

SCARLETT STEELE

A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing sunglasses and a black, short-sleeved, form-fitting top. She is holding a silver handgun in her right hand. The background is dark with some red and blue lighting effects.

**BALLBUSTING
JUSTICE**

SCARLETT STEELE

A woman with long, wavy hair, some of which is dyed red, wearing dark sunglasses and a black, short-sleeved, form-fitting top. She is holding a silver handgun in her right hand, which is wearing a black glove. The background is dark with some red and blue lighting effects.

**BALLBUSTING
JUSTICE**

Ballbusting Justice

(Cruel Ballbusters, Suffocating Facesitting, Humiliation Ass Worship)

All Right Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2015

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All character in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to facesitting, ballbusting, ass worship, faceslapping and a dominatrixes journey on breaking a hardened criminals mentality and his balls.....

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

Ballbusting Justice

(Cruel Ballbusters, Suffocating Facesitting, Humiliation Ass Worship)

“Lucas Shield,” the judge’s voice carried over the courtroom. Lucas stood and looked confidently at the judge. His attorney had been certain he’d get a light sentence this time. “Probably time served and probation,” he’d said. He hadn’t been surprised by the guilty verdict. This wasn’t his first tangle with the system. He’d been in and out of jail since he was a teenager in juvie.

“Mr. Shield, you have been found guilty of armed robbery, assault, breaking and entering, assaulting a police officer, attempted rape, and a laundry list of other minor charges.” Lucas glared at the attorney. The judge did not sound like she was going to let him off with time served. “I took some time in deciding your sentence. In fact, I consulted with several other justices before coming to a conclusion. While I can’t consider your past records when deciding on a verdict, we can look at your record when it comes time for sentencing. I wonder, Mr. Shield, are you aware of the new sentencing laws that just went into effect? For criminals such as yourself, with high rates of recidivism, I have quite a bit of leeway.”

Lucas tuned her out and whispered to his attorney, “What the fuck is she talking about man? You said this would be a cakewalk!” His attorney just shook his head and motioned for him to be quiet. Lucas looked around the courtroom while the judge droned on. He should be walking away from this, but this cunt was going to see him back in jail. Fuck. He’d been there before. He could deal. He had friends on the inside, he could still keep things going. No problem.

He took a deep breath as he sensed she was winding down. If he went to jail for a while, so be it. He wasn’t in any danger there. No one could touch him. No one dared.

“Mr. Shield, it is the order of this court that you be remanded into the custody of Harmony Home for thirty days. If in that time, you can turn yourself around and be a model citizen, we will reconsider sentencing. If, however, you fail, well...” she paused for a moment and smiled down at him. “Mr. Shield, this is your third strike. I can, right now, choose to put you away for the rest of your life. With the current convictions, you might be eligible for parole in, oh, twenty years. I suggest you learn some fast lessons at Harmony Home, Mr. Shield. If you come back to me in thirty days and you have not, I will put you away for as long as I possibly can.”

“That’s not so bad,” he turned to his attorney with a smile, “thirty days in rehab. I can handle.” He stopped when he saw his attorney’s expression. The man looked terrified.

“Lucas,” his attorney was looking more and more scared by the moment. “Lucas, I don’t know how to explain this, and um... I want you to... I hope you will... Don’t blame me, please. I tried. I never imagined they’d go this route.” He was still apologizing when the bailiff led Lucas out of the courtroom and into the holding cell where he was to wait for transport to Harmony Home.

In the holding cell, the others made room for him. Lucas sat on the bench and waited, wondering why his attorney seemed so weird. He got a smoke from one of the other men and lit up. No one bothered to try telling him there was no smoking allowed. Before long, he realised the whispered conversations his cell mates were having were about him.

“Harmony Home man, that’s rough.” “Even Lucas Shield ain’t gonna beat that one.” “Y’think he’ll go soft?”

That was it, Lucas was on his feet and had the other man’s head under his boot in the blink of an eye. “Y’think I seem soft? Huh?” The talk quickly died down. Lucas was about to use the lit end of his cigarette to teach the kid some manners

when the cell door clanked open and a burly guard called his name.

He was shackled and hooded before being led down the hall and into a vehicle. He was locked into his seat. This wasn't the first time Lucas had been through this sort of thing. Fighting back now was pointless, so he did as he was told. Pretty soon, he felt the vehicle begin to move. He wondered where they were going. He'd never heard of Harmony Home before, but he assumed it was one of the security houses that had cropped up in city. They were usually warehouses with barracks-like housing attached where prisoners were expected to work. Usually something like parts assembly for toys or electronics. The rest of the time they would attend classes on behavior. Either that or it was a work farm. Judging by the distance they'd driven so far, he was guessing work farm.

The bumping told him they'd turned off the main road and before long, they came to a stop. Lucas was led carefully out of the vehicle and up a short flight of steps into an echoing room. Finally, his hood was removed and he was staring at a strikingly beautiful woman. She was almost as tall as he was, and that was surprising. Then she began to walk in circles around him and he realized she was wearing very high, stiletto heels that clicked on the hard floor.

"He's a bit rough around the edges," the woman's voice was like liquid silk. A soft purr. Lucas barely suppressed a smirk. Such a pretty girl would be easy to manipulate. "Still, he's got the right look. He's a big boy, isn't he? Probably thinks he's tough." She continued to walk around him. Lucas saw she was in a swirly dress and stockings. Not at all the kind of woman he'd expect on a work farm. She was probably inexperienced. He knew the type. A timid mouse once you got past the fake bravado on the outside.

"The hair is horrible. Take him to the showers, see to it that he's cleaned and presentable. I'll speak to him before dinner."

She turned and walked away. Lucas was led through what looked like a large house and finally to a locker room and shower. The burly guard unlatched his shackles and told him where he'd find towels, soap and everything else he needed. Lucas debated briefly about an escape attempt, but gave it up quickly. There were too many guards, he'd seen them on the way through the halls, all big, burly men. He had no idea where they were. No, he'd have to play along and do his thirty days here. But if that woman was in charge, he'd have no problem leaving with a glowing recommendation. He smiled and took a steamy hot shower.

He didn't argue when the guard insisted he shave, or have his hair trimmed. He did question the uniform he was given. A pair of shorts so tight and so short they should have been called underwear and a matching tank. The guard left him in a small room with a single bed, a straight wooden chair and a small room with a sink and a toilet. The door locked behind him. The barred window was high in the wall, but Lucas lifted himself up to see through the bars. It didn't do him any good. The "view" was a concrete walkway and the door of what looked like a barn or stable.

He was starting to get hungry when the guard reappeared and led him through the house into a large, formally decorated sitting room that looked more like something from a Victorian movie than a prison work farm. The woman was sitting in a big, plushy chair near the fireplace, her feet resting on the back of a bare-chested man who was kneeling in front of her.

"Thank you Michael, you may go." The guard nodded and left. The woman didn't move from the chair, she simply looked him up and down as if assessing a piece of meat.

"You're new, so I'll forgive the lack of protocol. I'm Lady Kristina, and for the next thirty days, you are my property. Through a genius move of the justice system, someone finally realized that traditional rehabilitation was not working.

Another solution had to be found. One that addressed the core problem, not just the behavior, but the reasons behind it. Thus Harmony Home began.”

It sounded like the typical rehab bullshit, but she was still sitting there with her feet up on some guy’s back. If she thought he’d take orders from a cunt, she was in for a surprise.

The slap caught him off guard. His left cheek stung from her hand. She was standing in front of him, glaring.

“Look bitch, I’ve killed men for less than that, who the fuck...” she slapped him again, harder, on the right cheek. “If you think I’m going to stand here and take this shit from a prissy little cunt,” Lucas grabbed her by her dress front and yanked her off her feet. He was big and he was strong, and he knew how to use it.

He wasn’t expecting what she did next.

Her hand whipped to his groin and grabbed his balls. She squeezed. Harder. He gritted his teeth and held on. Her grip tightened. He felt his balls swelling in her hands, but still he held on. Then she yanked, hard, and he dropped her and fell to the floor. Before he could catch his breath, she had the point of one of her stiletto heels pinning his balls to the floor.

“Let’s get something straight right now, Lucas.” All the silk was gone from her voice. This was pure steel. “For the next thirty days, you are my property. You will do as you are told. You will obey all orders. You will behave. Or you will be punished, swiftly and severely. You are here for one purpose, to be broken and reformed. If you think you can overpower me, think again. If you think you can outsmart me, you are wrong. If you think you can hurt me and get away, or

convince the guards to help you, you are very, very wrong.”

She turned her head to the man who was still kneeling on the floor by her chair. “Trey, please show Lucas here what happens when you misbehave at Harmony Home.” Trey stood and pulled his shorts down, turning his ass so Lucas could see the clear white scars that crossed each asscheek. “Trey was stubborn,” her voice had gone back to silken softness. “He didn’t learn. He got those scars after he hurt one of the other ladies. He made the mistake of thinking he could overpower her and get away. Trey spent the week she took to heal chained to the wall in the basement. We counted her injuries. He received one hard stroke for each. His wounds were treated and dressed and he learned a lesson. A very valuable one. When his time was up, he petitioned to remain here in service to us. You see, the only rule I have here is that I cannot kill you. Other than that, you are mine to do with as I please.” She ground her heel into his balls to emphasize her point.

“He sleeps in the basement tonight.”

Trey led Lucas down stairs into a dark cellar where he placed a large metal collar around Lucas’ neck, then locked the chain to the basement wall. He pointed him to the toilet and sink in the corner, and a thin cot with a single blanket and no pillow. The dinner that was brought to him was a bowl of oatmeal.

He fell asleep dreaming of how he would teach that bitch Kristina a lesson. “No way am I obeying some cunt. No way.” He repeated.

The next morning, another guard brought him to a beautiful table on a patio overlooking a broad lawn with a flower garden and fountains. He tried to look around to see where they were, but the garden was bordered by a high stone wall.

“We’re in the middle of nowhere,” her voice carried in as she walked to the table and sat. She gestured for him to sit on the small stool opposite her. “Let’s begin again, shall we? I can see you are going to be tough. So we’ll try another method.”

Lucas sat, watching her carefully the whole time. She had moved with surprising speed yesterday. He didn’t realize Trey and another guard had come up behind him. Suddenly, he was wrapped in a piece of stiff cloth that held his arms down to his chest. He tried to fight back but the two men were just as big and even stronger than he was. They buckled straps over his chest, a collar went around his throat and his shorts were striped off before more straps passed between his legs.

He managed to kick one of the men before they captured his ankles and cuffed them, then pulled them back until he was kneeling on the floor, trussed like a turkey and glaring at the woman. She smiled and crossed to sit on the stool he had just vacated.

She put her face right in front of his. “As I was saying, we are in the middle of nowhere. Harmony Home is a large piece of property about an hour’s drive from the city. Our closest neighbor is the fire outpost, and they’re about two miles away. We are surrounded by either state forestry land, agricultural fields, or cattle fields. The reason for the tall fences and walls is to keep the hunters and hikers out, and to block the view of the occasional farm worker who comes around to check fences or irrigation equipment.”

He spat in her face. She didn’t even flinch. He hand shot out and pinched his ear between her thumb and index finger. She squeezed hard. He gritted his teeth and smiled at her. She just smiled. The next thing he felt was blooming pain as her other hand slapped open palm against his exposed balls. She ground her hand against his body, twisting his balls as she did so. He groaned through gritted teeth. She smiled wider, pulled her hand back and slapped again, even harder this

time. He thought his nuts were going to pass through his body and come out his mouth.

On the third slap, his eyes rolled back in his head as her fingers dug into his body. He felt pressure behind his nuts as she cupped her hand and pulled his balls forward. Then sudden intense pressure on his prostate. It would have felt good had he not been in so much pain. She dug her fingers into him, rubbing against his prostate as she ground his balls forward against his pubic bone. He groaned again, moaning in pain and pleasure combined despite his best efforts to stay silent.

Suddenly, she released him and he would have fallen over had she not carefully guided him to the floor. He watched, dazed, as she picked up a napkin from the table and wiped her face. She bent and stuffed the used napkin into his mouth, then calmly pulled another strap out and buckled it around his head to keep the napkin in place.

She rolled him onto his back and Lucas realized exactly how helpless he was. His balls ached, but his cock was twitching from her fingers stroking his prostate. He looked up as she hiked her skirt and straddled his face. She planted her heels next to his shoulders then lowered herself until her pussy was inches from his nose.

“I suggest you listen, what I am about to tell you is very important to your success here. My name is Lady Kristina. And you may think I look like a pretty girl, all frills and ruffles, but there’s something about me you need to know.” She lowered her pussy down onto his face until his nose was buried in her folds and he couldn’t breathe. “I used to be a cop.”

She wriggled back and forth, as she twisted side to side, he could catch a quick

breath of air. He felt her getting wet, felt it spreading over his face. She rocked her pussy back and forth over his nose and chin, she ground against his lips, pulled tight by the napkin and strap in his mouth. She reached down and grabbed his ears to hold his head still and ground her pussy against his face until she came, gushing all over his face. It went up his nose and he sputtered.

She stood up without warning and gestured to someone off to the side. “Take him and clean him up, make sure he has a good meal. I want to put him through his paces before lunch. I think he’s going to take extra work.”

Lucas was hauled into a shower and hosed off, then ordered to dress. He was quickly learning that his usual methods of intimidation didn’t work here. The men were not afraid of him at all. He ate a good breakfast, thinking at least the food was decent, far better than the oatmeal he’d had the night before. Then he was taken to a room where he was forced onto a padded chair, his legs spread wide and strapped down, his hands cuffed behind his back. Once he was strapped in, the chair was tipped back until it was almost like he was in a recliner.

Lady Kristina walked in wearing a pair of high heeled shoes and nothing else. Her body was magnificent. “Today, you’re going to learn how to please me. Do it well, and you’ll be rewarded. Make a mistake and you’ll be punished. If you think to bite me, or harm me in any way, remember the scars on Trey’s ass. You may be able to hurt me, once, but I’ll make sure you remember and regret it for the rest of your life.”

She came around and stood straddle his face, then leaned down and took his balls in her hands. She rolled them around and squeezed them gently. Then he heard the unmistakable snick of a knife opening and felt cold steel against his balls.

“You are going to lick my asshole, and do a good job of it. Bite me, and we’ll see how quickly this knife will open your balls up.” She poked the point into him for emphasis. She lowered herself until her asshole was barely brushing his lips. “I suggest you start with your tongue around the outside of my asshole.” She tapped his balls lightly with her fingers to motivate him.

Lucas shrugged and stuck out his tongue. He’d forced plenty of women to lick his ass, and he’d certainly licked plenty of pussy in his life. He moved his tongue up and down over her asshole. “You can do better than that,” she tapped his balls again and wiggled her ass against his face. He felt her fingers behind his balls, pushing in against his taint, stroking his prostate from outside. His cock twitched in response but she smacked his balls as he started to get hard. “None of that,” she whispered, “not until you’ve proven yourself. Now lick my ass, or are you really as worthless a piece of shit as everyone says you are?”

Lucas tongued her ass, running the tip of his tongue around the puckered bud of her asshole, then up and down the crack as far as he could. He pointed his tongue and pushed into the center of her puckered ass. She made ooh sounds and ground her ass against him. “That’s better,” she purred and her fingers did marvelous things to his balls. His cock twitched again, and she didn’t slap his balls this time.

She was getting soaking wet, he could feel it dripping down onto him. He heard the door open and she stopped moving suddenly. She sat up and pulled his chair upright. “Well done,” she cooed in his face. “Now you can see and taste the rewards you might earn if you continue to do well.”

She laid back on the table in front of him and one of the big men he’d seen around the house quickly knelt between her legs and buried his face in her pussy. He must have been good because she came quickly, then she flipped the man onto his back and straddled his cock. She rode him hard until he begged for release. She granted it with a nod and the man groaned as he came.

She climbed off the man and looked at Lucas. His cock was hard and throbbing, but he looked at her and sneered. “Lady, if you think I’m going to service you like some dumb stunt cock, think again.”

She slapped his face hard, first one cheek, then the other. Then she grabbed his face in her hand, her nails digging into his skin. “Oh you have so much to learn. Before we are done here, you will beg to service me. You will consider it a privilege.” She turned back to the man on the table, “Fit him for a chastity device today, then deliver him to Lady Gwenn. She and Matilda can have him for the rest of the day.”

She stormed out of the room and Lucas almost laughed. That dumb cunt thought the idea of fucking her was a reward. When he felt the other man’s hands on his cock, he tried to pull away, “Hey, fuck off. I’m not queer!” The man just shook his head and slipped a metal ring around the base of his balls, then a cage went around his cock, compressing everything. When the whole thing was in place, he looped a padlock through the device and snapped it closed. Lucas looked down to see his cock and balls encased in metal. “What the fuck?!”

He didn’t get an answer, the man pulled a few levers and the entire chair he was strapped to began to roll. He was wheeled through the room and down the hall into another room. A tall, beautiful black woman stood waiting for him. Beside her sat a plump woman with breasts so big Lucas felt his cock twitching, despite the metal cage around it.

“Thank you Jon,” the tall woman dismissed the man before turning to Lucas. “Let’s get you situated, shall we?” He felt a mild electric jolt in the collar on his neck. “Good, you felt that. I can knock you flat unconscious with this thing, so be a good boy.” She quickly got him out of the chair and cuffed his hands behind his back, then chained his feet to the floor before she pushed him down onto a low stool. When she turned, he discovered his face was level with her ass, and it was a magnificent ass.

“Do you like my ass, you piece of shit?” she purred at him. “It’s nice and round and juicy. You don’t deserve it, you know that. But... Lady Kristina thinks you can be rehabilitated, so we’re going to try.” She backed up until her ass was in his face.

“Make me believe you really love my ass, you better be kissing it, licking it, and lovin’ all over it. You got that?”

When Lucas didn’t answer, the plump woman promptly slapped his face hard and instructed him to answer Lady Gwenn’s question. He choked out a sullen yes that was quickly muffled as the plump woman, Matilda, he imagined, shoved his face into Gwenn’s admittedly amazing ass.

He wasn’t prepared for her to hold him there. His breathing was cut off by those round globes. He relaxed and tried to gasp for air, but her ass was too thick and round. Finally, she pulled forward enough and he sucked in air. “You’d better be gettin’ busy,” Gwenn’s voice carried.

He began slowly kissing her ass cheeks, then licking every inch of her ass. He let his teeth graze her gently, then licked down her crack until she bent forward and spread her ass cheeks wide. He shrugged and buried his face, licking her asshole with firm strokes of his tongue. He licked as far forward as he could, tasting her pussy juices, but she wouldn’t let him touch her pussy. “Nope, that’s only for good boys, you haven’t earned that yet.”

When Gwenn had had enough, Matilda took her place, thrusting her plump ass into Lucas’ face. She had great tits, but Lucas had never been into fat girls. But he had no choice. She wasted no time, she spread her cheeks wide and exposed her asshole, “I like my ass rimmed, so do a good job.”

Lucas pressed his tongue against the puckered hole and she ground back against him. He felt Gwenn behind him, pressing him forward until his face was buried in Matilda's ass. He licked her asshole, poking the tip of his tongue into her and fucking her ass with his tongue until she moaned in pleasure.

His cock and balls were throbbing, begging to get out of the cage and fuck something. When Matilda had enough, Gwenn undid his restraints, but left the shock collar and cage on him. Another pretty boy came and led him to lunch. Lady Kristina and another woman were waiting for him. The new woman was introduced as Mistress Courtney. He would be spending tomorrow with her. The rest of lunch passed in silence, then he was locked in his room, still in the shock collar and chastity cage. He did find he could piss while wearing it, but it sucked.

The next morning, Mistress Courtney claimed him before breakfast. She took him to a large, empty room where she proceeded to teach him protocol and etiquette. He got tired of that shit quickly. He figured he'd rather take the punishment and be left alone.

"When a lady of the house enters a room, you stand. If she is seated, and you are presented to her, you kneel," Courtney explained. Lucas was sick and tired of listening to the whining cunt.

"Fuck you," he growled. "The only reason you've got any power is because that fucking cunt judge sent me here. You're a woman. I don't take orders from women."

Courtney shrugged, "as you wish." She locked his chain to the wall in the room and left. Lucas didn't know how long she was gone. He tried getting the collar off. No good. He tried pulling his cock out of the chastity device. That just hurt. He tried yanking the chain out of the wall. It didn't budge.

Lady Kristina came in with two burly guards. “Strip him,” she instructed. Lucas tried to fight, but the two men quickly overpowered him and got his clothes off. He spat in Kristina’s face as she got close. He swung one punch, which she dodged, but he did get his fingers in her hair and pulled hard enough to see tears spring to her eyes.

She calmly stepped into him, reached her fingers between the bars of the chastity cage and poked her nails square into his balls until he wailed in pain and let go of her. She didn’t stop poking him until he was on his knees on the floor.

“Spread him out, strap him down,” she told the two men. They quickly pulled his arms and legs spread eagle on the floor and cuffed them in place. A strap passed around his waist and another around his chest. Still more straps held his neck and head in place until he couldn’t even wiggle.

She knelt and unlocked the cage on his nuts, but left the cage on his cock. “Such a pity you’ve chosen to be obstinate. But, that’s your choice.”

She sighed, and he saw stars as she again balled up her fist and struck him right in the balls. She waited for him to catch his breath, then laid her open palm gently against his nuts before pulling back and striking with stinging force. The third blow landed on his inner thigh. The fourth just under his nutsack, and the fifth on the other thigh. The next strike flattened his balls against his body and he was retching from the intensity.

“You’ve disrespected the ladies of this house,” she told him as she lightly tapped on his now aching balls. “You’ve refused to learn. You’ve given every indication that you have no intention of learning. So, here is the way this is going to play

out. You have thirty days with us before you are to report back to court. At the end of that thirty days, upon my recommendation alone, the judge will either set you free, or sentence you to prison for the longest term possible.”

She thrust her fingers deep into him, pressing hard against his prostate. Despite the pain, his cock started to throb and twitch inside its cage.

“I have not had to do this in a very long time, but, you leave me no choice. You will spend a week as the whipping boy for the entire household. Every time anyone messes up, even in the slightest bit, you will receive their punishment for them. And you will be thankful for it, or it will be doubled. And lest you think that’s an easy task, something you can just suffer through and deal, I’ve arranged something special just for you. If you fail to learn these lessons by the end of the week, you will be strapped down, face down right here in this very room, and I will offer your ass as a reward to any of our household who have been wronged by you and your actions. Once they are all done with you, and your ass is well broken in, I will allow the ladies of our house to use your ass for pegging practice.”

She paused and let that thought sink in before she continued. “The very next day, you will be sent back to the court with instructions that you are not rehabilitation material and my recommendation that you immediately be transferred to prison. I’m sure news of your newfound skill as a bottom will be welcome in prison. I can imagine there are a few of your old friends who might enjoy making you their ass slut.”

She slid her body over his, letting her tits brush his chest. He felt the heat of her pussy over his cock and he felt it twitch in response. Then she slammed her knee into his groin and he passed out from the pain.

Lucas woke chained to the wall in the basement and there he stayed. He counted the days by the meals brought to him. Oatmeal for breakfast, a sandwich for

lunch, and usually some casserole for dinner. Periodically, one of the ladies would come along with a contrite looking man who would recite his transgressions before the lady declared his punishment. The man would always watch while she doled it out on Lucas. Sometimes it was a caning, sometimes a whipping, other times it was ball smacking.

The first few times he cursed the woman and told her to fuck off. But true to her word, Kristina simply doubled whatever the punishment was. His ass bruised and even bled. His balls turned purple and swollen. A doctor came and examined him at one point and proclaimed that he was fine, he would need a day to recover, that was all.

By the fourth day, he was simply suffering in silence. That at least ended the double punishment, but it still left him with the threat of being turned into everyone's anal toy.

On the morning of the sixth day, Kristina appeared alone. She sat on the floor next to his cot and spoke softly. "Lucas, I believe you have it in you to come through this. I believe you can be rehabilitated into something extraordinary. Why would you refuse that? I know what you've been, the things you've done. I know the prices you've paid and how hardened you've become. I don't understand why you would continue to choose that path when you know where it leads. Especially when there is a way out here before you. All I ask is submission. All I ask is that you accept a woman's dominance over you, that you give up your control and your anger and accept service instead."

That day, when the punishment came, he thanked the lady who doled it out. At first, it was grudgingly, but soon it came more easily. On the seventh day, when Matilda came in with a boy to be punished for severe disobedience, Lucas stood and spread his legs wide for her as she pronounced the punishment of five ball smacks. He counted each strike and thanked her for each one and the lessons it brought. He even thanked the boy for his disobedience and the opportunity it gave him to understand consequences.

After dinner, he was brought out of the cellar and showered, then taken naked before Lady Kristina. She was seated in her big chair, her feet up on Trey's back. Lucas came into the room and immediately knelt in front of her, looking down at the floor.

"What lessons have you learned, Lucas? What am I to do with you?" Her voice was soft, kind.

"Lady Kristina, I've learned humility. I've realized that I was acting out in anger and frustration. I've learned not only of consequences of my actions, but of mercy as well. You could have seen me sent to prison, and you're right, I would have been there for a very long time. And it would not have improved me, or the world. Instead, you've seen fit to teach me, to help me see the possibilities of a better life. Please, don't send me back now. Give me another chance. Give me the rest of my thirty days here. Let me show you what I've learned here."

She stood, slowly walking around him in a circle, like the first time he'd met her. She looked him up and down. "You have a remarkable body, Lucas. We have a gym here, I suggest you find time to use it." It took him a moment to realize that meant she was letting him stay.

"I have a particular taste in men for Harmony Home, this is why I chose you. I expect our playthings to be intelligent, strong, and handsome as well as trainable. You will be kept in chastity for the remainder of your time here, and you will go naked at all times. As of today, you are on probation. Any significant transgression and you will spend the rest of your days here being used in every way we can imagine before you are released to prison. You see, I hear your words, but you're a smart man, I won't believe them until I see your actions." She waved him away.

The next morning, after breakfast, Lucas was instructed to shower and report to Lady Kristina's private chamber. Once there, he found all four women, Kristina,

Gwenn, Matilda, and Courtney. Kristina sent the escort away and instructed Lucas to sit. “Here is your first display of your obedience. You have the four head mistresses of Harmony Home here. Each of us loves to sit on a man’s face. We enjoy smothering him with our asses, letting him smell and taste our pussies as we get excited. We like rubbing ourselves over his face until we cum. Today, you get to be that man for each of us. And when we are done, you will kneel and use your tongue to bathe our asses and pussies. You will not wash our juices off of you, you will spend the day covered in our scent so you are reminded to whom you belong.”

She pointed for him to lie down on a low, padded bench. Then she positioned a wide, open seat over his face. “This is a Queening seat, it will support each lady and allow you easy access to her ass. Courtney will go first.”

Courtney settled into the seat and Kristina made a few adjustments. Lucas found his nose pressed quite firmly into Courtney’s ass. He could tip his head to access her entire ass and even parts of her pussy. He tongued gently at first and Courtney wiggled. “You can do better than that, I hope!” Lucas applied his tongue to Courtney’s ass and soon found she liked it best when he liked the area between her asshole and pussy. She liked the flat of his tongue stroking back and forth over the same spot. Soon she was grinding her hips and mashing her pussy down against his chin. When she came it was a tiny dribble of juices.

She climbed off and sat to the side while Matilda climbed onto the Queening seat. He recalled what Matilda liked. He licked her asshole firmly, getting her all wet and ready, then thrust his tongue into the puckered center. Matilda groaned in pleasure as he tongued her ass. Her fingers stroked her clit as he thrust into her again and again until she too came, covering him in her juices.

Gwenn settled her magnificent round ass on the seat facing the other direction, so her pussy was over his nose. Lucas buried his face into her cleft and licked everything from crack to cunt and back again. Her pussy juices flowed over his face and into his nose as she ground against him and he gasped in air as she wiggled around. He kept trying to tongue her clit, but she moved it out of the

way, forcing him back to her asshole. Finally, she rocked against him with his tongue on her ass and his nose buried between her pussy lips and she came, gushing down the sides of his face.

Kristina climbed on the same way Gwenn had, but she leaned back, bracing her hands against his chest and forcing her ass into his mouth. He tongued her asshole and crack, thrusting his tongue into the puckered hole and licking everything she presented to him. Then she moved forward a bit and he tasted her pussy juices, his tongue slid between her lips and sank into her pussy. She moaned and ground against him. He tipped his head back and flicked her clit with his tongue. Instead of pulling away, she rocked her hips to give him better access.

Suddenly, his mouth was full of Kristina's pussy. He sucked her lips into his mouth and tongued her clit softly at first, but she reached back and pinched his nipple, "You can do better than that! Make me glad I kept you around." Lucas flicked her clit with his tongue and she moaned, "yes, better." She reached down and grabbed his hair, forcing his face into her pussy and ground her pussy against his mouth, "Show me how good you are."

Lucas opened his mouth and sucked her clit between his teeth. He sucked hard, pulling her clit out of the hood and settling his teeth gently into her flesh to keep her hood back. His tongue flicked her clit hard and she gasped. "Yes! That's the way!" Her fingers tangled in his hair and she pushed against him even harder. Lucas felt her grinding against him and he let his touch turn rough and hard. His teeth sank in deeper and his tongue pressed her clit against the back of his teeth. She let out a scream of delight and rode his face until she came, drenching him in her pussy juice. His cock was throbbing in the chastity cage, unable to get fully hard, but filled with blood and swollen.

Kristina climbed off then instructed him to kneel so he could clean each of them up. They came in turns, each presenting her wet pussy and ass for him to lick clean of juices. when he finished with each lady, he thanked her for allowing him to serve them. Kristina came last and when she was all clean, she bent over in front of him and spread her ass cheeks apart.

“Fuck my ass with your tongue, Lucas,” she instructed, “and you may use your hands to hold my hips.” He didn’t think twice. He grabbed her hips and thrust his face into her spread cheeks. His tongue bathed her asshole, then he slowly worked the tip of his tongue into her ass. She moaned and writhed against him and he knew he was pleasing her. He felt her asshole loosen as his tongue worked its way in. Then he thrust his tongue into her, again and again, fucking the tight, puckered hole as best he could. Her fingers worked her clit as he tongued her ass and soon she came again, hard. He cleaned her up with his tongue.

“Well done Lucas. You may wear our pussy juices as a badge of honor for the rest of the day.”

For the remainder of the thirty days, Lucas was a model submissive. He obeyed every order given, he did whatever was asked of him, and all of the ladies loved his oral services.

On the final day, Lady Kristina called him to her office and instructed him to sit. “Lucas, I’m pleased with how far you’ve come here. I believe we can send you back to the court with the recommendation that you are completely rehabilitated.”

He smiled, “Thank you, Lady Kristina. You’ve been very kind to me.”

She nodded at him, “Yes, we have. But we’ve also been very hard on you, and after some initial difficulty, you rose above that. You’ve done well. What are your plans now?”

He shook his head. He hadn't really thought about that much. Lucas knew when things turned around at Harmony House he'd likely be released at court. But he still had a record. He would face a hard life. He knew he had solid skills, but who would take a chance on an ex convict. "I don't know for sure ma'am. I've considered a few things, even going back to school. But..." he shrugged.

"I thought as much. One of the things that led to this program was the realization how easy it is to return to your old ways when you don't have anything new to replace them with. Usually, we work with court counselors and others to help people like you reacclimate to a normal life. Every now and then, we come across someone special. You've seen the staff here. Most of them are trusted men who came here as you did, and they were offered a position as staff. It's a good way to gain experience, we provide everything you need, and you leave here at the end of your service with the highest references."

Lucas looked at her astonished. She continued, "We offer terms of two years to start. You have to go to court first, if they release you, we work with the court on the terms of your release, and we tailor the contract to include those terms. Are you interested?"

Lucas nodded, swallowed, and finally trusted himself to speak, "Yes, ma'am, very much so! Thank you!"

When Lucas went to court, Kristina's recommendation, her report of his remarkable turn around, and his own polite behavior swayed the judge. "Mr. Shield, a month ago, I would have thought this impossible. But you have happily proven me wrong. I understand that Harmony Home has offered you a contract during your probationary period?" Lucas nodded, "yes, Your Honor."

The judge smiled, "Probation is set for a period of two years, concurrent with your contract at Harmony Home. You already know your probation officer, Courtney. You will report to her weekly. I know at Harmony Home, you will

have a job and you will be gaining skills, what other plans do you have, Mr. Shield?

“Well, Your Honor,” Lucas smiled, “Kristina has agreed to let me attend college part time, the two years should be enough to complete the degree I was working on before I became a total idiot. I believe with that, and the experience and references from Harmony Home I should be able to rebuild my life in a more positive way.”

Back at the house, Lucas was surprised to see Trey dressed in street clothes and packed to leave. “What? Where...” Lucas stammered at the man. Trey gave a smile. “My contract was up a year ago. Lady Kristina let me stay on because I wasn’t ready to face life out there yet. But, I got a job offer and I think I’m finally ready.”

After he’d left, Lucas turned to Kristina, “Ma’am, I never asked why Trey was here.” She wiped a tear from her eyes and smiled at him. “Trey was, and still is, a doctor. He did some inappropriate things with an patient. She was 19, she was over the age of consent, but he was still a doctor, and 26. A brand new doctor. And stupid. The judge felt he would benefit more from carefully planned rehabilitation. He was actually our first client at Harmony Home. He can’t see unattended females in practice, but I don’t think that will be a problem. The job offer he got was for sports medicine. He’s taking on a job with the NFL. I know a few people.”

She shook her head and turned back to him. “Now, out of the street clothes and back into uniform. You may wear the shorts and tank now. Shower and come see me immediately, I want to talk about terms.”

He presented himself in her office 15 minutes later, showered and dressed in his uniform. His chastity device was on her desk. She had taken it off for court, “Metal detectors,” she’d chuckled. He knelt on the floor in front of her desk, but

she gestured him to a seat.

“Lucas, with Trey leaving, I find myself in need of a personal servant. I have a couple of men in consideration, and that includes you. Courtney’s boy is due to leave in a few months, and whichever one of you I don’t take, she will. You’ve impressed us. I’ve already interviewed the other candidate this morning, now it’s your turn.”

She came around the desk and sat on the edge of it, hiking her skirt up around her hips. “Pull your chair up and make me cum. You may use your mouth and your fingers in whatever way you wish on my pussy and ass. You may not touch my breasts, and you may not touch your cock, or put your cock on me or in me. You may not cum yourself.”

He pulled his chair up and wrapped his arms around her hips, pulling her ass to the edge of the desk. She laid back as he bent his head to bury his mouth on her cunt. His tongue slid between her lips to flick her clit, then he licked lower. He bathed her asshole with his tongue, then slid one hand around and slipped two fingers into her already sopping wet pussy. She was tight, so tight. He curled his fingers into her gspot and sucked her clit into his mouth. He worked her up slowly until she was grinding against him. She was making little moans of pleasure and rocking her hips against his hand, then he remembered how she liked her pussy eaten.

Lucas pumped his fingers into her harder and pushed the hood back from her clit. He sucked her clit between his teeth and tongued hard. She cried out and grabbed his hair, shoving his face harder into her pussy. He got bolder and bit down gently, then a little harder. She went wild, her hips bucking and thrusting against his face. He slipped a third finger into her, then a fourth. She pushed her pussy down onto his hand and held his head to her clit. Lucas gave one final hard suck on her clit and she came, drenching him in pussy juice.

She stood up from the desk as he thanked her for letting him service her. She looked down to see his cock raging hard, a drop of precum glistening at its tip. But he hadn't touched himself. She'd felt his hands on her the entire time.

She watched him as he stood. His cock stood out from his body, long and hard and huge. She and Courtney had already talked. She'd known what choice she would make, now it was confirmed. Courtney preferred men she could humiliate for their tiny penis. The first candidate wasn't tiny, but he was simply average. Lucas was nowhere near average. Courtney would have a very hard time pretending he was inadequate. Kristina, on the other hand, liked men with big, thick dicks. She liked to fuck. That was the only problem with Trey, he was a little girthy, but nothing spectacular. She frequently wound up fucking one of the other men instead, he had a beautiful cock, but sadly, he was soon to be leaving as well. With Lucas staying, she didn't have to worry.

"Lucas," she called him back as he was almost to the door, "go tell the house steward to move your things to Trey's old room."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you!"

THE END

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert