

A woman with dark hair is shown from the chest down, wearing a vibrant red, strapless, form-fitting dress. She is holding a thin red ribbon or string in her right hand, which is raised towards her shoulder. Her left hand is resting on her thigh. The background consists of dark brown horizontal wooden planks. The text is overlaid on the image.

Katt Ford

***A Mother's
Revenge***

Parts 26 - 30

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All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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Serving His Princess

Gemma exhaled softly through her nose. Steam rose and curled in the bathroom like a forest of question marks, drifting toward the glistening tiles that surrounded the tub. Her eyes were closed, her long hair pinned back behind her head in a messy bun. She gave every impression of being in a state of bliss, total relaxation and pleasure. And even if I suspected that it was at least half an act, that didn't mean that it failed to remind me of the always-present power imbalance between us.

Gaps appeared in the layer of bubbles that covered the water as I moved my hand through them. Glimpses of her gorgeous naked body showed under the surface, and Gemma let me look. That was the whole idea. The sponge wobbled in my trembling hand as I bathed her. And Gemma lay there, a queen being served by her most humble servant, enjoying the attention while I did as I was told.

We were back in Gemma's apartment. I had to admit, it was nicer than mine. And all her bathing products were there, too. This young woman who lived alone had significantly more toiletries than Josh and I owned combined between the two of us. I was getting an education in their use as I bathed my former girlfriend. My knees ached from kneeling beside the tub, but I didn't dare complain. It was nothing compared to the dull pain in my cock as it tried and failed to harden inside the steel cage. I had had plenty of time to regret my decision to put the device back on and hand Gemma this outrageous power over me. Plenty of time to probe my heart and wonder why I had gone along with this. But the answer always came back the same. I wanted Crystal. I more than wanted her. I needed her. But Gemma's mother had blocked my number and blocked me on social media. The only way I could even hope to talk to her was to go to her house, but I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that such action would not get me the response I wanted. No, the only chance I had of getting back to the way things were was through Gemma. Maybe. Although my nights were haunted by the thought that this wouldn't help anyway. Perhaps Gemma was simply taking advantage of the situation. While I believed that she had gotten more than her revenge for me cheating on her what seemed like so long ago, it was

possible she didn't feel the same way. This might have been another level of her vengeance against me. Maybe she wouldn't even tell her mother that I was back in her life. Maybe she would do what she had already threatened to do, and keep me as her slave without ever giving me what I wanted. It was possible. And yet there I was, doing as I was told, desperately hoping that this cruel young goddess would keep up her end of the bargain. And if she didn't? I hardly dared allow myself to think about that. If she didn't, that I would be hers completely. Gemma's sexual plaything, to tease and taunt and humiliate as she saw fit. Maybe that was better than nothing at all.

And so I ran the sponge over her fragrant skin, bathing Gemma over and over again while she cooed and purred in the tub. I knew what was coming. There had been no secret about that. As always, Gemma had a plan, and it involved my complete and utter humiliation. And there I was, going right along with it. I could tell myself I had no choice, but that was only partly true. As always, I was forced to confront the plain fact that this new way of life was simply too exciting for me to give up.

"Get my back." The water swirled in the tub as Gemma sat up, and I shifted on my knees to reach better. The skin on her back was a rosy pink from the warmth of the water, and the soapy sponge slid easily over it. I tried not to notice the way her bare breasts swelled from her chest, her nipples protruding as steam rose from her fragrant skin. Impossible, of course. How could I fail to notice her body when every cell of mine was crying out for her? And Gemma knew it. In fact, she relied on it.

"Good," she said after I had made several passes over her skin with the sponge. "Now come over here and do my tits." I gulped as she giggled. The bathmat slipped slightly under my knees as I moved again. Gemma sat back, her breasts rising and falling as she drew a deep breath and let it out again. My cock pressed doggedly against the chastity device as I ran the sponge over the soft globes of her flesh, soapsuds sliding slowly downward toward her engorged nipples. I caught a faint gasp rising from her throat as my thumb brushed against one of the hardened birds, and her eyes flashed as she looked at me. Her white teeth bit her bottom lip, and I felt the familiar tug of desire in the pit of my stomach as I saw that she was aroused. Hardly daring to meet her stare as I continued to massage her breasts, the chastity device seemed to grow tighter by the second as my

useless arousal tormented me. And Gemma simply watched, drinking in my shame and despair as she allowed me to worship her body.

"That's right," Gemma grinned. "Get them nice and clean. Nice and clean for another man to play with. That's all you're good for, isn't it? Helping me look pretty for another man to fuck. A real man. Not some pathetic chastity slave like you."

"Yes, princess." I should have been used to these kinds of words from Gemma by now. She never missed a chance to reinforce my submission, my inferiority. As though there's anything she could say that would make it more plain than the steel device locked around my cock that made it impossible for me to have an erection. But somehow, I was never used to it. Somehow, her words still stung, adding a little more torment to my already battered ego. For a girl who had never shown any dominant tendencies while we were dating, Gemma easily inhabited her new kinky role. But then, she was Crystal's daughter. I shouldn't be surprised that Gemma was quickly becoming every bit as sexually dominant as the gorgeous mother was.

"This is so hot," Gemma giggled. "You want me so bad, don't you?"

"Yes, princess." It was no more than a simple statement of the truth. Gemma knew what she was doing to me, and there was no point denying it. The sight and feel of her warm naked body was driving me wild with unstoppable desire. And every heartbeat that forced the hot blood of lust through my veins served to reinforce the prison of lust I was trapped in. Everything Gemma said or did was calculated to make me want her more. And even though I knew that, I was still defenseless against her wiles.

"But you can't have me, bitch boy," Gemma giggled maliciously. "You're not worthy of this pussy. You had your chance. You'll never get to fuck me again."

"Yes, princess." Gemma laughed out loud, the mellifluous sound bouncing back from the glistening tiles of the bathroom as I humbly submitted. I didn't doubt that she meant it. Gemma didn't need me to satisfy her sexual desires. She had other men for that, including my roommate. What she wanted from me was my suffering, my submission, my humiliation. And I was giving it all to her.

The water sloshed as Gemma moved in the bath. Her fingers were warm and wet as she wrapped them around the wrist of my free hand. Her eyes shone as she stared at me, pulling her hand under the water. Guiding it between her legs. My heart rose in my chest as I saw what she wanted, and gave it to her. Underwater, I ran my hand over her mound, my fingers reaching the soft folds of her womanhood. Gemma closed her eyes again as I touched her, slowly teasing her desire out of her. I felt the slickness of her skin as I ran my finger up and down her pussy, and she sighed happily, spreading her legs as far as the tub would allow. I hunched over the edge of the bath, pressing my hand harder against her. Through a gap in the bubbles, I could see her clit beginning to swell, and she cried out with pleasure as I brushed my thumb gently against it. Gemma's hands gripped the side of the tub as I pressed harder, sliding two fingers past the slight resistance of her pussy. She moaned as she felt me inside her, and it was all I could do not to moan myself at the feel of her tight hole around my fingers as I slid them in and out. I curled my fingers awkward, searching for her G spot while my thumb danced over her clit again. The water surged and splashed as Gemma thrashed in the tub, already giving way to pleasure. One of her hands gripped my arm, her fingernails digging slightly into the skin as her body convulsed with pleasure. I felt the rapid contractions of her pussy around my fingers, and I kept up the same rhythm, simultaneously stimulating her clitoris while I rubbed my fingertips against her G spot. With a loud howl, Gemma thrashed in the tub, and a great wave of soapy water launched over the side to splash on the floor around my knees. She panted and gasped as her orgasm overwhelmed her, her already flushed face turning a deeper crimson as she groaned in pleasure. My ignored cock throbbed painfully in the chastity device as I watched her come, just as I had so many times before. It was never any less thrilling, any less tormenting, any less beautiful than the very first time. My heart trembled as I watched her relax again, and I slid my fingers out of her still spasming womanhood as she sighed in relief.

"That's better," she said as she opened her eyes again, grinning at me. "It's so nice having a slave boy to get me off whenever I want. Really helps me get warmed up for tonight." I said nothing in response. We both knew what was coming, and what my role in the night's activities would be. Reminding me of it, I had long ago realized, was more than an expression of Gemma's sadism. It excited her too. Having me bathe her, having me

finger her, having me devote myself entirely to her pleasure, was a kind of foreplay for her. But for me, it was the main event. The closest thing to pleasure I would be receiving from her.

"Get me a towel," Gemma ordered, her voice hardening again as she issued her command. And without a moment's hesitation, I rose to my feet, stepping across the bathroom to pull a towel from the rail and return to her side. Gemma rose from the water, her naked body glistening as she stood unashamedly in front of me, her beauty unignorable. A stab of pain echoed in my heart as I remembered watching Crystal in the shower, forced to watch and unable to touch her. Gemma had the irrepressible beauty of youth, her body naturally toned and taut in the first flush of womanhood. But Crystal was every bit as attractive as her daughter. Crystal had the body of a woman half her age, a woman Gemma's age, and Gemma would be lucky to age half as gracefully as her mother had. Another spasm of desire bloomed inside me at the thought of Gemma at the age Crystal was now. Would she be like her mother was? Beautiful and sexy and dominant? Why not, when she was already all of those things now? I both envied and pitied the man who would serve such a goddess. Even if my heart, as well as my cock, belonged to Crystal.

Standing beside the tub, I handed Gemma the towel, and she wrapped it around herself. A faint smile showed on her face as I offered her my hand to help her climb out of the tub. Her shoulder shone above the towel as the water slid slowly down her body, reluctant to leave her. Releasing my hand, Gemma stepped past me without a word, moving through clouds of steam as she headed toward the bathroom door. I followed her, shuffling along behind her as she headed for the living room. As per her instructions, I was naked but for the chastity device that imprisoned my cock. I could feel it bouncing between my legs with every step I took. It was a feeling so familiar that it felt strange to be without it in that dark period after Crystal had banished me and before Gemma had come back into my life. Gemma sat down on the sofa, her towel rising up her thighs, and I stood awkwardly in front of the couch, awaiting further instructions. Gemma crossed her legs, depriving me of the sight of her sex even as she bared more of her toned thigh. She pointed to the coffee table in front of her where a jar of bright red nail polish sat.

"Ever painted a girl's nails before?" she asked.

“No, princess,” I shook my head.

"Well, time to learn. That's another way you can be useful to me. Get to it. And do a good job. I want to look sexy tonight." I stepped forward, wincing at her words. Kneeling between the sofa and the coffee table, I twisted the cap off the polish. The strong chemical smell assaulted my nostrils as I took the brush in my hand. Gemma sat back, her arms folded as she watched me serve her. And I took her raised foot in my hand, carefully applying the polish to the nail of her big toe. I took my time, made anxious by her warnings. It was hard to imagine what Gemma could do to me that she wasn't doing already, but I knew better than to test her. I felt her scrutiny on me as I painted her nails one by one, wiping away any excess paint with my thumb. I switched feet, my technique improving with practice. Once that was done, Gemma held out her hands, and I painted those nails in the same vivid red. Once I was finished, Gemma sat back, flexing her fingers in front of her as she inspected my work.

"Not bad," she finally said. With an audible sigh of relief, I put the cap back on to the bottle of polish and set it down on the coffee table.

"What do you think I should wear tonight?" Gemma regarded me from the corner of her eyes, her bright blue stare tugging again at the taut wires of my heart. I knew it was a loaded question. It's not as though anything I said would make a difference.

“Whatever you want, princess,” I said carefully. Gemma grinned, easily seeing through my caution.

“Of course I’m going to wear whatever I want,” she said. “I always do whatever I want. After all, I’m a Princess. Princesses do what they want.”

“Yes, princess,” I said meekly, and Gemma laughed out loud at my compliance.

"But I feel like being a slutty princess tonight," she went on, pronouncing the words in a low growl as though she was enjoying the taste of them on her tongue. Her eyes danced over my face as she spoke, studying every muscle twitch, every faint trace of my feelings that showed on my features. It was like she was drinking in my emotions, getting drunk on my jealousy and helpless shame. "I'm going to show that boy the night of his life. And I need to look the part." Gemma's eyes flickered over my

body, a faint smile pulling at the corners of her mouth as she took in the sight of my caged cock. She seemed to be considering something, and I waited with my heart thumping in my chest to find out what might be.

"You're a man. Sort of," Gemma giggled, never missing the opportunity to belittle me. "You know what men like. You can help me pick something out."

"Yes, princess," I said, trying to keep my voice level while my breath caught in my throat. Gemma was determined to make me participate in this date of hers, knowing how much it hurt me. I would do it, too. We both knew that.

"Come on, then," Gemma said brightly. Uncrossing her legs, she rose to her feet, the towel barely covering her modesty as she strode toward the bedroom. Standing, I followed her, drawn like a moth to a flame by the hypnotic sway of her body. Inside her bedroom, she removed her towel and flung it to the floor, standing naked in front of me again. Helplessly, I studied the curves of her breasts, her hips, her thighs, enchanted by her undeniable beauty. She moved around naked in front of me as though it didn't matter at all, as though I were a piece of furniture instead of a man who desired her badly. Gemma knew the truth as well as I did. With my cock locked away and rendered harmless, I was barely a man at all. She could treat me like a eunuch because that's effectively what I was. At the thought, my imprisoned cock throbbed even more urgently inside its cage.

"We'll start with the dress," Gemma said. "We'll base the rest of the outfit around that." Hangers slid along a steel rod as she turned to her closet and searched through the clothes inside. Quickly, I saw her lift a few dresses off the hangers. Her eyes flashed as she turned to me again.

"What you think of this one?" She held a black dress against her body, draping it over her nakedness. I remembered the dress from when we were dating, a skimpy affair that bared her shoulders and flared out from her hips.

"It's very nice, princess," I said. Gemma's smooth brow furrowed as she frowned at me.

"I'm not looking for nice tonight," she said. "I'm looking for sexy. I'm looking for a dress that screams, fuck me. Understand?"

“Yes, princess,” I mumbled forlornly. Gemma tossed the black dress aside and held the red one against herself instead.

"What about this one?" I almost gasped as she spoke. The red dress she held was one I had never seen before, but it resembled to an agonizing degree the dress her mother had worn the night we met. Just the memory of that tight red fabric stretching and straining over the curves of Crystal's body was enough to make me grimace in pain as my cock tried to harden inside the cage for the millionth time.

"It's... stunning, princess," I managed to say. A bright grin spread across Gemma's face at my words.

“That’s more like it,” she said. “This can go in the maybe pile. But what about this?”

Gemma set the red dress aside and held a blue one out instead. The fabric shone in the bedroom light, the satin material glistening and shimmering. The blue was close to the azure hue of Gemma's eyes, the eyes she had inherited from her beautiful mother. I gulped as Gemma held the dress against her body. To my unpracticed eyes, it looked several sizes too small for her. But that, I saw at once, was the point.

“Look at your face,” Gemma giggled. “I think we have a winner, don’t we?”

"Yes, princess," I croaked. The dress looked sexy even on the hanger. I could barely imagine how it would look wrapped around Gemma's gorgeous body. But I didn't have to imagine. Once again, reality was about to eclipse fantasy.

"Put it on me then," Gemma ordered as she held the dress out to me. The fabric felt unbelievably light and delicate as I carefully removed it from the hanger. Wearing something like this was next to wearing nothing at all. There was no zipper. Stepping toward Gemma, I held the dress as open as I could between my hands. Smiling, she placed a hand on my shoulder for balance as she stepped into it, and I drew the fabric slowly over her body. Her pussy was right in front of my face as I bent at the waist, the dress already growing tight around her thighs. Gemma did nothing to help, only standing stock still and watching me as I struggled against the garment. I had never bothered to consider how difficult it could be to wear something

so tight, but my duty was clear. The dress clung to the round shape of Jenna's ass as I tried to pull it higher, and my caged cock pressed against her thigh as I stepped closer. The smell of her clean skin enticed me, and my hands trembled as I pulled the dress higher inch by inch. The shining satin clung to her everywhere, tighter than a second skin, squeezing her thighs together and straining over her hips and ass. Gemma's toned stomach showed through the thin fabric as I pulled the dress up. Thin straps rose over her shoulders, and she carelessly pushed her arms through the holes as I finally lifted the dress into place. It was cut insanely low, her breasts barely contained by the two reinforced cups in the front of the dress that gave her boobs a mouthwatering lift. Playfully, Gemma pushed me away now that she was fully dressed, turning on the spot to let me study every inch of her body. She looked amazing, and she knew it. I watched her buttocks move under the fabric so tight it seemed painted onto her body, and every frayed nerve responded to the gorgeous sight with a bright flame of lust.

"That's it," Gemma said as she turned to face me again. "That's the one, isn't it?"

"Yes, princess," I groaned. There was no denying it. Gemma looked amazing. She looked like the goddess she had seemed to me lately, the unapproachable beauty that had taken such total control of me. With the possible exception of the red number Crystal had worn the night I met her, Gemma's blue dress was about the sexiest piece of clothing I had ever seen. And as I stared at her in frank amazement, it seemed hard to believe that I had ever dated a woman like this. That I had ever fucked her. It seemed impossible that such a gorgeous creature would even contemplate dating me. And I had been stupid enough to cheat on her.

"There's some silver heels in the closet," Gemma said, jolting me out of my submissive reverie. "Help me put them on." Jerking forward like an automaton, I stepped past watching Gemma, toward the open door of her closet. The floor was completely covered in various shoes and boots, some of which I remembered from our time together and some which seemed new. Toward the back, I found the silver heels she was talking about. The shoes glittered as I pulled them out into the light, the heels seeming almost impossibly tall. Crouching at Gemma's feet, I waited while she raised one foot, her hand on the top of my head for balance. I slid the shoe carefully

onto her foot, tightening the straps around her ankles. And I repeated the procedure with her other foot. The heels had to be six inches tall, and Gemma towered above me as I gazed up at her in wonder. Reaching behind her head, she pulled her hair loose, letting it fall in blonde waves around her bare shoulders. She smiled down at me, infinitely confident in her beauty, and I gazed up at her almost in disbelief at how good she looked.

"How do I look?" she teased.

"Beautiful, princess," I said.

"Do I look fuckable? Do I look slutty?"

"You look... you look like the sexiest sluts in the world." Gemma left out loud.

"Good," he smirked. "How badly you want to fuck me right now?"

"So badly, princess," I groaned, even though I knew it was impossible.

"Kiss my feet," Gemma ordered dismissively. And I didn't even hesitate. At once, I bent my face to her toes, showering them with humble kisses as she stood above me, basking in my adoration. For a moment, she simply watched, her hands on her hips and a bright smile on her face as I debased myself. Then, she stopped me with a word.

"Enough," she said. "I need to put my makeup on. Crawl over here. You can be my stool." I didn't even dream of protesting. Like a beaten dog, I crawled on all fours across the bedroom to where Jenna indicated, stopping on my hands and knees in front of her dresser. She stepped past me, and the satin whispered over the skin of her thighs as she sat down on my shoulders. I felt the warmth of her body, the tightness of toned muscle under the clinging dress, and my cock raged in its painful prison.

Gemma was focused on her task. Ignoring me while I served as her furniture, she began to apply her makeup. She took her time. From where I crouched underneath her, I couldn't see what she was doing. All I could do was wait, and do my best to hold still like the stool I was. The minutes passed slowly as Gemma further beautified herself.

Finally, she stood. I gasped again as I looked up at a woman transformed. Her lips were the same vibrant red as her fingernails, exaggerated and enhanced by cosmetic art until they looked like ripe

cherries. Her blue eyes glittered behind dark lashes, a feline slant given to them by her makeup. She looked impossibly beautiful, and there was nothing subtle about her appearance. It was the look of a woman who wanted to get fucked. And that was exactly what was going to happen.

Over on the bedside table, Gemma's phone buzzed. With a smile, she stepped past me and strode across the bedroom, walking in her outrageous heels with the same grace and balance that her mother always displayed. I saw the light of the phone on her face as she turned it on and typed out a reply.

"He's here," Gemma grinned as she turned to me. "It's just as well. I was getting so horny in this dress that I was thinking of letting you eat my pussy before he got here. But there's no need for that now, is there?"

"No, princess," I groaned. And Gemma giggled again at my total submission. I stayed on all fours as she turned toward the bedroom door, her phone still in her hand and her dress tightening around her with every swaying step she took. I had to be both the luckiest and most unlucky man in the world.

Watching Them

Breathing heavily in the silent bedroom, I waited. I didn't even bother rising to my feet. Not without being instructed to do so by Gemma, anyway. I listened to the front door of her apartment open, and a familiar male voice greet her. I heard them exchange words back-and-forth and a bright burst of laughter from Gemma. My stomach fluttered as I listened to Gemma's sexy high heels making their way back across her apartment toward the bedroom, with a heavier set of footsteps following. Of course I was ashamed, of course I was. How could I not be? But nothing I could say or do would prevent the embarrassment that was about to happen. All I could do was resign myself to it. After all, there was nobody involved in this scene that wasn't here more or less willingly.

"Holy shit," Josh said as he followed Gemma into her bedroom and caught sight of me. I didn't look up. The last thing I wanted was to see him, to have to notice the look on his face as he took in my complete disgrace. It was nothing he didn't already know. After Gemma had seduced Josh at my apartment, he knew everything about our twisted relationship. But he still seemed surprised by it all, as though he hadn't yet gotten used to it. I could hardly blame him for that. I wasn't used to it either. If I ever became resigned to this kind of humiliation, I suspected our game would be over. The magic of it all would drain away along with the torment. The embarrassment I felt as I crouched naked on the floor Gemma's bedroom, my cock locked away in the shining steel chastity device, was the main ingredient in the deep eroticism of the moment. Gemma seemed to know that intuitively. I was coming to see it myself. Not that it mattered either way. At moments like this, I was incapable of not feeling the shame of my embarrassing situation. I didn't see that changing anytime soon.

"Don't worry about him," Gemma said, following a script that familiarity has made no less exciting to me. "He helped me get ready for you, that's all. He helped me pick out this dress. Do you like it?" Gemma twirled on the spot as she spoke, letting Josh look at her from every angle. The blue satin fabric of her short dress clung to every curve of her young body, accentuating her beautiful feminine form as it shone faintly under the

light. Almost against my will, I raised my head from the floor to get another look at her. She was magnificent. Her long legs made even longer by the sky-high heels she wore, her ass straining against the tight fabric as though ready to burst out of the confines of the dress, her boobs barely contained by the cups at the front of the dress that gave her a delicious and unignorable cleavage. Gemma looked fantastic. There was no denying that simple truth.

"Yeah," Josh said, his uncertainty disappearing as his arousal grew. "You look amazing."

"Thank you," Gemma smiled as she faced him again. She stepped toward him, close to his height in her heels, and placed her hand gently on his chest as she pressed her lips against his. I watched the two of them kiss, my ex-girlfriend and my current roommate, a sight I had never thought I would see my life. A sight that never failed to light the fuse of jealousy inside me, making my cock ache in the tight confines of its chastity as I watched the humiliating spectacle from my hands and knees. Gemma's body, she had made it quite clear, was for other men. Better men than me. Men who would never allow a woman to lock them up in chastity the way I had allowed her to do to me. But I tried to console myself with the thought that those men would never know the treasure that lay in the darkness, the fugitive gleam of ecstasy that Crystal had shown me. The way that frustration and humiliation can blend into the most unbelievable pleasure. Josh might have Gemma now, but he didn't have that. I tried to forget the fact that, now that Crystal was no longer speaking to me, nor did I. All I had was the dubious pleasure of serving her beautiful daughter, without even the hope of an orgasm on the horizon. How long would I have to wait? I suspected even Gemma didn't know the answer to that. As far as I know, she still didn't have the key to the device. Crystal still had that. And Gemma had given me no reason to believe that she had even told her mother what was going on between the two of us. What if Crystal had gotten rid of the key? I tried to push away the sudden fear that gripped me as I trembled on Gemma's bedroom floor. And as Josh's hands moved over Gemma's body, whispering over the tight blue satin of her dress, I knew that I would soon have plenty of other things to think about.

"Wearing this dress has got me so horny," Gemma said in a low voice as she pulled her lips at last away from Josh's. "I had my little slave boy

give me a bath to get ready for you. He painted my toes and helped me get dressed. But he didn't get to do anything else. I didn't even let him lick my pussy. And now, I need to cum so badly." A snort of laughter rose from Josh's throat at Gemma's words. She never used to talk like this. But that was before, back when we had a normal relationship. Instead of whatever it was that was happening between the two of us now. Some wild thing I couldn't give a name to, could hardly believe was happening even as it happened.

"Okay," Josh said, and Gemma chuckled as he pressed his body against hers. I wondered if she could feel his erection pressing against her as he held her by the hips. There was no doubt in my mind that Josh would be hard and ready, just as I would have been in his position. At our age, that was never an issue. "That can be arranged." Gemma giggled again, as though Josh had made the funniest joke she had ever heard. Raising her arms, she draped them over Josh's shoulders, staring deep into his eyes as she rocked in his arms.

"Yeah?" Her gorgeous blue eyes blazed as she spoke, her cheeks flushed with more than just makeup as she bit her lower lip. "You want to fuck me right now? Right in front of my little bitch boy?"

"Yeah," Josh grunted. His hands slid easily over the glossy material of her dress, the tips of his fingers sinking slightly into the toned flesh of Gemma's ass as he squeezed her buttocks. He lowered his head, and she closed her eyes momentarily as he kissed her neck, breathing in the scent of the soap that I had rubbed into her skin not long before. She was ready for him, more than ready for him. That was what I had achieved. To make her smell and look fantastic for my roommate to fuck.

"Okay," Gemma giggled. Detaching one of her hands from his neck, she reached downwards, and I heard Josh sigh as she found the hard bulge of his cock inside his pants. Deftly, she unfastened his belt with a single hand and drew down the fly of his pants. She reached inside, and my heart contracted as she casts a quick smiling glance at me over Josh's shoulder while she fished his cock out of his pants.

Josh's moans grew louder as Gemma toyed with his manhood. She slid her hand up and down, playing his cock like an instrument. Still holding him, he took a step backward toward the bed, and Josh followed. She sat

down on the mattress, her already tight dress growing even tighter around her body as it slid up her thighs. Her eyes were fixed on Josh now as she moved backward, and he followed, climbing onto the bed as she lay back. Her skirt slid easily above her hips. Josh soon discovered what I already knew; Gemma wore no underwear underneath her dress. Kicking off his pants, he positioned himself on top of her, and Gemma spread her legs to receive him, her slender high heels catching on the edge of the mattress as she panted in desire. Barely conscious of what I was doing anymore, I turned to watch them. Even knowing that it would do nothing but torment me, serving only to fuel the burning frustration I could feel inside me. It didn't matter. I couldn't look away. Of all the things I had seen in my life, very few were more beautiful than the sight of Gemma in the throes of sadistic pleasure. Now that I seemed to be barred from her mother's presence, it was all I had. And while my cock screamed for release as it pressed itself brutally against the inside of the chastity device, I watched Josh slide his cock into my ex-girlfriend's waiting pussy.

Clearly, Gemma hadn't been lying about her state of arousal. Josh entered her easily, her womanhood already dripping with desire and lubricating his entry. And it added another little sting of bitterness to know that she had been that wet while I served her, and yet had allowed me nothing. It was all for Josh, and the more freely she gave herself to him, the greater my shame as I silently watched.

Gemma's shriek of pleasure filled the bedroom as she threw back her head. Her highlighted hair pooled on the mattress as she convulsed, already deep in the throes of pleasure as Josh's thrusts picked up speed. The bed rocked with the force of their motions, and every moan and gasp that rose from Gemma's throat added to my torture. It was exactly those sounds of physical bliss that I would never be allowed to cause. I could only listen and watch while another man brought her to pleasure while I was denied everything. No matter how many times it happened, it never ceased to be anything but excruciating. The pain from my trapped cock radiated upward from the pit of my stomach, like some evil boiling sun rising in the center of my being. But I couldn't look away. And Gemma relied on that. I was compelled to watch every moment of my humiliation by a force far stronger than me, stronger even than her. The same force that Gemma and Crystal harnessed and used so expertly. The force of my own desire. The source of

all my recent pain, and of my twisted pleasure. How can you fight against something that's part of you?

"Oh my God," Gemma moaned, her voice cracking with pleasure as she cried out. "I'm going to cum!" Josh moaned, and I winced as though from a blow as I recognized that Gemma's pussy was spasming around his cock. Just the way it used to do around mine before I cheated on her and sent us all down this twisted path we were on. The feeling I was starting to believe I would never know again except in memory and in the vicarious torture of being made to watch.

Gemma's scream of ecstasy filled the bedroom as her orgasm washed over her. Her breasts bounced and rocked, threatening to spill out of the tight dress she still wore as Josh drove his cock into her again and again. Her whole body trembled, her pleasure mimicking pain as she convulsed and cast and forgot to breathe. I gulped as I watched, staring forlornly at the scene in front of me as though if I watched closely enough, I could somehow extract a molecule more pleasure than I was already getting. But it was useless. Pleasure was for Gemma and for Josh, but not for me. That much was abundantly clear.

"Oh my God," Gemma moaned again as her climax gradually passed. It was no act; I could hear the bliss that dripped from her words as she spoke. I could smell their sex in the air, could see the dark puddle of her juices that had formed underneath her body and glistened on her spread thighs as Josh continued to fuck her. Because my roommate wasn't done. After a short pause to let Gemma recover, he carried right on sliding his stiff cock in and out of her trembling sex. And Gemma howled as loudly as ever as he went on fucking her, her fingers gripping his shoulders tightly as they rocked to the rhythm of mutual bliss.

"Get over here, bitch," I heard Gemma snarl from the depths of her pleasure. There was no doubt about who she was talking to. My skin prickled with shame as I meekly stood and made my way over to the bed, my caged cock dangling uselessly between my legs and throbbing painfully as I approached. Gemma's eyes opened, and her open-mouthed smile bared her teeth in the pink cavern of her mouth as she stared up at me. Josh paid me no attention, solely devoted to the task of fucking my ex-girlfriend and current mistress. And for a while, Gemma just lay there, her gorgeous body

moving in tandem with his while she moaned and gasped, her eyes locked on mine as though to reinforce my utter humiliation.

"Hold my leg up," Gemma finally ordered in a breathless voice. "Help him fuck me." Josh grunted, a sound somewhere between a laugh and a moan rising from his throat as he bent over her. I felt the heat of Gemma's skin in my hands as I did as I was told. I lifted her leg, gently but firmly pulling it to the side so that Josh could sink more deeply between her thighs. And Gemma gasped in pleasure as Josh took full advantage, sinking his cock into her until his balls pressed against her skin, filling her as fully as he was able. Both of them moaned in animalistic pleasure, and I felt the rapid trembling of Gemma's leg almost as though electricity was coursing through her as I held it. Her high heel waved in the air as she trembled, and her back arched, and Josh moaned again as his own pleasure approached. Gemma released her hold on his shoulders to grips the sheets of the bed beneath her, her head lolling from side to side as her breasts bounced frantically in the cups of the dress. My cock throbbed mercilessly as I watched. And the loudest cry yet erupted from Gemma's throat as she reached orgasm once again. As close as I was, I heard the wetness of her juices surging around Josh's cock underneath the high note of her ecstatic scream. I heard Josh moan as her pussy spasmed around him again, tightly gripping his cock as though it never wanted to let go. And Josh growled like an animal as her release created his, pulling the pleasure out of his body like a vacuum as he emptied himself into her. The two of them moaned and gasped, riding the high of the same orgasmic wave they were both on, their bodies melting and merging together as Josh lay on top of my ex-girlfriend. Gemma pulled her leg away from me, and I stepped back as she lowered her foot to the mattress. I heard her moan again as Josh slid his dripping cock out of her pussy, rolling over to flop onto the mattress beside her. Gemma squeezed her thighs together as she writhed from side to side on the bed, completely lost in bliss.

The two of them lay like that for a while, slowly recovering their senses after the pleasure they had endured. But I knew that things were far from over. I knew Gemma too well to suspect even for a minute that she didn't have further plans. After all, I had spent over an hour getting her ready for this night. It was for Josh's benefit and for my torment, but I knew

things were not going to end there. I knew, whatever else might happen, that there was more humiliation in store for me.

And I was right. As Gemma slowly recovered her senses, she opened her eyes again. Her glittering blue gaze sought and found me as I stood at the side of the bed, unable to look away from her gorgeous body sprawled in its puddle of pleasure. She grinned, and I felt a shudder of fear mixed with excitement as I waited to see what my mistress would do next.

"Fuck, that was so good," Gemma moaned, while Josh grunted in agreement beside her. "That's how a real man fucks. Did you like watching me get railed?"

"Yes, princess," I croaked. It was the simplest answer, and usually the correct one. I had no desire to try and put words to the complex cocktail of emotions that swirled inside me as I watched her cum. I suspected that wasn't what Gemma was after anyway. What she wanted the most, what she sought from me above all, was my submission. And the harder she made it for me, the more pleasure she took in bending me to her will. Just like her mother. Predictably, my cock throbbed painfully in the chastity device at the thought of Crystal.

"No, you didn't," Gemma giggled. "I bet it was torture for you, wasn't it?"

"Yes, princess," I admitted. After all, she was right. But it was so much more than that.

"How jealous are you of your roommate now that he gets to fuck me, and you don't?" Gemma teased.

"Very jealous, princess," I said, knowing exactly what was required of me at these moments. Gemma's eyes danced over my body, looking me up and down, her smile widening at the sight of the chastity device locked around my cock. She never seemed to get tired of looking at it. The physical symbol of the power she had over me. A power that had never been more obvious it was right there and then.

"Remember how I said how horny I was before Josh got here? How I almost let you lick my pussy for me?"

"Yes, princess," I said uneasily. I knew Gemma well enough to suspect what was coming next before she said it. But anticipation did nothing to lessen the shock of her words as she spoke.

"Well, now's your chance," she giggled. "I want to go out, and I don't plan on wearing any panties. As hot as it might be, I can't have Josh's cum dripping down my leg all night. So you need to clean me up." Josh gasped as he lay beside her on the bed. It was nothing I hadn't done before. But that didn't do much to lessen the unignorable shame of the act she wanted me to perform. At least it was her pussy this time. My shame was compounded by the fact that there was a not insignificant part of me that wanted to drop to my knees and do exactly as she said. In the time I had spent caged and serving as her pleasure slave, I had developed an insatiable taste for Gemma's pussy. Licking her to orgasm with the only sexual outlet that remained to me. And even as my stomach churned at the thought of what awaited me between her legs, I knew I had no choice. Not if I ever wanted to have a real orgasm of my own ever again.

"Look, he's doing it!" Gemma's triumphant laughter rang out in the bedroom as I dropped to my knees in front of her. Josh raised his head from the bed to watch, and I looked away. I devoted all my attention to the shining skin between Gemma's thighs, the swollen pink lips of her freshly fucked pussy making my nerves howl with desire. The smell of their sex filled my nostrils as I crept forward, trying to control the revulsion in the pit of my stomach as I smelled Josh's cum. Gemma lay back on the bed, her legs spread wide, and as I came closer, she hooked her heels over my back and pulled me toward her.

"Pass me my phone?" she said as she turned her head to Josh. Without understanding, he sat up and swept up Gemma's phone from the bedside table where she left it. Lying back down the bed, he handed it to her. Meanwhile, I was already running my tongue over her trembling lips, and my cock surged as much as the tight chastity device would allow as I heard her breath catch in mounting pleasure.

"That's it," Jenna sighed, wriggling on the bed as she shifted her position to let me access all of her pussy. "Clean me up. Make sure you get all of our cum. And swallow it, bitch." She laughed again as I went about my business. A trail of moisture spread from her dripping pussy down

towards her ass, and I began with that, licking it up from her skin while she purred in pleasure. But soon, my tongue and lips were against the entrance of her pussy, feeling the heat of arousal that still radiated from the sensitive flesh. Reluctantly, I slid my tongue inside and tasted the mingled mess of her and Josh's cum. And while the two of them watched in disbelieving delight, I ate it out of her. Squeezing my eyes tightly shut, I swallowed as quickly as I could, trying not to taste my roommate's cum on my tongue. But as I went on licking, the humiliating meal kept coming. Joshua had dumped a thick gooey load inside her, and I was forced to bury my tongue as far as it would go inside Gemma's pussy to retrieve it all.

And above me, Gemma gasped and moaned in pleasure. There was no doubt that she was getting off again. I could feel her sex tightening around my tongue as more powerful contractions made her shudder in pleasure. I knew how this would end, and I welcomed it. The cleansing flood of Gemma's orgasmic juices would wash away the remnants of Josh's semen, and I would happily taste her instead of him. As Gemma rocked and moaned above me, I knew that her orgasm was getting closer. I licked and kissed and burrowed my face between her thighs, using every trick I had learned over the past few months to bring her swiftly to her ultimate pleasure.

Gemma's high-heeled dug into my shoulder. I sat back on my knees as she pushed me away, smiling down at me with her phone in her hands. I heard the camera click, the lens pointed at my cum-drenched face and capturing my humiliation forever. Gemma exploded with laughter, delighted by her own deviousness as I looked at her in utter shock.

"You look so ridiculous down there," Gemma snarled. "Now get back in there and make me cum. Make it quick, and maybe I'll send my mom the photo I just took of you."

My heart expanded at her words. Without a reply, I dived back between her trembling thighs, more eager than ever to bring her to orgasm. I had no idea if Gemma meant what she said or what might come of it, but it was the first ray of hope I had had in what felt like a very long time. And Gemma's wild laughter soon turned to exclamations of bliss and shouts of desire as I felt her pussy spasming under my tongue. Her orgasm came in a sudden wave, her taste changing as her hot juices spilled all over my face.

And I lapped them up, washing away the taste of Josh's filth with her delicious nectar while she convulsed and groaned above me.

Finally, she used her foot on my shoulder to push me away again. She lay sprawled on the mattress, her breasts rising and falling in her tight dress as she recovered herself. Josh lay beside her, propped up on his elbow as he watched the whole scene. He seemed as reluctant to meet my eyes as I was to meet his. As though he had anything close to the same reasons to be ashamed of what was happening as I did.

"Oh man," Gemma moaned at last. Finally, assisted by Josh, she sat up on the bed. Turning to Josh, she smiled prettily at her new lover. "I don't know about you, but I'm hungry after that," she said. "Wanna take me out for something to eat?"

"Okay," Josh said. Just as I had, he seemed to have learned not to argue with Gemma, not to question her plans. Because she always had a plan. It was a smart decision on his part, given that her plans often involved him fucking her brains out. Gemma had inherited her mother's ability to manipulate men using their desire for her. It seemed to come so naturally to her, I wondered how much of it was intentional and how much she didn't even realize she was doing. Either way, the results were the same. Two men who would do whatever she wanted, ready to cross seemingly any boundary at her command.

Gemma stood. With some difficulty, she pulled her dress back down around her thighs. The tight blue satin fought her every step of the way. Even once her dress was pulled down, the hem of her skirt sat no lower than midthigh. And she was planning to go out into the world without wearing any underwear beneath that scandalous dress. Where was this sexy slut back when we had been dating? It seemed it was my betrayal and Crystal's domination of me that has brought this side out of Gemma. But I had no doubt that the genie was never going to go back into the bottle.

"Let's go," Gemma said, holding out her hand toward Josh. Taking it, he rose off the bed and bent to pull his pants back on. Gemma turned her radiant smile on me where I still kneeled on the bedroom floor, bending at the waist with her hands on her knees so that her beautiful cleavage filled my vision and made my cock ache again inside the chastity device.

"We're going out now," she said. "But don't worry. You won't be here all alone. Besides, I don't think I could trust you alone in my place. I mean, you can't touch your cock when it's all locked up. But I don't want you sniffing my panties or lapping up my love puddle." Josh laughed, and I felt my cheeks burn with shame. I said nothing.

"I've arranged a sitter for you," Gemma went on with the same sadistic smile on her pretty face. "She should be here any minute. I want you to be a good boy for her, understand?"

"Yes, princess," I said bitterly. With another tiny adjustment of her dress, Gemma straightened up. Taking Josh by the hand again, she led him out of the bedroom. I listen to their laughter recede into the hallway as they closed the apartment door behind them. I was alone for the time being. But just as Gemma had said, it didn't last long.

Turning The Tables

Once again, I found myself waiting. Once again, I was alone with no sound to distract me except the steady rise and fall of my own breathing. Long after Gemma and Josh had left the apartment, I stayed on my knees in her bedroom, barely able to believe what had happened, what was happening. Besides, I wouldn't put it past Gemma to suddenly reappear, trying to catch me by surprise doing something I shouldn't do. Although what that might be, I could hardly imagine. My cock ached, trapped inside the steel chastity device that her mother had put on me so long ago. The same device I had willingly put on myself while Gemma watched as a show of total submission that I hoped would win me back into Crystal's favor. So far it hadn't worked. So far, it had accomplished nothing except to give Gemma a terrible power over me, to force me to live as her pathetic chastity slave and help her fuck my roommate. But I couldn't forget what Crystal had said as she took that unspeakably embarrassing photo of me between her legs. Would she really send it to Crystal? And if so, what would Crystal say? All the evidence suggested that Gemma's mother wanted nothing more to do with me. She had blocked me on all forms of communication, ever since I had made the fatal mistake of telling her that I loved her. Gemma seemed to think there might be some path back to the way things were, but I couldn't see it. All I knew was that this longshot was my only hope. To bow and scrape and serve Gemma in every disgraceful way I could, and hope that my ex-girlfriend could somehow convince her mother to take me back. Ultimately, as darkly thrilling as it undoubtedly was, being Gemma's slave was simply a means to an end. And that end was becoming her mother's slave once again. That, as hard as it was to admit even to myself, was all I wanted. It was what I needed. And the thought that I might never get it kept me awake at night just as much as the tight chastity around my cock did.

But the minutes passed, and it seemed that Gemma and Josh intended to stay out. I couldn't keep myself from thinking of her out on the town in that outrageous dress with no underwear on underneath. Every time she sat down or bent over, she would risk exposing herself to anyone watching. And people would be watching. I knew that. Even when she was my girlfriend, Gemma had always turned heads. But lately, she was sexier than ever. The staggering confidence she got from having me worship the

ground she walked on was reflected in every aspect of her being. It shone in her eyes and radiated out from the delicious curves of her body, glowing like a beacon that couldn't help but attract other people. Josh would have his hands full with her; I knew that. In the time that I had served Gemma, I had learned not to put anything past her. I knew that she was using my roommate as a tool to make me jealous, to torment me with my own sexual frustration and inadequacy. And Josh wasn't about to complain, so long as he got to fuck her. But I wondered if my easy-going roommate really understood what he had let himself in for. Gemma's sadistic side seemed to know no bounds. So far, it had been turned only on me. But my ex-girlfriend was infinitely unpredictable. Josh ought to watch out.

Not that I felt much sympathy for my roommate at that particular time. He was happy to be a part of my humiliation if it meant he got off too. In the depths of my heart, I could hardly blame him. As sexy as Gemma was, I had a strong feeling that if the roles were reversed, I would have behaved just as Josh was. But that didn't mean it was easy not to hate him as he gorged himself on the pleasure that I seemed destined to be permanently denied.

Slowly, I stood. My knees ached from spending too long on the floor. With nothing better to do, I ambled over to Gemma's closet. I recognized less than half the clothes that hung from the rod inside. Clearly, she had done plenty of shopping since we broke up. Maybe that was a form of therapy for her. Or maybe it was part of this whole new side to her that had emerged recently, this sexually aggressive side. A lot of the outfits I could see were more provocative than the clothes I remembered Gemma wearing. When we had met, she had been a jeans and T-shirt kind of girl, for the most part. But the scandalous blue dress she wore that night was an indicator of the changes in her wardrobe. In dressing more provocatively, she was dressing more like her beautiful mother. And as always, at the thought of Crystal, I winced in pain as my cock throbbed inside the chastity device, and my heart clenched inside my chest. It was those two organs, the twin locks on the cage that held me far more effectively than that imprisoning my cock. How do you break a lock that can't be seen or touched? How do you break a lot that deep down, you know you don't really want broken? Confessing my love to Crystal had been a disaster, launching me out of her orbit and into the disgraceful life I now lead as her

daughter's teased toy. But I couldn't regret what I had said. Not when I knew it was the truth. And with each day that passed, even though I never got to see or speak to her, I felt my love for Crystal grow stronger. It was inexplicable, unlike anything I had ever experienced before. I hadn't had a lot of long-term relationships at that point in my life, but from time to time, I had thought I had found something special here and there. After Crystal, all of those illusions were revealed for exactly what they were. No one compared to her. Not even her daughter. Though I would never tell Gemma that to her face.

I heard a click from the other side of the apartment. A key was sliding into the lock. Turning away from Gemma's closet, I waited anxiously as I heard the door open and close again. Footsteps echoed on the apartment floor, too heavy be Gemma's, too light to be Josh's. Even before I saw her, I had a feeling I knew who had let themselves into my ex-girlfriend's apartment. And as Kelly appeared in the bedroom's open doorway, my suspicions were confirmed.

Kelly's blonde hair shone in the light as it fell over her shoulders in two even curtains that framed her round face. Her brown eyes glowed like beaten copper as she looked at me. She was dressed casually, a black cardigan covering her arms over a black tank top underneath it that showed her magnificent cleavage to full advantage. A pair of ripped jeans and some sneakers completed her dressed-down look. She was carrying a large duffel bag in one hand. I hadn't seen her since the wild night I had spent here at the mercy of Kelly and Gemma and two strangers they had picked up at the bar. But I knew that the memory of that night loomed as large in Kelly's mind as it did in mine. Possibly even more so, since these kinds of kinky games were a regular part of my existence. Not so for her. But as I saw the delighted glow in her eyes as she looked at me, I knew at once that she had been happy to volunteer for this task. Happy for the opportunity to play with me again. And Gemma had been quite clear. To obey her friend's orders as though they came from her. While my heart fluttered nervously in my chest, I tried to mentally prepare myself to serve Kelly as I served her friend. Reminding myself it was the only possible path back to Crystal, I vowed to endure whatever this young woman had in mind.

"Hello, bitch," Kelly smirked, drawing out the words as though she liked the way they tasted. Her hourglass figure was still obvious even in the

casual clothing she wore. I felt again the dull ache of my cock trying to harden at the sight of her. Kelly was chubby, and I can only imagine how it felt to be friends with a girl as beautiful as Gemma, a girl guaranteed to get all the attention wherever the two of them went. But Kelly was very attractive in her own right, even with a few extra pounds on her curvaceous body. She wore them well, her big breasts and broad hips giving her a figure that more slender women ought to have envied. But given the strange messages our society sends to women about their bodies, I suspected that Kelly had her share of insecurities. Not that you would ever know it from the way she acted around me. But I wondered if dominating me was a chance for her to work out some of the frustrations of being a curvy girl in a slim woman's world.

"Hello, Mistress Kelly," I said uncertainly. Her pink lips rose in a smile as I remembered her title. The same title I had used with Crystal, back when she would still talk to me. A faint stab of emotional pain formed a strange counterpoint to the constant arousal I felt. Kelly was no Crystal, that was for sure. But she was the woman in the room with me at that moment. And that, I had long ago learned, meant that she was completely in charge. As completely as Crystal would have been if she with her.

"Gemma asked me to look in on you," she said. "Like a babysitter. Or more like a slave sitter. I can't believe you locked yourself back up again for her." Women tell each other everything. Until very recently, Josh had had no idea what was going on in my life besides the fact that I was seeing someone, and that it had recently come to an end. I still wasn't 100% sure on what Josh knew or didn't know about what was really going on with Gemma and me. But Kelly, of course, knew everything.

"Yes, Mistress Kelly," I said, hoping that that would be enough. Kelly threw back her head and laughed loudly, her free hand on her hip while the other still held the ominous bag she carried.

"I never get tired of hearing you say that," Kelly grinned. "I think we're going to have some fun tonight. Gemma said I could do whatever I wanted with you, so I brought some toys." Kelly dropped the bag on the bedroom floor, and my stomach convulsed nervously as I listened to the heavy thump. Who knew what strange ideas this woman had? All I knew was that

I was going to have to go along with this new twist to the game. And Kelly knew that too.

Without another word, she peeled off her cardigan and let it fall to the floor. The tank top followed. I watched in silence as she stripped in front of me, stepping out of her shoes before pulling down her jeans. This was no striptease, no playful show for me to enjoy. This was purely functional. In under a minute, Kelly stood in front of me in nothing but her bra and panties, a matching set in white and pale blue. Unable to help myself, I let my eyes roam over her body, taking in the magnificent swell of her breasts, the softness of her belly, the spread of her hips, and my cock thumped inside its tiny prison.

"Open the bag," she ordered. "There's some clothes in there that I want you to put on me."

"Yes, Mistress Kelly," I said as I stepped forward. It wouldn't even be the first time that night that I had helped a beautiful woman get dressed, completely contrary to my real desires. But as I crouched on the floor and unzipped the bag, I saw at once what Kelly had in mind. Carefully, I lifted out a beautiful red corset trimmed with white lace. Its slightly glossy fabric shone in the light, recalling Gemma's satin dress, and I wondered if Kelly knew what her friend had worn to go out that night. Not that it mattered. Kelly already had a surprisingly narrow waist, and I knew that the corset would enhance her natural hourglass figure beautifully. Something told me that once she was dressed, I wouldn't be thinking about Gemma nearly as much.

Below the corset, the bag held a pair of high-gloss black boots with silver buckles up the sides and tall, sharp heels. It was fetish closing, no doubt about that. My heart beat faster as I lifted them out of the bag, catching only the quickest glimpse of the other items that were still hidden inside. Kelly was waiting. As I straightened up again, setting the boots aside for a moment while I held her corset in my hands, Kelly reached behind herself and slowly, deliberately, unfastened her bra. The underwear fell to the floor, and her large breasts hung from her chest, her nipples already prominent and swollen with desire as I gazed at her.

"Put it on me," she ordered. As she spoke, Kelly reached behind her head, gathering up her hair in both hands. I stepped forward, moving behind

her so that I could wrap the corset around her body. It was the type that had built-in cups, and I felt the weight of her breasts as I adjusted the corset around her. Wrapping my arms around her, I slid the fastenings in front of the corset together with some difficulty, the garment already tight around her. Her breasts rose high on her chest, her cleavage almost unbelievable as I gazed over her shoulder in abject lust.

"Tighten it," Kelly ordered without so much as looking at me. And I did what she said. Standing behind her, I pulled on the laces that rose along her back, drawing the corset ever tighter and hearing the steel bones inside it creak as they reshaped her body into an even more desirable silhouette. I heard her breath getting shorter, her breasts rising ever higher on her chest as her waist shrank as if by magic.

"Tighter," Kelly said, letting her hair fall down the back of her neck as she placed her hands on her hips. The smell of her shampoo rose around me as I continued to tighten the laces. My cock throbbed urgently in my cage as I watched her transform. Only when her waist was unbelievably tiny between the dramatic swell of her breasts and her hips did Kelly stop me with a word.

"Enough," she said. "Tie the laces off in a bow." I did my best, tying laces together in the small of her back while she waited. "Now my boots," she ordered.

"Yes, Mistress Kelly," I said as meekly as I was able as I circled back around to stand in front of her. There was a strange solemnity about what we were doing, a bizarre kind of preparation for what I couldn't imagine might come next. But Kelly was looking more desirable to me by the minute, and I was an active participant in making her look evermore gorgeous. Kneeling on the floor, I picked up one of her boots. Placing a hand on the door frame for balance, Kelly raised one foot from the floor, and I carefully slid the boot onto her leg. The patent leather clung tightly to her foot and calf as I pulled up the zipper that closed it. Kelly wobbled slightly as she set the tall heel down on the ground and raised her other foot. And I drew the boot onto that foot, too, zipping it up until she placed her foot on the ground again. She towered above me now, made taller by the high heels and platform soles of the fetish footwear. She looked spectacular. Her blonde hair shone on her bare shoulders, and her mouthwatering breasts

shuddered and jiggled with every breath she took. Back when Gemma and I were dating, I hadn't given Kelly too much thought beyond what was necessary to interact with my girlfriend's best friend. Sure, I had noticed she was pretty, but that was as far as it went. I had never imagined I would desire her as badly as I did, kneeling at her feet and looking up at her in this outrageous outfit.

"You want to fuck me, slave boy?" Kelly sneered down at me from above the cliff of her exaggerated breasts.

"Of course, Mistress Kelly," I said, noting the faint twitch at the corners of her mouth that suggested the beginnings of a smile. But Kelly kept her face severe she gazed down at me.

"Show me you know your place," she demanded. "Lick my boots and worship me." I didn't even hesitate. Kelly gasped faintly, as though taken by surprise just how easily I submitted to her. But compared to the things Gemma had me do, this was nothing. My tongue slid easily over the glossy leather of Kelly's boots, and I licked them from toe to top, worshiping both of them until the leather shone even brighter with my saliva. Kelly shifted her weight on her feet as she watched me, and I felt her toes move through the leather as my tongue slid over it. Easy to forget, when you're with a woman like Gemma, let alone Crystal, but to most women, this kind of humble adoration isn't normal. Having me bow at her feet was exciting Kelly. And that, in turn, made my cock throb as desperately as ever in the tight chastity. I knew Kelly couldn't free me even if she wanted to. Even Gemma couldn't do that. If I had learned anything from my time as Gemma's slave, it was that I could get some sexual pleasure, even caged as I was, from serving a beautiful woman.

"Look at that thing," Kelly sniggered as she finally used the toe of her boot to push my head away from her feet. I sat back on my knees, and she tapped her foot against the cage that imprisoned my cock, her hands still on her hips in a way that exaggerated her narrow waist as she sneered down at me. "You're never going to please a woman with that, are you?"

"No, Mistress Kelly," I said as humbly as I could. Pulling her foot away from me, Kelly crouched on the floor in front of me. For a moment, we were eye to eye, on the same level as she reached her hand into the bag that lay open beside her. I gulped as I saw her pull out a toy. It was a dildo,

a large and realistic-looking rubber cock with a network of straps attached to its base. I watched her breasts bounce in the tight corset as Kelly stood again.

"Stand up," she ordered." Nervously, I did as I was told. I had no idea what she intended to do with the toy, but I knew I was going to find out, just as I knew I would have no say in it either way. Kelly stepped toward me, holding the shaft of the dildo in her hand she pressed its base against me. Confusion furrowed my brow as she wrapped the straps around my hips, tightening them. Then, with another burst of humiliating shame, I realize what she was doing. The base of the dildo sat low on my stomach, just above my caged manhood. The fake cock projected out in front of my body, as though it were a real one. Replacing my real one. Kelly cackled gleefully as my cheeks flushed. She knew that I could see what she had planned.

"That's better," she chuckled. Her hand slid up and down shaft that rose from my body as though I could feel it, and my real cock throbbed sympathetically in the cage as she taunted me. "Now you might be of some use to me." She crouched in front of me again, and for a strange moment, I thought she was about to give a blowjob to the strap on I was wearing. But instead, she reached into the bag again. I saw her produce a pair of handcuffs, heavy padded leather things that looked at once both comfortable and impossible to escape from. But Kelly surprised me. The handcuffs hung from one finger as she held them out to me.

"Tie me to the headboard," she said. My hand trembled as I took the cuffs from her and gazed at her in confusion. Her tall boots made her the same height as me, and her breasts rose and fell in the corset as she breathed. Her brown eyes flickered over my face, studying my expression. The tightness of the corset made her breathe in shallow gasps, but I wondered if some of that wasn't a certain nervousness that she, too, felt. Hardly in keeping with the dominant persona she had adopted.

"Really?" I asked uncertainly, momentarily forgetting to address her the way she liked. Kelly didn't seem to notice.

"Yes," she said. Her eyes dropped to my chest, as though she couldn't meet my stare for a moment. "I want to be tied up. I want you to have your way with me. As much as you can, anyway." The ghost of a smile tugged at

her pink lips as she spoke those words, and a single finger tapped against the head of the fake cock I wore. The handcuffs hung from my fist. With a mental shrug, I told myself that there were worse things for her to want. Her skin was soft under my fingers as I took her gently but firmly by the wrist and led her over to the bed. She climbed onto the mattress where Josh and Gemma had fucked one another so recently, and lay back with her head on Gemma's pillows. I kneeled above her, taking her arms and gently but firmly raising them above her head. Placing the cuffs behind Gemma's headboard, I guided Kelly's hands through the bars and fastened the cuffs onto her wrists. She looked up at me, her eyes shining with a mixture of nervousness and hope, and my cock surged even more desperately in the chastity device. If only I were free. It was a common experience for me to wish that, but I wished it as fervently as ever as I stared down at helpless Kelly, her breasts rising and falling steadily with every breath she took in the corset I had tightened around her.

The skin of those breasts was as soft as I had imagined as I ran my hands over them. Crouching, I buried my face in the deep valley of Kelly's cleavage, kissing and licking her boobs while she writhed on the bed beneath me. The handcuffs rattled against the headboard, and she squeezed her eyes shut for a moment as a shudder of pleasure rippled through her.

"Now fuck me," she ordered. I raised my head from her cleavage, and for the first time in what felt like a long time, I smiled.

"No," I said. Kelly's eyes opened wide, and her jaw dropped. Her breasts swelled again as she took as deep a breath as the corset would allow, then let it out in a long gasp.

"You have to do what I say," she said. But I could hear the uncertainty in her voice. And the way she looked up at me told me everything I needed to know. Why would she want me to tie her to the bed if not to taste for herself the sweetness of submission to the will of another, even in a roundabout way? In the last few months, that was a subject I had become an expert on.

"Not anymore I don't," I said. Rising up on my knees, I shuffled down the bed. Kelly's high heels caught on the sheets as I slid my fingers under the waistband of her panties, and she raised her hips from the bed so I could pull her underwear down. Sliding her underwear off over her boots, I tossed

it across the room. The lips of her pussy were pink and swollen and glistening with her juices, and my caged cock throbbed uselessly as I stared down at her. Faint whimpers escaped from Kelly's throat as she writhed on the bed, helpless beneath me. And she bent her knees and spread her legs as I positioned myself between them, lowering my face between my thighs while my hands reached up to caress her gorgeous breasts. She moaned loudly as I ran my tongue over her pussy, tasting already the free-flowing juices of her arousal.

"Oh fuck," Kelly gasped, no longer a mistress but now a sexual plaything herself. "Oh my God. Fuck me, bitch!"

"Not yet," I smirked. And her whole body trembled as I ran my tongue over her pussy again, a long moan escaping from her throat as she threw back her head and thrashed on the bed. Her clitoris swelled as I rubbed my nose against it, my lips pressed against hers as I slipped my tongue inside to taste the growing pool of her juices.

"I can't take it!" Kelly gasped. "Fuck me, please! Please fuck me!"

"That's better," I growled as I raised my face from her dripping sex. "Sluts like you should be polite. But you need to beg me properly. You need to call me Sir." Kelly gasped as she gazed up at me in utter shock. I was scarcely less surprised myself. I had no idea where this was coming from, except as an echo of the things Crystal and Morgan and Gemma and even Kelly herself had put me through. But it was exciting. My cock ached for release from the cage that held it, and though I knew that wasn't possible, I was enjoying turning the tables for once. Even the little bit of power I had was intoxicating. And Kelly looked so beautiful as she gazed up at me open-mouthed, her big boobs shaking and trembling as she gasped and panted.

"Please, fuck me," she desperately begged. "Please! You're right, I am a slut. Please fuck your slut, Sir?"

An unfamiliar sense of triumph burst in my chest. Sliding forward on the bed, I hooked my arms under Kelly's thighs and pushed her legs upwards. She screamed as the head of the dildo I wore forced its way between the dripping lips of her pussy. And as I buried the toy inside her, hearing her howl in pleasure as I began to fuck her on Gemma's bed, I felt

something I hadn't felt for a very long time. For a while, even with my cock still helplessly locked up in the steel chastity device, I felt like a man.

The Big Show

Kelly's cries of passion lingered in the air of Gemma's bedroom. Inside, I was a burning mass of conflicting emotions. It felt like forever since I had been in a position like this, on top of a woman, making her scream and moan as I thrust into her. On the one hand, it felt incredible. On the other hand, it was pure torture. Because no matter how Kelly's dripping pussy spasmed and clenched, I couldn't truly feel it. Not the way I wanted to. It wasn't my cock that glistened with her juices, but a replica. A toy. A strap-on that rose from my body above my own caged member and taunted me with my inadequacy.

Of course, Kelly wasn't nearly so conflicted. For her, it was pure pleasure. I was fucking her, and my long frustration fueled my passion, making me pound her with a vengeance as she lay tied to Gemma's bed. Her large breasts bounced and shuddered in the tight red corset I had laced around her, and her blonde hair clung to her shining face as she moaned and screamed. Gemma's best friend had never looked so sexy to me. And I could have her, but not quite in the way I wanted to. Once again, I found myself wondering whether I was in heaven or hell, and concluding that it was some fascinating mixture of the two.

But it was working for Kelly. The heels of her boots tangled in the sheets of her friend's bed as her body trembled in orgasm. Just as Gemma's had earlier, Kelly's pussy dripped with her fragrant juices, forming a dark puddle on the sheet below her body as she moaned and convulsed. Clearly, while she had taken easily to dominating me like her friend did, Kelly had some masochistic tendencies of her own. The same desire to lose control that I did. And if I hadn't been so frustrated and horny, I might have admired her ability to satisfy two seemingly contradictory impulses at once.

While Kelly moaned and trembled on the bed beneath me, while her pussy spasmed and dripped around the toy that was still buried inside her, I paused for a moment. I was out of breath, the muscles of my stomach starting to ache with the unfamiliar movements I had been performing. When was the last time I had actually had sex with a girl? Real sex, not simply eating her out or fingering her or some other unreciprocated task? It had been Crystal, of course. That fateful day at her place when she had

actually fucked me, and I had blurted out my true feelings for her and ruined everything. The memory still burned me, even as I kneeled there between Kelly's trembling legs, trying to catch my breath.

And as I buried my rage in Kelly's body, I had to admit it still felt good, even caged as I was. I'd grown used to being in control. Even though I knew that I was doing exactly what Kelly wanted, it was nice to be able to say no to her. To make her be the one to submit for once. And she had loved every minute of it.

When I first heard the sound, I wasn't sure that it was real. The pulsing of my own blood in my ears was loud enough to muffle everything else. Lying back on the bed, her bound arms above her head and her breasts heaving in the tight confines of her corset, Kelly didn't seem to have noticed anything. But a spasm of fear gripped my heart as I realized that I had been right. I heard a voice out in the apartment and realized that somebody had come through the front door. It could only be Gemma. Sliding the toy out from between Kelly's still trembling lips, I sprang back off the bed. Kelly's eyes open wide, and she stared at me in confusion. A confusion that turned to horror as she heard what I had heard. Gemma's laughing voice, making its way inexorably toward the bedroom. There was no time. Her apartment was small, and it took little more than a dozen steps to carry her from the front door through the open door of the bedroom. In an instant, there she stood, a vision of unrivaled sexiness in the skintight blue satin dress she wore. And Josh stood behind her, following her willingly as he went along with her plans. With the way Gemma looked that night, I couldn't blame him. But for once, Gemma was the one getting a surprise.

Her eyes moved along my body, widening as they dropped at the sight of the large strap-on rising from above my caged cock. She turned to the bed, and saw her friend tied up there, Kelly pressing her legs together preserve what modesty she could as she squirmed in embarrassment. I saw the red flesh shame in her round cheeks, and I felt the exact same way as Gemma and Josh stared at us both in open-mouthed silence for a moment. Then Gemma's teeth flashed in a disbelieving smile as she spoke.

“What the hell is going on here?”

"She asked me to do it," I blurted out, immediately hating myself for my pathetic excuse-making. But my biggest fear was that it might seem that this was something I had forced Kelly into, when the opposite was true. Gemma's eyes flashed as she turned them on me.

"Shut up," she said sternly. "No one was asking you." She stepped further into the bedroom, moving without any apparent difficulty on her ridiculously high heels as her body swayed and shimmered, testing the tensile strength of the dress she wore. She stepped closer to the bed, and Kelly looked up at Gemma as Gemma looked down at her, her eyes moving over her friend's body and taking in everything at once.

"I knew you two would probably get up to something while we were out," she said. "But I didn't imagine this."

"I didn't –"

"Shut up," Gemma said again, more harshly this time as she turned her blazing eyes on me. "In fact, get out. Go wait in the living room. You too, Josh. I want to talk to my friend for a moment. Close the door behind you." I wasn't in the habit of disobeying Gemma. Trying not to meet Josh's eyes, I stepped towards the bedroom door, the fake cock still glistening with Kelly's juices as it swayed obscenely with every step I took. Josh stepped out into the living room, and I went with him, pulling the bedroom door closed behind me. I was naked but for the cruel chastity device still locked around my swollen cock. Josh didn't seem to know where to look, any more than I did.

"This is fucked up, dude," Josh finally said. Even as he spoke to me, he didn't look at me, instead fixing his gaze at some arbitrary point on the bare wall in front of him. From behind the closed door of the bedroom, I could hear the murmur of female voices, too low to make out what was being said. Somehow, I had the feeling that even though everything had been Kelly's idea, I would be the one who ended up paying for it. Kelly had lost face in front of her friend and would need to regain it somehow. Gemma would untie her from the bed, and I would once again be at the mercy of two dominant mistresses. The cock cage grew ever tighter around my manhood as it tried uselessly to harden.

"Yeah, well," I said, not bothering to hide the note of bitterness in my voice as I answered Josh, "you're in it now."

"It's just – I dunno. I know it's fucked up, but she's so fucking sexy. I can't believe you fucked that up."

"I fucked up more than that," I said. Josh didn't press the issue. He merely nodded as though he knew exactly what I was talking about. But he had no idea. Sure, he had seen to the depths of my shame, the truth about my kinky relationship with Gemma. But he still didn't know how it had all come to pass. As far as he knew, Gemma and I had simply got back together, and she had locked my cock away. But that was only part of the strange story that my life had become in the past few months.

"You're okay, right?" Josh was finally able to look at me as he spoke. In spite of the bizarre situation we were in, I couldn't keep a faint smile from appearing on my face. Lately, thanks to Gemma and her relentless teasing, I felt at times something close to hatred for Josh. Even though I knew it was irrational, even though I tried to reason myself out of it with the thought that I would've done exactly the same thing in his position. But Josh wasn't a guy that I could stay mad at. Ultimately, my roommate had a good heart. He was swept up in a game with rules he barely understood. I could relate to that. Gemma, just like her mother, had a way of making a man do the unimaginable. Josh was only just beginning to experience the truth that I had lived with for weeks now.

"I'm okay," I said. "I mean, it's hard sometimes. But it's not like I'm doing it for no reason." Josh nodded again. He had no idea what that reason might be, but I wasn't willing to say more on the subject. And he didn't appear to want to hear it, anyway. His relationship with Gemma was a lot less complicated than mine. She was a sexy woman that was willing to fuck him, on condition that I be made to watch and participate without any sexual pleasure of my own. I suspected that the only way Josh could handle what was happening was to try and compartmentalize it, to forget as far as he was able that I was part of this. It's what I would've done. At least, I thought so. But all these games, all this wild kinky stuff that Gemma and Crystal introduced me to, was having an effect. I had seen it – in the bedroom with Kelly, when impulses I had never known before had taken hold of me. It felt good to make her submit. It felt good to make her call me Sir. It felt good to make her scream in pleasure, even if I was denied pleasure of my own.

The bedroom door opened, and all of my complicated thoughts vanished in an instant. Gemma stood in the open doorway, her hands on her hips accentuating her incredible figure, her dress clinging to every curve of her gorgeous young body in a way that made my cock ache with frustrated desire. Both Josh and I turned to her, forgetting at once there was another man in the room as we drank down her intoxicating beauty. And Gemma knew it. She knew just how good she looked, and sexual confidence seemed to rise from her like steam from a boiling kettle.

"Okay, boys," Gemma said, tossing her head so that her hair tumbled over her shoulders as she spoke. "You can come in now." She turned, my eyes followed the swaying shape of her ass as she strutted back into the bedroom. Josh stepped forward, and I followed, the two of us filing into the bedroom without a word being spoken. Kelly still lay tied to the bed, still dressed for sex, her breasts rising and falling rapidly in her corset as she breathed. She looked at me, and then at Josh, and her cheeks colored again. She was embarrassed to be caught like this. But I knew better than anyone how embarrassment can fuel desire.

"I have to say, Kelly, this was kind of a great idea," Gemma giggled. "I love this." She took a step forward as she spoke, and the dildo strapped to my body swayed as she playfully slapped it. "I should've thought of this myself. I know how it is. Sometimes, a girl just needs to get fucked. This way, this chastity boy can help out without being released. It's kind of perfect." Gemma giggled again, and over on the bed, Kelly smiled through her blushes. I said nothing. This was Gemma's show now. The fact that she hadn't untied her friend from the bed made me wonder what had passed between them while Josh and I were outside. It made me realize that Gemma was the only person fully in control of the situation. Josh would go along with whatever she said, and Kelly and I had little choice. Totally in control, Gemma was in her element.

"Doesn't Kelly look good like that, Josh?" Gemma asked, turning to my roommate. Josh's eyes darted between Gemma and Kelly, and I saw him nod uncertainly.

"She does," he said. He was right. Kelly might have a few extra pounds on her, but that only made her look better squeezed into the tight corset. Her body was pink with pleasure, but I could feel the electricity

crackling in the room. I knew she wanted more. I was becoming something of an expert on the insatiability of female desire. Once all the necessary conditions were met, it never failed to astonish me how sexually greedy a woman could be. It was the hottest thing I knew.

"I never knew she was such a naughty little slut," Gemma giggled. "But that's okay." I felt Gemma take hold of the strap-on as she spoke, and she tugged on it lightly. Using it as a leash, she led me across the bedroom. Over in one corner, a small chair was piled high with clothes. Gemma swept the clothes aside with the movement of her arm and pushed me until I sat down in the chair. She bent over in front of me, her cleavage swelling invitingly over cups of the low-cut dress as she smirked.

"You just sit here and watch, cuckold," she beamed. Straightening up, she stood at the side of the chair I sat in and turned to face the bed. Then she stepped forward. Josh seemed to be caught by surprise as she crossed the bedroom in a few swaying steps and took him into her arms. She pressed her lips against his, and he kissed her back, while Kelly and I watched in helpless silence. I knew better than anyone that Gemma love to be watched. My stomach convulsed with excitement as I guessed at what might happen next.

Gemma kissed Josh, pawing at him, moaning deep in her throat like a bitch in heat as she pressed her body against his. Josh held her by the hips, and I knew that his cock would be swelling against her again, pressing into her body through the thin fabric of her clinging dress. My ex-girlfriend was a world-class tease, and taking her out to dinner dressed like that would have constantly been tugging on Josh's desire. No matter the strangeness of the situation he found himself in, his body would take over. And that was what Gemma was relying on.

Still kissing him, still moaning in excited pleasure, Gemma reached for the front of Josh's pants. She drew down his zipper, and Josh moaned as she took hold of his cock. His erection sprang out into the light of the bedroom. Gemma stroked it she kissed him, writhing against him as though overcome with her own lust. It didn't take long. In a matter of minutes, I could see that Josh was succumbing. Just as any man would have done in his position. Gemma had him keyed up and ready to fuck, needing nothing but the way she looked and a little contact with her hand to make him abandon all

inhibitions in front of Kelly and me. But Gemma wasn't done. I of all people should have known just how devious my former girlfriend could be.

"You want a blowjob, babe?" Gemma said in a low voice that nevertheless carried across the quiet bedroom to where I sat.

"Yeah," Josh nodded, a goofy grin of anticipation spreading across his face.

"Okay," Gemma giggled. "Come and get one." And instead of dropping to her knees, she turned, still holding my roommate's cock in her hand. Just as she had done with my strap on, she used it to lead a confused Josh across the bedroom, toward the bed. At the side of the mattress, she finally released her grip. Placing her hand on Josh's shoulder instead, she guided him onto the mattress. He stared over his shoulder at her in disbelief as she urged him onwards, kneeling on the bed beside Kelly.

"Go ahead," Gemma smiled at Josh. "Since we have this slut all tied up here and dressed all sexy, we may as well use her." I heard Kelly gasp as she looked up at Josh kneeling above her. She had her head turned away from me, so I couldn't see the expression on her face. But I noticed she didn't protest. She didn't struggle against the bonds that held her to the headboard. She simply lay there, looking up at Josh. And I could see the conflicting emotions inside him playing out on his face as his erect cock hovered above Kelly's face.

"Are - are you sure?" His question was addressed to Kelly, not to Gemma. And almost imperceptibly, I saw Kelly nod. As though she was unable to speak, to give voice to her shameful desire. I knew exactly how she felt. Of everyone in the room at that moment, I identified most strongly with Kelly. I knew all too well for myself the humiliating joy of being used as a sex object for the pleasure of another.

And Gemma laughed out loud as Josh crawled forward. I heard the faint moaning in Kelly's throat as she wrapped her lips around his cock, her head rocking back and forth as she blew him. Josh moaned in pleasure, his eyelids fluttering as he stared down at the bound woman in front of him. These two barely knew each other. As far as I remembered, they had met only once, back when Gemma and I were dating. And now Kelly was sucking his cock like a brazen whore, fighting to give him pleasure from her uncomfortable position on the bed. It was working. Josh's hips rocked

back-and-forth as he slid his cock in and out of Kelly's wet mouth. I could hear the sound of her giving him head, and my guts twisted in jealous and frustrated lust as I watched. Thanks to Gemma, Josh was being treated to sexual experiences beyond anything he had imagined. Beyond anything I had ever had. I was getting nothing except the agonizing frustration of watching it all.

Gemma's eyes were glowing as she watched the scene she had created. There was no trace of jealousy there as she watched her friend give head to her new lover. Why should she be jealous? Her relationship with Josh was hardly romantic. It was purely sexual, and in a way, he was a tool too. A tool to use to make me jealous, to torment me with my own chastity. Tearing my eyes away from the bed, I watched as Gemma walked slowly towards me. Every step she took made her body sway in her tall high heels, her dress shining in the light. She looked almost unbelievably sexy as she smiled at me, a wicked grin that set my nerves alight.

"Come on," she said. I winced as she reached out and grabbed a fistful of my hair. But I didn't try to stop her. I never did. Gemma was much smaller than me, no match for me physically. But she didn't have to be. She had all the power she would ever need, thanks to the cruel device locked onto my cock. So instead of struggling, I rose from the chair as she pulled my hair, dropping to the floor as directed in crawling across the bedroom at her heel as she dragged me towards the bed. "Make yourself useful, bitch," she said mockingly. "Get your face in there and make my friend cum." On the bed above me, I heard Kelly groan, and the vibrations of her voice made Josh moan in pleasure too. I climbed onto the bed, the fake cock swaying ludicrously from my belly as I lowered my face between Kelly's trembling thighs. She cried out in pleasure as I run my tongue over her pussy, tasting the streaming wetness that was pouring from her body as she sucked Josh off. I tenderly licked and kissed the pussy I had been pounding with the toy just moments earlier, my brief period of being even a little bit in control completely vanished by Gemma's return. Once again, I was an instrument of female pleasure, nothing else. And while Gemma stood behind me, enjoying the scene she was directing, I did my best to bring Kelly to orgasm.

It wasn't difficult. The woman was clearly already completely overwhelmed with passion. Everything that had happened to her that night

conspired to bring her arousal to a fever pitch. In no time at all, I felt her pussy spasming around my tongue as I slipped it inside, and she cried out as her hot juices burst forth over my face. For a moment, Josh's cock slid free of her mouth, and her cries of passion filled the room as she struggled to catch her breath in the tight corset that compressed her chest and made her breasts swell so beautifully. But as I sat back, my face shining with her juices, I watched Josh slide his manhood into her mouth again. And Kelly took it greedily, almost frantically, her lust heightened rather than alleviated by the pleasure I had given her. Overcome with desire of his own, Josh fucked Kelly's mouth, and she stared up at him in utter bliss as she tightened her lips around his cock.

"Come here." Gemma's hand was in my hair again, and I winced as she pulled it savagely, dragging me back off the bed. Again, I crawled along the floor at her feet as she led me back to the chair. Rising, I turned and sat in the chair as she directed. And Gemma stood in front of me, looking as magnificent as ever in her revealing dress, smiling down at me as I looked up at her. Behind her, the bed was bouncing as Josh came closer and closer to his own moment of bliss. But I could hardly focus on that while Gemma standing in front of me looking as sexy as she did. Especially when she reached for the hem of her dress and began to pull it slowly up her thighs. The satin clung to her smooth skin as though it never wanted to let go, and I could hardly blame it. Inch by inch, Gemma pulled up her dress around her hips until her bare pussy was exposed right in front of my face. Then she stepped forward, placing her hands on my shoulders as she straddled my legs. She lowered herself slowly down on top of me, her hand reaching underneath her to grip the shaft of the strap-on tied to my hips. I felt Gemma's hot breath against my face as she guided the toy inside herself, sinking slowly down on top of it. Her beautiful body shuddered and shook as she took it deeper and deeper, a faint moan rising from her gorgeous lips as her pussy engulfed it. Finally, she was fully impaled, the whole length of the large toy buried in her body while she sat in my lap. She draped her arms over my shoulders, smiling down at me as she adjusted her position.

"Yeah, this was a good idea," she said, her voice creaking with the rampant desire and sexual need she felt. "Now you can fuck me without ever really fucking me. It's like you only have a cock when I decide you should. And it'll always be hard and ready for me, won't it?"

"Yes, princess," I rasped, and Gemma laughed deliriously as she tossed her long hair back from her pretty face. The muscles of her thighs tightened as she began to rock up and down, groaning in pleasure as she slid her tight pussy up and down the toy that rose from my lap. Over her shoulder, I saw Josh glance in our direction, his attention caught by Gemma's rising moans. But he was busy with his own pleasure, too busy to say a word about what was going on over in our corner of the bedroom.

"Oh my God, this is so fucking hot," Gemma moaned, her eyes closing as pleasure took her over. I couldn't help myself. I held her by her narrow waist, feeling the smoothness of her skintight dress that she still wore as she bounced up and down on top of me. I lowered my face to her chest, and Gemma laughed out loud as I pressed my lips against the exposed skin of her breasts, worshiping her body even though I knew it could only bring me more pain. Beneath her bouncing hips, my cock strained painfully against the metal that contained it. As her arousal grew, I could feel Gemma's liquids pouring over my body, anointing my flesh with her desire, trickling through the bars of the cage to tease my manhood with what it couldn't have while she pleased herself with the silicon toy. And yet it was the closest thing I had had to sex with Gemma since before I met Crystal. And if this was what would please my princess, I knew I would do it. My only hope of release depended on it.

So there we were, the four of us, joined together in some kinky sexual tableau of Gemma's devising. Over on the bed, Kelly slurped and licked, devouring Josh's cock as though her life depended on it. And he groaned in pleasure, the bed shaking underneath him as his body stiffened. Over Gemma's moans, I heard him cry out in ecstasy, and Kelly gulped frantically as his orgasm filled her mouth. Gemma screamed in sympathetic delight, the straps that held the strap-on to my body pulling against me as her pussy clenched around the toy and a new wave of her juices poured over my body. I buried my face in her cleavage, losing myself in the feel of her fragrant skin as she screamed and howled in absolute bliss. You could accuse my ex-girlfriend of many things, but a lack of imagination wasn't one of them.

Another Slave For Gemma

"So do you think I should?"

"No. No, I don't."

"But you do."

"Yeah," I sighed. "Yeah, I do."

"And you don't have to. So you must be okay with it."

"I am," I said slowly. "I am. But... it's not easy, Josh."

"Yeah, but you know what she's like. She's super into it. Even just talking about it gets her so fucking horny. It's crazy." I winced slightly as he spoke. After all, this was my ex-girlfriend we were talking about. The ex-girlfriend who had never been as attractive to me back when we were dating as she was now. Now that Gemma had revealed her dominant nature, the same wild side that her beautiful mother so abundantly possessed. If Gemma had been this way back when we were dating, I had my doubts I would ever have cheated on her. But then, I mentally corrected myself, I wouldn't have been able to. She would have had me locked in a chastity device that ensured that only she could touch my cock. Just like she did now. Just like she evidently wanted to do to Josh.

"Of course it does," I said. "Look, I'm not saying it's not hot. I'm saying that's the problem. The longer you wear it, the more you want her. And she knows that. She knows how to use it. Look at me. I don't ever get out of this thing. I'm not saying I regret it. But I'm saying it's hard. It's really hard sometimes. And Gemma knows exactly how to make it even harder."

"Yeah, but she doesn't even have your key," Josh argued. At that moment, I knew there was no longer any point talking to him. He had already made his decision. He was coming to me for approval, and if he couldn't get it, he was going to do what he was going to do anyway. Maybe it was stupid, but I was hardly the person to tell him so. After all, he was right. Gemma had my cock locked up too, and she didn't even have the key. But until that moment, I had had no idea that she had told Josh about that.

"She told you that?"

“Yeah,” Josh said. It was his turn to speak carefully, uncertain of what I might say. “Is it true?”

“Yeah, it’s true,” I said.

"So who does have it?" The question was inevitable. I watched buildings flash by outside the window the car as Josh steers towards the grocery store. Somehow, it was easy to talk about these things when we weren't looking at each other. Easier outside the confines of our apartment, where we couldn't meet each other's eye. That's not to say it was easy. Not by a long way. No matter where we did it, a conversation like this was always going to be a difficult one. Josh and I were friends, but we had never talked about things like this. Not until Gemma came back into my life, and into his. Just like her mother, Gemma had a way of changing everything around her. She was an engine of chaos, a force of nature that turned everything on its head and changed the world as she passed through it. In so many ways, this new Gemma was nothing like the normal girl I had dated. This new Gemma was so much better.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” I said as Josh swung the car around the corner, heading east toward the sun.

"Suit yourself," Josh shrugged. I wasn't ready to tell him the whole tale of how I had come to be Gemma's submissive chastity slave. And it seemed that Jenna hadn't told him yet either. I had no doubt that she would one day, and the full story of my shame would be laid bare. What did it matter anyway? Josh already knew the broad strokes of what was going on with Gemma and me. And now, it seemed, he was willing to let her do the same to him. If I hadn't known Gemma, hadn't known the joy of submitting to dominant women like her, I would barely have believed it myself. Why would Josh voluntarily let himself be put in my position? But I knew. I knew just how appealing that loss of power could be.

“It’s just – it’s just hard, Josh.”

"Yeah, but it's just for fun," Josh said, his eyes scanning the road ahead of him. "It's not going to be like it is with you. It's just a game that we'll do now and then."

"She says that now," I argued. "But once that thing goes on – trust me. It's a different story then. You have no idea the kind of power she'll have

over you once she has control of your dick. It's all over then. Look at me. I have to do everything she says, all the time. It's not a game anymore. It's real."

"You could stop at any time you want," Josh said. It wasn't a question, but I noted the hint of doubt in his voice as he spoke. "Gemma said if you really wanted her to take it off, she would. You don't want her to do that."

Driving to the grocery store with my roommate was about the least erotic thing imaginable, but to talk about Gemma and the sexual power she held was to think about her. And to think about her was to remember all the wild things she had done to me, all the crazy stuff she had made me do. How long had it been since my last orgasm? I didn't even want to think about it. But I could feel the familiar pain of my cock trying to harden in the steel device as we drove along the city streets. A pain that, no matter how much of a part of my life it had become, I never quite got used to. A pain, it seemed, Josh was adamant he wanted to experience for himself. It wasn't my job to talk him out of it. If such a thing were even possible. But from the way my roommate was talking, I knew he'd already made up his mind. Or more accurately, Gemma had made his mind up for him.

"True," I mumbled, feeling my cheeks burn as I blushed at the admission. It amazed me that I was still capable of blushing after all I had seen and done. But the shame of my captivity never seemed to leave me. At least once Gemma got her way, Josh would be in the same position I was in. I had no doubt of that. "I guess that's true," I went on. "It's hot. I'm just saying said it's hard, too. Harder than you think it's going to be."

Josh said nothing. He focused on the road ahead of us, as though he hadn't heard my warning. And I knew he hadn't. Not really. Sure, he had heard the noises my mouth was making, interpreting them into words that had objective meaning. But he wasn't listening. Telling myself whatever happened next was on him, I sank back in my seat. We rode the rest of the way to the grocery store in silence.

My heartbeat high in my chest as I knocked at the door of Gemma's apartment. Josh had been around there all day, and I had had our place to myself. While I tried to watch TV and decompress from another dreary work week, all I could think about was what might be going on over here.

Today was the day. Josh had been certain of that. Today was the day he would lose his freedom and let Gemma cage his cock just like mine was caged. Part of some temporary kinky game, Josh thought. Maybe he was right. But I knew Gemma better than he did. I knew the full depths of cruelty that she possessed behind her beautiful smile. I knew just how helpless a man becomes once you take control of his sexual release. Just as Gemma did.

And my presence was further proof of that. I had received a message from Gemma, imperiously ordering me to come to her place. It wasn't a request. And she didn't ask if I was busy doing something else. Gemma assumed that I was permanently at her back and call, ready to serve her at the drop of a hat any time she wanted. The steel cage locked around my cock meant that she was absolutely right about that.

The apartment door swung open. Gemma stood in the doorway, smiling at me. These days, I never knew quite what to expect from my sexy ex. But Gemma had pulled out all the stops. She didn't care who else might be in a hallway of the apartment building to see. She answered the door in lingerie, a black push-up bra with matching panties and a garter belt that held sheer black stockings up on her legs. She stood tall in black patent leather pumps with a peephole toe, and as she pushed the door side, she stood with her other hand on her hip, posing theatrically so that I could take in every detail of her gorgeous outfit. There was a broad smile on her pretty face, and her beautiful blue eyes glittered the way they always did when she was excited. Of course she was excited. Once again, Princess Gemma was getting everything she wanted. She was a spoiled brat, always greedy for more. And her beauty ensured she would get it. Just as it always did, a vision of Crystal flashed through my mind at the sight of Gemma. When her mother was the age the daughter was now, had she already been as deep into these kinky games as Gemma was? Is that where she had learned how to use and control men for her sadistic pleasure? It was a thought guaranteed to make my cock throb inside the cage that held it. With Gemma standing in front of me in her underwear, it was no wonder I winced in pain as my manhood pressed relentlessly against the steel bars.

"Come in," Gemma smiled. She stepped aside, her high heels ringing on the floor. "I want you to see this." Wordlessly, I stepped into her apartment. Gemma shut the door behind her and strode past me. The thin

string of her black panties disappeared between the rounded globes of her buttocks, and I watched the muscle move with every step she took as she led me toward the bedroom. I had kissed and licked that ass so many times, but the sight of it never failed to have a powerful effect on me. I watched her body move as she strutted in her heels, letting her hips sway provocatively with every step, taunting me with her ass. Gemma was a born tease, just like her mother. That's why Josh and I were in so much trouble.

And as I stepped through the open door of Gemma's bedroom, the backdrop for so many outrageous sexual scenes of the past little while, I saw at once just how much trouble Josh was in.

He lay back on Jenna's bed, his arms raised above his head and his wrists behind the headboard. I knew at once that she had tied him there, in much the same position as Kelly had been last time I was in this room. His eyes darted toward me as I followed Gemma into the room, but they didn't stay on me for long. I saw his face darken with the same shame that had become the background noise to my existence, to be seen by me in this predicament. Better get used to it, I thought to myself with a kind of inward smirk. I bore Josh no ill will. But there was a certain vindictive satisfaction in seeing that I wasn't the only man who was powerless against Gemma's machinations.

Josh was completely naked. His chest rose and fell as he breathed steadily, his stomach sunken in as he lay on his back. I looked away from the erection that rose from between his legs, his cock hard and needy as he stared at Gemma. I stared too. It was impossible not to, with her looking the way she did. And as I had observed before, Gemma was even sexier at times like this. As though the confidence she got from being in charge radiated through her body and put a little extra sway into her step. She strutted around the room, reveling in her total control over two men who wanted her so badly, we would do anything. On the bedside table, I saw the dull metallic shine of a brand-new chastity device. Exactly the same as mine. The only difference was, Gemma had the key for this one.

"You know what I'm going to do to your roommate, don't you?" Gemma said as she turned to me.

"Yes, princess," I nodded, watching Gemma's smile widen. Of course I knew what was going to happen here. I'd have to be blind not to see it, even

if Josh hadn't told me himself. It was still hard to believe that Josh was going to let himself be locked up, just like I was. But if anyone could understand the strange impulse to hand one's freedom over to a beautiful woman voluntarily, it was me.

"I thought you should be here to see it," Gemma explained. "Plus, you can help me remind him what this means. Put that on." Gemma pointed toward her dresser as she spoke, and I gulped as I saw the strap on dildo that Kelly had left at her friend's place after the last time we played. In a short time, I had learned to loathe that toy. Of all the cruel ideas these women had come up with to torment me, this one might be the cruelest. I could fuck them, enjoying all the sights and sounds and feel of the experience I so desperately craved. The one thing I couldn't have was what I wanted most. The sexual release that should ordinarily have been mine. The strap-on dildo allowed me to perform as a man without receiving any of the pleasure that should accompany it. But I didn't protest. As always, Gemma ordered, and I obeyed. Her shining eyes watched as I pressed the base of the dildo against my body, just above the lock on the cage that trapped my real cock behind bars. I wrapped the straps around myself, tightening them so that the toy rose from my body as though it were a part of me. And when I was done, Gemma ran her hand along the shaft, teasing the toy as though I might feel something from her touch. Of course, she knew I wouldn't. That was the whole point.

Removing her hand from the toy, Gemma picked something up from the dresser beside us. I watched as she lifted a thin gold chain up to her neck and fastened it around herself. For a moment, my heart surged as I saw a plain key dangling from the chain that hung between her rounded breasts. But I realized in a flash that it wasn't mine. It was the key to the chastity device on the table, the one soon to be locked into position around Josh's cock. She was wearing the key to his release like jewelry, like some sort of medal she had awarded herself. Say what you will about my ex-girlfriend, but you couldn't deny her achievements. Soon, she would have two men completely under her control, essentially castrated for her amusement.

Once she had the necklace on, Gemma stepped past me. I watched her beautiful body bend as she reached for a belt on the floor. Picking it up, she turned to me and made a loop of the narrow leather. I didn't resist as she lifted the loop over my head, helped by the additional height her high heels

gave her as she tightened her belt around my neck. Holding one end of it as a makeshift leash, she turned toward the bed. And I had no choice but to follow along behind her, the dildo swaying with every step I took as she led me toward Josh.

Standing at the foot of the bed, Gemma temporarily dropped her end of the belt as she reached for her panties. I saw at once that she had the foresight to put them on over the suspenders so that she could remove the panties without having to remove her stockings. She wiggled out of her underwear and let it fall to the floor, and I didn't need to look over at Josh to know that he was staring at her body with the same absorbed attention I was. Her pussy shone between her legs, making my cock surge uselessly in its merciless captivity. Stepping out of her panties, Gemma turned and took hold of the end of the belt again. I watched as she crawled onto the mattress, her ass raised provocatively toward me as she moved up Josh's body. Between her thighs, I could see her pussy shining, framed by the tops of her stockings as she crouched above him. The belt grew tight between us, and I was forced to follow, feeling the mattress sink under my weight as I climbed onto the bed behind her. Gemma was staring down at Josh, the belt draped over one shoulder as she slowly but firmly pulled on it, pulling me toward her. I knew at once what she wanted. And that familiar combination of desire and humiliation filled me once again as I kneeled behind her, positioning myself carefully so that my knees were on either side of Josh's legs as he lay beneath us. Gemma reached down underneath herself, supporting herself on one arm as she wrapped her fingers around Josh's cock. I heard him moan in frustrated desire as she slowly stroked him, the key to what would soon be his prison hanging down between Gemma's gorgeous breasts, flashing right in front of his eyes as a symbol of everything he was about to endure for her voluntarily.

"I can't wait to have this cock locked away," Gemma said in a low voice. "I'm going to own you. I'm going to own this cock. But I want you to see what you'll be giving up. I want you to watch what from now on, you'll only get when I allow it. Understand?"

"Yes," Josh moaned, his voice cracking with the force of the lust he felt. Gemma giggled happily, and Josh's cock swayed desperately as she released it. Taking hold of the belt draped over her shoulder again, Gemma tugged at it, pulling my head forward.

"Come on, bitch," Gemma snarled at me over her shoulder, her highlighted hair framing her pretty face as her flashing eyes stared into mine. "Fuck me while my new slave watches."

"Yes, princess," I said while Gemma howled with laughter. Her skin felt unbelievably soft and smooth as I held her by the hips, positioning myself behind her and adjusting my balance. Gemma let go of the belt again, turning back to Josh as she braced herself on hands and knees. Her gasp of pleasure as the head of the dildo pressed against the wet lips of her pussy made me tremble in pure desire. Carefully, I guided the toy inside her, watching her lips tightly clench the dildo as it filled her. I felt the tension in her muscles under my hand, and frustration boiled in the pit of my stomach as I heard her moan with every inch the toy slipped further inside. Finally, the fake phallus was fully inside her, my caged cock pressing against her mound as I held her from behind. And, slowly at first, I began to pump my hips back and forth. Gemma's moans grew louder as the toy slid in and out of her, her pleasure growing with every thrust.

"That's it," she gasped, and I felt the belt tightening around my throat as she tugged on it savagely again. "Make me cum. That's all you're good for. Just a toy for my pleasure." Still holding the belt, her body rocking back and forth to my increasingly aggressive thrusts, she turned her attention back on Josh. "And that's what you're going to be too, soon," she panted, her breath growing shorter as her pleasure swelled. "I'm going to let you cum one more time, and then I'm going to lock your cock away. You'll have to beg me for release. You'll have to do exactly what I say, just like this bitch does. You'll both be my little slave boys, won't you?"

"Yes," Josh gasped, gazing up at Gemma with complete attention. I felt the belt grow slack between us as Gemma released it again, reaching for her new lover's cock. Josh moaned as she began to stroke it, tightening her hand around it just as her pussy tightened around the toy strapped to my body. She stroked him in a rhythm that matched my thrusts, I picked up speed, listening to Gemma's howls of pleasure as I gave her what she wanted. Holding her hips in my hands, I slammed my body against hers, driving the toy deep inside her while she howled in ecstasy.

"Yes, what?" Gemma screamed through the moans and groans that erupted from her body. "Say it! Yes, what?"

"Yes... Princess," Josh moaned. I felt the toy almost torn from my body as Gemma spasmed in orgasm. Her pussy dripped, her glistening lips gripping the dildo tight as I fucked her, her legs shaking and her head dropping down onto Josh's chest. I still held her by the hips, riding the waves of her powerful orgasm as her juices streamed down her shaking thighs. She was in heaven, and the sight of her selfish pleasure only added to my torment, as well as Josh's. He lay beneath her, unable even to touch, only able to feel her body convulsing and rocking to my last thrusts. Placing my hand on Gemma's back, I carefully withdrew. She moaned again as the bulbous head of the dildo spread her wet lips apart one last time. The toy was shining with her juices, and my heart was pounding in my chest as I waited to see what would happen next. I kneeled at the foot of the bed, the belt still hanging from around my neck, the toy still projecting from low down on my stomach, forever ready for further use.

Finally, Gemma raised her head from Josh's chest. Without turning to me, he sat back on her knees, straddling him. I saw her arm move as she stroked his cock again.

"You want to cum, baby?" She teased in a voice thick with pleasure.

"Yes, princess," Josh growled between gritted teeth. I knew from experience that Gemma's title became only fractionally less humiliating to say over time. The first time is the hardest. He had capitulated, and calling her princess was a sign of that. A sign of his new status, similar to mine. Another one of Gemma's playthings.

"You know what happens after, don't you?" Gemma teased. "After you cum, I lock your cock away and own you completely. Is that what you want?"

"Yes, princess," Josh said, arching his back as he lifted his hips off the sheets in an attempt to get more pleasure from her teasing hand. I knew exactly the position he was in. I knew that Josh would say anything now to get what he wanted. I knew it just as well as Gemma did.

"Okay," Gemma giggled. "Enjoy your last orgasm as a free man." The hand moved faster, and Josh's cries grew louder. In a matter of moments, I saw that he had passed the point of no return. The bed shook with the force of his convulsions as he came, and Gemma laughed as his cock launched semen into the air to splatter down on his stomach. Josh panted and gasped,

and I had to look away. I had no interest in watching my roommate ejaculate. But Gemma seemed fascinated by the whole process, no matter how many times she had seen it before.

When Josh's orgasm finally subsided, Gemma climbed off his body. She crawled toward the bedside table and picked up the chastity device that lay there. Josh's eyes followed her as she sat on top of him again. I could see the fear on his face, but he didn't protest as she lifted his now soft manhood and slid it inside the confines of the device. A shudder passed through me as I heard the click of the chastity cage being locked into place. I knew that for Josh, as well as myself, there could be no going back now.

"That's better," Gemma smiled down at Josh, lifting his now caged manhood in her hand gently as she toyed with it. "They look so cute all locked up. And you'll learn to love it. Just like your buddy over there does. This is how men should be. Just toys for women's pleasure." Gemma seemed almost lost in thought as she taunted Josh. I watched wordlessly from behind, slowly regaining my breath after my exertions. My own cock ached inside the chastity device as usual, but I had no hope of release. I had gone along with every wild scheme of Gemma's, and it had gotten me nowhere. Joshua asked me if I regretted submitting the way I had, and I couldn't honestly say that I did. But that's not to say that moments of doubt didn't flash through my mind every now and then. And this was most definitely one of those times.

"You know why you have to call me Princess?" Josh stared up at her, still tied to the bed, seemingly in shock and barely able to believe what had happened, even though he had volunteered for this. Slowly, he shook his head side to side.

"No, princess," he said. I heard the smile in Gemma's voice as she spoke.

"It's because I'm the daughter of a queen," she said. Without further explanation, she climbed off the bed. I did the same, stepping back off the mattress and standing next to the dresser as I watched Gemma head for the door. I had no particular desire to still be in the same bed as Josh was. I couldn't even look at him, nor he me. There we were, both caged, both at the mercy of the same wild woman. The woman who had disappeared into her apartment, still glowing from orgasm.

I heard the door of Gemma's apartment open. I heard a female voice that wasn't Gemma's. I heard two sets of footsteps on the floor coming toward us. My stomach churned as I wondered who had come to join in our shame. Kelly, most likely. Despite her own submissive tendencies, Gemma's best friend was always willing to indulge in some domination when she got the chance.

But as Gemma stepped back into the bedrooms, a smile shining on her face, my heart froze in my chest as I turned toward the door. It wasn't Kelly who followed her into the bedroom. It was Crystal.

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A close-up portrait of a woman's face, focusing on her right eye. She has a vibrant green contact lens. Her eye makeup is elaborate, featuring a leopard or cheetah print pattern in shades of brown and orange around the eye. She has a small nose ring. The background is blurred with warm, golden light.

Katt Ford

The Lioness