas of life that I had barely known the existence of. Certainly, I had never seen myself as a submissive type. The type who would bow down before women and beg for their favors. I knew about kink, of course. I'm not naïve. But I had always thought of it as something that other people did. I never felt a pressing need to make elaborate sexual scenarios, when the ordinary act itself was more than good enough for me. But Crystal had changed everything. And even though she wasn't there that night in Gemma's apartment, her presence hovered over everything. The prime cause of everything that happened afterward. The responsibility for what I did, what I had become, could be laid entirely at Crystal's door. She had turned me into this. And now women other than her were reaping the rewards.

It was dim in Gemma's bedroom. Kelly didn't bother to turn on the light. She closed the door, but not all the way. A thick bar of yellow light from the living room splashed across the floor, rising up the side of the bed to pool on the mattress. Kelly's breath was short and urgent in a way that the short walk from the living room to the bedroom couldn't explain. She was excited. And for all her dominant posturing, I suspected she was as nervous as I was.

But she was the one in control. These kinds of scenes, I had come to learn, were never without some element of the theatrical. Some suggestion, at least, of roles being played. Kelly was most definitely playing a role, and one I suspected she had never played before. Whereas I was getting more and more experienced in my own submissive role. But just because something is an act doesn't mean it isn't real. That, too, was something Crystal had taught me.

As we reached the side of Gemma's bed, Kelly released her grip on my hair. I stayed on the floor, on my hands and knees. It seemed pointless getting up. Kelly loomed above me, standing tall in her high heels as she stood between the bed and me. Whatever impulse had seized her, made her treat me so roughly, seemed to have faltered slightly now that we were alone in Gemma's bedroom. But her excitement had not diminished. Far from it. Gemma had promised her my services, and I was ready to deliver. Even though I knew it would only torment me further. Even though I never stopped feeling the sting of humiliation at being treated like this, handed over and loaned to other women like some kind of toy. As though my own preferences didn't matter at all. Kelly was looking sexier to me than she ever had, but Gemma didn't know that. She didn't care. I had been instructed to pleasure her friend, and how I felt about it seemed to be immaterial. So in a sense, it was a good thing I was excited.

Kelly's arm curled up behind her as she reached for the zipper of her dress. The fabric clung to the curves of her thick body as she wriggled her way out of it, sliding the fabric down over her hips to pool on the floor at her feet. Stepping out of the dress, she kicked it aside. Her hands hovered at the waistband of her underwear uncertainly. I watched her without a word, waiting to see if she would go through with this. Perhaps the sheer strangeness of the situation would put her off in the end. Perhaps she was waiting to see what I would do, to see if I would actually go through with what she had been offered. As though some part of her thought that this might be all a game or some trick that Gemma and I were playing on her. But it wasn't. This was the reality of my life, the new normal since Crystal had locked my cock away. A sexual servant to seemingly any woman my mistress saw fit to hand me over to. A slave. That was what I was. And the remorseless throbbing of my cock in the steel device that contained it was an unnecessary reminder of just how much that thrilled me.

Kelly's lips were slightly parted. Her breasts rose and fell in her bra as she breathed. They were magnificent. Kelly was bigger than Gemma, or Crystal for that matter. She was never going to grace the cover of any magazines. But she was beautiful in her natural femininity, her body a natural hourglass that tugged at some primal part of my brain. She was heavy in all the right places, blessed with huge boobs and broad hips the contrasted pleasingly with her relatively narrow waist. Girls like Kelly have

been told forever that they are fat and undesirable and unworthy. But from where I was kneeling, staring up at Gemma's friend in nothing but her underwear, she looked fantastic. And her self-consciousness warred visibly with her desire to experience this new game that Gemma had introduced her to.

Desire won. I of all people should know that it usually does. Kelly's hands slipped beneath the waistband of her panties, and she slowly pushed her underwear down her legs, letting it drop to the floor. She kept her bra, like some last vestige of her self-consciousness made visible. But below the waist, she was naked as she stepped out of her panties. And Gemma's bed creaked and bounced beneath her as she sat down on its edge.

I shuffled forward. Another man might have been angry at what these women were doing to him. Another man might have drawn the line at serving Kelly. Crystal was different. And Gemma was almost as beautiful as her mother. After all, I had found her attractive enough to date not too long ago. But I had never thought of Kelly in this way before. And yet I wasn't mad. Far from it. There wasn't a trace of anger in me as I inched toward the woman on the bed. If anything, I felt a strange tenderness toward her. I was determined to do a good job, and not just because Princess Gemma commanded it. Kelly, for all her usual brash confidence, had clearly never been in a situation like this. I wondered if anyone had taken the time to show her just how beautiful she was.

I heard the slight intake of her breath as I ran my hands over her thighs. Kelly lay back on the mattress, her legs hanging over the side of Gemma's bed as she stared up at the ceiling. Maybe her eyes were closed; from where I kneeled on the floor, I couldn't tell. But slowly, she parted her legs in front of me, and I saw her pussy glistening in the faint light that spilled from the living room outside. My caged cock throbbed in time with my heartbeat as I moved closer. I try to ignore it. My desire didn't matter in the least. It never did. The only thing it was good for was as a tool to make me do what these women wanted. And it worked, better than I would ever have believed.

Kelly groaned as I positioned myself between her legs. If I had been in any doubt, I could see for myself how turned on she was as her sex shone in front of me. I could smell the faint scent of her arousal where I kneeled on

the floor, and it fueled my own. She groaned as I leaned forward and ran my tongue slowly over her silken folds. Kelly yelled as though stung by a hornet, but it was pleasure, not pain, that caused her to cry out. I knew what I was doing. Every woman is different; if I hadn't known that already, I learned it under Crystal's guidance. But just as Gemma had said of me, practice makes perfect. And when it comes to pleasuring a woman, enthusiasm counts for a lot. Eating pussy had become almost my sole sexual outlet, and I poured my whole being into it. I was more than eager to please; I was desperate. And as I pressed my tongue harder against her, Kelly's body twitched as though electrified. In no time at all, she was gasping and writhing on the bed above me. I didn't try to keep a slight smile from my face as I felt her fingers tangled in my hair, pulling my head deeper between her thighs. Her self-consciousness was abandoned as her pleasure swelled. And I ran my tongue up and down her flesh in a rhythmic motion, caressing her lips with my own. I pressed a little harder, a little deeper, my wet tongue slipped inside her, making her gasp and moan. Kelly's cries grew louder and louder as I tongued her, and I heard the passion in her voice as her orgasm approached. Once again, I was struck by how different she tasted to Gemma, to Morgan, Crystal. I was becoming quite the connoisseur. But different as they might be, each one was as delicious as the last. Including Kelly. This girl that I had never thought of in this way, who had never shown any particular interest in me back when I was dating Gemma, was now writhing on the bed above me, dancing on the very edge of ecstasy. I pushed harder against her, letting my chin rub against her as I moved my jaw. Kelly's body spasmed, and she cried out, a single deafening note that seemed to hang in the air, bouncing back from the walls of Gemma's bedroom. And with a sudden rush, the juices of Kelly's arousal flooded my mouth, pouring over my lips and tongue, dripping from my chin as I hungrily swallowed. Beneath my hands, I could feel the frantic trembling of her thighs, the muscles of her body spasming uncontrollably in the afterglow of pleasure. I had done my job. And the dull throb of my cock inside the cage was there to remind me of what was at stake. What might have happened if I hadn't.

With an exhausted sigh, Kelly pushed my head away. For a while, she lay there, sprawled on her friend's bed, her dripping pussy exposed completely as her skin shone in the dim light. I had learned to be patient. I had learned to leave a woman alone in these moments, to collect her

thoughts and enjoyed her time in the far-off place they go to in the aftermath of pleasure.

But Gemma had other ideas.

Still horny, still hungry, still alert, I noticed before Kelly did that the door behind me was opening. The broad band of light that crept in from the living room grew wider as Gemma pushed the door aside. I turned to look over my shoulder, and the dull pain in my gut increased as my cock twitched predictably at the sight of Gemma. She was gorgeous. And the taste of her friend's pussy in my mouth only made me more desperate as I gazed up at Crystal's daughter. Her short denim skirt barely covered her as she stepped into the room, swaying provocatively in high-heeled boots. The very first night we had met, in some bar or other, I had noticed Gemma's sex appeal immediately. As had virtually every other man in the bar that night. But it was me she spoke to, me she gave her phone number to. Me that she began to date. What if some other woman had caught my eye that night? What if some other man had beaten me to Gemma? Everything would now be different. Everything would be more normal, less exciting. No, there was no part of me that wanted my old life back. No matter how much it hurt to live as Crystal and Gemma's slave.

"What did I tell you?" Gemma grinned as she spoke. Kelly raised her head from the bed, her mouth open in shock. For a moment, just the smallest moment, I wondered how she would react. There was always that moment, among women unused to being exposed in front of one another. It can go one of two ways. Kelly had probably never had anyone see her in the afterglow of orgasm besides a lover, and it must've been jarring to see her friend's face at that moment. But soon, a slow smile spread across Kelly's lips, and I knew that she was overcoming her inhibitions. Still, she closed her legs, hiding the pussy I could still taste in my mouth as I kneeled on the floor between them.

"He's good, isn't he?" Gemma patted me affectionately on the top of my head as she stepped past me, moving toward the bed. I hated how my heart contracted at her touch, as though I really were some faithful pet delighted by her smallest token of affection. Turning, Gemma sat down on the mattress beside Kelly, and I watched as Kelly slowly sat up. Her blonde hair tumbled around her shoulders, reaching the swell of her large breasts in

her bra. The pupils of her eyes were fat and swollen in the darkness, and she turned her gaze from Gemma to me and back again. Her cheeks were flushed with a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment that I knew well. From the expression on her face, I guessed she was having a hard time believing what just happened. I could hardly blame her. These kinky games were becoming more and more familiar to me. But like her mother, Gemma seemed always to have a new gear to shift into. A new way to torment and disgrace me.

"Yeah," Kelly gasped, "he is." Again, I hated myself for the faint bloom of pride I felt in my chest as she spoke. This woman could use me like some kind of sex toy, and I was proud of that fact?

"And the best part is, he doesn't get to cum at all," Gemma giggled. I watched as she reached out toward Kelly, running the back of her hand over her friend's arm as she spoke. "There's no whining about you blowing him. There's no begging for sex. He'll just sit and wait until we decide to use him again. That's all his life is now. A pleasure slave to be used by women. Here. Let me show you what I discovered today." Gemma rose from the bed. I watched the borrowed light from the living room shine on the leather of her boots as she circled the bed. There was a familiar fluttering in my stomach as I watched her make her way to the bedside table where the vibrating cock ring lay. Her eyes glinted as she picked up the item and smiled at me. I knew what came next.

"I'm gonna turn on the light, okay?" Gemma asked. Kelly nodded.

"Okay," she said. Of course, I wasn't consulted. Once again, my preferences were unimportant. I heard the creak of the leather of Gemma's boots as she stepped past me, reaching for the light switch and flooding the bedroom in yellow light. Kelly blinked rapidly as her eyes adjusted, and so did I. But Gemma made her way back past me, back toward the bed. She smiled at me, bending her knees slightly as she leaned forward, her miniskirt barely covering her as she patted the mattress in front of her.

"Come on," she said, while Kelly laughed in disbelief, "get up here."

I rose to my feet. The chastity device swayed slightly between my legs as I stepped toward the bed. Kelly was still staring at it, still hardly able to believe what she was seeing. That I consented to this, that I willingly gave

Crystal – and therefore Gemma – this measure of power over me. I had a hard time believing it myself. But Gemma grinned at me as I climbed onto the bed at her bidding. Kelly turned to watch over her shoulder as I sat facing Gemma. Balancing on one foot, Gemma raised her other leg high in the air. The heel of her boot pressed into the skin of my chest, and I caught the briefest glimpse under her skirt as she pushed me down onto the mattress. Without resisting, I flopped down onto my back. Yes, I knew what was coming. If not the detail,

then the general outline.

"Here. Put this on him." Gemma handed the vibrator to Kelly as she stepped towards her small closet. Kelly smiled deviously, brushing her hair back from her face as she turned to me. I watched the jiggle of her boobs inside her bra as she moved, and felt again the tightness of the cage that contained my manhood. Kelly's deep cleavage swelled in front of my face as she leaned over my body, reaching from my cock. I tried not to moan in frustration as she took the cage in her hand. The rubber ring expanded as she tugged it over the device, positioning the vibrator just behind the lock that held the chastity device together, just as Gemma had done. Then Kelly smiled up at me. I cried out as she pressed her thumbnail between the bars of the cock cage again, digging it painfully into my skin.

"Do you want to fuck me right now, bitch boy?" she teased.

"Yes, Mistress Kelly," I panted. Over by the closet, I heard Gemma laugh as she rummaged through her clothes.

"Well, that's just too bad, isn't it?" Kelly went on. Her cheeks might still be shining with the glow of orgasm, but clearly, her arousal was already swelling again. And her cruelty along with it. "Just imagine what I could do if your cock wasn't all locked away like this," Kelly went on. "Just imagine how good it would feel to fuck me right now." I groaned again, and more laughter filled the room from Gemma as she listened to her friend tormenting me. I gasped as Kelly lifted my caged cock, playfully running her tongue from base to tip, the moist flesh sliding easily over the stainless

steel. I felt nothing. Nothing but the warmth of her breath on my sensitive skin as I writhed and moaned.

"I can give you the best blow job you ever had in your life," Kelly grinned up at me. "I could suck the cum right out of your balls, and swallow it all like a good girl. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress Kelly." I was almost beside myself with desire, moaning and writhing on the bed as this vixen tortured me.

"Too bad," Kelly giggled. I moaned again as she bent her head over my lap, opening her mouth to engulf my caged cock in her lips. The metal shone as she bobbed her head up and down, sucking on the cage and teasing me with the closeness of what I couldn't have.

While Kelly tormented me, Gemma appeared again at the side of the bed. She was holding some scarves in her hands. Circling the bed, she stood on the opposite side from her friend. I was treated to a mouthwatering view down the front of her top as she bent over me. Gemma was all business. Taking my wrists in her hands, she wrapped one of the scarves around them both and tied them tightly together. Then, she tied another scarf around my bound hands and fastened them to the headboard of her bed. As usual, I didn't even try to resist. Gemma would do what she was going to do, and nothing I said or did would change that. Fighting her would only make things worse. And soon, I lay tied to the bed, totally at the mercy of these two women. A commodity which neither of them seemed to possess any great supply of.

"If you turn the vibrator on, you can ride his cock like it's a toy," Gemma explained as she straightened up again at the side of the bed. "That's what we were doing before you got here."

"Really?" I whimpered quietly as Kelly lifted her mouth at last from my cock, not sure whether I wanted her to stop or continue. She smiled at Gemma, and I saw her eyes drop to the device I wore before returning to her friend. Kelly's smile deepened.

I felt the mattress sink underneath me as Kelly climbed up onto her knees. Her thick thighs gripped my sides as she straddled me, her damp pussy hovering just above my caged member. Reaching down, she pressed the button on the cock ring that caused it to vibrate, and I groaned loudly as

I felt those infuriating vibrations echoing through my body. But that was nothing compared to the long, low moan that Kelly gave as she sank down on top of me. Her breasts heaved in her bra as she rubbed her pussy against my cage, feeling the same vibrations that were tormenting me fill her body with pleasure. Her eyes closed, and her hands gripped her thighs, and she looked absolutely ravishing as she sat on top of me, rocking her hips back and forth as she ground her pussy against my cock. The juices flowed as freely as Gemma's had done earlier, coating my cage, my balls, my inner thighs. The scarves held my arms tightly as I moaned beneath her, agonizingly close and yet cut off from the pleasure that filled her.

In the light of the bedroom, gluttoned with pleasure and yet seeking more, Kelly looked amazing. With my eyes on her, I barely noticed Gemma at the side of the bed shrugging off her halter top and unzipping her miniskirt. Dropping her clothes to the floor, she climbed onto the bed with us. It was only when Gemma knelt above me, now wearing nothing but her sexy boots, that I saw that she intended to get involved. And the ache in my caged cock turned to agony as Gemma repositioned herself to face her friend. Lifting one long leg, Gemma straddled my face, her bare pussy hovering above me as she faced her friend. I could feel the warm leather of her boots against my skin, her hand on my chest as she positioned herself just as she wanted above me. And then, I saw nothing as Gemma lowered herself onto my face. Her pussy pressed against my mouth, and I felt the dampness of her desire, her indescribable taste complementing the lingering remnants of Kelly's as I began to lick.

Gemma moaned. Above me, my princess was purring in pleasure. I ran my tongue diligently over the intricate terrain of her womanhood, ignoring the ache in my jaw from eating so much pussy in one day. The bed was rocking rhythmically beneath us now as Kelly succumbed to pleasure. She was bouncing up and down on top of me, more and more urgently. I felt her hands on my stomach as she leaned forward, pressing herself more urgently against my buzzing cage. She was screaming with pleasure, and even with Gemma's legs on either side of my head, I could hear the wild passion in her cries. And while I licked and kissed, Gemma's own cries of pleasure grew ever louder. Soon, the two of them were both howling in a wild duet of female passion. All inhibitions had vanished now. All that mattered was orgasm. Theirs, not mine. And as a loud scream rose from Kelly's throat, I

felt her thick thighs press against my hips. I felt the hot rush of her juices, more copious than I had ever experienced before. She howled and convulsed on top of me as she squirted her liquid passion all over my cock, my balls, and the vibrator that brought her so much joy. I growled in pain as the steel bars the chastity device bit into my manhood.

And above my head, Gemma sobbed with pleasure. I knew her body intimately, and I knew what she needed. My position was awkward, but I did my best to press my face harder against her, fighting gravity as I rubbed my lips over hers, working her clit with my chin while I buried my tongue inside her. I felt her fingernails digging into my chest, and one of her boot heels scraped my bound arm as she thrashed above me. I could feel her orgasm coming. I could taste it, the mysterious change in the composition of her juices that told me she was close. I swallowed her nectar even more eagerly than I had swallowed that of her friend as Gemma, too, screamed in pleasure. Her orgasm coated my face in her moisture, and I drank down as much of it as I was able, hungry for every drop of her that I could get.

Finally, Gemma rose off my face and flopped onto the bed beside me. On the other side, Kelly did the same. I could hear them both gasping for air as they shuddered and convulsed on either side of me. And I lay between them, bound and caged, covered in cum and not making a sound. The bed was small with the three of us inside it, and I could feel soft female flesh pressed against my body.

Eventually, it was Gemma who seemed to recover first. She sat up, supporting herself with her hands, and I saw her smiling down at me, her feet beside my head.

"All right," she beamed, "that was fun. But now, I feel like I really want to get fucked. And – well, you're just not worthy of that, are you?" Gemma giggled as she raised one hand to pat my cage, and I winced at the faint contact.

"No, Princess," I groaned, and heard Kelly laugh beside me, her breath warm on the side of my face as she nibbled the skin of my bound arm.

"That's right," Gemma chuckled. "For that, I need a real man, not some tied up bitch boy. So let's go out and find one."