



# Double Domination

*Part  
2*

*Amelia Stark*



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## **Double Domination.**

**Part Two of an Erotic Interracial series,**

**By Amelia Stark**

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## **2.1. On the ottoman.**

While I ate my bran flakes, dressed only in the top half of a pyjama set and a pair of long white socks, I mulled over my complicated situation. I couldn't decide whether I was dreading the prospect of reporting to my flatmate and her boyfriend, in her bedroom, or excited by what they were planning to do to me. I wasn't afraid of having sex, I was fearful of being dominated by the pair and receiving a painful punishment.

I had an uneventful and boring life. I worked at West African pharmaceuticals (WAP), a large company that manufactured a wide range of medicines and antibiotics. I had been there a month and felt I was settling into the job nicely. I worked as a data analyst and was responsible for producing important production reports for the head of my department, Professor Undoko.

On Tuesday, my immediate boss, Catherine Blackburn, issued me with a set of clothes that she and the Professor wanted me to wear to work. I took the package home and was staggered when the items tumbled out onto my bed. The maroon pleated skirt was too short, while the panties were a throwback to my schooldays – full, white and cotton.

The uniform was the catalyst for a week of problems that culminated in me being dominated, both at work and when I got home. My bossy flatmate, Carly, owned the flat and rented the room to me for £500 a month – a very fair rent for the suburbs of London. I was beholden to her and she knew it.

She was a very demanding landlord and would moan if I didn't tidy up after myself. I was happy with our relationship, so long as she left me to do my studying in peace and quiet, during the evenings and weekends. We actually got along like a house on fire, because I was quiet and submissive and wasn't bothered by her extravagant activities involving a string of black boyfriends.

When she and her latest boyfriend, Todd, saw me on Tuesday wearing the short, pleated skirt and see-through blouse, Carly admitted it triggered an idea in her head. Two days later, they were waiting for me in the flat and put their plan into action.

Their persuasive and aggressive tactics overpowered me, and I ended up on the bed with them for a threesome. I didn't regret doing it, in fact I enjoyed it, but because I capitulated so easily, the pair started to hatch a plan for a new future relationship.



The outfit I was wearing was Carly's idea. The pyjama top was one of hers and only covered the upper slopes of my ass and my lower belly. I was bare below and because Todd had shaved my pubes off, I felt even more exposed. I slipped off the stool, washed my dish and glass, then dried them. Carly was a tidiness freak and would have torn me off a strip if I left anything lying around in the kitchen.

Her bedroom was almost opposite the kitchen door, so I didn't have far to go. I knocked twice and waited.

"Come in, Molly," Todd called out.

Was he going to take the dominant roll, I wondered? Or, let Carly take the lead? I entered the large room and instantly knew I was in trouble. Sitting on the floor next to the bed was a plastic box containing what appeared to be an assortment of bondage items. I had never seen the box before, but that didn't mean anything. Carly had loads of stuff tucked away I'd never seen.

Having removed her shorts, my flatmate was lying on the bed, wearing just a pair of red panties and a light blue t-shirt. Todd, who had removed his clothes, except a pair of black, tight trunks, was sitting on the edge of the bed examining a pair of leather cuffs.

He stood as I approached. "Molly, I'm going to prepare you for an interrogation."

I pointed at the cuffs. "I hope you're not planning on putting those on me, Todd."

"Oh yes he is, Molly." Carly piped up. "We need to discover everything you've done with your Professor and prepare you for what comes next."

"Next? What do you mean?"

She swung her legs round and sat on the edge of the bed. "You have no idea, do you?"

"No. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Exactly my point. Put your hands behind your back and let Todd cuff you, then

we'll begin."

"Carly, I don't want..."

"Do it now, Molly!"

We had arrived at the defining moment. Do I submit to their joint wills or continue to try and argue with them. I decided to try again.

"Carly, I'll answer all your questions. There's no need to put cuffs on me."

She stood up and took the cuffs from Todd. "This is non-negotiable, Molly. Hands behind your back."

The expression on her face showed she was angry with me, probably for arguing. Maintaining our friendship, or tenant/landlord relationship, was the top priority in my mind. I had no family in England, so I had nowhere to run, if I wanted to. My parents, who lived in Australia, never seemed as far away, as they did at that moment.

I put my hands behind my back and waited while Carly sorted out the pair of leather cuffs that were connected by a short length of chain.

"I didn't know you were into bondage, Carly."

"Molly, there's a lot you don't know about me, but I've always been up front with you about my desires involving sex."

She was telling the truth. Todd was the latest in a long line of black boyfriends. She admitted being a nymphomaniac, but never said anything about being a dominatrix, although I should have guessed from some of her behaviour at home. I suspected that the items in the box, and the cuffs she was buckling to my wrists, had been worn by her boyfriends and not her.

"There!" she said, having finished securing my wrists. "Stay where you are. I'll fetch the next item."

While she was doing that, Todd dragged a large padded ottoman, from under the window, to the side of the bed. He positioned it so one end of the linen storage trunk was butted against the bed. The pink velour top was about 6" higher than

the bedcovers, which looked odd.

Carly handed a strange-looking strap to Todd and then showed me a tall collar. “I’m going to strap this round your neck and Todd is going to add that to your arms.”

“I don’t like what you’re doing, Carly. Can’t we just sit down and chat about what happened?”

“Kid, if you don’t shut up, I’ll gag you until we’ve finished. Is that what you want?”

I shook my head. “No,” I said, sullenly. “I don’t want to be gagged.

The heavy leather posture collar, which seemed like a total overkill, fastened at the back with three small buckles. It was tight, but as long as I kept my chin up, it wasn’t painful. However, the leather strap that Todd wrapped around my arms, just above my elbows, was a different matter.

“Nooooo!” I complained, when he tightened the strap and pulled my elbows closer together. “That’s too tight.”

He stopped tightening and then led me to the end of the ottoman. Carly started gathering my t-shirt and then pulled it up my body until it was bunched above my tits.

“Wh... what are...” Slap! “Owww,” I complained when Todd slapped my ass.

“Told you to shut up,” He growled, then pulled me forward. “Whoooo,” I gasped when he lowered me onto the padded surface until I was lying on my stomach and my head was projecting beyond the end. My tits were squashed as I stared down at the bedcovers. I lay there wondering what else they had planned.

Carly fetched another pair of leather cuffs from the box and handed them to Todd who went to my feet and started fastening them to my ankles over my socks. Meanwhile, my flatmate fetched a brush from the dressing table and some leather ties from the box. She sat on the side of the bed and started brushing my hair.

“I love your black hair, Kid, it’s so thick...” I relaxed my neck muscles but

couldn't do the same with my leg muscles, because Todd had finished buckling the cuffs and was lifting my feet.

"Please, Carly, stop Todd..." Slap! "Uhhh!" I grunted when she slapped my upper arm and reignited the pain where the strap pulled my arms together.

"Silence, I don't want to have to gag you, but make another sound and I will until we're ready to hear your story."

I was going to respond to her but thought better of it. Besides, I was more concerned with what Todd was doing. Having lifted my feet by bending my knees, he connected a longer chain to the short one between my ankles. Then, taking the end of the long chain, he fed it through a 'D' ring on the back of my collar and started to draw my head and feet closer together.

The awful reality of being hogtied crashed home to me as he hauled on the chain until my back was arched upwards and my tits lifted off the ottoman.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned, horrified at what the couple were doing to me. "Pleeeeeeeese, stop..."

Having brushed my hair, Carly patted my arm with the brush. "Shush, kid, we haven't finished yet." She fell silent and started plaiting my hair into a ponytail.

At the other end, Todd was adding another uncomfortable detail to the hogtie. Taking hold of my cuffed hands, which were resting on my naked ass, he lifted them about six inches and fastened them to the ankle chain, adding more pressure on my arms.

Carly had woven the two leather strips into my hair as she made the ponytail, so after it was tied at the end, she had two loose strands. I couldn't believe it when she fastened the ties to a chain and handed the end to Todd. He then pulled it tight and connected the chain to my ankles, ensuring my head was held high.

The hogtie position I was in was unbearably uncomfortable. There were pains in my arms, legs and hair roots, but there wasn't a single pain that could be described as agonizing. Todd, who sat on the other side of me, was holding a ring gag but wasn't threatening to fit it in my mouth - yet.

Carly stroked my face. "You probably know that you're hogtied."

“Yes... It... it hurts.” I gasped. “Please let me go.”

“Where does it hurt? Tell me and we’ll tighten that part of the bondage.” I believed her, so I kept quiet. “Pain is something you’re going to have to get used to, Molly. Men, like the professor, will want to bind you in all sorts of positions. We’re being kind to you and not tightening the chains and straps. We should, but not today.” She turned to her muscular partner. “Todd, fetch me the black dildo.”

He laid the ring gag on the bed where I could see it, went to the box, and returned with a realistically shaped silicone dildo. He handed it to Carly, who held it up in front of my face, so I could see the ribbed surface and large dome shaped end.

“This is your comforter, Molly. It’ll help to take your mind off the aches and pains when you’re being trained in one posture or another.

“Trained?! Please let me... uhhhh!”

“Shut it,” Todd said, pulling on the chain connected to my hair.

The moment he released it, the intense pain died and so did my will to resist.

Carly patted the ring gag. “Good girl, I think we are on the same page now, so this won’t be necessary just yet. I’m going to insert your comforter and then Todd and I are going to have our lunch. When we get back, we’ll be all ears.”

Tears started rolling down my face as the enormity of what she was saying hit home. They were going to leave me on my own and eat a meal. I was shocked to the core, but I wanted to avoid being gagged at all costs.

Todd leant across my folded legs and parted my knees, so Carly had space between my thighs to line up the dildo with my pussy. I had been having palpitations in my stomach ever since Todd laid me on the ottoman. However, the moment the tip of the dildo nudged my entrance, I realized the sensation was signalling my sex had become molten, like a volcano about to erupt.

“Oh, my god!” I gasped, as Carly smoothly drove the silicone shaft into my quim until it reached my extremity.

It wasn’t quite as large as Todd’s cock, but not far off.

“Kid, your cunt just swallowed the lot in one gulp!” Carly exclaimed.

“Yes, it looks like bondage is definitely her thing...”

“Uhhhhhh,” I moaned, for it sprang into life when she switched it on.

“Errrrrrr...” Only the top half of the phallus was moving with a gentle, thrusting motion.

“Kid, it’s the deluxe model so it’ll be full of surprises!” With that cryptic comment, my flatmate and Todd left me to suffer and closed the door behind them.

I could hardly move a muscle so I could do nothing about the multitude of pains resonating around my body. But, Carly’s name for the dildo proved misplaced, for it wasn’t long before the device was truly frustrating me...

## **2.2. Oral lesson.**

The deluxe dildo was an infuriating device. It pulsed back and forth rapidly for a couple of minutes and then slowed almost to a halt, before speeding up again. The cycle was too short for me to orgasm and left me extremely frustrated, time and time again. The result of the undulating sensations had a devastating effect on me.

My temperature started to climb and sweat began forming on my brow, then roll down my face. The minutes ticked by and I became obsessed with trying to climax before the thrusting motion died down. “Fuuuck!” I cried in frustration when the dildo died once again.

I almost cried with relief when I heard the door open and footsteps approaching. One of my tormentors switched the dildo off before they both appeared in my peripheral vision. Once again, the pair sat on the edge of the bed, either side of the ottoman.

My neck and back were killing me, so I hoped they’d let me tell my story quickly and then release me. Todd reached down and wrapped his huge hand around my left breast, while Carly grabbed my chin and held my stare.

“Well, Molly, I hope you’re ready to give us a detailed account of your submissive adventures with the professor. Start from the moment your boss, er...”

“Cathy Blackburn.”

“Yes, Cathy. Start from the moment she first clapped eyes on you wearing your new uniform.”

My story tumbled out, every detail of what happened at the office. From the moment Cathy demanded to inspect my panties, to when she dismissed me on Friday afternoon. I described how the professor, on Wednesday afternoon, started stroking my ass, then began touching me intimately. They wanted to hear every sordid detail. Where he touched me, how I felt about it, and if I orgasmed. They were surprised when I told them he didn’t fuck me that afternoon, so they made me describe what he did again.

I tried to tell the story quickly, but Todd’s constant attack, on first one breast, then the other, made me forget where I was in my story. His double technique



involved squeezing my tit and simultaneously rolling my nipple. He was being unnecessarily aggressive and as the minutes ticked by my buds became more and more sensitive.

I started to describe Friday's events. I explained why I wore the wrong knickers and how he used my wilful disobedience as an excuse to spank me over his knees. How that led to him fondling my sex, then laying me on the desk, so he could fuck me from behind. I described how Cathy surprised me by casually walking into the office while I was deepthroating him and how she acted as though it was an everyday occurrence.

I also told them about the promised bonuses which were going to be added to my wages. They wanted to know how much, but despite their grilling I told them I didn't know. Of course, they couldn't know if I was leaving anything out or embellishing the story, but the thought of doing so never occurred to me.

They listened intently and gave nothing away as to their thoughts or intentions. Knowing Scott was a doctor, I thought he would be horrified to hear that someone like the Professor would behave in such a manner. But, he remained stony faced and continued roughing up my nipples.

"Okay, gag her," Carly said after getting to her feet.

"No, Carly, you said you'd release me," I cried. "Carleeemmm...!"

It was an easy task for Todd to force the ring into my mouth, behind my teeth, and there wasn't any point in trying to stop him, lest I wanted my teeth broken. By the time he had fastened the strap behind my neck, Carly had returned to the bed, holding a couple of metal items in her hands.

She showed them to me. "These are nipple clamps, Molly. The round weights on the end of the chains are in fact mini vibrators. Now hold still while I snap them on your buds."

"Urrrrr," I groaned and tried to shake my head, without much success.

The mini metal clamps gripped my nipples tightly, while the heavy vibrators, hanging on chains about 18" long, tugged on my sensitive buds.

"Shush, Molly. If you want to be a good submissive, you have to learn how to

soak up the pain, sometimes hours on end. After the torment, humiliation and agony, you will be rewarded by your master and mistress. That is true here in the flat and almost certainly true with the Professor and Catherine.”

Todd poked my breast, making the weight swing. “You wore the wrong knickers, so your boss punished you. He was right to do so, wasn’t he?”

“Uhhh,” I nodded my head a smidgeon. It was enough to confirm my acquiescence.

“Molly,” Carly continued. “In future, we are going to tell you what to wear while you’re in the flat. Is that understood?”

“Uhhh,” I nodded again.

“Good. I won’t say what the punishment will be if you step out of line, but you have a good imagination. Todd is moving in tomorrow, so you’re going to have both of us keeping an eye on you. Hog tying is an extreme punishment. We’re doing it now to help you confess your submissive sins and it may be necessary again if you keep us in the dark about anything. After all this talk, time for a little fun.”

Without warning, she stood up and peeled her t-shirt off. Her red knickers followed, then she climbed on the bed. Carly was fit and had a similar body shape to mine, but she was 5 years older than me. That didn’t show as she turned and laid in the centre of the king size bed. Todd followed suit by pushing his tight shorts down and was just about to join Carly when he hesitated.

“Shall I switch them on, babe?”

“Of course. Then come and screw me from behind.”

He picked each weight up and triggered the vibrations, then went to my rear and switched the dildo on. “My god, Carly, this bitch is oozing cream by the bucket load.”

She pointed to the dresser. “Stick a wad of tissue under her cunt, then come and fuck me.”

My delicate equilibrium was suddenly being attacked from three different

locations. I had been unable to orgasm before, but my body instantly reacted to the return of the movement in my quim. Once again, the familiar thrilling sensation built in my belly, only on this occasion the added stimulus resonating from my nipples tipped me over the edge.

“Uggggggg,” I groaned as my entire nervous system exploded in a mass of jangling sensations.

Todd, having climbed on the bed and taken up a position behind Carly, eased his cock into her sex. His black body dwarfed her suntanned white frame as they snuggled together in the ‘spoon’ position. She raised her knee higher, so I could watch his impressive black boner, plunge back and forth into her gaping orifice.

I watched Todd’s masterful performance through a haze of blurred vision caused by an overload to my fragile sensibilities. Then I had to endure a prolonged bout of electric-like energy coursing through my veins until the muscular stud and the slim dominatrix, experienced their own prolonged and noisy orgasms.

It was Carly who slipped from the bed first and removed the clamps and dildo. She then released the gag and eased the ring from my mouth.

“Ahhhhhh. Thank you, Carly” I gasped.

“No, Molly. It’s Miss and Sir from here on in. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss.” I wanted to plead with her to release me, but she obviously had something else on her mind.

“Molly, I’m guessing that it won’t be long before Cathy has you serving her orally, so I’m going to give you some practice. See how much of Todd’s jiz you can suck from my vagina.”

She climbed on the bed and after getting into position with her knees widely parted, backed up until my nose was wedged in her ass crack and her pussy pressed against my mouth. Her modest lips were firm and tight while her clitoral flesh, a little more pronounced as a result of prolonged arousal.

I attacked her pussy with frantic tongue action and it was soon evident, from her quivering state, that she was thoroughly enjoying herself. I licked, sucked and thrust my tongue along her furrows, then into her succulent entrance. The salty

and spicy flavours were a new experience for me, as was the act of orally serving a woman.

I was horrified at first when she lowered her ass, expecting me to treat her anus with the same passion, but I initially balked at the idea. The problem was that her pert ass cheeks were pressed against my face and I couldn't move.

"Both holes, Molly. Get your tongue in there," she urged and then pushed back.

I had no option but to explore her tighter orifice. It was a truly shameful thing to have to do and so unexpected, but if Carly was right, the next thing on Catherine's agenda at work was to have me serve her orally. I fought Carly's tight pucker and was surprised to hear her sighing and moaning with pleasure.

Finally, she crawled forward and I was able to breathe normally again, but they hadn't finished with me.

"What?" I gasped when the Ottoman suddenly moved backwards. Todd, behind me, was pulling it away from the bed. "Please let me go," I pleaded again.

The muscular black doctor appeared in front of me and steered his rock hard cock to my lips. I stared up at his grinning face. "Okay, bitch, lesson number one. Repeat after me. 'Please, Sir, can I blow your magnificent black cock', and put some meaning into it."

Tied the way I was, he could fuck my throat multiple times if he so desired, so I was keen to make him happy and 'earn' my release. I repeated the phrase in the sweetest voice I could muster.

He turned to Carly who was sitting on her heels, on the bed. "I think we're making some progress, babe."

She nodded. "Very good, Molly. That's exactly the attitude we want to see."

Moments later my mouth was full and I was sucking and lolly-popping Todd's crown. I was static, so he had to supply the motion and the speed with which I performed the blowjob. It didn't take him long before he was nudging my soft palette and teasing the first couple of inches of my gullet. He became impatient and gripped my ponytail, to give himself more purchase.

Once he had the angle right, he was thrusting the full length of his cock along my tight oesophagus and thudding his huge balls against my chin. My eyes popped and I almost panicked, as the athletic young man pumped his hips back and forth, until finally emptying his balls to the sound of a series of deep guttural grunts.

Having satisfied both of my tormentors, it seemed as though my nightmare was over, for Carly began to get dressed. The clock read 1:45, so it had been two hours since the pair woke me and began their plan to subjugate me.

I surprised myself when I found I was prepared to wait patiently, bound and chained in a hogtie. It had been the most difficult hour to endure of my young life, but most of the anger had dissolved away and been replaced with acceptance and relief.

The pair had given me a new perspective on my sexuality and in the process developed my submissive nature. I wondered if I could put what had happened behind me, and decided I could, so long as the practice didn't interfere with my studying...

### **2.3. Hands and knees.**

The pair slowly released the chains and straps in the reverse order they fastened them. Massively relieved. I stood in my stockinged feet and rubbed some life back into my arms. While they dumped a few of the items in the box, I waited for my collar and the strands of leather in my hair to be removed.

I was half decent, for the short top I was wearing had fallen into place. It was a relief to cover my tits, but the cotton fabric rubbing against my nipples was a constant reminder of the cruel treatment my nubs had received.

Carly came over carrying a metal hook in her hand. "Molly, I want you down on your hands and knees."

I was shocked. "Why...? Wh... what are you going to do?" I looked at the stainless-steel hook in her hand and couldn't identify it. "Please Carly, let me go back to my room. I won't bother you for the rest of the day."

Todd joined her, but it was Carly who came the closest and thrust her face into mine. "Don't backslide, Molly. You've behaved yourself so far, but you've still got a lot to learn. Now do as I say!"

In the face of the double dominant force, my resolve withered, and I sank to my knees. Ominously, Todd was holding a chain in his hand and I feared another session of bondage. "Please, don't do this. I've learnt my lesson and I'll behave myself."

"Down!" Totally ignoring my pleadings, she pointed at the floor. "On all fours." I adopted the pose and waited to see what she planned to do.

As soon as she straddled me, facing my ass, I guessed where the one-inch diameter ball on the end of the hook was going. But the first thing she did was rub the cold metal ball up and down my labia.

"Excellent. This pussy juice is handy..." Carly muttered and then pushed the lubricated ball against my anus.

"That hurts," I cried when my pucker's defences complained briefly and then capitulated. Having failed to keep the intruder out, she drove the ball deeper into my rectum until the curve of the hook was seated in between my ass cheeks. Slap!

“Silence, Molly. Your ass is in a vulnerable position and I shan’t hesitate to unleash Todd on it.”

I believed her, so I kept silent while she tethered the leather strands in my ponytail to one end of the chain. Then Todd fed the other end of the chain through an eye on the anal hook and pulled it back to my collar. Carly who was wearing denim shorts and t-shirt squatted down in front of me.

“Okay, Todd, pull the chain and I’ll tell you when to stop.”

“Carly?!” I gasped when the chain shortened, pulling my hair and collar backward. “That hurts...”

She put her hand up. “Padlock it there.”

I felt Todd secure the chain to the collar and then stroke my curved back. “This looks uncomfortable, babe.”

“Yes,” I gasped. “It is Carly.”

She cupped my chin, which was raised because of the chains pulling simultaneously on my hair and collar. “I told you, Molly. To be a happy submissive you’ve got to learn how to cope with prolonged bouts of pain and discomfort. This is kid’s stuff so stop complaining.”

“But my neck’s aching and my head’s hurting.”

She ignored my complaint and went to the box once more. After sorting through the items, she returned a leather strap and a ball gag.

“Molly, I can’t stand your continual moaning.” She knelt down in front of me and offered the ball up to my lips.

I reluctantly opened my mouth and allowed her to force it in and then secure it behind my neck. It wasn’t as uncomfortable as the ring gag, so I had to be grateful for small mercies.

She held up the leather strap. “This is a three fingered tawse, Molly, and I will use it if you disobey any of our orders. Is that clear?”



I nodded my head. “Uhhhh.”

“Good. We’re going out in an hour, so if you’re a good girl during that time, we’ll release you from your bondage. In the meantime, I want you to behave like a Puppy dog. Roleplaying is a good method of getting in touch with your submissive side.”

It was good news. I had an hour to endure and then I’d be free to do what I wanted. Behaving like a Puppy wasn’t that difficult, was it?

Standing over me, she could see I was eager to please her. On the other hand, Todd looked a little uncertain.

“I’m going to watch the football,” he announced.

“Okay, I’ll prepare the dinner and put it in the oven. Molly, go with Todd, or go to your room.”

I decided on the living room, so I led the way into the hall and trotted down to the lounge. I could sense Todd’s eyes examining my sashaying ass and in particular my fig-like labia and guessed it wouldn’t be long before he fucked me again. In fact, ever since I watched him shafting Carly on the bed, I had been imagining his huge black cock sliding in and out of my tight little quim.

I stood to one side while Todd entered the room, switched the TV on, and seated himself right in front of the screen, about ten feet away. He looked in my direction. “What are you doing, bitch?”

I trotted over to him and put my chin on his knees, then touched the ball in my mouth. I pleaded with my eyes and stroked his bare leg. He was still only wearing his black, tight underpants, a sign he was expecting to shaft me. But, he shook his head and patted mine. “Carly is in charge. If you’re a good girl, she’ll take it off before we go out.”

Disappointed, I turned and stood on the rug between where he was sitting and the TV on the wall. The football match had already started so I wondered if I’d be able to distract him. I parted my knees and dropped my shoulders, so I could rest my head on my arms. It was a lewd, submissive posture but a comfortable one while wearing the anal hook and chains.

“So, that’s your game, girl,” he muttered.

Moments later he slid off the sofa knelt between my calves and started massaging my ass. When his fingers touched the hook I suppressed a moan, because I didn’t want to annoy him.

Then his hands slid down the back of my thighs enabling him to rub my labia lips with his thumbs. “Is this what you want, girl?”

“Uhhhh!” I exclaimed.

He parted my lips and attacked my line of clitoral flesh, squeezing, mashing and pinching in a haphazard fashion. Every now and again he’d shout at the TV when one team missed a chance. I was wondering what he was waiting for when Carly entered the room.

“That looks like fun,” she said hunkering down beside my head. “Do you like Todd rubbing your pussy?”

“Urrrrrr.” I tried to nod.

She sat on the rug and tucked her legs round. “Do you deserve an orgasm? Have you been a good girl?”

I was already feeling the first thrills of one in the pit of my stomach and if he carried on mashing my clit I would soon explode, but I wanted more.

“Urrrr.”

She turned to Todd. “Reward the bitch.”

“Yes, Mam!”

Moments later I felt his substantial crown nudge my fleshy whirlpool and enter my salivating entrance. My vagina may have been molten and liquified, but it was also tight and resistant to the invader. That being said, he had the perfect downward trajectory, so managed to fully impale my quim with one powerful thrust.

“Uhhhhhh,” I gasped from the sheer animalistic sensation of having my hungry

cunt pounded and stretched by such a powerful creature. “Uh, uh, uh, uh,” I groaned, each time the tip of his dick bottomed out on the downward thrust. It felt as though he was drilling for oil.

Carly stroked the side of my face. “This is your reward, Molly, for being a good submissive; and there will be many more rewards if you do as I say.”

I wasn’t the only one acting like an animal, for Todd piston fucked me with as much aggression as his powerful body could muster. The entire fuck was a blur though, for above the distraction of Carly’s cooing voice, the football commentary and Todd’s guttural grunts, I was experiencing the mother of all orgasms.

I couldn’t suppress a sense of disappointment when the big man ejaculated at the culmination of his own peak. It was like arriving at the end of a thrilling rollercoaster ride, after the car had reached the highest peak before plunging down the slope at 100 mph.

Carly patted my head. “Bitch, your master expects you to show your gratitude.”

I understood what was required, so I rose to my hands and knees and swivelled through 180 degrees. Todd was kneeling watching the football while his dick lolled limply to one side. Cupping his massive balls in one hand and gripping his shaft with the other, I went down on him. I licked and sucked him gently until he was hard again, then when he urged me on, I went further and deepthroated with as much vigour as I could muster.

Having gotten my reward, I was on a mission to please the pair. Once Todd was satisfied, he returned to the sofa to watch the match, while Carley untied the leather ties from the chain and released the tension on the anal hook. She then eased the ball from my back passage and mopped my orifices with a bunch of tissues.

When she helped me to my feet, the collar was still locked in place, as was the chain that dragged on the floor. I followed her to her bedroom where she removed the final items of bondage.

“Molly, I’m going to introduce some rules that I expect you to follow from now on.”

“Yes, Miss. What kind of rules?”

“What you wear and how you behave in the flat. Now, go and prepare some vegetables for the meal. We’ll be home about six o’clock.”

I tugged on the hem of the pink top. “Can I put some clothes on please, Miss?”

“You can, but we like you as you are.”

“Oh, all right.”

She patted my naked ass. “Go and make yourself useful.”

After leaving the lounge I went to my bedroom and stood in front of the mirror. My black hair was still in a ponytail and my face was flushed. My sore, twin peaks pushed against the pink cotton top that hung limply to just below my navel.

Lower, my smooth mons and peeping pudendal cleft made me look like a young internet model. Jiz was beginning to dribble down the inside of my thigh so I stepped into a pair of slippers and hurried to the bathroom.

I spent 20 minutes in the bathroom, letting my hair down, after taking a quick shower. I didn’t put any makeup on, but I donned the same top and knee-length white socks that I was wearing earlier. When I emerged, Todd was getting his jacket of the rack.

“Molly, I’m impressed...” he said, casting his eyes over my slim body. “We’ll be back at five o’clock.”

“Thank you. Sir.”

Carly emerged, already wearing a leather jacket. “Keep an eye on the casserole, it’s timed to finish at five.”

“I will, Miss.”

Standing with my hands behind my back, I expected them to open the door and leave. Instead, before they did, each one gave me a kiss on the cheek as if they were my parents. I stood there stunned for several minutes after they left,

reflecting on the extraordinary events of the previous couple of hours.

I had truly discovered a side of my personality that I didn't know existed.

## **2.4. Office Intimacy.**

It was a relief to get into work on Monday morning and be able to bury myself in work. On the way there, in the heavy London traffic, I had a chance to think through the extraordinary events of the previous day.

After Carly and Todd left the flat, I prepared the vegetables and then went to my room, where I donned a pair of the Professor's white cotton panties. I was revising for my accountancy course when they arrived home, so I put my stuff down and hurried to greet them in the hallway.

After complimenting me on my choice of panties, we had dinner and then watched a movie. In less than a day I had become comfortable wearing virtually nothing in their company, even though they were fully clothed.

For the rest of the evening they acted as if nothing had happened, apart from instructing me on how to act and bend in their company. They were obviously getting a huge kick out of watching my lewd display. They neither commented on the earlier bondage game, or made a move to touch me in any way.

I'm sure having me fetching drinks for them while we watched a movie in the evening, gave them a lot of pleasure, but it didn't lead to any sexual contact at all. When Carly sent me to my room at 9 o'clock and told me to get an early night, I was mildly disappointed.

During the evening I was sexually excited and I was sure they didn't miss the evidence that was impossible to hide every time I bent over. When I removed the panties before climbing into bed, the gusset was saturated and sticky. I admired their restraint and guessed their attitude was part of the plan to help me accept my new submissiveness.

As I lay awake in bed, I couldn't help wondering what was on their mind and how they were going to treat me in the future. Aroused and wide awake, I couldn't resist stroking my denuded mons and then start playing with my slippery fleshy folds. The absence of hair really did make a difference and it wasn't long before I was alternating between rubbing my clit and stuffing a couple of fingers in my quim.

Thank god for a plentiful supply of tissues and a comfortable bed, for after reflecting again on my rapid transformation, I quickly slipped off to sleep.

As soon as I arrived at work, I made Cathy a cup of coffee and we exchanged pleasantries before returning to our desks. The first morning of the week was usually a nightmare for both of us, because the production lines ran right through the weekend. It meant stacks of paperwork on both of our desks and hours of intense work.

I had always had the ability to focus on a single task; especially when it came to maths and collating figures, so I happily ploughed into my work. In our chat over coffee, Cathy disclosed that the Professor was attending a conference in Glasgow, so we wouldn't be seeing him until Wednesday.

I detected a trace of regret in her message and wondered if she was in love with the guy. I wouldn't have been surprised, because he wasn't your run-of-the-mill academic. No, he was an athletic forty-something who had charisma and presence.

I had just fetched some paperwork from the laboratory complex, and placed the file on my desk, when Cathy called my name. "Molly!"

"Fuck!" I cursed under my breath.

I glanced at my watch and discovered it was only 11:30. There was an hour before lunch and I was way behind my self-imposed schedule. A bystander would have thought that the papers strewn across my desk were in utter chaos, but I had everything in order and hated being disturbed when I was in the middle of an important task.

I put my calculator down and walked through to Cathy's office. She was sitting behind her desk, reading a slip of paper.

"Close the door, Molly."

I complied, then walked to her desk.

"Molly, I have your payslip here," she said holding up a small slip of paper.

I was relieved she didn't have a job for me and I could quickly return to my

desk. It was my first money from the company, apart from a small advance when I started.

“Thank you, Miss.” I had forgotten that it was the second of June and my wages were already in the bank.

She sat still and didn’t reach out to hand me the slip, so I moved round the desk to take it from her.

“Before I give it to you,” she said, placing the wage slip on the desk. “I want to check your underwear. Lift your skirt, Molly.” She was serious and spoke sternly.

She warned me that she would carry out inspections when she gave me the pack of panties, but I hoped she was kidding. I didn’t have a problem going through the routine, provided she didn’t go too far. I reluctantly reached down and lifted the pleats to reveal my underwear.

Her eyes lit up as she examined the pristine white panties, she gave to me. I wasn’t going to make a mistake again after what happened with the Professor.

I let her look for a few seconds and spotted her fingers twitching. “There, you’ve seen them.” I dropped the skirt.

“Molly, I want a closer look.”

“Miss, I’m in the middle of the weekend production reports.” I was hoping to stop her from doing a closer inspection.

“Molly don’t be silly. Do as I say and hold your skirt up!” she demanded. “I expect you to behave and follow my orders. The Professor will be very disappointed if he hears that you’ve been uncooperative.”

“Miss, I want to cooperate, I really do.”

“Then lift your skirts and be quick about it.”

“But Miss, the reports...”

“I’ll help you this afternoon.”



I shrugged, gathered the hem again with both hands and lifted the pleated material until she could see the whole of the white garment.

“Molly, this won’t take a minute.”

I waited, while she reached forward and peeled my panties down until they were bunched an inch below my vulva, just as the Professor had done a couple of days earlier.

“I’m pleased to see you’ve removed your pubic hair.” She reached out and stroked my smooth mons. The Professor will be pleased.”

“Someone told me that hairs are unhygienic,” I offered by way of explanation.

“Yes, I agree. I keep my pussy hair free. I’ll show you in a minute.”

I was shocked by her forthright comment, even though I suspected her of coveting me. “That’s alright, Miss. I believe you.”

She pulled a sour expression. “Molly, open your legs a little,” she said sternly, then waited until she was able to slip her index finger into my cleft and gently rub my clit.

“Oh!” I whimpered softly, when a thumb joined the finger and she squeezed my most sensitive spot.

“Is it alright if I check to see if your underwear is chaffing your pussy?”

It was a ridiculous question and she was already doing stuff... “Y... yes, okay.” I reasoned that her actions were an extension of the Professor’s and if I accepted one, I had to put up with the other.

When she rolled my clitoral hood with her thumb and forefinger, a thrill whispered throughout my body. I couldn’t believe what was happening to me and that I was allowing it.

“You see Molly, we girls know more about the female body than any man ever will.”

I shuffled my feet further apart and somehow, with the additional space, Cathy

managed to grip my clit and tease the soft, fleshy entrance to my quim with her middle finger. I let go of the skirt, so I could support myself on the desk as my knees began to wobble.

“Let yourself go Molly,” the PA urged. “Let’s just call this an additional bonus for being a good girl.”

“Oh Miss...” I sighed, as my natural resistance dissolved into a surprisingly strong orgasm.

The moment I began visibly shuddering, Cathy removed her fingers and sat back in her chair. I was left trembling, red faced and out of breath.

“Molly, pull your panties up and get a grip.”

Once I had fixed my clothes, Cathy picked up the wage slip and handed it to me. I glanced at the bottom-line figure, expecting to see around £1,500. Instead the figure for my May salary was £2,025. I scanned the rest of the figures and found that two bonuses of £250 had been added. I instantly realized the implications.

“Is this...?”

“Yes, Molly. The bonus is for your excellent performance during the month of May. If we are both pleased with your performance during June then the company will wipe off your loan.”

“Thank you so much, Miss.”

“Good, then I expect your compliance whenever your services are required.”

“I understand, Miss.”

“Good. kneel for a second, so I can show you something important.”

“Please, Miss, the report...”

“Molly, I’m not asking, I’m telling you to kneel. Now stop wasting my time.”

I placed the wage slip on her desk and slowly sank to my knees, whereupon she stood and slowly lifted the hem of her skirt. Cathy was a large woman but

couldn't be described as fat. Her magnificent long black legs were perfectly proportioned, but it was the knickers she was wearing that startled me. They were identical to mine – maybe a couple of sizes larger, but like mine her gusset was struggling to contain her plump major lips.

She moved forward until my nose was nearly touching the bulging white cotton. “Molly, as you know, Professor Undoko, insists on his immediate staff conforming to a strict underwear dress code. Are you happy in the clothes you're wearing?”

“Yes, Miss. I am.” I was still gobsmacked to be staring at the outline of the woman's sex through the thin white material.

“Are you prepared to show me your gratitude for making this happen...” She tapped the wage slip.

“Wh... what do you want me to do?”

Holding her skirt up with one hand, she pulled the bottom drawer of her desk out a few inches and lifted her left foot onto it. Her thighs parted and the effect on her panties startled me. The gusset almost slipped off her pussy and revealed a huge swathe of pink pussy meat.

“Molly, I want you to French kiss my sex. Fight my clit with your tongue and see who wins.”

I was in an invidious position and couldn't refuse the woman. Seeing that I was cooperating, she placed her free hand around the back of my neck and urged me forward.

“Good, girl, come to mommy and show me how much you adore my pussy.”

I reached up and pulled the fabric aside just before she drew my lips onto hers. She had a strong tangy flavour that was completely different to Carly's, but after only a few seconds of thrusting my tongue against her chunky ridge I forgot about it and concentrated on sucking her meaty clit. I drew it into my mouth and used my lips and tongue to squeeze and crush it.

“Oh yes, baby, suck your mamma's clit. Suck it hard, baby.”

I attacked it for what seemed like ages until she eventually released my head. I rocked back and quickly staggered to my feet. Cathy didn't display any outward sign of having had an orgasm and there were no thanks for my efforts.

She took a moment to adjust her underwear and dress. "Molly, I think you understand now, what your job entails."

I wanted to get back to my work, but I had to say something. "I do, Miss. I will always try my best and if it's not good enough I'm sure you will tell me."

"I will. Molly. That will be all. You can go back to your reports, and as I said earlier, I'll give you a hand after lunch. Oh, and it might be an idea to have a shorter lunch today."

"I will only take a half hour, Miss." I picked up the wage slip and hurried to the tiny kitchenette in the corner of my office. God, I thought, as I poured a cup of strong black coffee, what on earth was going to happen to me next?

## **2.5. Bizarre kink.**

What was happening to me? I wondered, as I drove home on Monday night. In the space of a week two couples had transformed me from a shy office worker into a highly sexed submissive slave. The only respite from the constant domination were the hour long journeys between the flat and the West African Pharmaceutical building, in the City of London.

When I arrived home at 7:30, Carly was sitting in the kitchen, on her own, eating dinner. I immediately spotted a plethora of items dotted around the kitchen that hadn't been there before.

"You're late. Where have you been, Molly?" she asked in a stern tone.

"I had to work late. I'm sorry." Carly was a serious cook and was always grumpy if I wasn't back from work when it was ready to eat.

She was training to be a solicitor in a firm that had offices in Barnet. She started at eight in the morning and finished at five, so I hardly ever saw her at breakfast and she was home a couple of hours before me.

She was wearing her favourite grey, gym workout shorts. They had low cut legs and were very sexy, as was the matching vest, which accentuated her pert breasts. In the six months I had known her I had never once fantasized about her body. However, that changed after the previous night's events with her and Todd.

"Molly, I want you to get used to calling me 'Miss' when we're on our own."

"Sorry, Miss." Crikey, I thought, she's in a foul mood.

I pointed at a mug with a blue crest on it. "I see Todd's things are here."

"Yes, he moved his stuff in this morning. There's more than I thought so I had to put some of it in your room. I also bought you an outfit to wear around the flat. You'll find the items on your bed."

“Oh? Okay, I’ll go and get changed.”

I wasn’t going to get any privacy, because Carly followed me down the hall. My heart sank when I entered the room, for there was a tall stack of large cardboard boxes in the only free space I had. It made the room look half the size it was before.

I walked over to the mini-mountain of boxes. “Is this a temporary measure, Miss?”

“I don’t know, Molly. Have a shower and put the clothes on, except the panties. Then we can have a chat.”

I was going to get some privacy after all, because Carly turned and left the room. I went to the bed to examine the contents of the small pile of clothes. There was a plain pink Ra-Ra miniskirt, a white crop top, white ankle socks, a pair of big pink cotton knickers that had the picture of a teddy bear’s face on the front and a pair of Baby Jane, black strap-over shoes.

I didn’t look at the clothes too closely because I was keen to get undressed and take a shower, but I had seen enough to see that Carly was proceeding with her plan to subjugate and dominate me. As I undressed, I either folded my clothes or dumped the dirty items in the linen basket, then walked down the hall to the bathroom.

I spotted more of Todd’s possessions after a quick look in the lounge. There was a large leather easy chair, a number of ornaments and another stack of boxes in one corner. I was worried about Todd’s arrival. My cosy existence was being shattered, and going forward, my life was clearly going to change in so many ways.

After a quick shower, I returned to my bedroom, dried my hair and started dressing. The Ra-Ra was as skimpy as my tennis skirt and although it hid my ass cheeks, when I was standing, any amount of bending would reveal either my knickers or my pussy and ass cheeks.

The short sleeve crop top, made from a soft rib fabric, had a scooped neck and a loose bottom edge that made my tits extremely accessible. The pop socks were ridiculously childish with frilly tulle strips sewn around the tops, and the shoes reminded me of school.

There were also two matching frilly ties, presumably for my hair. The large panties though were the strangest item, for they were about three sizes too big for me. I dropped them and after taking one last look at the room, returned to the kitchen to report to Carly.

She wasn't there so I knocked on her bedroom door.

"Come in," she called out.

When I pushed the door open, I wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted me. On its side, against the wall, leaned a single mattress and the metal parts to construct a bed, including the base springs and bead-heads. Carly's lovely dressing table had been moved to another wall, making it awkward to get in one side of her king size bed. And there were more boxes and bags littered around the room.

"Oh, yours is the same as mine," I said in a jovial manner, but the comment didn't lift her mood.

Carly, who was putting clothes away in a chest of drawers, studied my outfit. "Todd had to go in this afternoon. Some kind of emergency, but he'll be home soon and will start to sort out this mess." She paused to examine me again. "I like those clothes on you, Molly. They suit your character. Do you like wearing them?"

A chance to lift her mood. "I do, and I like the clothes. They're very comfortable."

"Mmmm. That's premature, because you haven't finished dressing yet. Go and fetch the hair ties and the panties."

I hurried back to my room and once again examined the underwear on the way back. The elastic around the legs and waist was strong but the stretchy cotton unusually flimsy. On entering, I found that Carly was laying a sheet of plastic out on the end of the bed. It had pictures of toy ponies on it and was clearly more suited to a nursery, not an adult's bedroom.

She turned and held her hand out to take the items from me. After taking them, she pointed at the sheet. "Molly, I want you to remove your skirt and lie down on the plastic, on your back."

“Wh... what for?” A germ of an idea was forming in my head and I didn’t like it.

“You’ll see, Molly. As I sort you out, I’ll explain what we expect from you in the coming days and weeks.”

“Sort me out? What are you going to do?”

“I’ll explain once you’re on the mat.”

“Is it a changing mat, like in a nursery?”

She nodded and folded her arms. “We talked about the importance of roleplaying. We had a long chat after you went to bed last night and formulated a plan. Todd was supposed to be here to help me, but I don’t think you’re going to give me any trouble. Are you?”

I would have been more resistant if he was there, and because he was due home, I decided to play along. I slipped the skirt down and sat down on the cold plastic sheet, then laid back. Naked below the top, I was already beginning to feel powerless and submissive.

Her stoic expression hadn’t changed since I handed her the panties. “Knees up, on your chest Molly.”

With my hands flat on the side of the mat, I raised my knees and spread my feet, so I could see what she was up to. She lifted a holdall onto the corner of the bed, unzipped it and removed a folded diaper! I shouldn’t have been shocked because I half expected what she was up to, but I was, nevertheless.

“Please, Carly, I don’t want to wear a nappy...”

“It’s an adult diaper and we insist you wear one for now. This is an important part of the role we expect you to play if you want to stay living here.”

Her words crushed me. “Carly, what are you saying?”

“Let me finish and we’ll have a chat while you have your dinner.”

Her will was much more powerful than mine and although I didn’t want to wear a nappy, I didn’t want to upset her in any way.



“Alright...”

She opened it out. “Raise your ass...”

While I curled my body a little more, she slipped the back under my ass and left the diaper lying on the mat while I relaxed.

“I’m just going to apply some cream to stop the diaper chaffing on your tender lips.”

Cream, I didn’t mind, but I had never seen the white tube she withdrew from the bag before. She squeezed some onto her finger and after wiping it on my thrusting lips, began to gently massage it in. She initially concentrated on my major lips and pudendal cleft and then pushed her fingers deeper into my furrows.

“Todd, who knows about these things, says you produce more exudation than normal...” She slid her fingers up and down my pussy as if to try and prove Todd’s odd diagnosis.

I disagreed and thought it was the result of normal arousal, but I wasn’t a doctor. “I’ve never thought it was a problem,” I muttered.

“You see, your pussy is oozing copious amounts of cunt juices.” She held her fingers up to show me that they were covered in a thick creamy slime. “That’s not natural, Molly, and the diapers will help. They’ll stop your panties from getting soiled.”

I was trembling with excitement during her prolonged demonstration and was disappointed when she withdrew her fingers and wiped them clean. The next item she withdrew from the bag was totally unexpected – the ‘comforter’ dildo they inserted in my quim the night before.

She must have seen the look on my face. “Don’t worry, kid, I’m not switching it on. We want you to get used to having your vagina occupied, so you appreciate the difference when it’s empty. A good submissive craves cock more than anything.”

Having turned my quim into liquified, molten flesh she could have driven it home in one quick thrust, but she chose to ease it in, a little at a time.

“There, doesn’t that feel good?”

“Yes, Miss...”

She took her time but removed her fingers once it would go no further. I thought about what she said as she lifted the front of the diaper into place, covering my pussy and mons. She secured the whole thing by pulling sticky tabs up and pressing them against the front panel.

“There, that was simple, wasn’t it?”

I had never been so embarrassed in all my life and could feel my face heating up. “I suppose so. Miss.”

She picked the panties up and fed them over my shoes, then worked them up to mid-thigh. She stepped back and my ordeal was over - for the time being.

Carly offered me a hand. “Up you get, Molly and pull your panties up.”

She sat on the edge of the bed and as soon as I had hoisted the cotton knickers up, she reached out and placed her hands on my hips.

“They fit you a treat, Molly...” She turned me 90 degrees and patted my posterior. “A bigger butt. Most girls want that, don’t they?”

I ran my hands over the padding and wasn’t as horrified as I had been earlier when she pulled the diaper from the bag. Yes, there was a thicker layer covering my pussy, but the rest of the diaper was evenly padded, so made for a relatively smooth layer front and back.

Bizarre as it may seem, I had to accept the situation for the time being and hope it was a one off and tomorrow they would forget about putting nappies on me.

## **2.6. Embarrassing accident.**

Even though Carly and Todd had come up with the idea of making me wear nappies and probably wouldn't back down, I wanted to register my displeasure at wearing them.

"It doesn't feel right," I said softly.

"Of course not, you haven't worn one for nearly twenty years! But, Molly, you'll soon get used to it."

"I hope so," I muttered.

She pointed to the floor. "Fetch a brush and kneel here, with your back to me, so I can do your hair."

I returned with a brush and got into position. Once again, I was struck by an overwhelming feeling of fear and insecurity, while she combed my hair and put it into bunches. Carly mentioned that I might not have a place in her flat for much longer but was continuing to encourage my submissive side.

I decided I had to make more of an effort to please her, otherwise I was going to be homeless.

She patted my head. "All done. Put your skirt on, then go and eat your dinner."

After pulling the Ra-Ra on, I turned back to face her. "Thank you, Miss. I'm going to try my hardest to be a good submissive."

She raised her eyebrows. "That's a good start. You may kiss me on the lips."

"Which ones, Miss?"

She smiled for the first time since I arrived home. "Both."

"Oh, okay." I leant forward and kissed her sensually, but she didn't reciprocate.

She was more interested in what I was going to do next. Once again, I dropped to my knees and after grasping the elasticated waist of her shorts, slowly pulled them off her hips and ass and drew them down to her knees. Her yellow semi-transparent gauze panties joined the shorts at half-mast.

Trying to show my mistress the utmost respect, I gently placed my hands on her pert ass cheeks and pressed my mouth against her peeping cleft. The difference between Carly's and Catherine's cunts was staggering. The PA's prominent line of clitoral flesh was chunky and easy to suckle, in the standing position, with one leg raised.

Carly's tight, white lips were hard to penetrate even though she leant back a little. However, I enjoyed fighting with her modest clitoral hood and had some success penetrating her cleft. I worked diligently, lapping and prodding for a few minutes, while she held my bunches and sighed softly.

She eventually pulled me away, bringing the kiss to an end. "Enough, kid. There'll be more time later."

I climbed to my feet. "Thank you, Miss."

I was laying it on a bit thick, but my plan was to keep in her good books. In the kitchen, I microwaved my plate of food and sat at the breakfast bar to eat. I was usually uncomfortable sitting on our hard, wooden stools for any length of time, so the padding over my ass improved matters somewhat.

I was just ruminating on what Carly and Todd had in store for me, when I heard a key in the lock. My heart started beating faster, knowing I was going to have to act out a new submissive role in front of Todd, who, on his own, was a dominant young man. How should I behave and how was he going to treat me?

Seconds later, I got the shock of my life. After Carly greeted Todd, he introduced, none other than Catherine Blackburn to her! I was stunned to the core and nearly choked on a mouthful of shepherd's pie.

Todd responded to a question from Carly. "...yes, I decided to pick up Cathy. Where's Molly?"

"In the kitchen eating her food."

First Todd, then the two women filed in. I was gobsmacked and cringed where I sat, while three smiling faces stared at me.

“Hello, Molly,” Cathy began. “You can imagine my surprise when this handsome doctor phoned this afternoon for a chat?”

I nodded like a fool and swallowed the food in my mouth. “Um... er, yes, Miss...” I was lost for words.

Carly came to the edge of the breakfast bar, opposite me, and pulled out a stool.

She turned to Todd. “Take our guest’s jacket and then come and sit down. We’ll have a nice chat while Molly finishes her dinner.”

“I can only stay a little while, but it’s great to see you all together. Molly speaks highly of you, Carly.”

I just wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. Todd, helped Cathy, first with her jacket and then with a stool. Moments later the four of us were sitting round the bar.

Todd was the first to respond. “It’s lucky that Catherine lives in Southgate. At this time of the evening it’s only a ten-minute drive.”

That was news to me and as I thought about the few conversations we had over coffee, I realized I knew virtually nothing about her. Maybe I had mentioned Carly a few times, but I couldn’t remember anything pacific.

“I adore her hairstyle. Bunches really suit her,” the Afro-Caribbean PA said boldly.

Talking about me while I sat eating my food, in the same room, was disrespectful, but I had no intention of protesting or adding to the conversation, unless they asked me a question. I filled my mouth again.

“She likes them, don’t you, Mo?”

It was the first time she had called me Mo, but I grinned and nodded.

“Oh yes, I like, Mo. Little Mo. That suits her,” Catherine said happily. “Todd

was telling me that you're starting her on a new regime. Is she wearing...?"

"Yes, I fitted her diaper when she changed out of her work clothes."

I squirmed on my stool and noticed an itchy sensation in my pussy. Just talking about diapers was making me think about peeing! The dildo, was making its presence felt and made me feel even more uncomfortable.

"I think it's a marvellous idea and definitely something we can continue at the office. The important thing with children is to get them into a routine."

I was aware that Carly was going down that route, but to hear my boss voicing similar ideas, hit me hard. Surely she wasn't contemplating me working in the office while wearing diapers?!

Carly looked doubtful. "We weren't expecting to upset WAP's routines..."

"No, don't worry, you won't. I will though, when she arrives for work, check out what she looks like wearing one in her work clothes. We may have to make some adjustments..."

I was horrified to hear Catherine suggest I could wear a diaper to work! A hot flush was beginning to spread throughout my body, while my brain started to freeze over.

"Yes, the underwear will have to go, but Todd has sourced some terrific special panties." Carly explained.

Catherine turned to Todd "That sounds great. Can you get a plentiful supply of adult incontinence wear?"

"Yes, I can. We get a lot of overweight kids in our department, some of whom are incontinent."

The more they talked about incontinence the more I wanted to pee. Suddenly a stronger twinge signalled danger. I raised my hand. "Miss, can I go to the loo?"

All three looked at me sternly. "Quiet, Mo..." Carly admonished me. "...while the adults discuss important matters. Finish your dinner and when we go to your room, we'll take care of your diaper then."

I filled my mouth again and tried my hardest to keep the wee in. I couldn't use the toilet until the nappy was removed, so were they expecting me to wee before changing it? Was that their plan all along? The sensation was getting stronger and stronger.

"Where were we?" Carly asked.

"Todd was telling me about the incontinence supplies."

"I raided the store cupboard at lunchtime. Did I get the right size?"

"They fit her perfectly, babe," Carly confirmed. She turned to Catherine. "So, what do you think the Professor will say..."

"Oh, I've already discussed it with him, just before Todd picked me up. He thinks it's a positive development, so long as it doesn't affect her work. He's also okayed the few alterations we need to make in our suite of offices."

"That's good. What in particular needs changing?" Todd asked.

"We have a large cupboard that will easily be cleared and then we can use it as a baby changing room..."

I winced at the word 'baby', just as I felt wee start to leak into the diaper. I dipped my head in utter shame as a wet warmth spread out around my pussy and mons. I had a sudden premonition that the sound of dripping would alert the trio that I had just peed in my pants.

I couldn't help dropping my hand to the side of the stool to check for moisture, but thankfully the nappy absorbed whatever slipped out. I looked up to see that Carly was watching me like a hawk.

"What's the matter, Mo?"

"I... I... I can't eat any more, Miss."

"Alright, clean your plate and wash your dishes."

I slipped off the stool and was pleased to get away from the heavy scrutiny the trio were heaping on me. I instantly noticed the diaper was heavier and more

solid between my legs as I stood at the sink.

“Finished?” Carly asked as soon as I wracked the plate.

“Yes, Miss.”

“Do you need changing?”

I glanced at the other two and saw curiosity in their eyes. “Yes, Miss, I do.”

“Alright. Get the changing mat from my room, lay it out on your bed and get ready to have your diaper changed. We will be a few minutes, so be patient.”

Mortified and confused, I crossed the hall, fetched the plastic sheet and took it to my bedroom. The more I walked, the more uncomfortable my nether region felt. How on earth could my control disappear so rapidly? I wondered. I laid the sheet out on my bed and then slipped my skirt off. Looking at my reflexion in the mirror didn’t help my confidence. I prodded the teddy bear face, over the spongy bulge, in an effort to ease the itching, but it didn’t make any difference.

The girl I was staring at in the mirror, dressed in a pink crop top, pink baby panties, white socks and black shoes, was an almost unrecognizable facsimile of my younger self. The bunches accentuated the apparent regression and loss of about half my age.

To turn me into a simpering young girl was bad enough, but Carly was going further and treating me like a baby. With the appearance of Catherine, my future looked even less uncertain. I wasn’t surprised that the dominatrix was keen to get involved with my submissive training, which Carly and Todd began less than a week earlier.

How could I continue to work for WAP and function properly in my job, while wearing a baby’s diaper? It didn’t bear thinking about.



## **2.7. Orgasm training.**

I laid on the plastic mat with my legs dangling over the edge of the bed until I heard the sound of voices in the hall, then lifted my knees onto my chest. The awful thing was that I felt more seepage and this time the urine dribbled down my ass crack before being absorbed in the nappy.

Was the dildo putting pressure on my bladder and pushing my wee out? I wondered. I liked the stretching sensation in my quim, but it didn't take my mind of the more urgent problem of a sodden nappy. I thought about what was happening to me and decided that I might as well relax and let it all out. That way, if they put another diaper on me, I would have a better chance of keeping it dry.

Catherine was the first to enter. "There's a good girl," she said, as soon as she spotted me. "Oh, I love your panties!"

Todd wasn't far behind, carrying the bag that contained the baby changing items. There was no sign of Carly, who I would have preferred to change the diaper. After stopping at the end of the bed, the junior doctor put the bag down beside me.

Catherine's attention wandered to the cluttered room. "This is going to take some tidying."

"I've taken tomorrow off. With a bit of luck, the flat should be tidy in a day or two. Once I put the cot together in our room, I'll be able to move all my junk in here."

"Cot?" I exclaimed. "What about my bed?"

"Molly, you'll be sleeping in the cot for the time being. We expect you to understand the importance of all the training elements we are bringing together for your sake. Age regression is one of the best methods of putting a patient in touch with her submissiveness and we're committed to helping you."

“I... I don’t want to sleep in a strange bed.”

Todd shook his head. “Molly, you’re displaying the classic symptoms of submissive identity dysphoria, SID. Trust me, my department treats dozens of patients just like you. Now, stay still while Catherine changes your diaper.

Tears clouded my vision as the Amazonian black woman bent down and drew my panties off my nappy and pushed them out of the way up my thighs. She ripped the tabs up and unflapped the front of the diaper to reveal the sodden interior and my bare pussy. Plus, an item she couldn’t fail to notice, the end of the black dildo nestled menacingly between my modest labia lips.

“Oh, isn’t Mo’s pussy cute.” She stroked the smooth skin of my mons. “She’s wet herself, so we need a flannel and some warm water, Todd.”

Just like with Carly, he responded to the order immediately by hurrying out of the room.

Her eyes were glued to the convex lips of my thrusting sex. She began to gently stroke them. “I hope you know how lucky you are to have a couple like Carly and Todd to take care of you.”

“Yes, Miss, I do.”

Having pushed deeper into my slippery cleft, she started squeezing my hood and line of clitoral flesh. “Very cute, baby. I can see I’m going to enjoy taking care of you at the office.”

“Please, Miss, I can’t wear a nappy to work...”

She slapped my pussy gently to accentuate her point. “Nonsense. You heard me say we were taking care of the changing facilities. No one will know if you don’t tell them.”

“I... I can’t see how we’d be able to keep it a secret.”

“Trust me, we can. In any case, nice people don’t make fun of others with problems like incontinence.”

“I’m not incontinent, Miss. I think it’s the dildo putting pressure on my bladder.”

“Mmmm, maybe...” When she gripped the end, a thrill ran through my body. “...we should take it out, then.” She started to pull it, but it didn’t move. “Relax you’re muscles, Molly.” On the second attempt it budged an inch. I couldn’t help moaning from the pleasurable sensation. “Sounds like you like that...”

“Um, yes...”

With a better grip, she was able to rapidly piston it back and forth, using about half of the dildo. Not satisfied with making me orgasm, she added to the stimulation by placed her left hand beside my pussy and strumming my clitoral ridge from side to side with her thumb.

“Uhhhhhh,” I moaned, as the double attack took me way beyond anything I had experienced before.

I was tossing my head from side to side and clasping the bedcovers when Todd entered, carrying a small bowl. He casually stopped to watch Cathy driving me to distraction, then set the bowl down beside me.

“Do you think leaving the dildo in is a good idea, Catherine?”

The pair gazed down at the glistening, black dildo, being swallowed time and time again by my pearly white lips. “Molly thinks it’s putting pressure on her bladder.”

“No, it isn’t. We fitted it because we want to teach her how to crave cock. We thought this would be the best way.”

“Todd, I have a lot of experience in this field, believe me. Fill her vagina at night, but during the day, exercise her like this, as often as you can. You can see she’s experiencing a high, similar to what a cokehead gets after snorting a line. Keep her there for a couple of minutes and then take it away. If you can use the real thing all the better.”

It was true, her tactic of rapid thrusts in the lower part of my quim, coupled with masturbation, was wreaking havoc with my sensibilities. The sensation was akin to holding bare electric wires and being unable to let go.

“Okay, do you want me to take over? I need to show you how to fit the sound.”

“Oh, yes, of course.” She removed the dildo, placed it in the bowl and made way for Todd.

He removed a plastic container from his pocket, similar in size to a watch box, opened it and removed a thick strand of plastic.

He showed Cathy. “You see it has a decorative stopper...” The end looked like a large diamond stuck to a tiny metal disc.

“Very pretty,” she said.

“Okay, let me show you how to fit it.” He bent down and used his fingers to part my slippery lips.

Alarmed and horrified, I contemplated dropping my legs. Wh... what are you doing?”

“Stay calm, Molly. I’m showing Catherine how to plug the flow of urine, so you can function properly at work or when you go to college. You won’t feel a thing.”

I felt the sound slipping into my urethra, but it wasn’t painful. I also felt it stop when the end reached my pussy flesh.

“That’s easy. I can take care of that, no problem,” Catherine said confidently.

I lay there stunned after he withdrew it, returned it to its case and handed it to Catherine.

Carly poked her head around the doorjamb. “It’s eight o’clock, Catherine.”

“Oh, thanks Carly,” She turned to Todd. “Thanks for bringing me over and letting me see Molly. I’m sure everything is going to work out fine at work.” Catherine stroked my pussy again. “See you in the morning, baby.”

My nerves were still jangling. “Y... yes, okay,” I replied, breathlessly, hoping sincerely that I’d be allowed to leave the house in the morning minus the nappy, even if it meant having a sound fitted.

## **2.8. The real thing.**

Todd, having said goodbye to the dominant PA, squeezed the water out of the flannel and placed it on the mat. Then, tugging the diaper, pulled it out from under my ass. After folding it into ball, he put it to one side and began wiping my nether region clean with the flannel. Happy with his efforts, he pulled a fresh nappy out and placed the back edge under my ass, like Carly had.

“Before I put the cream on, Molly, I’m going to give your orifices some exercise with the real thing. Don’t you think Catherine’s therapeutic advice was sensible?”

He didn’t need to dress up his actions. He had me exactly where he wanted, and I suspected he would use the therapy excuse every time he changed my diaper. “Yes, Sir, I do.”

I watched him unzipping his fly and remove his impressive cock, then pull me nearer him.

“Tell me, Molly. What are you thinking?” Slowly and deliberately he eased his black knob into my salivating entrance. Having been deprived of the ‘comforter’, my quim virtually sucked Todd’s cock in a couple of inches.

“I don’t like wearing nappies, Sir.”

He teased my entrance, just like Catherine had with the dildo. “We both want you to be patient and put your trust in us, Molly. Do you think you can do that?”

“I... I can try, Sir.” The delicious sensations rippling around my body were incredibly intense.

I was suffering a shameful experience at the hands of the trio and there was far more worrying developments on the horizon; and yet I was excited as I had ever been. It wasn’t the same as the thrill one gets from opening a present, it was more like the thrill one feels when driving at 100 mph with someone else at the wheel. I couldn’t control what was happening and I knew it was wrong, but I

wanted it to continue for a little while longer.

Todd was revelling in the role of dominant master. From his point of view, he had walked into the mother of all situations. On the one hand his new partner was a rabid nymphomaniac, who gave as good as she got; and on the other hand, he controlled a submissive girl who he could fuck whenever he wanted. Both of his 'girls' were hot and highly desirable, surely something every young man like him would dream about.

As he stood at the end of the bed, he used his cock to tempt me into acquiescence. Both he and Carly knew I enjoyed sex in a submissive role. They were obviously designing my future relationship with them, to trap me. Although I was aware of what they were doing, I didn't want to stop them for fear of losing absolutely everything.

"Is that nice, baby," he asked softly.

"Yes, Sirrrr. I like it..."

Todd increased the speed, and in the process reignited the sparkling sensation deep in the pit of my belly. With longer thrusts came a further increase in speed. Placing his hands on the back of my thighs, just beneath my knees, he leant forward and stepped up the power. My orgasm returned and built up to an almighty crescendo that sent me into a frenzy.

Seeing I had reached my peak, Todd slowed and then gently eased out. I knew what was coming, but I wasn't prepared for the sudden burst of dull pain. In his eagerness to resume his own rising thrilling sensations, he drove his cock through my tight defences as though he was coring an apple.

"Uggggggg," I moaned as he brutally drilled his shaft into my tighter orifice, until his belly was up against my ass cheeks.

He quickly settled into an aggressive rhythm and thankfully only took a couple of minutes to achieve his goal and make a substantial deposit in my back passage. Having experienced a few brief minutes of unbridled pleasure, then the pain of penetration, the joy of being shafted by the muscular doctor slowly returned. I also enjoyed watching Todd's face as his climax built to a surprisingly long ejaculation.

He slowly withdrew, then cleaned his cock on the flannel, while all the time studying my splayed pussy. As I watched, he became stiff again, but once he had finished, he tucked it away and unzipped the carryall. He didn't appear to be in a hurry, in fact, as he laid out the items to change me, he seemed to be genuinely enjoying the carer responsibility.

His first task was to apply some cream on my pussy and in particular along my furrows and over my clitoral ridge. Just like Carly, he rubbed my most sensitive spot firmly and reignited the lush sensations in my nether region.

I waited until he removed his fingers to ask him a question, I needed an answer to. "What's that cream for, Sir?"

He held up the tube to show me. "It's a hormone cream, Molly. It has two purposes. The first is a muscle relaxant and the second is to build up resistance to wet sores."

I could understand the need to avoid getting sore. "Muscle relaxant? What's that for, Sir?"

"It's to sooth the urinary tract. Incontinent people prefer slow seepage to sudden deluges and applying the cream enables that."

"Oh..." I wasn't sure what to think of his explanation.

I didn't want to be wearing diapers and I certainly didn't want to be wetting them, slowly or in sudden spurts. What he said made sense for incontinent people, but I didn't like the idea of losing control of my bladder.

He was squeezing more cream from a pink tube. "What's that for, Sir?"

"It's baby lotion for the rest of your butt." He took a minute to smear the cream over my ass cheeks, my belly and mons.

It was a very erotic experience to have his huge black hands massaging the lotion into my soft white skin. Once he had finished, he lifted the front of the diaper and secured it at the front with the tabs. Next came the teddy bear panties, which he pulled over the nappy for me.

He helped me up and looked around the room. "Have you got any homework

tonight?”

I stepped into the Ra-Ra skirt and pulled it up. “Yes, Sir. I need to spend an hour on my studying.”

“All right, I’ll leave you to get on with it. I’ll be in my room putting the cot together.”

I didn’t want to think about sleeping in a strange bed until later because I needed to concentrate on my studies. It was a welcome relief to be left to my own devices. I got my books and equipment out and decided to sit on the bed with a board on my lap. I soon became absorbed in the subject, but kept being reminded of my baby status whenever a small trickle of wee escaped into the diaper.

I had been sitting there for about an hour when Carly returned after taking Catherine home. She left it about ten minutes before coming to my room carrying a mug of something hot. She had changed into a black t-shirt dress that she often wore around the house.

“Mo, put your stuff away and come to the lounge. I’ll take your drink in there.”

I wasn’t quite finished. “Could I drink it in here, please, Miss?”

“No. It’s nearly your bedtime and I want to have a chat with you.”

“Could I have another ten minutes, please?”

“Molly, there will be repercussions if you don’t do as you’re told.”

I was disappointed to be going to bed at 9 o’clock, but I had done some useful revision and almost caught up with the schedule. I slipped off the bed, put my stuff away and set off for the lounge, hoping Carly was going to soften her attitude toward me.

I wasn’t holding my breath though!



## **2.9. Reality hits home.**

When I arrived in the lounge, I found Carly sitting at one end of the sofa.

She pointed at the floor by her feet. “Come over, Mo, and kneel here.”

My diaper was wet but not as bad as it was the first time, so I was quite comfortable as I dropped to my knees between her calves. Her thigh-length dress had ridden up and because her knees were well spread, I could see she wasn’t wearing any panties. She was deliberately showing me her cute burger-bun-like pussy!

She sat up, edged forward and widened her thighs even further. She then reached down and lifted my chin. “Are you wet, Mo?”

“A little, Miss.”

“I’ll change you when we put you to bed. Wasn’t it nice to see Catherine. I really like her and I think we’re going to be close friends.”

They certainly had a shared interest – me! I needed to respond to her comment. “I like her too, Miss.”

Carly leant forward and narrowed her eyes. “It’s important that we all get along. You understand what I mean?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“We’ll care for you at home and she’ll look after you at work. You can continue your college course and further your career. Catherine expects your wages to rise and says you’ll earn more and more bonuses. We can go on shopping trips together and go to the cinema if you like. Life is going to be a lot more enjoyable in the future. Molly. Apparently, the Professor has invited you to his son’s twenty-first birthday party. I’m looking forward to helping you dress for that.”

It all sounded so wonderful. The missing piece of the jigsaw was the sound that

Todd said would stop my flow of urine. With one in, I would be able to do the things she said and wear normal clothes. Of course, they would then expect me to return home and treat me like a baby.

“It would be great if I can do those things, Miss.”

“Good!” She leant back and because her ass was still on the edge of the sofa, her splayed pussy was thrust right in my face.

“Mo, earlier, you showed me you were eager to please me. I want you to go one step further.”

Her cute lips had flattened, because of her spread thighs, and left her modest clitoral ridge and hood standing proud. I targeted the well-defined strip of flesh straight away, with my tongue, then started sucking and pulling on it until she was moaning with pleasure. Up and down, left and right, I Lapped away, knowing I had hit the spot.

I strayed a couple of times into first one hole and then the other, but kept returning to her sensitive spot at the heart of her cunt. Her encouragements, while holding my bunches, her moans and trembling were enough to tell me she orgasmed for some time before we were rudely interrupted by Todd.

“Ahem,” he coughed while standing in the doorway. “The cot is ready.”

“She hasn’t drunk her milk, Todd.”

“Don’t worry, she can drink it in bed. Come on Molly.”

He was desperate to get me in bed, presumably so they could have some private time together. I followed the tall doctor into their room and was shocked to see the ‘cot’ was in fact a small hospital bed – well, it looked like the ones I had seen on television. Then I saw the leather cuffs.

“Oh,” I gasped. “Please don’t make me sleep in that bed.”

The tubular metal bed stood on six stout legs, each with a large wheel on the end. A metal wheel and two levers along the side, beneath the mattress, suggested it could be adjusted in some way. It was higher than a normal bed and had an 18” high guard rail around the top half. All that was missing to create a

hospital scene was a saline drip hanging from a metal stand. But it was the leather cuffs attached to the ends of the bead-head that I feared the most.

“Molly, up you get so I can show Carly how it works.”

I was bullied into moving to the edge of the bed. Both of my tormentors placed a hand on my back and urged me forward. I viewed the bed as a mini prison and wasn't happy to be climbing onto it. But, being unable to resist their joint will I climbed up and sat on the edge.

“Take your top off and slip the clean one on, Molly.”

A changed the top for white t-shirt that was huge, probably four sizes too big for me.

“We'll get you some nice nighties, when we go shopping, Molly,” she cooed.  
“Now be a good girl and lie down.”

I swung my legs up and laid back, so my head was in the middle of the pillow and my arms by my side. The bed stood about three feet from the wall, so Todd was able to stand opposite Carly.

“Mo, reach up past you pillow,” Todd ordered.

“Please don't tie me to the bed.”

“Molly, remember what I said earlier. You have to trust us. You have to believe that we know what's best for you.”

They each took one of my arms and raised it to the sides of my pillows, then wrapped the leathers cuffs around my wrists and buckled them tightly. The pillow and bed were comfortable, but I was a prisoner!

“Okay, Carly, let me show you this little tweak I thought up. “He reached over to me and after pulling the t-shirt up, rubbed my tummy. “Molly lift your knees onto your chest...”

I assumed he wanted to change my nappy before telling me to go to sleep, which would have been okay with me, but he had other ideas. I did as I was told and waited for him to start, but instead, he picked up a wooden broom handle from

the floor. Slipping it under the top rail of the bed-guard, he pushed the end across the back of my thighs and then under the rail on the other side. The wooden pole effectively trapped me in the folded position.

“That’s great, Todd. How does the bed work?” Carly asked.

Todd walked round to stand beside Carly and pointed at the side of the bed, beneath me. “The wheel raises her head and these two levers drop the bottom half of the bed. I’ll show you.”

He pulled one of the levers and then went to the end where he folded the end legs under the bed. He returned to the side and while moving the other lever he eased the bottom down a full 90 degrees.

“That’s fantastic,” Carly exclaimed moving to stand just a few inches from my nappy. “It’s going to make changing her a doddle.”

“Exactly!” Todd said enthusiastically. “The bed might not have all the bells and whistles of the latest tech-beds, but it’ll serve our purpose.”

“And they were going to throw it away?” Carly asked.

“It had been rotting in the basement for years. Ever since I started at the hospital.”

“I’ll get a bowl of water,” Carly volunteered.

As soon as she had left the room, Todd eased the teddy panties off my ass and unfastened the diaper. He saw me lifting my head to see what he was doing.

“I’ll raise the top a tad,” he said, leaving my damp pussy and ass fully exposed.

I was more comfortable after he raised the pillow about six inches. “Thank you,” I muttered.

He had just returned to my exposed nether region when Carly appeared with a bowl of water and flannel. Todd stood aside to let her wash my posterior and sex, using the flannel in a brusque manner.

“Todd,” she said. “I’ve noticed Mo questioning some of our instructions, so

before we put her night diaper on, I think we should teach her a lesson.”

“Oh, what have you got in mind?”

“I’ll show you...” She went to her wardrobe and returned with a blue flipflop. “A couple of whacks with this should make her think twice before arguing with us.”

“No, Carly, please don’t smack me,” I cried. “I’ll be good...”

“Quiet!” I fell silent as she waved the rubber shoe in the air. “What do you think, Todd? I know the Professor would agree. He gave her ass a good spanking.”

“Six of the best? Do you want me to do it?”

“No, I’ll take care of it this time.”

When she moved to the side of me, I totally misjudged her determination to teach me a lesson. And, I forgot that in my extreme folded position the concave lips of my pussy stood proud of the back of my thighs. She raised her arm. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!” I cried as the blows descended on the lower slopes of my ass and my tender labia lips.

Fire raged across the area and I cried like a baby, kicking my feet in the air and pulling on the leather cuffs. By the time my tears had stopped flowing, the pair had applied the cream, inserted the dildo and fitted a heavier, night diaper. I watched, through bleary eyes, Todd lifting the end of the bed and removing the pole, so I could lie straight.

Carly helped me drink a cup of warm milk, then spread a duvet over the bed.

Finally satisfied I was comfortable, she leant over me. “Sleep tight, Mo. You’ve got nothing to worry about now, because Todd and I are going to take care of you.”

She switched the light out, leaving me in inky darkness. Warm and cosy under my covers, I could finally relax after a torrid day of discovery, discomfort and humiliation. What would tomorrow bring? I wondered. More embarrassing

moments when I arrived at work?

Two things worried me, though. Why, when I thought about my future as a submissive, did I get a thrill in the pit of my stomach. And, would I be able to persuade Todd, in the morning, to leave the dildo buried in my quim? His impressive black cock buried in my white pussy was the last thing I thought of as I slipped off to sleep.

## **THE END of part Two**

In Part Three, Molly tries to cope with and satisfy two domineering couples, one at home and the other at work. How will she cope, leading a complicated double life, sometimes acting as a simpering submissive and other times, as an attractive grown-up young woman? I hope you enjoyed the second part of Molly's intricate story and will continue reading this series.

Thank you for reading my work. A.S.

Email at - [Amelia.stark@mail.com](mailto:Amelia.stark@mail.com)

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