

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest down to the waist. She is wearing a bright red, low-cut, spaghetti-strap dress. Her hands are positioned near her chest and waist. The background consists of dark brown horizontal wooden planks.

Katt Ford

*A Mother's
Revenge*

Parts 6-10

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All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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Good Morning, Mistress

I was awake long before the door opened. In fact, I was awake before I heard the first stirrings of movement from Crystal's bedroom. I don't know how long I lay there alone in the dark, listing to her even breathing as she slept. It wouldn't be accurate to say I got no sleep tall. Get tired enough, and you can sleep anywhere. I fell asleep right away. But I didn't sleep much. How could I? I had neither a blanket nor a pillow, only the carpeted floor of the walk-in closet to stretch out on. My hands were still cuffed behind my back, forcing me to sleep curled up on my side. But most pressingly, Crystal had sent me to bed horny and unsatisfied, with strict instructions not to come. That was part of why she had left me cuffed, to ensure that I wouldn't touch myself in her absence. Though of course, that wasn't the only way to relieve myself. I'll admit, as I lay there, I gave in once or twice the temptation to rub my throbbing member against the carpet. The thought of the dominant beauty who slept on the other side of the locked door from me was too much to tolerate. But I stop short of orgasm. Was it fear of Crystal that made me obey her orders? I could still feel the ache in my buttocks from when she used her paddle on me. She had warned me not to come, and I did not doubt that she meant it. But the sleepless night gave me plenty of time to think. There was more than fear at work here. I wanted to cum, of course. At times during that night, it seemed there was nothing I wanted more. But I also wanted to obey her. I wanted to follow her orders. I don't know why. I can't explain it now any better than I could then. But already, after such a short time together, I was starting to feel as though Crystal had every right to treat me the way she did. Or perhaps right was the wrong word. But the truth was, it turned me on. It turned me on like nothing in my life up to that point ever had. I had been plenty sexually active before I met her, but what Crystal had introduced me to that night was like some new form of sex. As much more exciting and pleasurable than regular sex as regular sex was to everything else in life. And the strange thing was, we hadn't even had sex. Not technically, anyway. Crystal hadn't allowed me that reward. And that, as I had no doubt she knew very well, only made me want her more.

But I lay there silently in her closet, and what sleep I managed to get was made fitful by wild dreams. Once or twice, I awoke in the middle of the

night and had to take a moment to remind myself where I was and what I was doing, lying naked on the floor in handcuffs. Each time I did, my arousal soared again, my desire sleeping even less well than I did. But I was awake before Crystal. I was awake to hear the even breathing of sleep suddenly shift into a long sigh, and the springs of her mattress groan as she turned over. I had been ordered not to make a sound, and I didn't. But I hoped that my new mistress was awake. Even if I feared what other wild ideas she might have in store for me. I had only known her for a short time, but already I realized that even being tortured by Crystal was preferable to being ignored by her.

Crystal lay in bed for a while. Long enough that I started to wonder if she was awake at all, or if she had simply shifted to a new phase of sleep. I could no longer hear her breathing. All I could hear was the faint rustle of the bedsheets as she moved her body on the mattress. And as I thought of her, lying there in the luxury of her extravagant bed, an absolute beauty slumbering on a cloud, it only made my own position seem all the more wretched. It only served to highlight the power imbalance between us. And that, of course, only turned me on more.

But finally, to my relief and nervousness, I heard Crystal move more emphatically, and felt her faint footsteps through the floor I lay on. With difficulty, I sat up. As usual, my cock seemed determined to betray me. After all, it was morning, and I was 22. I probably would have had an erection no matter what had happened the night before. But with Crystal's presence on the other side of the door and the memory of our kinky games fresh in my mind, there was no possibility of me not being hard and ready for her. Which was just as well, given that she had made that one of her rules. So far, it had been the easiest one to follow.

Hope surged within me as I listen to Crystal walk across a large bedroom, but she didn't come to release me right away. Instead, I heard water begin to flow through hidden pipes in the walls, and I realized she was in the bathroom. As it happened, I needed to use the facilities myself. But fear of Crystal made me keep quiet. My needs didn't matter to her.

She finished in the bathroom. Again I listened to her footsteps on the floor. This time, they stopped on the other side of the closet door. I could tell that it was light outside from the faint glow at the edges of the door, and I saw the shadow of her feet on the floor. The lock turned, and the door

swung open, and the bright light of day flooded into my nocturnal prison as I blinked rapidly.

My eyes were slow to adjust to the sudden illumination. For a while, Crystal was nothing more than a dark silhouette against the invading light. But gradually, I adapted, and as the light grew less intense, her features emerged from the gloom. Crystal was somehow even more beautiful than I remembered. Her black hair tumbled messily over her shoulders, and her eyes glittered from within its shadow as she smiled at me. She was completely naked, just as she had been the night before. She was a woman entirely without inhibitions. As she should be, with a body like that. The curves of her hips stood out against the light behind her, making my cock throb even more urgently with primal desire. Crystal stood for a moment with her hands on either side of the door frame, letting me look at her from where I sat on the floor with my manhood at full attention. Then, she stepped inside the walk-in closet and stood above me.

"Good morning, boy toy," she grinned at me. Just that, just her voice and the words she used, were enough to make me tremble with desire. And I remembered my manners, taught to me the night before in the most unforgettable way.

"Good morning, Mistress," I said in a voice that was thick with disuse.

"Get up," she ordered. As she spoke, Crystal bent at the waist, reaching out to grab hold of one of my arms. Her breasts swayed beneath her as she moved, her pink nipples already hard and erect. I struggled to do as she said, rising awkwardly to my feet with her assistance. My cock rose into the air between us, pointing directly at her as she stood in front of me. Without shoes on, she was shorter than I was. But I didn't feel anything other than vulnerable and utterly submissive to her as she stood for a moment with her hands on her hips and a calculating look on her face.

"Looks like you followed my instructions and didn't cum during the night," Crystal said, casting her eyes over the carpet in the closet for a moment. "I guess there's still some hope for you after all." I gasped as I felt her wrap her hand around my cock, slowly stroking the shaft while her glittering eyes peered up into mine. The smile never left her face. Crystal was completely in control, and she knew it. She had come to fetch me from the closet like the toy she said I was, an object to be used by her. And I was happy to be used if it felt like this. I could smell the perfume that still clung

to her skin as she leaned in close to me, and the warmth of her body cried out to me and made my cock surge in her hand as she held it.

"You stink," she giggled. "And I could use a shower too. I'm going to take these cuffs off, but I don't expect you to try anything. Will you?"

"No, Mistress," I said. In reality, I wanted nothing more. Every fiber of my being screamed at me to reach for her, to grab her beautiful body the moment the cuffs were off. She was driving me wild, gently squeezing my cock in her hand she smiled at me, making it impossible for me not to think about how it would feel to bury myself inside her. But she had not given permission.

Crystal stepped past me, taking a few steps deeper into the closet. I heard her picking through the contents of a drawer, unseen objects rattling under her hands as she searched. I didn't turn to look. In the state I was in, it took a huge amount of concentration on my part not to ejaculate there and then. From the mere touch of Crystal's hand, my cock was throbbing and twitching at the very edge of orgasm. Looking at her beautiful naked body would only make things more difficult for me.

I felt Crystal take my cuffed hands in hers. Metal clicked, and suddenly, my arms were free. Crystal didn't remove the cuffs; she only unfastened them from each other. But I sighed with relief as my arms hung free at my sides for the first time in hours. My shoulders ached as I rolled them. Crystal waited. As though she was giving me a moment to recover. Then she reappeared in front of me, taking my hands in hers again. I hardly dead to breathe as, holding my wrists, she raised my hands and placed them on her breasts. Her eyes held mine as she smiled at me.

"You like these, don't you?" she grinned.

"Yes, Mistress." My breath was short as I gently caressed her boobs, uncertain of how far I would be allowed to go. But the weight of the soft flesh in my hands and the feel of her swollen nipples under my thumbs was driving me crazy. And the tension in my body grew even greater at the sound of Crystal's little gasp of pleasure as I touched her. Her eyelids fluttered, and my cock throbbed desperately between us as I gently squeezed her boobs. Crystal threw back her head and closed her eyes, letting her long dark hair cascade down her back as she moaned. With all my attention fixed on her, I barely noticed her fingers reaching for the clasp

on the cuffs. Not until the quick snap of metal told me that she had locked them together again, in front of me this time.

"Wait there," she said. As though I had any choice. I stood rooted to the spot as Crystal stepped away from me again, removing her beautiful breasts from my hands as she disappeared behind me. I heard her rummaging in the same drawer as before, and my heart quickened as I wondered what else she had in mind. My freedom, if it ever really existed at all, had been short-lived. The cuffs were too close together for me to be able to reach the clasp between them. Having my hands in front of me gave me a little more freedom, but I was still very much in her power.

When Crystal stepped in front of me again, I saw that she was holding a short chain. The light from the bedroom outside shone on the metal, and I realized that there was a steel cuff at either end of the chain. Like a set of police handcuffs, only with a longer chain between them. Crystal took my cuffed hands in hers and locked one of the cuffs around the metal clasp that held together the cuffs I already wore. Pulling on the chain, she took my balls in her free hand, making me moan with nervous desire as she gently cupped them. The other cuff clicked as she locked it around my scrotum, tightening it above my balls so that it couldn't be removed. The chain allowed me to raise my hands to around the level of my stomach before the cuff began to pull my balls uncomfortably. Crystal smiled, evidently pleased with her handiwork and my silent obedience. I never could say no to her.

"This way, I can make you do stuff," she smiled as she plucked playfully at the chain. "But you can't get away. Now, come with me." Crystal turned, and I winced as she reached behind herself to take hold of the chain close to where it was locked to my testicles. I hurried along behind her as she pulled, making my balls ache slightly as she led me out of the closet and into the bedroom. My cuffed hands hung ineffectually in front of my stomach as I hurried along at my mistress's heel. Walking quickly, she led me to the en suite bathroom connected to her bedroom. I followed her to the glass-walled shower on one side of the room. Crystal turned on the water, and almost at once, steam began to rise into the air. She stepped inside, and I watched the water cascade over her skin, making her body shine as it ran down over her enticing curves. Crystal pushed her hair back from her face as the water plastered it to her skin. My cock surged as I watched her. Reaching out of the cubicle, Crystal took hold of the chain

again and pulled me towards her. I stepped into the shower, feeling the warm water on my own skin. Her shower was easily big enough for the two of us. And Crystal smiled as she handed me a sponge and a bottle of body wash.

"Clean me, boy toy," she smirked. "And make sure you do a good job if you ever want to touch me again."

"Yes, Mistress," I said eagerly. I wanted nothing more than to touch the beautiful body that shone and glistened in front of me. Squeezing soap onto the sponge, I worked it into a lather and began to scrub Crystal's immaculate skin. She sighed softly, filled with pleasure at my desperate attention. And I took my time, sliding the sponge carefully over her body. I tried to ignore the wild throbbing of my cock as I cleaned her. The soapy lather slid luxuriously over her breasts, and I felt myself growing short of breath. I moved the sponge over her arms, over her shoulders, over her breasts and her toned stomach, coming closer and closer to what I most desired. And Crystal didn't stop me. She only sighed with pleasure and leaned back against the wall of the shower as I ran a soapy hand over her pussy.

I was trembling with desire. My cuffed hands were shaking as I gently massaged her skin. The feel of her silken folds against my fingers fueled the fire of lust inside me, but nothing could tear me away. Crystal watched me from under half-closed eyes as hot water poured down on us both, her white teeth showing between her parted lips. And slowly, carefully, waiting all the while for her wrath to ignite, I pressed my slick fingers deeper inside her.

Crystal closed her eyes for a moment. The makeup of the night before was smeared and smudged by time and warm water, but she was no less beautiful for that. I could feel the tightness of her pussy around my invading fingers, and her clitoris swelled against my hand as I rubbed her rhythmically. A gentle moan escaped Crystal's lips as I touched her. It was almost the first time since we had met that I felt any kind of control. And I loved it. Even if my body was crying out for release. Even if I longed to bury my cock inside the same pussy that I was fingering. I devoted myself instead to pleasuring her, knowing that that was the best way to get what I wanted. And Crystal let me do it. She didn't say a word as I stroked and rubbed her, sliding my fingers in and out while my other hand rubbed her clit.

Suddenly, Crystal cried out. Her voice echoed in the resonant space of the shower, and I felt her pussy spasm around my fingers. A great tremor shook her body, and her hands gripped my shoulders tightly as she tried to maintain her balance.

"Down," she gasped through the cascading water, eyes still closed as she spoke, her hands pushing suddenly down on my shoulders. "Get down on your knees." I didn't argue. Under the stream of water, I dropped to my knees in front of her. Crystal's hand on the back of my head was hardly necessary to guide me into position. I leaned forward on my knees, gratefully pressing my lips against the swollen lips of her pussy as I ran my tongue along the sensitive skin. Above me, Crystal moaned and shuddered. The shower water cascaded down her body, and I swallowed it as I licked her, drinking it up along with her streaming juices as I worshiped between her legs. The chain attached to my cuffs trailed on the floor of the shower.

Unable to control myself, I took my cock in my hand. Almost instantly, I felt my balls tightening, pressing against the cuff locked around them as I stroked myself. But Crystal didn't seem to notice. She was lost in her own world of pleasure, bucking her hips forward as she pressed her pussy desperately against my face. Even watered-down, the taste of her was incredible. I rubbed my nose against her swollen clit while I plunged my tongue between her soft folds until I felt her pussy spasm against my mouth. Crystal raised her foot and draped one leg over my shoulder, allowing me to press my head even more between her legs. And just like that, she came. I heard her orgasm echoing back from the wet walls of the shower, rising above the noise of the falling water as she cried out in ecstasy. I tasted the sudden rush of her fluids, her juices filling my mouth along with the shower water as I desperately swallowed.

Abruptly, Crystal lifted her leg from off my shoulder. She turned away from me, leaning against the wall of the shower that I faced. A perfect ass filled my view, the skin shining as the warm water poured over it. Crystal leaned against the wall, her feet apart.

"Kiss my ass," she ordered without looking at me. "Tell me who you belong to."

And I didn't waste any time. Her beautiful ass was right in front of me, and I pressed my lips against the firm muscle just as she instructed.

"I belong to you, Mistress," I said between kisses, and a loud howl of triumph rang out from her as she listened. While I showered her ass with kisses, Crystal reached between her legs and slid two fingers inside herself. I could hear the wet sound of her masturbating as I worshiped her glorious ass. And while she kept touching herself, I kept kissing her, covering every inch of her ass with my lips until she was screaming in pleasure. Her whole body shuddered as she came again. I could see her juices streaming down the inside of her thighs, moments before the shower water washed them away. I was almost as breathless as she was as I watched her cum, her whole body overwhelmed by a pleasure I wanted nothing more than to share.

When the spasm of pleasure passed, Crystal straightened up. She turned, and I saw the giddy grin on her face as she stared down at me. Her smooth cheeks were flushed pink with the glow of pleasure, and I felt the corresponding growl of desire in the pit of my stomach as I stared up at her. But I knew better than to ask. Even though I wanted nothing more than an orgasm of my own, and my desperate desire urged me to beg her for release. That wasn't Crystal's style. I had only known her a single night, but I already knew that much.

"Look at that cock. Nice and hard for me." I winced as Crystal raised one foot and ran it gently along the underside of my shaft. "You didn't cum, did you?"

"No, Mistress," I groaned. Though it had been as close as it could possibly be. My cock twitched and throbbed at her every touch, at her every word. Crystal was too much for me. That was abundantly clear. And it had taken every ounce of restraint I had to resist the urge to cum while I ate her beautiful pussy.

"Good," she said. "You don't have permission. Wait here while I get something. And don't you dare touch yourself." Ashamed, I simply nodded. Crystal stepped past me, one hand on my head for balance as she stepped out of the shower. She didn't even bother to dry herself off, letting water pour from her skin all over the floor as she disappeared into the bedroom. She was only gone a matter of moments. I waited, kneeling on the floor of the shower while water continued to stream over my naked body. When Crystal returned, she stepped back into the shower with me, holding a small key in her hand.

"Stand up," she ordered. I rose to my feet. I sighed in muted pleasure as Crystal took my balls in her hand again and unlocked the cuff she had fastened around them. But the relief was only momentary. Quickly, she fed the chain through a grab bar set into the wall of the shower before locking it in place around my scrotum again. Then she stepped back toward the door of the shower and set the key down beside the sink. Well out of my reach. Locked to the wall of the shower now, all I could do was wait.

"I think you've gotten a little too excited," Crystal finally said. "We don't want any little accidents, do we? So you're going to stay here until you cool off." She took another step back so that she was outside of the shower cubicle, standing in the open door as she reached for the brass handle that controlled the water. I watched her turn the handle, and cried out as the water turned suddenly cold. Crystal laughed out loud, her sadistic glee echoing in the small space of the bathroom as I began to shiver under the assault of cold water.

"You'll get used to it," she mocked. "This is what happens when you can't control yourself. But look. Your cock's not even going down."

She was right. Despite the coldness of the water and the numbing chill I could feel spreading through my body, my cock continued to rage and throb. I was so turned on by her that my manhood seemed to refuse to soften in her presence. And the crueller she was to me, the more it turned me on. My cock struggled valiantly against the cold water, and Crystal watched with a sly smile on her face as I shivered and trembled.

"Well, I'm going to leave you here for a while and see what happens," she said. "Maybe once you calm down, we can play a little more. But only if you behave yourself."

"Yes, Mistress," I mumbled through lips that trembled frantically. The handle I was chained to was too far away from the shower controls for me to adjust the water temperature, even if I had dared to do such a thing. But I wouldn't. And Crystal knew that. I would have to endure this new torture, and all for the amusement of my cruel mistress. Under the cold water, my cock continued to throb.

"Okay," Crystal shrugged. She slid the door of the shower shut behind her, watching me through the clear glass. "No complaining," she ordered.

"You'll stay there until I decide otherwise. And if I hear a peep out of you, I'll only add to the time you have to spend there."

"Yes, Mistress," I said. I felt completely broken by that point, with no power in me to resist a single thing she wanted to do to me. And maybe that had been true from the moment we met. But it only became more true with each cruel torture she devised for me. Crystal was turning me into exactly what she had said she would, a living toy for her amusement and pleasure. It all seemed so easy for her. There was nothing easy about it for me. But I couldn't deny the pure excitement of submitting to her will.

Crystal turned. I watched longingly through the glass as she headed for the bathroom door and disappeared. Her shining naked body vanished from my view, but not from my mind. Her image danced in front of me while I shivered under the endless stream of cold water. And my cock still throbbed, despite the cold. As though it would never be soft again.

But I couldn't reach it. I couldn't do anything. All I could do was wait and see what Crystal had in store for me next.

Caged

The body has its limits. Even when you're only 22. Even when you've found yourself inexplicably in the expensive house of a sexy older woman, submitting to her sexual dominance in a game more exciting than anything you've ever experienced. Crystal had ordered me to stay hard in her presence, and up until that point, it had never been a problem. Even orgasm rarely seemed to soften my manhood for long. Not when Crystal was around. And that was exactly what she wanted.

But now, it seemed, she had a different goal in mind. Or maybe she just wanted to determine exactly what my limits were. Either way, as I stood in her shower, chained to a grab bar anchored to the wall while cold water streamed over my naked body, my cock finally began to soften. It seemed to take forever, and my skin felt entirely numb by the time my erection abated. But it happened. If that was what Crystal had been waiting for, it had arrived.

But the truth about Crystal was that I never really knew what she wanted. Not entirely, anyway. That she wanted to dominate and humiliate and use me for her pleasure was clear. But I never could anticipate what she had in mind from one moment to the next. She was wildly creative when it came to sex, far more so than any woman I had been with up to that point. Far more so than her daughter. I could never think of what happened between Gemma and me without a stab of guilt. Crystal was right; I shouldn't have treated Gemma the way that I did. The fact that her mother had made me pay for it so profoundly did little to lessen the sense of shame I felt whenever I thought about it. But young as I was, I wasn't so stupid as to think that Crystal's only aim in tormenting me like this was to get revenge for the way I had treated her daughter. In fact, standing there under the cold water of the shower, I suspected that it had very little to do with it anymore. Crystal had made me pay. She had made me kneel and apologize and beg her forgiveness. Everything that followed was just an expression of what she wanted. And, as it turned out, what I wanted, too. The fact that she was my ex-girlfriend's mother barely registered in my mind anymore. Crystal was - well, there was no other word for it. She was my mistress. Pure and simple. I never would have dared to call her my girlfriend, and even the word seemed out of place for a woman as elegant and dignified as

she was. I could hardly call her my lover. I had only met her the night before, and as far as I could see, there was very little love involved in our relationship. Lots and lots of lust. But no love. We didn't even know each other. Besides, we still had not had sex. And the way crystal was going, I was starting to wonder if we ever would. Yet we had done everything besides that. I still had the faint taste of her orgasm on my tongue as I shivered under the shower. I had fingered her and licked her, and she had stroked me to orgasm almost the minute I stepped inside her house. But actual sex with Crystal, the thing I longed for most, the thing that kept me submitting to her will over and over again, was starting to seem like a distant mirage that recedes as you approach it.

I might have been young. But I wasn't stupid. I could see what Crystal was doing. She was holding out the faint promise of sex with her to get me to do the bizarre, humiliating, and occasionally painful things she wanted me to do. I knew that. But the truth was that for whatever inexplicable reason, I wanted to do these things too. As I trembled into the cold water of the shower, I wanted the ordeal to be over. But the thought that she was putting me through this for her own twisted pleasure turned me on enormously. Even if my erection had finally succumbed to the cold and softened completely, I still felt desire burning inside me. No amount of water could extinguish that flame.

I sighed with relief as I heard footsteps echoing through the bedroom outside. Crystal had left the door of her en suite bathroom open. I had no idea what she had been doing in there while she left me to freeze in the shower. But my heart fluttered in excitement as I listened to her footsteps approach. She was wearing shoes again. I knew that immediately. And I waited in breathless anticipation to see what my mistress was wearing as she appeared in the doorway of the bathroom.

Crystal didn't disappoint. While I suffered under the assault of the cold water, she had been getting ready. She must've had a store of makeup somewhere other than the bathroom, because I could see that she had reapplied mascara and eyeliner to make her dazzling eyes glitter all the more as they shifted from blue to green to gray and back again under the bathroom light. Her lips were a deep and flawless red, just as they had been the night before when she had so bewitched me in her gorgeous red dress. But there was no dress this time. Instead, Crystal appeared before me as a vision of unutterable loveliness in exquisite lingerie.

She was wearing some kind of basque, her breasts cupped and pushed together by purple fabric trimmed with black lace. Besides the purple panel that ran down the front of her stomach, the basque was sheer black lace, her skin showing under the material as she moved. Black lace panties clung to her hips, cupping the ass I had so recently kissed while Crystal touched herself in front of me. Sheer black stockings clung to her thighs, supported by nothing more than their grip on her beautiful legs. Black leather ankle boots with a wicked spike heel shone on her feet. As always, Crystal looked amazing. I had dated my share of attractive girls, but girls my age didn't generally have Crystal's extensive collection of clothes and toys. Nor did they have her confidence. Crystal watched me through the glass walls of the shower cubicle as she approached, clearly savoring the way my eyes traveled over her body. I couldn't help myself if I tried. I had seen her naked minutes ago, yet this lingerie of hers was somehow even more provocative. And the way she walked in her heels was enough to make a spasm of lust sweep through my body. Crystal was never less than utterly stunning. And although the constant stream of cold water had softened my cock at last, I desired her at that moment no less than any other moment since we had first met.

Crystal slid the door the shower cubicle open and reached inside. I sighed with relief as she turned the water off. For a moment, the only sound was the dripping of cold water sliding off my skin to disappear down the shower drain. Crystal kept her distance. Her eyes seemed to glow as she looked at me, her gaze traveling brazenly over my body. Despite the coldness of my skin, I felt a faint prickle of heat in my cheeks as she stared at my limp cock. It was the first time she had seen me without an erection, contrary to her rules. My stomach churned as I wondered if there was some devious punishment in store for me next.

"That's better," Crystal smiled at me. "Have you calmed yourself down now?"

"Yes, Mistress," I panted. Of course, I wanted her as badly as ever. But physically, I was in no condition to have her even if she had allowed it. At least there was no chance of an unauthorized orgasm anytime soon. Not until I warmed up a little and the blood began to flow more easily through my veins again.

"Good." Crystal's red lips bent upwards in a sly smile. She looked endlessly pleased with herself. And why not? The woman had played me like an instrument. She had been in firm control from the moment she sat down across the table from me in the restaurant. And she knew it. I was just discovering the dark thrill of these sexy games, but Crystal was clearly an expert. In her house and playing by her rules, I was very much in her territory. And nothing about her let me forget that fact for even a moment.

"I had an idea," Crystal said. I watched from inside the shower as she leaned back against the sink, supporting herself with her hands on the countertop. The key to the chain that held me anchored to the shower's grab bar was there, right next to her hand. Hope surged inside me. I wanted to be released, to towel the remnants of the cold water off myself and warm up. But that basic desire was almost lost in the more pressing desire for her. So madly in lust with her, I felt as though I could ignore every other need I had. As though I wouldn't need to eat or drink or even breathe air so long as I could be with her. As though my whole life had been leading to this.

"You seem to like my ideas, don't you?" Crystal teased.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied. Some of them, anyway, I mentally added. I hadn't enjoyed my time in the cold shower, any more than I had enjoyed being locked in her walk-in closet overnight. But that was what Crystal wanted.

"Well, you might not be quite as keen on this one," Crystal said. I watched her hand sink down her body, and it was only as her fingers grazed the smooth skin of her thigh that I noticed a bulge in the top of one stocking. There was something there, tucked under the elastic that held the stocking up, and I watched as Crystal reached inside and retrieved the item. It was a small metal device that sat in the palm of her hand, made up of narrow bars of stainless steel. Crystal held it out in front of her, but no matter how I stared at it, I had no idea what I was looking at.

"Do you know what this is?"

"No, Mistress." Crystal's smile deepened slightly.

"Well," she said, and her breasts strained against the purple fabric that contained them as she drew in a deep breath and let it out in a sigh, "I've decided that the best way to keep you in line is to make sure you can never have another orgasm again without my permission. This will help with that. You see, I want to put your cock in there." Crystal's finger showed between

the bars of the device as she slid it inside. "Then I lock the device. Once it's locked, you won't be able to get it off. And you won't be able to touch your cock. In fact, you won't even be able to get an erection. Can you imagine that?"

I said nothing. Until that point, I had thought being speechless was just a phrase. But as I stared into Crystal's shining eyes, I found myself incapable of speaking a word. Thoughts raced through my brain faster than I could examine them. Surely she couldn't be serious? But when had Crystal ever not been serious in the short time I had known her? In less than twenty-four hours, this woman had made me do things I had never even imagined, let alone thought I would find myself doing. Still, this was a big step further. Everything we had done up to that point had been part of a kinky game that I wanted to play, even when it was painful or humiliating. This new twist would be both, but it would be more than that. After all, I couldn't stay at Crystal's house forever, even if I wanted to. Sooner or later, our adventure would end, and I would return to my regular life. But with this... thing locked onto me, Crystal would maintain her control over me even when she wasn't around. And at that thought, I felt a faint surge in my cold cock. It would be the ultimate act of submission to her. The power she held over me was already incredible. But with this, it would be complete. Was I ready for that? More importantly, could I bring myself to refuse her?

"As you can imagine, this can be very... challenging for a man. Especially for a young man like you. Horny as you boys are, you get embarrassing little boners all the time, don't you? Well, this will put a stop to that. But more importantly, it will allow you to focus solely on my pleasure. Your orgasms will become mine to gift or withhold as I see fit. You'll need to work very, very hard to please me. And you'll find quite quickly that you will be willing to do absolutely anything I say. If I order you to drop to your knees in the middle of a busy street and worship my feet in front of a crowd of people, you'll do it just for the promise of an orgasm. Believe me. I've broken stronger men than you with devices like this."

"I..." My voice trailed off weakly. I didn't know what to say. Fear bloomed inside me, an icy fist squeezing my heart in my chest as I looked at Crystal and the device she held. And yet through the fog of fear and arousal, I could see the truth of what she said. Already, this woman could make me do the unthinkable. With that kind of power over me, she would

rule me completely. She would own me. And slowly, my cock began to swell again as it recovered from the cold water torture.

"It's not a decision to be taken lightly," Crystal went on, her eyes peering deep into mine as she spoke. "You know that I'm in charge here, and you need to do what I say if you want me to keep playing with you. But I want you to say it. If I put this device on you, you'll have no more say in anything. Quicker than you think, you'll find yourself begging me to do terrible things to you. The male sex drive is just that powerful. Control his cock, and you control a man. That's what I'm offering you. Total and complete servitude to me."

The tremors that shook my body had little to do with the cold anymore. The chain that held me against the grab bar of the shower rattled as Crystal stared at me from across the bathroom. I watched as she tossed her head, her black hair streaming down her back as she waited for my response.

"Last chance," she said at last. "Either I unlock you and let you go, and we never speak again. Or else you wear this cage for me. You give me your cock and become my slave forever. What do you say?"

"Yes, Mistress," I croaked, and I hardly believed the words as they came out of my mouth. It was the same as the night before. Nothing Crystal could do, no matter how outrageous it seemed, terrified me as much as the thought of her sending me away. The idea of giving her control of my physical pleasure was frightening. But it was also wildly erotic. And as a beautiful smile broke across Crystal's delighted face, I was reminded yet again of the awful truth: I never could say no to her. If she wanted me to be her slave, that's what I would be. That's what I was, from the moment I saw her across a crowded restaurant.

"Excellent," Crystal grinned. Straightening up from where she leaned on the sink, she took a step across the bathroom and reached into the shower cubicle. I groaned as she took my cock in her hand. The lingering effects of the cold water prevented me from becoming erect, but my member swelled to her touch all the same. With some difficulty, she slid the steel tube over my cock, and I grunted as she pressed it hard against me. Now, just too late, my cock was desperately trying to swell, aroused by her touch and the shocking reality of what she was doing. But Crystal was firm. A steel bar swung into position behind my scrotum, and the device clicked

as she locked it into place. Already, I could feel the tightness of the steel bars gripping my cock in a way that did nothing to alleviate the growing arousal I felt.

"Good boy," Crystal grinned. For a moment, she stood in front of me, taller than I was in her high heels. Her eyes flickered over my face as she smiled. She looked so out of place, standing in her sexy lingerie in the shower cubicle. But she looked amazing. I could only guess what wild thoughts were swirling inside her head as she looked at me.

I wasn't in the least prepared for what happened next. Crystal reached out and placed a hand on the back of my neck, pulling me towards her as she stepped in closer. My locked cock pressed against her hip, and her boobs swelled against my chest, and the breath felt as though it were being crushed out of my lungs as she pressed her red lips against mine. Her tongue invaded my mouth, and as she kissed me, I kissed her back. A dull ache spread from between my legs as my cock tried to harden. My first kiss from Crystal, after all the other things we had done. As though her lips had unleashed some strange cocktail of chemicals inside my body, I felt all manner of feelings swirling in my head. The kiss was so unexpected, it took my breath away. And while it lasted, I forgot almost everything else. I forgot I was standing in her shower, wet and naked, my cock locked into a chastity device. I forgot that she was my ex-girlfriend's mother, exacting a terrible revenge for the way I had treated her daughter. I forgot everything except the feel of her lips against mine and the warmth of her body and the impossibility of wanting anything more than this.

Finally, our kiss broke. As Crystal stepped back from me, her eyes sparkled, and a giddy smile showed on her face. She looked years younger, as though rejuvenated by my complete submission to her. The key to the chain that kept me in the shower was in her hand, and she unfastened one end from my cuffed hands. She threaded the chain through the grab bar and kept hold of the other end, the slack metal hanging between us like a leash that connected her hand to my balls. The steel cuff clicked quietly against the chastity device as I moved.

"How badly do you want to come right now, boy toy?" Crystal grinned at me.

"Badly, Mistress," I answered truthfully. "Really badly."

"Well, that's just too bad, isn't it?" Crystal giggled. "There's only one key to that device, and I've hidden it away. I don't feel like letting you come today. And tomorrow is not looking good either. But maybe you'll find a way to persuade me to be lenient." Carefully, conscious of the wet floor, Crystal stepped backward out of the shower cubicle. The chain between us grew taut, and she tugged on it lightly, making my balls and locked cock bounce. "Out you get," she said brightly. And I stepped forward, my cuffed hands held in front of me like a penitent as I emerged from the shower cubicle. Crystal had never looked more pleased with herself. Her breasts rose and fell in the lace trimmed cups of her basque, and I could see that she was excited. Reducing me to this was turning her on. And that, in turn, made my cock ache as it tried to swell in the chastity device.

"It's thinking with your cock that got you into this mess in the first place," Crystal mocked as she stood in front of me, still holding the end of the chain. "So it's probably a good thing that it's mine now. You won't be able to cheat on anyone ever again, will you?"

"No, Mistress." I had no thought in my head of other women besides Crystal. But she was right. The device would enforce monogamy on me for as long as she intended to use it. Not that that worried me unduly. If only she would let me fuck her, I would never need to so much as look at another woman.

"Orgasms are for women," Crystal taunted. "And you'll need to give me a lot of them if you want to be let out of your cage anytime soon. We can start right away. Come with me." As though I had a choice. Crystal turned away from me, facing the bathroom door. But before leaving, she bent over. I tried not to groan in lust and despair as her soft ass pressed against my caged cock. I heard the faint click of the locking mechanism as Crystal attached the cuff on the end of the chain to her ankle. Then she straightened up, raking her black hair back from her face as she turned to smile at me over her shoulder. The chain was too short to allow me to stand. I sank to the floor behind her to alleviate the painful pressure on my balls.

And without another word, Crystal set off. She walked in high heels as though she was born in them, striding purposefully across the floor. I yelped in pain at every step of her right leg as it pulled painfully on my testicles. All I could do was scurry after her as fast as I could on hands and knees, my movements further hindered by my wrists being locked together. Crystal

laughed out loud at my shrieks as she led me back into the bedroom, while I hurried along at her heel like a chastised puppy.

In the middle of her bedroom, close to the foot of her majestic bed, Crystal finally stopped. I gasped in relief as I crouched at her feet, trying to catch my breath while she stood above me. I could feel her looking down at me, studying her handiwork and what she had reduced me to. But I could hardly bring myself to look up at her. Shame burned me out from the inside. Besides, I knew that seeing her, looking so high and proud as she stood above me in her sexy lingerie, would only increase the pain of my cock trying to swell, trapped by steel bars. But Crystal had no intention of making things easy on me. I had barely regained my breath before she began to move again, stepping backward until she stood at the foot of her bed and dragging me along with her. My knees ached as I scuttled after her, kneeling at her feet as I had done so many times before.

Crystal turned. The box of toys she had used the night before was still on the mattress, and she bent over the footboard of the bed as she reached for it. Her ass was right in my face as she moved, the pale skin contrasting with the deep black lace of her panties. Retrieving what she was after, Crystal straightened up and turned to face me again. The chain locked on my scrotum jingled against the floor as she moved her feet. She was holding the dildo she had used the night before in her hands. And I watched, on fire with desire and burning with shame, as she began to pull her panties down.

The fabric slid easily over the nylon of her stockings as she dropped her underwear to her feet. Crystal's pussy was directly in front of me, the now familiar pink lips already swollen and wet with what she had accomplished. As I gazed up at her in a kind of wonder, a dream of frustrated desire, she held out the dildo toward me.

"Nothing turns me on like locking a man's cock up," Crystal growled. "Take this and make me cum. Now." I couldn't look her in the eye. Raising my cuffed hands, I took the toy from her. Crystal boosted herself up onto the bed and lay back, her legs spread as I inched forward. She sighed in pleasure as I ran the head of the dildo over her wet lips, making the rubber shine with her moisture while she purred in pleasure. A dull pain rose from between my legs as Crystal kicked out with her right leg, tugging at the chain locked to my balls.

"Get on with it," she ordered. And I did as I was told. The thick toy slid easily between the silken folds of her pussy, and Crystal moaned loudly as pleasure swelled inside her. I slid the toy in and out, in and out, using my thumb to simultaneously stroke her swollen clitoris, and Crystal moaned and thrashed on the bed above me as she took her selfish pleasure. The steel bars of the chastity device gripped my cock like a vice as I squirmed in discomfort beneath her. At once, I could see just how awful this device would be. The more turned on I got, the more it would hurt. And Crystal had already proven that she was an expert at turning me on.

Still, it didn't matter. Neither my pleasure nor my pain was relevant now. All that mattered was Crystal. And just as she wanted, I focused all my attention on her, as though nothing in my life had ever mattered as much as making my mistress cum. After all, I was her q toy. An object for her to use. And while my manhood ached in the cage to which she held the only key, I did what my mistress wanted.

His Mistress Returns

I should've seen it coming. Say what you will about Crystal, but at least she's consistent. She doesn't pretend to be anything other than what she is. Which is selfish. Utterly selfish, and utterly demanding. In the sexiest way possible. She doesn't just say what she wants; she takes it. Right from the start, that was what drew me to her. Besides her looks, of course. From the moment I first saw her in the restaurant, I could tell by the way she moved and the way she carried herself that this was a woman who knew her value.

So I shouldn't have been surprised. Crystal had made it abundantly clear that what counted in our relationship was her pleasure, not mine. I was there to serve her needs. She said it over and over again. In case the words weren't enough, the steel device locked around my cock that denied me access to my manhood was all the proof I could possibly need.

But I was surprised. At least a little. Perhaps a part of me thought she would never actually go through with what she said, that it was just some kind of strange dirty talk in the heat of the moment. The game had to stop eventually, surely?

Well, apparently not. Because once Crystal was fully satisfied, every physical need tended to by me, she simply sent me away. As simple as that. Once a few more powerful orgasms had made her body shake and shudder on the bed, and her cheeks glowed with the hot blood of the pleasure I had given her, Crystal had decided that was that. And even though I had known it was coming, even though she had been abundantly clear about my place in her life, part of me was still a little surprised at the callousness of it all. There I was, with my cock raging inside the cage she had locked onto it, the tender flesh straining against the unyielding steel bars as my member tried uselessly to become erect. I was as horny as I had ever been, driven to distraction by being made to pleasure this beautiful woman in front of me. But she was finished with me. For now. Speechless with desire and frustration, I had sat back on the floor of her bedroom while she took a moment to recover herself. Then, Crystal got up and got dressed. She had uncuffed my wrists and removed the cuffs from my hands, then told me to follow her. She led me downstairs, through the echoing emptiness of her

large house to the garage. There, I reluctantly put my clothes from the night before back on under her watchful eye, and Crystal drove me home.

"Can – can I see you again?" Even as I spoke the words, I could hear how ridiculous they sounded. Crystal smiled, amused no doubt by my unremitting desire for her. I didn't know how else to say it. This was all so new to me. My usual relationships were far more casual. Don't get me wrong; what I had with Crystal was purely about sex and nothing else. Unless you count vengeance, too, the older woman taking revenge on me for the way I had treated her daughter. But if this was revenge, I was all for it. Even as I felt the steel bars of the chastity device pressing again around my cock as I looked at Crystal in the driver's seat. As crazy as it may sound, I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay in her palatial house and continue to pleasure that incredible body of hers.

"You will," Crystal said, while a sly smile lit up her face. Her beautiful eyes didn't even look at me as she spoke, staring instead out through the windshield of her car at the empty street in front of her. "I have your number. I'll be in touch." Of course. It would all be her way, whether in the bedroom or outside of it. I ought to have known. Some people like to change it up in the bedroom, role-playing and becoming someone they're not to live out fantasies they never could in the real world. That was never Crystal's style. Crystal liked to be in control, and that desire for control extended past the kinky games she had introduced me to. Even outside of the bedroom, Crystal spoke in a way that made it clear she was not to be argued with.

And so I didn't. Opening the door of the car, I stepped out onto the sidewalk in front of my apartment. Everything felt strange. Should I have tried to kiss her? Normally I would, after a night with someone new. But Crystal was nothing like the young women I usually consorted with. Everything was different, as though I was having to learn the rules of entirely new games that bore only the most superficial resemblance to the ones I had been playing up to that point. I felt almost dazed as I stepped out of her car and swung the door shut. Crystal didn't even say goodbye. By the time I made it to the door of my apartment building, her car was already pulling out into the street and driving away. I felt, I realized, exactly the way she wanted me to feel. Used. Disposable. As though my feelings didn't matter at all. And with a faint prickle of shame that was becoming ever more familiar to me, I realized that it was exactly the way I must've made

Gemma feel when I cheated on her. As though she didn't matter at all. As though she were an object for my pleasure, to be discarded when I found someone else that better suited my needs.

You might say that Crystal had made her point. And if the story had ended there, maybe I might have learned a valuable lesson about treating people with respect. But even if that had been Crystal's intention initially, I got the distinct sense that events had slid out of even her control. Had she meant to go as far with me as she had that night and the morning that followed? There was no way for me to know. But for all her cool control, I got the sense that Crystal might have gone further with me than she had meant to. Her intention may have been to avenge her daughter's humiliation and teach me the error of my ways, but she had done far more than that. And for all the confusion and doubt that I was feeling as I climbed the stairs towards my apartment, I felt a slow smile spreading across my face. Crystal fetishized being in control, but perhaps she wasn't quite as in control of her desires as she would like me to think.

My apartment was empty as I entered it. Returning to the familiar surroundings of my home felt almost like stepping onto a different planet. I had the strange feeling that I had returned from a long and arduous voyage, though I had only been away for a single night. So much had happened in the last 16 hours. Enough to make the world feel very different to me. But as I shut the apartment door behind me, a great weariness overcame me. My night had been anything but restful, and Crystal had made things easy for me from the moment she woke up. Stumbling toward my bedroom, I flung myself down on the mattress. My cock ached inside its steel prison. The memories of the night before and the morning that followed haunted me, parading through my brain in an unbroken succession of outrageously sexy images. But there was nothing I could do. I pulled down my pants and examined the chastity device Crystal had locked on me for the first time. The steel band that looped around the back of my scrotum made it impossible to remove. The lock held firm. The steel it was made of was clearly high-quality, the thin bars completely unyielding and totally inescapable. Crystal never denied herself the best of everything. As hard as it was to believe, as desperately as I wanted to masturbate and relieve myself of the relentless sexual frustration she had implanted in me, I couldn't. That much was clear.

And so, overcome with tiredness and dull disbelief at what had happened, I lay back on my bed and closed my eyes. In a matter of seconds, I was asleep.

Crystal couldn't know everything. Even if at times it might seem like she did. She liked to cultivate an aura of unflappable calm, as though nothing could surprise her. As though she could see into the future. But she didn't know me. She had met me for one night. Besides that, all she had to go on was whatever Gemma might've told her about me, and I doubted that was very much.

So my new mistress couldn't know how I felt in the days that followed our night together. She couldn't know about the sleepless nights I spent thinking of her. She couldn't know how I went back and forth in my mind, alternately berating myself for being so easily controlled and reminding myself that this might be the best thing that ever happened to me. She couldn't know about the strange mixture of shame and excitement I felt whenever I remembered what she had done to me. And with my cock locked in inescapable chastity, I had no choice but to think about it a lot. Every time I went to the bathroom. Every time I woke up in the morning to feel that steel embrace around my sensitive flesh. Every time the cruel cage pinched my skin as I moved. Every time my cock tried to harden. Which, at my age and with all that I was dealing with, was a lot.

In fact, it was torture. It wasn't just Crystal and the memory of the things we had done together, although that was undoubtedly the chief culprit. It was everything. Every mildly pretty girl I saw on the street. Every sway of a skirt or curve of the female body. There was no escape at home, either. You don't truly realize how attractive virtually every woman on TV is until you get a painful reminder of how many times during the day you become aroused. As the days went by, I felt myself sinking into a dull fog of pain and frustration. And the arousal only grew. Crystal's punishment, I realized, was the kind that fed on itself. The longer I went without an orgasm, the more easily I became aroused. The more I became aroused, the greater the pain the chastity device gave me. And with every throb of my caged cock, I was reminded once again what Crystal had done to me. I was reminded just how badly I needed her.

There was no way to get the cage off. I learned that quite quickly. Not without doing myself some permanent damage. I supposed that if I wanted

to, I could have a professional pick the lock. But how could I bring myself to do that? The shame would be unbearable. Still, as the days went by with no call from Crystal, I started to weigh up my options. What if she never called again? What if this was her real and true revenge, far more humiliating and painful than anything she had done to me at her house? What if this had been her plan all along? Crystal had taken my phone number, but I had not missed the fact that she hadn't given me hers. I could reach out to her on social media, I supposed. After all, that was how we had gotten in touch in the first place to arrange our meeting. And I won't lie. I couldn't tell you how many times my hands hovered above the keyboard, ready to do just that. And yet something always stopped me. Maybe a misguided sense of pride. Maybe intuition that Crystal might not appreciate my meddling. Everything had to happen in her way and at her pace. I had learned that much very quickly. Intuition told me that my mistress would not appreciate me bothering her with my needs. After all, she had made it abundantly clear how little those mattered. And Crystal hadn't been lying when she spoke of the power the chastity device would give her. As the holder of the key to my cock, she had a terrifying level of control over me. Nothing was more frightening to me than the idea that I might say or do something that would annoy her and make her less likely to free me.

And so I waited. Somehow, I managed to muster the self-control not to message her and beg for mercy. When I say that it was three days before she called, that hardly does justice to how it felt for me. For me, it felt closer to three years. Long, dry, arid years in which everything was drenched with frustrated sexual desire. I could barely sleep. My work suffered. All day long, all I thought about was Crystal, and the endless beauty of her gorgeous body. I could feel an obsession growing inside me, day by day and hour by hour. And that part, I have no doubt, Crystal did intend.

So when I got a call on my cell phone from a private number, a faint spasm gripped my heart. It was the middle of the work week, a bright but blustery Wednesday with clouds of dust swirling across the construction site. All around me, the usual sounds of my workplace rose up to the clear sky above. Power tools whirring. A truck's engine growling as it slowly reversed. The voices of my coworkers yelling to one another across the open site. I pressed the phone to my ear and stuck a finger in my other to hear more clearly as I answered.

“Hello?”

"Hello, boy toy." The breath caught in my chest at the sound of Crystal's voice. She practically purred her words down the phone, as though her throat was dripping with honey. Just that, just the sound of her voice on the phone, made me wince with pain as my cock tried once again to harden inside the chastity device. And yet a strange relief rose inside my chest. She had called me at last. I knew what it might mean. Pain. Humiliation. Submission. But above all else, it meant I might finally have a chance to earn an orgasm from her. And a dull ache spread through my stomach as my cock pressed relentlessly against the insides of the chastity device.

"Uh... hi," I said. There was a pause.

"Hi, what?" Fear gripped me. I knew what Crystal wanted to hear. But I was on a construction site, surrounded by my coworkers. The thought of discovery terrified me. Nothing was scarier to me than the idea that this newly discovered kink of mine might be found out. Desperately, I hurried across the site, leaping over walkways and pits as I stumbled into the portable toilet close to the fence and swung the plastic door shut behind me.

"Hi, Mistress," I breathed. Crystal's laughter echoed in my ear as I winced in pain and shame. Even there, in the appalling chemical reek of the toilet, my cock raged inside its inescapable cage. Crystal didn't even need to be anywhere near me to humiliate and disgrace me. All she needed was a phone. And the confirmation of that fact was clearly endlessly amusing to my beautiful mistress as she giggled like a schoolgirl at my instant capitulation.

"That's better," she said. "You know you need to address me with the proper respect, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I panted. "I'm sorry. I just – I'm at work, and –"

"I don't care where you are," Crystal cut me off. "Have you been thinking about me?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said truthfully. Crystal laughed again.

"I bet you have," Crystal said. "I bet you've been thinking about all the naughty things I made you do, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And has your little cock been trying to get hard when you think about me?"

"Yes, Mistress." Crystal shrieked with laughter at my response. As though it was ever in any doubt. I had no choice with her, and the pain in my cock was an unnecessary reminder of that fact. She knew the power she held. I hadn't missed the fact that she had mentioned using a device like this on other men in the past. You could accuse Crystal of many things, but being naïve wasn't one of them. She knew exactly what she was doing to me. But she liked hearing it from my mouth. And as she laughed, I detected a certain looseness in her sounds of joy. A loudness to her voice that I didn't remember being there before. A tiny crack in Crystal's façade of total calm. The thought that she might be excited to talk to me was almost enough to take my breath away.

"Good," said. "Although it's not your cock anymore, is it? Tell me who owns that thing between your legs, boy toy." I gulped. With the noise of the site outside, I was confident no one would hear me unless they decided for some reason to press their ear against the flimsy plastic door that hid me. Still, that didn't make it easy to say the words Crystal wanted to hear. And the fact that it was true only made things harder.

"You do, Mistress," I said at last, with all the humility I could muster. "You own my cock." I winced again in the foul air of the toilet as though she had struck me a blow while her laughter echoed in my ear. It was as simple as that. As simple as calling me up in the middle of the day and reducing me in a few words to a submissive slave. Crystal was good at what she did. The age difference between us was never more apparent than in how easily she took control of me.

"That's right," Crystal chuckled. "I do own that cock. And when I'm not using it, it stays locked away. I don't like other people touching my things without my permission." I closed my eyes and tried to suppress the shudder of desire that swelled through me. Hearing her talk this way was a kind of ecstatic torture that only made my predicament worse. And yet I longed for it, happy to hear her voice like a dog whose owner has returned. Embarrassing, the way she toyed with my emotions. But Crystal had warned me that this would happen. And even in the depths of despair, I couldn't bring myself to regret my decision to go along with her crazy game. At least, not for long.

"I'm bored today," Crystal went on. "What time do you finish work?"

"Three o'clock," I said. Hope was rising inside me at the thought of what was coming.

"Good," Crystal said. "I want you to come to my place when you're finished work. Take a taxi. You know the address?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. It was all I could do not to pant with eagerness at the invitation. I wasn't so foolish as to think that an invitation to Crystal's house necessarily meant she would release me. But it was a vital first step. I couldn't control the excitement rising within me any more than I could control my cock as it pressed relentlessly against the bars of the chastity device in anticipation. "I'll go home, shower, change, and come right over."

"No, don't do that," Crystal said. "I want you to come straight from work."

"Okay," I said uncertainly. It was never wise to argue with my mistress. But I doubted she wanted me showing up at her immaculate home covered in the filth of a construction site. Still, I didn't question her.

"You work in construction, don't you? Where are you working right now?"

"Downtown," I said.

"Then I will expect you at my house no later than 3:30. You remember the rules, don't you, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress." I didn't need my memory refreshed. Every detail of the night we had met was burned onto my brain indelibly. Every word Crystal had said had been replayed in my mind in the days that followed, sifted and scanned for meaning. Of course I remembered the rules she had imposed on me.

"Then I will see you at 3:30." Crystal didn't even say goodbye. The phone simply went dead in my hand. The implication was more than clear. I was her property, her boy toy, as she put it. Basic courtesy was something I had no right to expect from her. Crystal didn't miss the faintest detail when it came to putting me in my place.

Slipping my phone back into my pocket, I tried to compose myself before stepping out from the toilet and returning to work. The next few hours, until I was in her presence, would feel like forever, I knew. And while I worked, trying to stay busy in a futile effort to distract myself, my cock throbbed relentlessly inside Crystal's cage.

At precisely 3 PM, I downed tools and signed myself off-site. An advantage of working downtown was that I had no trouble hailing a cab. But the car crawled slowly through the maze of traffic and one-way streets in the city's core, and I could feel my anxiety growing with each passing minute. Crystal's house lay out in the leafy suburbs where the rich folk live, and I was terrified of being late. Finally, the taxi emerged from the downtown traffic like a cork pulled from a wine bottle and began to pick up speed as I made my way across the city. It pulled up on the curb in front of Crystal's house just in time. I fished some money from my pocket and handed it over to the driver, not even caring that I overtipped. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered, except the faint hope of physical release that Crystal had offered.

It was all I could do not to run up the broad driveway that led to Crystal's house. The garage door was open. In a flash, I realized what my mistress wanted. Stepping into the garage, I pressed the button on the wall that brought the overhead door down to the ground. Shielded from prying eyes, I quickly stripped off my clothes, leaving them in a dusty pile on the floor of the garage. Crystal did not permit me to wear clothes inside her house, and I suspected that would go double for my dirty work clothes. I wished she had allowed me time to shower as I made my way up the few steps that led to the door to the rest of the house. But Crystal wanted what she wanted. Drawing a deep breath, I turned the door handle and stepped into Crystal's house.

"Is that my boy toy?" Crystal's voice echoed through the large space of the house. It seemed to be coming from the kitchen. My heart pounded steadily in my chest, the blood roaring like a jet taking off in my ears as I followed the sound deeper into my mistress's house. There was no way of knowing what she had in store for me. Crystal had already demonstrated that her imagination was as far beyond mine as her experience was. But whatever it was, I was ready to face it for the hope of an orgasm. My cock ached reliably inside the cage. The only way out was through Crystal's mercy.

And so, as I stepped around the corner into the house's well-equipped kitchen, my anticipation was sky high. But what I saw in front of me made my heart freeze in panic.

Crystal was waiting for me. Her dazzling eyes glowed over the rim of a wine glass she held to her lips, paused in the act of taking a sip. That explained the way she had sounded on the phone. It was early in the day, but she had clearly been drinking. She sat on a tall stool in front of the marble-topped island of her kitchen, a variety of plates of food laid out in front of her. Somehow, she looked even more stunning than I remembered. She wore a simple black dress with a print of red flowers on it, the thin fabric clinging to every curve of her body as she sat on her stool with her legs crossed. She was gorgeous. The constant ache in my caged cock got instantly worse at the sight of her, and I wondered if she knew why I winced in pain when I laid eyes on her. Something told me that she did.

But that wasn't the only thing that made me wince. Crystal wasn't alone.

Beside her sat a woman I had never seen before. I guessed her to be around Crystal's age, which would make her a good twenty years older than I was. Red hair cascaded in gentle waves over her shoulders. She wore a gray sleeveless dress, holding a wineglass just as Crystal was. Thick dark lashes framed sparkling brown eyes that widened at the sight of me. A gold watch glittered on her wrist, matching the rings on her fingers. She looked exactly like what Crystal was, a well-preserved and wealthy older woman with time on her hands. She didn't have Crystal's breathtaking beauty, but she was still an attractive woman. And in my hyperaroused state, every kind of feminine beauty was exaggerated.

But the arousal I felt was nothing compared to the shame that flowed through me. I had had no idea that Crystal intended to expose me like this. Yet there I was, standing in her kitchen, naked apart from the steel cage locked on to my cock. And as I stood as though rooted to the spot with shock, the unknown woman's eyes drifted down my body, and her white teeth showed in a scandalized smile as she saw my imprisoned manhood.

“Oh my God, Crystal,” she said, her eyes never leaving my body as she spoke. “You weren’t kidding, were you?”

Mistress's Friend

Crystal never made it easy. Not once. She kept changing gears faster than I could keep up, ramping up the kinkiness and the humiliation so that I never knew what was coming next. Anytime I thought I was starting to get to grips with what was going on between us, she would take it to another level. Remember that I had only known this woman for less than a week. I never met Crystal while I was dating her daughter Gemma. It was only after we had split up that Crystal got in contact with me. And in that short space of time, she had made me do the most unspeakable things. She had bent me to her desires as though I had no will of my own, as though I was hers to do with as she pleased. I was. I may never know exactly how Crystal realized that so quickly. She had a lot more experience than me, of course. But how did she know I would go along with her crazy games? The truth is, she didn't. I didn't know it at the time, and only learned much later, that Crystal had been around enough to know what she wanted, from her life and from the men she welcomed into it. She was no longer interested in settling for second best. If I hadn't bent to her will so readily, if I hadn't gotten on my knees under the table in that restaurant and eaten her pussy at her command, that would've been the end of it. I would never have seen her again. And Crystal would've moved on to some other man, someone more ready to submit to her outrageous demands.

But I had. I had done what Crystal said, almost from the moment we met. And because of that, she felt encouraged to keep pushing my boundaries. Crystal wanted more than merely a submissive man. She wanted a man that she could mold to fit her desires exactly. She wanted a man who was inexperienced in these games, yet ready to acquiesce to her wishes. She wanted a younger man she could train to be her boy toy. It might've been anyone. But instead, it was me.

Still, this was unexpected. Before the weekend, I had never so much as worn handcuffs. And now I was standing naked in the kitchen of a woman who made me call her Mistress, who had locked away my cock in an inescapable chastity device. And it wasn't just Crystal's beautiful eyes that were witnessing my ongoing shame. A complete stranger was staring at me in disbelief, a broad smile spreading across her scandalized face as she looked at me. I could hardly bring myself to meet her eyes. And part of me wanted to run. My muscles twitched, my body ready to dash for the door

and try to hide my shame. But I didn't. After all, Crystal and her friend had already seen me. Running away wasn't going to wash away the shame of exposure. Maybe that was what I told myself, but it wasn't the truth. Not the whole truth. What kept me there was the faint hope that Crystal forever dangled in front of me, the desperate desire for an orgasm I had been feeling since the morning she locked her cage around my cock. The one and only way to get what I wanted was to do as Crystal said.

And so, while the two women stared at me, one in disbelief, the other with a kind of smug satisfaction, I simply stood there. My skin flushed with shame, red waves of it rising all the way from my toes to the roots of my hair as I blushed before them. But I didn't leave. I couldn't. As long as Crystal held the key to my chastity device, I would have to do what she said. And the knowledge of that, my total helplessness in the face of this fresh humiliation, made my cock ache all the more as it tried yet again to swell inside the steel device. There was no way to pretend otherwise: being humiliated like this was turning me on. And Crystal had been counting on that fact.

"I told you," said Crystal, her eyes flickering briefly toward her friend before returning to me. "I picked up a new toy on the weekend. What do you think?"

There was a pause before her friend replied. The other woman's mouth was open, revealing the dark cavern behind her flawless white teeth. What had Crystal told her? The woman was clearly shocked. But then, who wouldn't be? The story of what had happened to me at Crystal's hands over the weekend was barely believable. If I hadn't been there myself, I might not have believed it either. But there was no denying the truth of it now. I was the living proof, standing in front of the two of them naked except for my caged cock.

"Where did you find him?" Crystal's friend might be surprised, but I noticed that she wasn't exactly appalled. In fact, she couldn't keep the smile from her face. Under her painted eyelids, her brown eyes glittered. She could barely keep her eyes off me. And I clenched my hands at my sides, resisting the urge to try to cover myself. Crystal would never allow it. Besides, there was nothing left to hide. This stranger had seen everything.

"Funny story," Crystal smirked. She let the words hang in the air for a moment while she took another sip of wine. Always completely in control,

letting us both hang on her every word. "He used to date my Gemma."

"He did not!" Finally tearing her gaze away from me, Crystal's friend turned with an expression of shock on her face toward my mistress. Crystal nodded as she took another sip of wine, as though there was nothing more ordinary in the world. As though the relationship between us, whatever it was, was as natural as the sunrise.

"He did," Crystal confirmed. "And then he cheated on her. And I decided that dirty little cheaters who can't be trusted need to be taught a lesson. So now I've locked his cock away. He doesn't get to use it at all anymore without my permission."

"Oh my God," the other woman gasped, covering her open mouth with both hands for a moment as she turned back to me. Her eyes dropped again to the device locked around my cock. Completely humiliated, I stared at the floor. But at the sound of Crystal's stool being pushed back from the kitchen island, I raised my head again. Crystal was walking toward me, her movements as slow and controlled and deliberate as ever. She was wearing a pair of black patent leather pumps that made her sway with every step she took, the hem of her light dress brushing against her mid-thigh as she walked. She was so beautiful it all but took my breath away. It was almost enough to make me forget the pure insanity of the situation I found myself in, the deep humiliation I was enduring in front of this stranger. Almost.

"I recommend it highly," Crystal said as she drew level with me. Her high heels echoed on the floor as she circled slowly around me. I felt like some cornered prey animal about to be devoured as she circled me. "You know how men are. They only ever think with their cocks. So control the cock, and you control the man. It's really that simple." I gasped as Crystal stood beside me, facing her friend, and seized my caged cock in her hand. The cruel steel bars made it all but impossible to feel her touch, yet it excited me anyway. Just her physical presence, so close to me, the smell of her perfume wafting over me as I trembled at her side.

"And he agrees to this?" Crystal's friend sounded incredulous.

"Of course," Crystal smirked. "Deep down, men know that we're superior to them. Secretly, they want to do as they're told. My boy toy knows his place now. Don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned. A shriek of laughter from the watching woman pierced my heart as I spoke.

"Really, I'm doing him a favor," Crystal went on. "It's tough for these poor boys to run their own lives. They don't have the mental capacity for it. By taking away his ability to make decisions, I've made things nice and simple for him. All he has to do is obey my orders, and maybe one day I'll let him cum. But only if he does exactly what I say." I groaned as Crystal's fingers massaged my balls. The women laughed together, the joyful sound filling the echoing space of the kitchen as they savored my humiliation. And there was a wildness in that laughter that I could detect, fueled by the wine they had drunk, and fueled by more than that. Fueled by power. Fueled by knowing that what Crystal said was true, and that I was completely in their control. Just like Crystal always said, I was a toy to be used for her amusement. And now apparently, that included the amusement of her friend.

"This is Morgan," Crystal said, turning to me for a moment. "She's a very good friend of mine. And I expect you to treat her with the same respect as you treat me. The same respect you should show all women. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. I didn't need to look over at Morgan to know that her eyes were shining with glee as she stared at me.

"You see?" Crystal grinned at Morgan. "He only met me on Saturday, and already he worships the ground I walk on. Don't you, boy toy?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Then show her. Show Morgan that you know your place in my house. Get down on your knees and kiss my feet." Morgan shrieked with laughter again, clapping her hands together joyfully as she watched from the kitchen island. My cheeks burned. But Crystal never joked. I could feel the tension in the air as she stared at me, knowing that the consequences for showing her up in front of her friend would be dire. My mistress might never forgive a social embarrassment like that. And the ache in my imprisoned cock was nothing compared to what she might do to me if I failed her now. So while a gale of female laughter swelled around me, I sank to my knees. Placing my hands on the cool floor, I lowered my face to Crystal's feet. The leather of her shoes was as warm as her skin as I kissed her feet, over and over, from her toe to her ankle, first one foot, then the other. I heard Morgan move, rising up from her stool to get a better view of my disgrace. And I went on kissing Crystal's feet until she told me to stop, my cock aching desperately

in the confines of the chastity device as I degraded myself in front of the two women.

"Good," Crystal said at last when she was finally happy with my submissive adoration. "Stand up." Wordlessly, I rose back up to my feet. Morgan was standing now, one hand resting on the kitchen island as she watched Crystal and me. Slowly, Crystal began to circle around me again. I sighed as I felt her fingertips on my skin, sliding over my shoulders. Standing behind me, Crystal suddenly wrapped an arm around my neck and pulled me back against her. Her slender body was much smaller than mine, and we both knew that I was physically stronger. But what did that matter when she had my cock under lock and key? If I ever could have resisted her, the time to do so was long ago, long before things went this far. The feel of her body pressed against my back drove hot nails of desire into my spine as Crystal spoke.

"You stink," she said, drawing another burst of laughter from Morgan as she sniffed theatrically. "Have you been working hard on the construction site all day long?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. Raising my eyes from the floor, I saw Morgan staring directly at me. One painted finger sat at the corner of her pink lips, her mouth slightly open as she gazed at me. And Crystal's hand made its slow way down from my shoulder over my body, sliding over my chest, feeling the ridges of my abdominal muscles as it crept ever southward.

"Tell Morgan how old you are," Crystal's voice echoed in my ear.

"Twenty two, Mistress," I said. The title was addressed to Crystal. But I saw the quick intake of breath Morgan made as I spoke. The glow in her eyes alternately terrified and excited me. It reminded me of the way Crystal sometimes looked at me.

"Twenty two? My God," Morgan breathed.

"Well, our husbands do it all the time," Crystal said. I could hear the smile in her voice she spoke. "Why shouldn't we have some eye candy for ourselves? Who needs a saggy beer gut and a cock that only gets half hard you can have a boy toy like this?" Crystal's hand lay on my stomach, feeling my breath going in and out as I stood between her and Morgan. "There's so much we can have him do," Crystal said, in a voice that raised the hairs on the back of my neck. "But first things first. You need a shower."

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned. I remembered all too well what had happened to me last time Morgan had me in her shower. But there was no point in arguing. As overmatched as I always was by Crystal's presence, I had even less chance of resisting the two of them.

"Can you give me a hand, Morgan?" Crystal asked. I watched Morgan smile as she set her wine glass down on the kitchen island.

"Sure," she giggled.

"Come on then," Crystal said as she unwrapped her body from mine and stood beside me. I felt her take my hand in hers, and the gesture seemed oddly affectionate, given its context. Morgan stepped toward the two of us. There was a momentary pause, and I shrank inwardly under the bright gaze of her brown eyes as she stared at me again. Then she reached out, this total stranger, and took hold of my other hand.

"Let's go upstairs," Crystal said. And the two women led me forward, each holding one of my hands in theirs as I stumbled behind them in a kind of daze. The two of them were so elegant, so beautiful, so in control. Along with her gray dress, Morgan wore a pair of brown leather boots that clung to her calves, and the way her body moved in her dress as she climbed the stairs ahead of me was almost enough to make me cry out at the pain from my trapped cock. Whenever I could bear to look away from Crystal, anyway. My raven-haired mistress led me up the stairs, walking in her tall heels as though born in them, and just the faint whispering of the material of her dress against her skin was almost enough to drive me to distraction.

The two women led me through Crystal's bedroom to the same en suite bathroom we had used on Sunday. Standing me in front of the shower, they released their hold on my hands.

"Wait here," Crystal said with a smile. "I need to get something." Her high heels rapped rapidly on the bathroom floor as she headed back into her bedroom. I knew where she was going. The walk-in closet that had been my overnight prison, where she kept all of her toys. While we waited, Morgan leaned back against the bathroom sink, her hands on the countertop behind her. I couldn't stop myself from noticing the way her round breasts rose and fell under the gray fabric of her dress as she breathed.

"When Crystal told me about you, I didn't really believe it," Morgan said at last. "Is it true you used to date Gemma?"

“Yes, I said uneasily. Crystal insisted that I address her as Mistress, but I had received no such order regarding Morgan. Still, the silence hung heavily after my word. Was I supposed to obey Morgan too?

"And now your Crystal's slave?"

I shrugged in silence. These things are difficult to talk about even with someone you know. It wasn't something I wanted to get into with a stranger, even if I had somehow known what to say. But the relationship between Crystal and me was barely any clearer to me than it must be to Morgan. I didn't think of myself as a slave, even while the word sent another bright bolt of arousal racing along my spine. But I could hardly claim to be her boyfriend, either. What label do you put on something like this?

"Does it hurt? Having your... thingie all locked up like that?" I would have welcomed Morgan's change of subject if she had chosen to speak of something else. But as though it knew it was being discussed, my cock again attempted to swell in the cage as Morgan stared at it.

“Yeah, it does,” I admitted.

"So why do you let her do it?" Morgan's brow furrowed quizzically as she asked the question. My eyes darted around the bathroom, as though I might find some answer there among the smooth tiles and shining fixtures. How could I possibly explain it to her? How could I admit to this complete stranger that bowing to Crystal's will made me feel more alive than anything else in my experience? How could I hope to convey what it did to me when Crystal took control like this? I could barely even explain it to myself. But Crystal had told me to respect her friend. And Morgan was waiting for an answer.

"I... It turns me on, I guess," I mumbled, staring at the glossy shine of Morgan's brown boots as I spoke. "I don't know. It's hard to explain."

"What's hard to explain?" Crystal swept back into the bathroom like the wind, her footsteps accompanied by the metallic clinking of the objects she held in her hands.

"Your... boy toy here was trying to explain why he lets you keep him locked up like this," Morgan smiled. I could feel her eyes on me again as she crossed her arms under her breasts, leaning back against the sink as though savoring my discomfort.

"Oh, that's easy," Crystal said as she stepped towards me. "I don't give him any other choice. He either does exactly as I say, or I get rid of him and find someone else who knows how to follow orders. Besides, now that he is all locked up, he knows he'll never get to cum again unless he pleases me." While Morgan laughed loudly, Crystal slid aside the door of the shower cubicle and pushed me inside. I didn't try to resist as she looped the long handcuffs I had worn on the weekend around the same grab bar she had shackled me to then. Resigned to my fate, I let her fasten the cuffs around my wrists, imprisoning me in the shower. Crystal stepped back out of the cubicle before turning the water on. I gasped at the sudden cold, but to my relief, the water soon turned warm. I blinked rapidly under the streaming liquid, trying to keep my eyes on the two women that stood just outside the cubicle.

As though there was nothing more normal in the world, Crystal reached for the hem of her dress and pulled it up over her head in one smooth motion. Morgan gasped in shock as she watched her friend disrobe, kicking off her high heels and unfastening her bra before tossing it to the bathroom floor. Crystal's full breasts were considerably larger than Morgan's, and yet they rode high on her chest, defying gravity as the swollen pink nipples puckered in the open air.

"What?" Crystal shrugged as Morgan stared at her open-mouthed. "I'm going to give him a shower. You're welcome to join us if you like." Morgan laughed, more in surprise than in genuine amusement, but Crystal seemed not to hear. Hooking her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, she pulled them quickly down and stepped out of them. Naked now, Crystal stepped into the shower cubicle with me. The pain in my trapped cock was incredible as she squeezed soap onto a sponge. On the weekend, I had been forced to bathe her, and it was utter torture to caress every curve of her body without being granted the release I sought. Now, clearly, she intended to return the favor. And Crystal smiled as she ran the foamy sponge over my chest, the cascading water slicking her black hair back over her shoulders as she began to wash me.

I was panting for air. The steel cage locked on my cock twitched with every throb of my imprisoned member. The long chain of the handcuffs that held me rattled against the bar attached to the wall as I tried to reach out and touch my mistress's gorgeous body. But it was no use. Crystal stayed maddeningly out of reach, like a mirage that taunts a man dying of thirst in

some endless desert. And all the while, the sponge kept moving, over my chest, my stomach, my legs, slowly and steadily making its way towards the stainless steel of the chastity device. I closed my eyes, struggling to breathe as I considered what it would feel like to be free in that moment. Not even free; my hands could stay cuffed for all I cared, so long as she would unlock my cock. But she didn't. Soapy water flowed through the bars of the cage, washing my manhood yet denying me the pleasure that should have accompanied the sensation.

And there was worse to come.

Absorbed as I was in what Crystal was doing, I didn't immediately notice that Morgan had begun to remove her clothes. Only as she shimmied her way out of her gray dress and began to unzip her tall boots did I realize what was happening. I groaned out loud, and Crystal chuckled as she looked back over her shoulder to see her friend undressing. Once she was as naked as Crystal was, Morgan slid open the door of the shower and stepped inside. The three of us stood naked under the cascading water, and my eyes darted from one woman to another and back again. Even Crystal's oversized shower was cramped with the three of us in there, and every movement of the two women caused some piece of soft flesh to rub against me in a way that made my nerves jangle. Morgan's skin glistened under the water just as Crystal's did, and her nipples were as hard and swollen as her friend's. Smiling, Crystal handed Morgan the sponge, and Morgan began to wash me, her movements more tentative than Crystal's had been but her excitement just as apparent. Crystal ran her fingers through her hair, turning her back to me as she began to wash herself, too. When Morgan started to scrub her back, I couldn't take it any longer.

"Please, Mistress," I sobbed with irresistible desire. "Please let me cum, please! I'll do anything you say!" There was a terrible silence as two sets of beautiful female eyes turned on me. Morgan and Crystal stood still for a moment under the falling water, both staring at me as though unable to believe what they had heard. Then, as though reacting to some hidden cue only they could hear, the two of them dissolved in laughter. Laughing at me. I groaned as my cock ached inside the gleaming steel cage. One cruel mistress had been more than I could handle. How could I possibly survive two?

"Silly boy," Crystal said as she stepped closer to me. I sighed as she took my caged cock in her hand again, tugging gently but firmly on the cage until my balls ached. "You know that orgasms are for girls. You're not even close to earning that privilege yet." Morgan's bright laughter bounced back from the glass walls of the shower as she listened.

"But I called you over here so you could entertain me and my friend," Crystal continued. "Maybe if you do a really good job of serving us both and keeping us happy, we might let you have your little orgasm. Or maybe not. It's not up to you, is it?"

"No, Mistress," I gasped between trembling lips.

"That's right," Crystal said. Her beautiful eyes were even more striking with her hair slicked back from her face by the running water. They moved over my face as she studied my expression, her tongue showing momentarily just inside her lower lip as though she could taste my anguish like the finest wine. "It's up to me," she said. "But with Morgan here, you're going to have to work even harder to keep us happy. Because it's no longer just me that you need to impress."

I groaned loudly, a mixture of desire and despair that was all but torn from my body as Crystal continued to toy with my caged manhood. Both women laughed again, delighted with what they had reduced me to. Crystal, of course, was all too aware of the power her beauty gave her over me. But Morgan's face shone with the delight of someone who's discovered something entirely new. And that almost worried me more than Crystal's level calm.

Still, what choice did I have? Crystal was right. Fear and lust went to war inside my heart as I recognized that now, I had two mistresses to please.

A New Game

Morgan and Crystal took their time. I had noticed before the way that Crystal never seemed to be in a hurry, her movements always purposeful and unhurried as though to emphasize the fact that she was in no rush. Drawing attention to the power imbalance between us. And Morgan was taking her cues from her friend. The two women were all smiles, giggling like young girls as they touched one another in front of me. Judging by the way they were reacting, I suspected that neither of them had ever done anything quite like this before. I couldn't decide if that made watching them more erotic or not. Either way, desire growled inside me like a caged animal as I watched, the shower cubicle in which I was a prisoner ringing with female laughter and shining with the reflection of water on soft desirable bodies. Of course it was torture; it was supposed to be. Locked in the steel chastity device to which Crystal held the only key, my cock ached painfully as it tried to harden. There was no relief. Even if my hands had not been cuffed to the grab bar anchored to the wall of the shower, anything I might've done would only have increased the torment. I couldn't cum, the thing I most wanted to do at that particular place and time. Crystal had made sure of that. And she and Morgan were enjoying the feeling of total freedom, frolicking naked in the knowledge that there was nothing I could do about it.

Not that they hesitated to involve me in their fun. The two of them washed one another, and they washed me too, rubbing lather into my skin again and again, making sure to touch every part of my body. I had never been so clean, and rarely felt so dirty. Both women were older than me by a good 20 years, and yet you would think that they were giddy girls, the way they were carrying on. New experiences can keep anyone young, I guess.

Crystal's supply of hot water seemed limitless, unlike the meager allowance in my own apartment. But eventually, even the longest shower of my life had to come to an end. I might almost have been relieved if it hadn't been such a maddeningly delightful experience in its way. Besides, I knew that more was coming. Crystal hadn't called me over here after work just so she and her friend could wash me. I knew her well enough already to know that she had other ideas in mind.

After a final rinse, Crystal turned the handle to cut off the water. Sliding aside the glass door of the shower cubicle, she stepped out into the bathroom and reached for a fluffy towel on the rack. I watched as Morgan followed, casting a sly smile in my direction as she reached for the towel Crystal offered her. Her copper-colored hair was plastered to her neck and shoulders, the slick tendrils clinging wetly to her damp skin. The shower had removed most of her makeup, but her brown eyes still shone with mischief as she dried herself off. She was a very attractive woman in her own right. If I'd seen her on the street or in some bar somewhere, I most definitely would have noticed Morgan. But in Crystal's company, she was easier to overlook. My mistress was truly beautiful, in a way most women aspire to be but that very few ever attain. Morgan looked great for her age, but Crystal looked fantastic for any age. If she had ever let me sleep with her, Crystal would most definitely have been the most beautiful woman I had ever slept with. And that included her daughter Gemma.

Still smiling at one another, as though not quite believing what had happened between them, the two women dried themselves off. I noticed that Morgan wrapped herself in her towel, some trace elements of shyness still lingering within her and making her unwilling to stand naked in front of a man she had just met. Crystal, of course, had no such qualms. The fact that her friend was in the bathroom with her seemed to mean nothing to her as she set aside her own towel and stepped back through the open door of the shower cubicle. She unfastened the long cuffs that held me chained to the bar inside the shower, letting the cuffs trail from one of my wrists as she led me out into the bathroom. Morgan watched every moment of my humiliation as though she was trying to memorize it. And predictably, being watched so closely only ensured that my cock throbbed all the more urgently inside the chastity device I wore.

Like a trained animal, I followed Crystal out of the shower. Morgan's gleaming eyes stayed on me as Crystal led me past her and through the bathroom door into the bedroom. Unfastening the cuff that still hung from one of my wrists, she carelessly tossed the handcuffs onto the bed behind her. I heard the floorboards creak as Morgan followed us into the bedroom, still wrapped in her towel and watching from the bathroom doorway.

"I could use a drink after that," Morgan said, her gorgeous multifaceted eyes sparkling as she stared at me. "How about you, Morgan?"

"Sure," Morgan said, shrugging her slender shoulders above the towel wrapped around her body.

"Go get us both some more wine," Crystal said to me. "And bring up some of the snacks from downstairs, too." I nodded. I heard Morgan spluttering with laughter again as I wordlessly turned and made my way toward the bedroom door. What was I going to do, argue with Crystal? That would be beyond stupid. I was as worked up as ever, boiling over with unrelenting desire, and the only way out of my predicament was to do what Crystal said. Or else I could leave. But why on earth would I do that? Two sexy older women were naked in front of me and clearly in the mood to play. Even if the games could feel like torture to me, there was no part of me that wanted to leave.

So I hurried downstairs, my caged cock bouncing at every step like an unnecessary reminder of my lowly position. I found an open bottle of wine in Crystal's massive fridge and poured two fresh glasses. Setting the wineglasses down on top of a platter that held a spread of meats and cheeses and olives, I picked up the entire thing and carried it back upstairs. I had eaten my lunch hours ago, and my stomach rumbled at the smell of the food in front of me. But hunger was so low down on my list of priorities that I barely even registered the sensation. My appetite could wait. I was sexually starved, and compared to that, the first stirrings of hunger were nothing.

Back in the bedroom, Crystal and Morgan were both lying on the bed. Both of them raised their eyes to me as I came through the door, and my cheeks burned at the bright burst of laughter that rose from the two of them at the sight of me.

"Look at him," Morgan gasped in disbelief as her eyes roamed up and down my body yet again. "You've got him so well-trained!"

"It's easy," Crystal said. "Once the chastity goes on, they'll do whatever you say. Trust me. It's easier than training a puppy."

"Maybe you're right," Morgan said, her eyes never leaving me as I approached the foot of the bed. "Maybe I should give it a try with Dan. Although I have no idea how I would talk him into it." Among the rings that glittered on Morgan's fingers, I saw the ostentatious diamond on her ring finger, and my heart contracted. It never even occurred to me to wonder about Morgan's relationship status. Crystal so far as I knew was single. Or if

she wasn't, she didn't seem to care. And perhaps Morgan was the same way. As far as I was concerned, it made very little difference. As turned on as I was, I would have done anything for the chance to fuck either of these two women, married or not. But I couldn't deny that the thought of Morgan adopting some of Crystal's kinky practices in her own life sounded hot. Even as I pitied whatever man she was talking about, wild images of Morgan as a mistress like Crystal raced through my mind.

"I'm sure you have your methods," Crystal grinned at her friend. "You know how men are. Get them hard, and you can convince them of nearly anything." The two women laughed again as I carefully set down the platter I carried on the bed between them. Crystal's canopy bed dwarfed them both as they lay on either side of the mattress, both lying on their sides as they faced one another. Crystal sat up as I set down the food, and her bare breasts moved as she reached for one of the wine glasses. Her breathtaking eyes watched me over the rim of the glass as she took a slow sip. I could almost see her brain working inside her beautiful skull, concocting more delicious torments for me to endure.

Shifting on the bed, Crystal reached across the mattress to set her wine glass down on the bedside table. Then she climbed off the mattress. I watched her breasts bounce as she moved, rising to her feet at the side of the bed. With that same slow deliberateness in her movements, she circled around the bed to stand in front of me. I watched along with Morgan as she reached for the handcuffs she had tossed onto the mattress earlier.

My hands were free. But I didn't try to resist as Crystal took my balls in one hand. I just groaned faintly at the feel of her fingers against my sensitive skin. Crystal placed one of the cuffs around my balls and the base of my cock, just below the chastity device that was similarly locked onto me. The mechanism of the cuff clicked as she closed it in place. And with the chain swinging between us, she locked the other end of the cuffs to the rail on the footboard of her bed. Releasing her hold on me, Crystal sauntered back around to climb back onto the bed again, taking another sip of wine in the process. Like some kind of living ornament, all I could do was stand there facing the two women as their gleaming eyes stared at me.

"He doesn't try to resist you at all," Morgan said.

"Of course not," Crystal replied. "He knows if he does, I'll never let him cum. He has to let me treat him however I want if he ever wants

another orgasm.”

“Are you going to give him one?” I tried not to react as Morgan asked the very question that was burning inside my own mind. Crystal smiled slyly at me, letting the silence lengthen while she studied my reaction.

"I haven't decided yet," she said at last. "He's been fairly obedient, but there's always room for improvement. Besides, when I'm having this much fun, I have to wonder if it's worth unlocking him at all." I could feel my heartbeat inside my chest, my breath short as I listened and wondered just how genuine Crystal was being. There was always an element of the theatrical with her, a sense in which she was playing a role. But she played it so well that it was impossible to say where it ended, and the real woman began. If there even was a division. After all that had passed between us, it was almost hard to believe that I had only known Crystal for a few days at that point. I barely knew her at all. And yet she seemed to know me, or at least the part of me that she was most interested in. As though she had a detailed plan of my entire psyche, and was using it to control me expertly.

"But you can't – you know," Morgan said. "With that thing on."

"Fuck him, you mean?" Crystal said bluntly. "That's true. But there are lots of other ways he can please me. For one, his oral skills are really coming along nicely." Morgan shrieked with laughter at that, and Crystal allowed a faint smile to spread across her pink lips. She took another sip of wine while Morgan's laughter slowly subsided.

“Did I tell you that I had him go down on me in the restaurant the night we met?”

“Shut up!” Morgan shrieked. “You did not!” Morgan turned her dazzling eyes on me.

"Tell her, boy toy," she ordered. I drew a deep breath before speaking, my hands clenching uselessly at my sides as the chain hung slack between my genitals and the bed frame.

“Yes, Mistress,” I said, as Morgan threw back her head and laughed loudly at me. “You did have me go down on you in the restaurant.”

"Such a dirty boy," Morgan said, her voice taking on a faint edge of aggression as she spoke between her teeth. She was looking at me now. The slight shyness she seemed to feel in front of me was slowly evaporating. I

could almost see it disappear. Inspired by Crystal's unassailable confidence, Morgan seemed to be understanding more and more the true nature of this game we were playing. And it both excited and terrified me to watch it happen.

"He is," Crystal agreed. "That's how I like them. Tell Morgan how my pussy tasted, boy toy."

"Delicious, Mistress." I could hardly be surprised as Morgan laughed again. But there was only one correct answer. And in this case, it happened to be the truth. I tried not to wince as my cock ached inside the chastity device again at the thought of that first night, and the thrilling humiliation I had felt as I hid beneath the table and licked my ex-girlfriend's mother's pussy. It had felt dirty and wrong at the time, thrillingly so, and everything that had happened since had had the same flavor of outrageous delight. This bizarre interrogation was doing nothing to mitigate the rampant lust I was feeling.

"You want to try him?" It took me a moment to understand the meaning behind Crystal's words as she spoke to Morgan. But when I did, a tremor raced through my body. That she would so casually offer me like that, without so much as checking to see how I would feel about it. But of course, that was the whole point. Crystal wanted to reinforce the idea that I was her property, to lend to her friends she saw fit. And she was right. Another wave of shame washed over me as I acknowledged the fact that if Crystal ordered me to go down on her friend right there and then, I would willingly do so. Morgan was endlessly sexy, lying there with her gorgeous body barely covered by the fluffy towel she still wore. I didn't need a chastity device locked onto my cock to make me comply with a demand like that.

"Are you serious?" Morgan gasped. Her white teeth showed in her open mouth as she looked with shock at Crystal, then at me, then at Crystal again. Crystal merely shrugged, as though she had been offering her friend a cup of coffee.

"If you want," Crystal said casually. "He's here for our entertainment, after all." Morgan pressed a hand to her chest, as though scandalized at the offer. But I saw the sly smile on her face, and could read the meaning behind it. She was actually considering it. And pain swelled again in the pit of my stomach as my cock predictably tried to harden.

"I've got an idea," Crystal suddenly said. Setting a wine glass down on the bedside table again, she leaned forward over the platter of food I had brought. I watched as she scooped up some of the pitted olives in her hand. "Best of three wins," she said with a sly smile. "The winner gets their pussy eaten."

"Best-of-three what?" Morgan asked. But Crystal turned to me.

"Open your mouth," she ordered. Morgan laughed as Crystal knelt on the mattress, holding one olive between her fingers. I did as I was told, while shame and humiliation raced through me again. There was nothing else I could do. Crystal threw an olive, and it bounced off my forehead before falling to the floor.

"This is so ridiculous," Morgan said. But I noticed that she was climbing up onto her knees as she spoke. Reaching for the dish of olives, she scooped a few up in her hands. Ridiculous or not, she was willing to play Crystal's game. Adjusting her towel slightly, still reluctant to let me see her naked again, she positioned herself on the mattress and threw another olive. I managed to catch this one in my mouth, and Morgan cheered as I hurriedly chewed and swallowed.

"Better catch this one, boy toy," Crystal growled as she lined up her next shot. "You don't want me to have to spank you again, do you?" While Morgan laughed, Crystal took her shot. I shifted my feet, trying to anticipate where the olive would go, and this time, I was successful. The olive Crystal threw landed in my mouth, and I quickly ate it before opening my mouth to receive the next one.

Morgan's next shot went wide. Crystal's subsequent attempt bounced off my chin. Morgan tried again and managed to score another point as I caught the olive in my mouth. Crystal's next shot followed quickly, and was wildly inaccurate, flying past my head without so much as touching me.

Silently, mouth open, hands at my sides, I waited for Morgan's next shot. Fear bubbled inside me, fear of what Crystal might do if she lost this humiliating game. The thought of being beaten by her again was not something I welcomed. Would she do it in front of Morgan? Somehow, that would make it even worse. Maybe I ought to throw the competition, to do my best to make sure Crystal would win. Or would that make her more mad? With Crystal, I never knew. Besides, as much as Crystal might like to treat me like an object, I had desires of my own. I wanted to eat crystal out

again. Of course I did. To see her squeal and convulse in physical pleasure on that huge bed, and to taste her ecstasy on my tongue. But Morgan was beautiful too. Not as beautiful as Crystal, maybe. But she was different. And I was a young man whose urge for variety had gotten him into this ridiculous situation in the first place. As I stood at the foot of the bed waiting for Morgan to take a shot, I wasn't sure what exactly I was hoping for.

In the end, it didn't matter. Morgan took her shot, and the olive flew from her hand, too quickly for me to react. It darted into my mouth like a bullet, and I had to struggle not to choke as it hit the back of my throat. Morgan cried out in triumph, the towel she wore slipping further down her body as she raised her arms in the air, and I chewed and swallowed the olive without tasting it as I watched Crystal's reaction.

"You win," she said coolly. "He's all yours, if you want him."

"Really?" Morgan's brown eyes darted between Crystal and me again. I could hardly blame her being unsure of herself. It was another bizarre situation that Crystal had engineered, and I got the sense that Morgan was as new to these games as I was.

"Of course," Crystal shrugged. "That was the deal. The winner gets eaten out. Besides, when was the last time Dan did that for you?" Morgan didn't answer. Her teeth showed as she bit her lower lip, smiling almost despite herself at the thought of what she could do. I knew right there and then what was going to happen. Morgan might still be convincing herself, but I knew which way she would decide.

"Does he – do you want to?" Morgan's hands gripped the top of the towel she wore as she spoke to me. But Crystal interrupted before I could answer.

"Of course he does," she said. "Not that it matters either way. He's my toy, and he does what I tell him to. But he's a horny little boy. I bet he'd love to eat you out. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said. Morgan gasped in shock. Crystal's eyes glittered as she stared at me, another enigmatic smile shining on her face. At least she didn't seem angry to have lost her little game. And in some dim corner of my mind, I wondered if that had been her intention all along. I hoped so.

"Then ask her nicely," Crystal smirked. "Beg her for it. On your knees."

Both women laughed as I dropped to my knees on the floor at the foot of the bed. The chain attached to my caged cock grew tighter as I crouched. Morgan looked down at me, her eyes half-closed as she watched in silence. She shifted her position, sitting down on the mattress and inching closer to the foot of the bed to get a better view. Crystal did the same.

"Please," I said in the humblest voice I could manage, while my cock ached inside the steel chastity device, "please let me lick your beautiful pussy."

"Oh my God," Morgan said in a voice that was barely more than a whisper. "I've never had a man beg me for that before. "

"Get used to it," Crystal chuckled. "He'll do this every single day if I tell him to. Why don't you show my friend the proper respect by kissing her feet? Maybe then she'll let you kiss her in other places." One of Morgan's legs dangled off the foot of the bed, as she sat with the other tucked underneath her. She spluttered with laughter as I bent forward, placing my hands on the floor as I pressed my lips against the top of her foot. I could still smell the perfume of the soap from the shower as I kissed her toes.

"Please," I groaned again. "Please let me lick you."

"I think you should call me something," Morgan said, my heart contracted as I listen to her gradually taking control. "You call crystal mistress. You can call me... My lady."

"Yes, my lady," I said at once, to a chorus of laughter from the watching women. "Please, my lady," I begged, punctuating my words with ingratiating kisses on Morgan's foot, "please let me lick you."

"See?" Crystal said. "See how easy it is to control these horny young guys?"

"It really is," Morgan murmured. She shifted on the mattress, and her other foot appeared in front of me as she sat on the edge of the bed. While I showered it, too, with humble kisses, Morgan slowly unwrapped the towel from around herself and cast it to the floor beside the bed. She sat above me naked now, bare breasts rising and falling on her chest she breathed, her naked thighs slightly parted. Her hands on the mattress on either side of her hips for balance, she stared down at me as I kneeled at her feet.

"Okay, boy toy," she said, the faint tremble in her voice betraying her lack of the confidence Crystal so abundantly possessed. "You can lick me." While Crystal sighed in approval, I rose up on my knees. Gently, tenderly, I kissed my way along Morgan's legs, from her feet to her shins, over her knees and thighs, steadily moving closer toward her womanhood. And she let me. With every kiss on her fragrant skin, I could feel her hesitation, her reluctance, her inexperience with anything quite like this. But she didn't stop me. In fact, she inched closer to the edge of the bed, spreading her thighs slightly so that I could get between her legs.

Her pussy was completely shaved. I could see the swollen puffiness of her lips, and the faint damp sheen of her arousal as I kissed my way along her inner thighs. The scent of her filled my nostrils, so different from one woman to the next, and yet equally arousing every time. The chastity device felt smaller than ever as my cock strained against it. But I tried to ignore the pain as I lowered my head between Morgan's legs and ran my tongue over the silken folds of her pussy. Morgan sighed in pleasure, and I felt the bed move underneath her as Crystal rose up on her knees to get a better look.

"Remember, he's here for your pleasure," I heard Crystal say. "You can make him do it however you want." And I felt Morgan's long manicured nails against my scalp as she placed her hands on the back of my head, pulling me closer toward her. Another long gasp of pleasure filled the room as I licked and kissed, feeling her growing wetness as her arousal soared.

And while I devoted myself to the pleasure of a total stranger, my mistress watched it all. Between Morgan's thighs, I could see nothing but her dripping sex. But I could feel Crystal's scrutiny, those beautiful hypnotic eyes watching my every move, watching and enjoying the sensation of bending me to her will and humiliating me completely. I felt a tight knot of frustration in the pit of my stomach, and my caged cock screamed for relief. It was torture. So why did it feel so much like pleasure?

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A close-up portrait of a woman with striking green eyes and leopard print eye makeup. The background is a warm, golden-brown color. The text "Katt Ford" is written in a black, handwritten-style font at the top, and "The Lioness" is written in a red, handwritten-style font at the bottom.

Katt Ford

The Lioness