

## The Second Challenge

By Bastige

A prequel to "The Challenge"; her roommate chafes at naked servitude and decides to try his luck in combat.

I could see it in my roommate's face whenever he looked at me: the first time was a fluke, he thought. Our no-holds-barred wrestling match had ended when I grabbed his balls, forcing him to tap out; it was a move his high school wrestling experience hadn't prepared him for in the slightest. And the consequences of what he saw as a lucky, dirty shot were more severe than he was ready to handle. As per the terms of our original bet, he was forbidden to wear clothing inside the apartment, and had to do all of the household chores. My roommate was an arrogant guy, a real macho dude, which was what had led to our battle in the first place. Now his nude servitude was grating like crazy on his ego, and he could barely wait until the mandatory one-week no-challenge period was up and he could demand a rematch.

When the day came, I decided to pre-empt him. He was scrubbing the floor, naked of course, looking kind of cute and vulnerable on his hands and knees. I put on a sexy miniskirt that showed off my long, tan legs to maximum effect, applied makeup, and went into the kitchen where he was working. He looked up at me, a mix of lust, shame, and anger on his face. I smiled sweetly and grabbed a long plastic ladle from the counter. Reaching down, I tapped it against his balls from behind, making him jump to his feet, fists clenched.

"What the fuck was that?!" he demanded.

"You know what today is, right?" I asked in a seductive, throaty voice. "Your one-week period is up. You can stay like this for another three weeks, or you can challenge me to another match."

He wasted no time. "It's on, let's go," he said, shaking his arms. In his nude state, his penis shook too, which made me laugh. "OK, whenever you're ready," I said.

"Right now," he demanded, cocking his head.

I shrugged. "Okey doke." I began stripping off my clothes; as per our agreement, all matches were to be fought completely naked. It had been my idea originally, to get his balls in the open, but being the man he is, my roommate had agreed in an instant. After all, this was his only chance to see me in my birthday suit, and I must confess that I look just as gorgeous without my clothes as I do with them on.

Now we were both naked, and the effect on my roommate was noticeable. Immediately, his cock rose to point at me. I laughed, and did a little hip-wiggle (I'm not exactly a modest person). I could tell that, despite his anger over what had happened the past week, he was struggling to maintain his concentration on the fight. Good, I thought.

We cleared out the living room, as before, and I reiterated the rules of the match - no holds barred, whoever submits first (or passes out) loses. The loser would have to be naked and do all chores for a month, and no rematch challenges were allowed for one week. He agreed to the terms, and we began our bout, circling each other, looking for an opening. He had skills and strength on me; all I had was six months of self-defense class, and the natural vulnerability of his male anatomy. Last time it had proven enough, but I could always have a bad day. I wasn't very sanguine about the prospect of me being the naked one around the house, so I was very concentrated on winning the bout.

He feinted with his left hand and then slapped me in the face with his left. It stung, and I danced back. He laughed. I tried to slap him back, but he dodged out of the way. We circled again. I sent a kick at his leg, and he danced to the side and punched me right in the left breast. Pain burst in my chest, and I reeled back; that's when he shot out and took me down, one arm under my arm and around my throat, one arm between my bare legs. The rough hair of his arm rubbed humiliatingly against my vagina - why was I noticing that at a time like this? - as he bore me to the floor.

But my self-defense training took over, and as soon as he took me down I headbutted him in the temple. He reeled and his grip loosened, and I wriggled free. I sent a knee up into his midsection, and he grunted and rolled away. But as I danced back, his hand shot out and grabbed my ankle, knocking me to the carpet. He scrambled up and let loose with a vicious kick that caught me right in the small of my back, making me arch in agony. Now standing over me, he kicked me in the ass. I'm sure he could have kicked me in the head and finished me then, or broken my ribs, but part of my roommate's machismo is

his desire to subdue a woman without doing her any damage. That was what had led to his loss in the first fight, and it looked like his chauvinism was still in effect.

But, chauvinistic or no, he was mad, and determined to make me submit. Leaning over, he slapped my face once again as I raised my arms to protect myself. He punched my left breast a second time, sending spasms of pain throughout my body. I whimpered.

"Do you give up?" he panted. I made no answer, but curled into a fetal position. He kicked me in the side, not as hard as he could. "Do you give up?" he repeated.

In answer, I shot my hand out and grabbed his dangling balls.

He leaped back, an instant too late to avoid my grab, and in the process yanked his balls against my grip. He shouted and frantically grabbed at my hand, trying to pry my fingers off his manhood. But I knew that this grip was my only chance of winning the fight, and I instantly squeezed as hard as I could. His whole body went rigid, and he doubled over, momentarily stopping his effort to dislodge my hand. I squeezed again, and he sank to his knees, his hands still clutching uselessly at my arm.

One of his hands shot out and grabbed me by the throat, and my air was cut off. We both squeezed, pain against asphyxiation. I saw purple spots dance in front of my eyes. I twisted and pulled his balls with my hand, kneading them between my fingers, and in response he bellowed in pain. His grip on my throat weakened, and I peeled his hand away with my free hand even as I kept the pressure up on his balls. Now he threw back his head and wailed, a long, ragged, pain-filled cry of desperation. The first time, he had tapped out without me having to squeeze him this harshly, but this time he was fighting it to the bitter end. Weakly he slapped at my face, but I was merciless, the pain still throbbing in my back and my chest driving me to pay him back tenfold.

Slowly, still wailing desperately at the top of his lungs, he sank from his knees to his side, and I rolled up and over, keeping close to him, keeping the pressure on his testicles. I was suddenly afraid I'd rupture them, so instead of increasing the pressure, I just kept rolling them around. By now, tears were pouring from his eyes. Why hadn't he submitted yet?

Suddenly, he convulsed, and I leaned back just in time to mostly avoid the contents of his stomach, as he puked in agony. He heaved again and again, whimpering piteously in

between. When his stomach was empty, and our carpet was soaked with rancid vomit, he curled around my hand, his face frozen in a mask of sheer torture. I squeezed harder once again, and he gave a choked and hacking scream.

"Give up!" I told him. "For God's sake, give up before you lose your balls!"

"Oh God, I give up," he sobbed. "Please, I give up."

I released his balls immediately, worried I had hurt him. Too weak even to writhe, he lay there crying in the pool of his vomit. Still hurting from the fight, I staggered to the kitchen to clean myself up.

It took my roommate about an hour and a half to get off the floor. I was seriously worried I'd have to call a hospital, but I examined his balls and found that they seemed to be intact. When he could move, I cleaned him up, and helped him to his bed, where he lay sobbing as the pain continued to torture him. I shook my head in pity, happy I wasn't a male. Then I went to clean up his puke - technically his job, but he was in no condition to do it and it had to be done.

My roommate called in sick to work the next day, and was unable to walk upright for two days after our bout. I did all the chores for him during this period, in violation of our bet. But I felt guilty for destroying him so badly. Was there something I could do to make it up to him?

I put this question to him, on the fourth day after our bout, when he seemed to be completely recovered. He hadn't been talking to me, or even looking in my direction.

"I'm sorry I had to do that to you," I said sincerely, sitting down next to him and patting his bare shoulder. "Is there some way I can make it up to you?"

"First go grow some balls," he suggested, "and then jump spread-eagle onto a balance beam."

I couldn't help but chuckle at that. "Not gonna happen," I sighed, "But I have an idea that might be almost as good."

Getting up off the couch, I walked into my bedroom and stripped off all my clothes. A little shiver ran down the length of my body, and I felt myself tingling with excitement and nervousness. What the hell did I think I was doing? But I overcame my momentary hesitation, slipped on my high heels, and walked back into the living room. His eyes widened to dinner plates when he saw me walk in naked like that.

"Now don't get any ideas," I cautioned him. "This isn't a regular thing. You still have to be the naked one for the next month. But I felt so bad about crushing your nuts like that, I thought you deserved a little something."

So saying, I turned on some music, and as my roommate watched from the couch, I danced for him. I'm a good dancer, I go clubbing a lot, so I knew this was quite a show for him. I was sure he must have mixed feelings watching me do this, feeling attraction to me but despising me for brutalizing his manhood. Well, he'd just have to live with the ambiguity. As I danced, undulating my bare hips and shaking my shoulders so that my breasts bounced lightly, his dick rose to stand at attention. I saw his hand move toward it slightly and then stop. I recalled that a man has extreme pain if he orgasms after getting his balls traumatized, and I wondered if he was still experiencing that, or if he was just being polite by not relieving himself. Either way, he watched passively until the song finished.

Laughing, I walked over to him and leaned down. Reaching my hand between his legs - noticing that he flinched as I did so - I patted his still-sore balls with one hand as I let him have one last look down the long tan length of my nude body.

"I'm sorry," I whispered softly. "Do your balls forgive me?"

"Fuck no," he snorted.

"Well too bad." I smiled sweetly, and then went to put on my clothes, leaving my roommate breathing hard behind me.

## The Third Challenge

By Bastige

As soon as my roommate walked in the door, I walked passed him, not bothering to look in his direction.

"Strip," I said peremptorily. "Totally naked."

"I KNOW," he sighed, exasperated. And he did, of course. It was what he did every day these days.

"Don't backtalk," I snapped, and turned to stand there with my arms crossed and hips cocked, watching him as he peeled off his suit jacket and pants, and began to work on the rest. His face flushed with shame at my gaze, and he turned his eyes down and away.

"You don't have to tell me every time you see me," he mumbled quietly.

When I heard that, I strode forward toward him. By now he was down to his underwear. I didn't give him a chance to take them off himself, yanking them down around his knees and making a grab for his balls with my other hand. He popped his hips back, evading me, which made me even more angry, so I slapped his face, not too hard, and made another grab for his balls, this one succeeding. He grabbed my wrist with both hands, a move born of instinct, and I softly kneaded his testicles in my hand. His dick flopped limply onto my wrist.

"Take your hands away," I ordered. His face a mask of fear and shame, he did as I ordered.

"Your underpants are still around your knees," I noted, squeezing slightly. "Take them off."

As I held him by the less glamorous part of his manhood, he bent to remove the last vestige of his clothing. As he did so, his penis trailed lightly up and down my arm. I suppressed a little internal shudder of pleasure. He did have a nice one, I thought.

"Straighten up and look at me," I commanded firmly, and he did. At this point he was obeying not because of the terms of our bet, but because of the presence of my hand around his most vulnerable part. He was remembering the time he had challenged me two weeks prior, when I had seized him in this same grip and made him endure the worst agony of his life. He had walked with a limp for a week after that. After two weeks, though, his macho-man personality had started to creep back in, and I was more determined than ever to put a stop to it.

"Remember what happened last time I grabbed your balls?" I asked, seeing him wince as I said the word "balls." He didn't answer.

"That wasn't a rhetorical question," I growled. "Do you remember what happened?"

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Did you cry?" I asked. No answer. I gave him a slight squeeze.

"No injuries!" he burst out. "That's the deal, you can't do anything that injures me."

"I'm not going to injure you," I spat, rolling his balls around in my hand, with what I'm sure were mildly nauseating results. "I'll be gentle. Now tell me, when I squeezed your balls in our last fight, did you cry?"

"Yes!" he almost shouted, turning to look me in the face defiantly. "Of course I cried, any man would cry if you squeezed his fucking nuts! Yes, I fucking cried, are you happy?"

"Hey," I said, releasing his nuts and smiling, "No need to cry about it now."

"There should be something in our deal that says you can't just squeeze my nuts whenever you feel like it," he grumbled, massaging his gonads, even though it was his pride that had been hurt far worse.

I shrugged. "Feel free to challenge me any time you like to change the terms of the deal," I said.

What he said next surprised me. "OK," he said, "let's do it. I challenge you. Get YOUR fucking clothes off."

I turned to raise an eyebrow at him. "Really?" I asked. "After I just reminded you how I made you cry last time? You must be suicidal."

"Strip," he insisted. "Come on, no backtalk!"

I laughed, and went to the living room and began to strip. He watched me, one hand unconsciously cupped over his groin, holding (as it were) his wounded pride. I gave a little smile as I slipped off my bra, letting my girls bounce free. I wiggled for him as I rolled my red panties down my legs, feeling no shame whatsoever as he stared at my shaved crotch. I'm hot, and I know it. Why should I be embarrassed getting naked in front of a man?

My body was just one more way I had my macho roommate by the balls.

"Ready?" I chirped, smiling and dropping into a fighting stance.

Again, he surprised me, coming forward with his hand still covering his balls. For a second I didn't get what was happening, and then I burst into barks of laughter, unable to help myself.

"You're going to fight me one-handed!" I guffawed. "You're going to make damn sure I don't grab your balls again!"

My roommate's face was grim and intent. "Damn right," he hissed. "You've held em for the last time."

"Somehow I doubt it," I snickered. Then I was caught off guard as his free hand lashed out and slapped me in the head, sending stars of pain shooting across my vision. I jumped back, and it was his turn to laugh. Shit, I thought, even one-handed he was fast! I tried to remember my self-defense training. There was more than one vulnerable spot on a man, and with one of his hands on permanent ball-guarding duty he'd have that much less ability to stop me from hitting them.

I kicked at his leg, and he danced away and struck out with his free hand again. I blocked it this time, but the impact sent pain shooting up my arm. He was so strong! That's when I started to worry - could he really beat me one-handed?

Then I remembered he had feet too, as he kicked out and got me in the thigh. I winced and staggered back. He pounced forward and punched me in the left breast. Unable to stifle my cry of pain, I doubled over and held my breast with one hand. My roommate didn't waste a second, and his free hand crunched hard into my naked right breast. Tears welled up in my eyes, and I fell to my knees, my face scrunched in pain. He slapped me in the face, hard.

"Gonna grab my nuts now, bitch?" he hissed, and slapped me again. "Looks like you were a one-trick pony!"

Crying in pain and rage, I lashed out with one hand, but he slapped my hand aside and punched my uncovered breast again. I moaned, and he grabbed me by the hair, yanking my head back. Amazingly, I could see that his left hand was still anchored firmly around his balls - he didn't want any last-second reversals of fortune this time. As he tortured me with a hand on my hair, he kicked out, his foot catching me under my exposed vagina. I wailed, but managed to reach out with a hand and catch his foot, throwing him off balance. He staggered, and took his free hand out of my hair to steady himself.

That's when I struck, my fingers jabbing into his eyes. He bellowed a curse and clutched at his face with his free hand, while his ball-protector never wavered. I lunged and hooked his foot, my eyes still clouded by tears, and jerked him off-balance. He fell hard on his ass, but as he did, he clubbed me with his free hand, catching me hard across the ribs. I gasped, and struck out with both my hands. One hand was blocked painfully by his free hand, but the other went unopposed, striking at his windpipe. I chopped him right on the Adam's Apple, and he gasped and spluttered for air, rolling over onto his knees and bending over.

I wasted no time, kicking him in the face full force as he gasped for breath. His head jerked and he grabbed for my leg, but I danced away and karate-chopped him on the back of the neck. That didn't hurt him as much as I'd hoped, and he started to get to his feet, one hand still around his balls. Faking another karate chop, I drew his hand away and then kicked out with my foot. This time my toe found his throat, and he collapsed

back to the floor, choking and gasping. I followed that up with hard kicks to his face and stomach.

"I give!" he wheezed, struggling for breath. "You win!"

I staggered backward and collapsed on the couch, not caring that I was buck naked and my legs were splayed out wide as could be. I was hurting pretty bad. But he was struggling for breath, and took a while to rise from the floor. We glared at each other, he massaging his neck, me massaging my abused breasts.

Then, rising from the couch, and not bothering to put on any clothes, I walked over to him. He flinched away from me, but didn't interfere as I reached out and clasped my hand around his balls. The proper power relation was restored.

"Gonna punch my tits now, bitch?" I hissed at him. "Looks like you were a one-trick pony!"

He glared back at me angrily. "Did you cry?" he asked softly.

I wanted to crush his balls, right then and there, and send him puking to the floor in agony. I almost did it, too, but that was not part of our deal, and I restrained myself.

"Did you cry?" he repeated, and I realized I was close to crying now, in anger this time.

"Yes, I fucking cried," I spat, still holding him by his testicles. "Do you want a reward or something?"

"Yeah," he breathed. "What do I get, more of you fondling my nuts?"

In response, I leaned forward and pressed my naked body against his. My bare breasts squeezed against his chest, still tender from the beating he had given them, and I felt his penis against my hip. Before he could react, I kissed him, full on the lips. Then I drew away, and released his balls, while he stood there, looking confused and worried.

"There's your reward," I said. "Congratulations. Hope you have fun staying naked for the rest of the month." And then I faked a grab for his balls, causing him to pop his hips back and cover himself with both hands.

I laughed and spun on my heel, giving him a final view of my bare ass as I went to put on some clothes. But where he couldn't see, my face was set in a mask of anger. This encounter hadn't been as conclusive as I'd have liked. Somehow, I knew he'd challenge me again.

## The Fourth Challenge

By Bastige

In a prequel to the story "Challenge", our heroine defeats an earlier challenge by her male roommate

Because I was a little drunk, I decided to tease my roommate. As he vacuumed the apartment, buck naked as always, I walked behind him. Whenever his legs would part, I would kick my foot up between them, trying to catch his balls with my toes. I usually failed to connect, but each time he would jump in surprise. On those rare occasions when I did connect, I didn't kick hard at all, certainly not enough to hurt, but he would still give a little grunt and press his legs together. I would laugh uproariously, but he would say nothing. A lot had changed since his early days as a macho man, I thought.

When he was finished vacuuming, I had him fix me a drink, and I sat down to watch TV. I told him to watch with me.

"I'd rather not," he said, glancing toward his bedroom.

Of course, that decided it. If he'd rather not, I'd rather he did. I told him as much, and reluctantly he sat down on the couch and pulled up his knees to conceal his cock and balls. Of course, I didn't approve of that either. Getting up - wobbling a little out of drunkenness - I fetched a ball of green yarn from my room and brought it back. As he watched in apprehension, I cut off a piece about six and a half feet long. I then advanced on him unsteadily, grinning a huge grin.

"Spread your legs," I told him gleefully.

"Oh, no." He pressed his legs tighter.

"Don't disobey me unless you want to challenge me again," I warned him with a wagging finger. That put a look of fear into his eyes - as well it should, since the last three times he had challenged me had seen him writhing on the ground in pain. Submissively - which was hilarious in a man of his size and build - he opened his legs to me, exposing his manhood.

Reaching down, I looped the yarn three times around his scrotum, tightened the loop, and made a knot, watching his face crumble as his fears were confirmed. I then tied a loop on the other end, and held this loop in my hand as I sat down on the recliner.

"I gots yer balls on a leash, boy!" I commented, slurring slightly.

As we watched TV, I would occasionally give little jerks on the yarn, causing him to jump. Nothing hard, nothing that could hurt him - that was my rule. Unless he challenged me, he'd be safe from harm...just not from humiliation. But humiliation was taking its toll, and I watched him grow angrier and angrier as I bounced his nuts on my string. Finally he could take it no longer. He grabbed the yarn in his hand.

"Can't you just leave my balls alone?!" he demanded.

In response, I tugged hard enough that the yarn slid painfully through his grip and jerked a bit on his testicles.

"I could, but I don't wanna," I taunted him. "Are you challenging me?"

He said nothing.

"You shouldn't challenge me," I warned him. "You're doing so well, you only have two days to go before the month is up!" At the end of the month, his period of subservience would be over, and he'd be allowed to put on his clothes and stop being my servant around the apartment.

"Of course, if you challenge me, you'll lose," I continued. "Instead of that string it'll be my hand on your balls, and you'll be begging to be where you are now."

That got him. Some deep-seated reservoir of pride burst, and he yanked the yarn out of my hand, saying "OK, I fucking challenge you then!"

Immediately, grinning like a kid, I jumped up out of the recliner and started stripping off. He got a knife and cut the yarn off of his balls, angrily throwing it in the trash. When he got back to the living room, I was as naked as he was, bouncing on my toes. In spite of

himself, he stared. I don't blame him; my curves are pretty delicious, and I'm in good shape.

"Do you like my body?" I asked, pushing out my D-cups and doing a little sexy pose. "Take a good look."

In spite of his anger, his penis began to twitch upward, betraying his arousal.

"I like your cock," I told him, realizing in the back of my mind that I was drunk and shouldn't be saying this. "It's too bad I'm going to have to kill it when I grab your balls."

He walked forward, his cock now fully erect and sticking straight out at me. I admired its male beauty, and felt a tingle between my own legs. Now was not the time for this, I thought. He came to stand across from me, his posture upright, his fists raised. Before, he had tried to wrestle, taking advantage of his high school wrestling experience. Now he was going to keep me at arm's length, I thought.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Yup," he responded.

"I just have one thing to tell you," I slurred, stumbling toward him, arms down.

As he waited to hear what I had to say, I recklessly booted him right in the testicles with my right foot. He was caught completely off guard. He emitted a sharp shout of pain, then charged forward and sent me sprawling on the floor with a punch to the face. My head felt like it was on fire, and I saw stars. But no more punches followed. After a few moments, I dragged myself painfully to my feet and looked around. My roommate was lying curled on the floor, his hands around his busted balls, his face scrunched tight in a rictus of agony. Tears were leaking out of his eyes, and he was making a tiny strangled whimpering sound.

I stumbled over to him, lights flashing in my head. I squatted down and looked into his pain-wracked face. "Do you submit?" I asked him groggily. He nodded, pathetically. I stumbled off to go put on my clothes.

When I came back, fully clothed, holding an ice pack over my black eye, he was still on the floor, writhing back and forth, hands between his legs. Dimly, I hoped I hadn't broken anything. I watched him for about ten minutes as he cried into the carpet. Damn, I thought, I really got him good. Eventually I went to sit next to him on the floor, trying to soothe him, running my hands over the curves of his nude body.

"It's OK," I said, "it's OK, it's over."

"You fucking bitch," he breathed softly, face buried in the carpet.

"Yeah..." I felt a pang of remorse. "Guess I am. Here, move your hands." He was too weak to resist as I moved his hands from his balls and applied my ice pack to them. He gasped but seemed to feel a bit better. I held the ice pack over his groin, stroking his face with my other hand.

"That was a good punch," I told him. "I'll have a black eye for a week."

"You can stop taunting me, thanks," he groaned, putting a hand over his tear-stained face. "Oh God, you fucked my balls up bad."

"Worse than the second time I squeezed them?" I asked, remembering his pitiful state after that hard-fought battle.

"Fuck, I don't know," he admitted. Putting my free arm under his arm, and still holding the ice pack to his battered gonads, I helped him to his feet. He stood, doubled over, catching his breath. I handed the ice pack to him, and went to get a wet cloth. Coming back, I cleaned off his tear-stained face. Without realizing what I was doing, I reached down and wiped his penis. Sadly, it showed none of its earlier friskiness.

What am I doing?, I thought to myself. I must be drunk.

"You were doing so well, too," I said sadly, teasing him a bit to break the mood I had just inadvertently created. "Now it's a whole month longer." He made no reply, but staggered to the couch and collapsed there, breathing heavily.

"Drink?" I asked. He nodded. I fixed us both drinks, and then went to get my ball of yarn. When I came back with the ball, his face absolutely crumbled in dismay.

"Oh no," he moaned.

"Don't worry!" I chirped. "It's not going around your balls this time! They've taken enough for one day."

For the next hour and half, we had a very nice TV-watching session. My roommate recovered surprisingly quickly from my boot to his nuts, and I had lots of fun tugging my little piece of yarn and watching his silly naked penis dance in response.

## The Fifth Challenge

By Bastige

This time, her roommate fights her friend.

"So, he's always naked?" My friend Lacey asked, grinning as my roommate served drinks.

"Well, he's been naked for over two months now, since he won't stop challenging me," I snorted, sipping my G&T. My roommate flushed in shame. I idly watched his dick swing back and forth as he bent to hand drinks to my other friends, Sandra and Carly.

"So, let me get this straight," said Carly. "Every time he challenges you, you fight, and if you win, the clock resets and he has to be your naked slave for a month after that."

"Yup," I grinned. "And he can challenge me again after a week."

"But you have to be naked when you fight him." Lacey was grinning mischievously.

"Yeah," I shrugged. "It's no big deal. He seems to like it, though, for the two minutes before I send his balls up through his nose."

At this, a look of anger flashed across my roommate's face as he stood there waiting to serve us. And I could have sworn I saw his dick twitch just a tiny bit...

"Can we see you fight him?" Lacey begged.

I laughed. "I'd love to, but he has to challenge me," I told them. Turning to him, I asked "So, you ready for another round of testicular trauma?"

He seemed to almost go for it - the remnants of his once-cocky macho personality - but I saw him stifle it, and he replied nonchalantly, "I think I'll pass."

"Boooo!" Lacey said, giving a thumbs down and tossing her blonde hair. "Come on, we want to see a fight!"

"Yeah," agreed Carly, "Come on, it won't be too embarrassing. Just getting your nuts kicked in front of a bunch of girls."

He just gave a little smile. They razzed him a little more, but he was unmoving. Then Carly said: "Hey, what if you fight one of us instead?"

He perked up at that suggestion.

"Wait a sec," I countered. "No. Does that mean if you lose I'll have to switch and be HIS naked slave for a month? Hell no."

"How about Sandra?" Lacey suggested. "She's a self-defense instructor."

We looked at the laconic Sandra, lounging on the couch at the far side of the room. She shook her head and gave a little smile. "Sorry, girls," she demurred. "I don't do naked demonstrations."

Now Lacey and Carly's heckling was turned on Sandra, who grew more and more embarrassed until she said "Well, ask him. Is he willing to do it?"

They turned back toward my roommate, who shrugged. "On one condition," he declared, looking at Sandra coolly. "No groin grabs or kicks allowed."

Sandra snorted. "How about punches?" Lacey chirped brightly.

"None of those either," he smiled. "Anything else is fair game."

We all looked at Sandra, and I started to feel worry creeping into the pit of my stomach. She was tough, but without groin strikes could she take down a man twice her size and trained in wrestling?

"Can you do it, Sandra?" Carly asked.

"Yeah," Sandra said, staring into my roommate's eyes. "Sure. It's on."

Lacey and Carly cheered. We moved stuff out of the living room to create a big open space for the two to fight. My roommate watched Sandra with a little smile. She glowered at him and reluctantly removed her top and khakis, with Lacey and Carly cheering her on. But there she stopped.

"Hey, you have to be totally naked!" Carly protested.

"Yeah!" agreed Lacey. "Strip, Sandra, strip!"

My roommate made a "go ahead" gesture, and Sandra's eyes flashed with anger. At this point she was merely responding to the goading of the crowd, but she peeled off her panties and undid the clasp of her bra, and stood there stretching in the nude as the other girls cheered her on. Sandra was slimmer than me, being half-Thai as she was. She had tawny skin, short dark hair, small breasts, and very well-defined, muscular glutes. Like me, she wore her pubic hair in a thin landing strip. Sandra was a self-defense instructor, and it showed in the wiry tone of her muscles. My roommate blanched a little when he saw what good shape she was in.

Sandra turned to Lacey, Carly, and me. "This situation," she said, "may occur if the rapist manages to strip off your clothes, and takes off his, but then you manage to get out of his grasp."

"Can't you just grab the rapist's balls and crush them?" Lacey inquired sweetly.

"Yes, but you should never rely only on one strike," Sandra cautioned.

"Here comes the rapist," Carly pointed out. My roommate was bouncing on his toes (which did interesting things to his male parts), ready to begin.

Sandra turned to face my roommate, a look of disdain on her face. "You ready?" she asked. "Come at me any time you like."

He rushed her, and I felt a stab of apprehension, seeing their difference in size. If Sandra got cocky and lost, I'd be the one enduring a month (or, more realistically, a week) of nude humiliation. My fate was entirely in her hands.

My roommate grabbed for Sandra, but she sidestepped and punched him in the face. He staggered back and regained his composure; the punch hadn't been that hard. Sandra danced back and lifted her fists again. I noticed how her small breasts bounced as she moved. Mine were twice that size, and I'm sure they had much more bounce during my fights with my roommate. Suddenly I felt more shame than I ever had before, a slow blush creeping all over my body as I realized just how much my macho roommate had been able to see of me.

Sandra, keeping her slender, well-muscled legs wide apart, circled my roommate, who fainted at her a couple times. She didn't take the bait. He came at her with his own legs spread wide, the stance in which he was used to fighting, that I had made him give up by going for his balls. Now, he figured, he was safe. His dick and balls hung between his legs like an invitation, but Sandra had promised not to attack him there.

My roommate fainted again, and suddenly Sandra's fist flashed out and jabbed him in the face. He reeled, stunned, as she kicked him in the side (flashing us all her crotch as she did so). He struck out at her, but clumsily, and Sandra stepped in and delivered an upward elbow that he barely managed to block. Then, with her other hand, she reached down and...

I didn't quite see what she did, but my roommate instantly bucked at the waist and took several steps back, half doubling over and bringing one hand down to his crotch. He looked at Sandra wide-eyed, as she backed up and stood there with her fingers making "OK" signs.

"No nut shots!" my roommate grunted.

"You said no grabbing, kicking, or punching," Sandra taunted him. "You didn't say anything about flicking."

I laughed out loud. Lacey and Carly made "Oooooooo" sounds. My roommate blanched.

"Come on, big guy," Sandra taunted, bouncing on her toes, nude and athletic and deadly. "One little flick can't hurt that much."

My roommate recovered, and advanced on her more cautiously. She danced around, reaching out to slap him in the face a couple times. She was much faster than he was, and he was keeping his crotch well out of the way of the possibility of flicking fingers.

Suddenly he lunged for her legs, and she danced away, but too slowly to avoid his grasp. He grabbed one of her shins, and she went down, but as she did so she brought an elbow down against his collarbone, making him gasp in pain. He grabbed with his other arm and shoved her, flailing, to the ground. I gasped as he cruelly squeezed one of her small breasts in one hand, returning some of the humiliation she had visited upon him, but she fought through the pain and kned him repeatedly in the hip. He twisted, and she freed one hand and jabbed him in the throat. That made him recoil, and he spread his legs wide as he rotated for a more advantageous position. Sandra didn't miss a beat, thrusting her free hand down and flicking out with her middle finger.

This time we could see the flicks, since my roommate's position exposed his crotch directly to the audience. Her first flick missed, and my roommate sensed his vulnerability and began to close his legs, but it was too late. She had found her range, and the next two strong flicks landed visibly on his left testicle. He bellowed and struck out, punching her in the head and rolling away. She was rocked by the punch, but got up before him. Lacey and Carly were cheering wildly.

Sandra, contrary to my usual taunting approach, gave my roommate no time to recover. As he struggled to his feet, face scrunched up against the pain of the flicks and her other devastating blows, Sandra kicked him in the face, snapping his head back. He rocked to one side, and she kicked his left leg out from under him. as my roommate fell, Sandra lunged in, feinted a chop to his face, and then flicked him downtown again. He gave a shout of pain, but managed to grab Sandra's arm and throw her off balance. As she fell forward, he reached up and hooked one arm between her legs.

Sandra instantly brought up her knees, not used to the feeling of an opponent's arm against her bare vagina. My roommate scrambled for a hold with the other hand, but the testicle flicks had weakened him. Sandra recovered her composure and reached out to grab my roommate by the ear. She twisted cruelly, and he bellowed in pain, abandoning his hold to grasp her arm with both hands. She took the opportunity to reach her other arm down and hook it around his leg. Grasping him thus, she could flick him in the balls at will, despite his efforts to clamp his legs together. As she twisted his ear with one

hand, her other hand flicked again and again, one out of three flicks landing on my roommate's balls. Racked with pain, he twisted her arm hard enough to break her grip on his ear and twisted her arm around; when she broke his grip he punched her in the face, but his strength was vastly weakened now.

Sandra staggered back and to her feet, and my roommate followed, holding one hand over his crotch and doubling over from the pain. Sandra stepped forward and jabbed her hands, knife-like, into his armpits, forcing him to press them against his sides. She reached down, and with authority, flicked him one more time on his most vulnerable piece of anatomy. This time the flick was so strong we could hear it, an audible "thwick!"

My roommate's face scrunched up and he stood there for a moment, bent over, his hands pitifully holding his crotch, as Sandra stepped back and waited. Then he collapsed to his knees, paralyzed at last by the effect of the ball flicks Sandra had given him. She slapped his face, and he fell onto his side, holding himself.

"You give up?" she panted.

"Yeah," he managed. "I give up."

Sandra let out a long exhalation of breath, and then turned to us and raised her fists, letting us see her in her naked, conquering glory. I exhaled a sigh of deep relief as I realized that I would not have to become my roommate's slave.

"And that's how you deal with a rapist," Sandra said matter-of-factly, pulling on her clothes.

"Flick him in the balls?" Lacey asked.

"Do whatever you can to win," Sandra replied.

On the carpet behind her, my roommate got to his feet, his head hung in shame and his hands still cradling his balls. He shuffled toward his room.

"Hey!" I called. "Not so fast! We need a round of drinks to celebrate!"

An hour later, my friends were gone, and I was tidying up, giving my poor roommate a break. He was lounging on the sofa, nude as always, looking glum and still in a little bit of pain. I sauntered over to him, feeling a twinge of sympathy for the guy.

"Well," I sighed, "Just one more month, right?"

"I can't believe she beat me so easily," he groaned, pounding the couch with a fist.

"Come on, it was close," I soothed him, sitting next to him and reaching out to pat him on the shoulder. I noticed, not for the first time, how lovely a dick my naked roommate possessed. "You got your licks in."

"Whatever," he snorted. "She took me down by flicking me. Flicking me!"

"And kicking you in the head and jabbing you in the throat," I reminded him helpfully.

"And I didn't even get to see you naked this time," he whined plaintively.

For a second, I had the strongest urge to get up and strip for him. Then I got a hold of myself. What was I thinking? The whole purpose of this dominance game between me and my roommate was to break his macho-man ego, not to give him freebies.

"Hey, you got to see Sandra naked," I reminded him. "How did she compare to me?"

"Oh, she's MUCH hotter," he said immediately.

"Hey!" I protested, giving him a playful slap on the cheek. "Take that back, slave!"

"She has a nicer ass for sure," he continued, smiling. "And I think I like those small tits better than yours."

"Nice try, big guy," I chuckled. "You're not tricking me into stripping off for you."

"Damn," he laughed. "Well, can't blame me for trying."

I laughed, and reach down to take him by his balls. He flinched, but didn't resist.

"If I didn't have those balls," he sighed, "You girls would never beat me."

"That's why you've got to stop challenging us," I retorted. "So you can keep them." As I said this, I began rolling his balls around in my hand, and his very lovely dick began to rise into a standing position. I grinned.

"Let me wear a cup next time," he declared, "and we'll see who takes it in the crotch?"

I almost wanted to say "Takes what in the crotch?" but restrained myself. "You know I'll just reach under your cup and get you by the balls again," I taunted him, and now his dick was standing at full attention. I kissed him playfully on the cheek. "Your balls are mine."

"For another month," he said softly, huskily.

"For another month," I agreed, and then I moved my hand from his balls to his dick, leaning my head on his shoulder as I slid my hand slowly up and down. I wasn't going to strip for him, but he deserved a little comforting after that fight with Sandra.

It didn't take long for him to come, and I even managed to shoot him in the eye with his own man-juice. I laughed at the ludicrous sight of him, lying there naked on the couch, covered in his semen. It made me want to kiss him again, but I restrained myself.

"So, can this be a regular thing?" he asked hopefully.

"Don't count on it, slave," I laughed, and playfully flicked his balls.

"Ouch," he said.

## Challenge

By Bastige

Her roommate challenges her in order to win his clothes and his pride back.

"I'm sick of doing these fucking dishes," my roommate spat, throwing the washcloth on the ground. It made a wet splat. His fists were clenched at his sides.

"Are you challenging me?" I asked, languidly raising one eyebrow and looking pointedly at his penis and balls, hanging quivering and exposed between his legs.

"Yes," he declared, though I thought I could detect a tremor of hesitation in his voice.

"Get your clothes off. Let's go."

I shrugged, set down my bag, and started to shrug out of my top and skirt. He was already naked, of course, as he always was in the house. Day in and day out, his penis and balls were never hidden from my sight. Which was kind of amusing to me, but not very erotic; the rule was mostly for his sake, to make him constantly realize his subservient position, and thus remember the arrogance and aggression that had put him there in the first place. He, however, loved seeing me naked. Unfortunately for him, his only chance to do so was when he challenged me, which involved a nude wrestling match. In exchange for getting to see - and feel - my naked body, he had to deal with the near-certainty of painful defeat.

Without embarrassment or hesitation, I dropped my bra from my breasts and stepped out of my thong, and began stretching. My body isn't the most athletic in the world, but it is nicely toned, and I'm pretty well-endowed. Naturally, his cock jumped up in the air at the sight of me, as it always did; I knew it would be coming down eventually. Belatedly, he began stretching too, and after a minute we went to the living room and cleared the furniture out from the center.

The rules were simple: no holds barred, no breaks until one or the other submits. The loser would have to remain naked when in the house for the next month, and do all apartment chores. At any time after the first week, the loser could challenge the winner to a rematch, with the same terms and conditions. It was this clause, and my roommate's

natural cockiness and hotheadedness, that had kept him naked and subservient for three solid months now. And yet he kept coming back for more. Was the man a masochist?

Our match began. Naked, we circled each other. He leaned far over, his hips popped back to avoid the surprise kick-to-the-testicles that had dropped him for the count a couple of matches prior within seconds of the start of the fight. He looked a little silly, and I taunted him with the memory of his near-instant defeat.

"Good to see you're keeping your balls out of reach of my foot," I chuckled. There was no response he could make, since it was obviously what he was doing, and obviously necessary. He concentrated on beating me, silently looking for an opening.

The opening came. He shot forward and took me down, using his wrestler's training to quickly force me to the floor. I twisted to free myself, as I had learned in self-defense class, but he was quick, strong, and in good shape, and in a moment he was on top of me, working to pin my arms and legs. I freed a hand and shot it between his legs to grab his balls, but he twisted and popped his hips up and back, and they were out of my reach. He grabbed my arm and subdued it. I was in real trouble now. My bare breast was against the crook of his arm, and his other arm went right between my legs. It was humiliating, but I couldn't let that distract me from the need to beat him, to put him back in his place.

To distract him, I kissed him, on the shoulder, on the neck. Erotically, using my tongue, I kissed and licked him, even as I squirmed to escape his hold. If nothing else, it would distract him, maybe for a critical moment...Sensing victory, he moved his face above mine and kissed me back. I shoved my tongue into his mouth, and he responded by shoving his into mine...and I bit it. Hard, suddenly. He gave a muffled cry and jerked back as blood welled out, and his hold weakened for the instant I needed. I freed my arm and again dove it between his legs. This time, my hand closed around his balls before he could twist to get away. Even as he bucked, just an instant too late, we both knew I had won.

But he wasn't giving in just yet. As I began to squeeze, he let out a cry of dismay and started punching me in the head and breasts, frantically trying to make me release my grip. But I'm tougher than that, and I endured his blows and squeezed his testicles for all I was worth. After a moment both his hands went to my wrist, pulling and twisting to try

to make me relinquish my grip. His eyes were shut tightly, his face contorted in a rictus of agony. I struggled at first to maintain my grip, but his strength weakened rapidly as the incredible pain battered him. Still futilely clutching my wrist, he threw back his head and emitted a high, terrible wail.

"OH GODDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!" he screeched.

"AAAAaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAgggghhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Submit!" I grunted.

His arms fell back and tears began pouring from his eyes. The wail trailed off to a choked whimper. He lay back, enduring unspeakable agony, still not willing to submit.

"Oh God please!" he begged me. "Please let me go! Oh God, please please please!"

I squeezed harder.

"Submit!" I hissed.

Finally, after an eternal thirty seconds or so of torture, he choked out the words: "I submit."

I released his balls, and he collapsed, sobbing, broken. I left him there and went to put on my clothes and take care of various chores. His whimpering sobs continued echoing softly from the living room.

Sometime in the next half hour, I think he dragged himself to the bathroom and threw up, then dragged himself to his bedroom to be alone with his pain. I gave him two hours to recover, then banged on his door. I had to do it twice before he opened it. He looked like a wreck, his face streaked with tears and the blood from his tongue, his balls red and swollen. I told him to go wash up and meet me in the living room. Still hunched over from the pain, he shuffled obediently to the bathroom.

When he finally presented himself to me in the living room, I sat in the armchair (fully clothed now, of course) and had him stand in front of me.

"Bend over," I said. "Bring me your face."

He did so. There was pain there, and humiliation. He couldn't bring himself to look me quite straight in the eye. I slapped his face with my hand, hard. He flinched, but didn't bring up his hands. Good.

"I just slapped your face," I stated coolly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," he answered softly.

"That's right, nothing," I agreed matter-of-factly. "Because I beat you and made you submit. I grabbed your balls and hurt you bad."

To my surprise, but not to my displeasure, a tear rolled involuntarily out of his eye and splashed on my blouse. I smiled.

"And you know why I did that to you?" I continued. "Because you keep being an aggressive fuckhead and trying to make me submit. As soon as you stop trying to dominate me and beat me, I'll stop kicking the shit out of you."

He nodded.

"But I don't think I punished you enough for challenging me," I continued, "and so I'm going to kick your balls now. Stand up and spread your legs."

A look of fear flashed onto his face. "Please," he begged. "Please don't kick my balls. I submit."

"I know you submit," I said. "But I am tired of you challenging me every chance you get. I want to put a stop to it right now, so spread your legs."

"Please don't," he begged again, crying.

"If you don't straighten up and spread your legs in three seconds," I warned, "I'm going to grab your balls again and squeeze them until you pass out."

Instantly, he jumped up to a straight position, his legs widespread, his hands behind his back. His eyes were shut in terror and anticipation. I leaned forward in my chair and took his balls in my hand. Thinking that he hadn't been fast enough and I was going to squeeze him again, he became terrified and started urinating uncontrollably. His piss dribbled down my wrist and onto the floor. Sighing, I got up and went into the kitchen to clean it off, leaving him standing there naked and terrified.

When I came back, I wiped the last drops of urine off the tip of his penis, and looked him in his tear-filled eyes.

"You just peed," I stated, allowing some amusement to creep into my voice. "I made you so afraid that you peed. What do you think about that?"

He said nothing, but his humiliation was written all over his face.

"Do you think you're tough? Do you think you're a big manly man? When you just peed in fear all over my arm, and you're standing here waiting for me to kick you in the balls?"

"I won't challenge you again," he whimpered. "Please. I'll never challenge you again if you just don't kick me in the balls."

"I'm going to kick you in the balls," I declared, "AND you're never going to challenge me again."

The look on his face told me he knew it was the truth. Sitting back down in the chair, I lined up my bare foot with the underside of his swollen testicles and took a couple practice kicks. He flinched every time my arch touched his scrotum, and I'm sure if he had had anything left in his bladder it would have come out.

When I kicked him, I kicked him somewhat softly, just enough to hurt him a little bit, but not enough to send him back to the floor in agony. He emitted a small squeak and looked at me in fear, wondering if another kick was coming. But I just laughed, and stood up, and kissed him on the mouth. The taste of blood was tangy on my tongue. I took his balls in my hand as I kissed him, and massaged them gently.

"You're never going to challenge me again," I said softly. He nodded, but it was unnecessary; we both knew I had spoken the truth.

"Lie down on your back," I commanded, smiling, and he did. He kept his legs spread submissively, offering his balls to me should I choose to kick them again. I approved of that.

As he watched in amazement from his prone position on the floor, I stripped off my clothes for the second time that day, giving him the first glimpse of my naked body that didn't presage my destruction of his testicles. Of course, he didn't know that, and so he began to quake in fear, even when I knelt down and put my mouth on his penis. In spite of his fear - or maybe because of it - he soon began to get hard, until his cock was sticking straight up like a little tower.

Laughing, I straddled him and lowered myself onto his cock, until it was deep inside me. He looked like he didn't know whether to be wild with lust or with terror, as this was something entirely new. Slowly, I undulated my hips, riding him. I bent my face close to his and looked into his eyes.

"You're never going to challenge me again," I repeated gently. "Now that I know I've won forever, I can do what I've always wanted to do."

"Why..." He stopped, out of breath, as I moved my hips faster.

"I didn't want you to dominate me," I explained. "I didn't want a big macho man conquering me with his cock. I wanted this instead. So I had to break you first." Saying this, I kissed him again. He began to shudder, not with pain this time, but with pleasure.

"I squeezed your balls until you cried in pain," I recollected. "I slapped you in the face. I made you pee on me in fear. I kicked your balls and you did nothing to try to stop me. Is all that true?"

"Yes," he admitted, shame puckering his face. "Yes it is."

"Well," I continued, "Assuming you never go back to being a macho man, which I think you won't, my days of busting your balls are done."

"Do I still have to be naked all the time?" he asked meekly.

I considered this. "No," I decided. "But...you may decide you want to be, anyway."

So saying this, I concentrated on making myself orgasm, then on making him orgasm. After he came, he curled up and cradled his busted balls as the orgasm brought him renewed pain. This time, though, I brought him an ice pack and soothed him with kisses as he slowly recovered.

That was the last time I had my roommate - or should I say, my husband, which he is now - on the floor, holding his testicles in agony. That was five years ago, and there haven't been any challenges since then.

But in case there are...I'm always ready.

## Sandra's Challenge

By Bastige

Her martial arts instructor deals with her own macho man problem.

Sandra and my husband circled each other in the ring, probing for openings. Once again, I was amazed at how much he had improved since he started coming with me to martial arts classes; when he started, I could usually beat him in no-holds-barred sparring, but he had progressed beyond me and was approaching Sandra in skill.

My husband shot forward and grabbed for Sandra's leg. She dodged and countered with a strike, but he got a hold of her arm and applied his massive weight for a moment, making Sandra slip; the grapple was on. This was where my husband shined, having been a wrestler for years; also, he outweighed Sandra by about eighty pounds. Sandra, however, was full of wily tricks. Lightning-fast, she launched a knee at his cup, but he twisted and avoided it. Good thing, too - even with a cup protecting his balls, any man would be out of the fight after a full-strength knee from the class instructor.

And besides, nobody beats on my husband's balls but me. It's a point of pride.

In short order, my husband got Sandra's arm in an armbar, and she tapped out. Whistles of surprise went through the assembled class; seeing Sandra get beat was extremely rare, and this was the first time my husband had managed it. I exploded into applause along with the rest of the class as they got up and shook hands. My husband winked at me, and a little shiver ran up my spine.

Half an hour later, Sandra and I were showering together. Everyone else had left the gym except for my husband, who was in the men's section. I appreciatively admired Sandra's lean, muscular body, slender but powerful legs, and wonderfully toned compact little butt, trying not to let her see me looking. We talked about our lives, and this and that...something seemed to be bothering Sandra just below the surface, but I couldn't get her to tell me what it was, and I didn't feel like asking directly.

We were suddenly startled as someone walked into the shower - someone male. Sandra immediately clapped her hands over her small breasts and dropped to a crouch, while I, always less shy about my body, merely placed one hand casually over my crotch. But I

took the hand away when I saw it was my husband, dripping wet and stark naked, with a huge grin plastered all over his face. His gorgeous tool hung low between his massive legs, just in front of the balls I so loved to dominate.

Sandra breathed a sigh of relief as my husband walked over to me and put his arms around me. Skin rubbed up against skin.

"I didn't know you were so shy, Sandra!" he said cheerfully, looking down at where she still crouched, a mildly annoyed expression on her face.

She sighed and straightened up, giving him a look at her full willowy nakedness. "Nothing you haven't seen before," she snorted.

I felt a little embarrassed as my husband and I washed each other, since Sandra was washing herself alone. Overall, the atmosphere was very friendly, though; we had all become great friends in the three years since Sandra and my husband had fought their bout in my living room. Fought naked, I recalled with a shiver of excitement.

"You're getting a lot better," Sandra told my husband. "You're a natural. Soon I won't be able to beat you at all."

"I don't believe it," my husband said, running soapy hands down my voluptuous torso and down my thighs. "You're just going easy on me. Any time you wanted, you could just flick my balls and I'd be down at your feet."

"Hey," I protested, "those are MY balls you're talking about, sir." I reached back and took hold of the organs in question, and felt my husband's penis stiffen against the small of my back.

Sandra laughed. "Get a room you two," she chuckled. But there seemed to be something sad in the way she said it.

We finished showering, and Sandra followed us out into the locker room area. As she passed us by, my husband reached out and spanked her bare butt with one big cupped hand. Sandra squeaked and jumped, then turned around and launched a fist, which he easily dodged. I hastily stepped back out of the conflict zone. Sandra followed her fist

with a vicious flick at my husband's bare balls (as per his suggestion!), but he yanked his pelvis back and saved himself. Lightning-quick, he reached out and flicked at Sandra's breast, but missed. She shouted in indignation, and the battle turned into a full-on flick-fest, with both of them circling with their fingers bent into "OK" shapes. I felt myself getting more and more aroused. Something about seeing my gorgeous husband and this beautiful tough half-Thai assassin go at it stark naked was just intensely erotic.

Sandra tried for my hubby's balls a couple more times, but he was careful to keep his hips thrust way back, and she didn't have the range, although once she got him on the tip of his penis instead, evoking a yowl and a laugh.

"Watch out!" he laughed, and tried for a flick between Sandra's legs, but she danced away. She went for his face, he caught her arm and spun her around, slapping her ass again. She shrieked, freed her arm, and caught him in the nose with a painful flick.

As they fought, I circled surreptitiously around behind my husband. Waiting for an opportune moment, I took advantage of his stance - hips popped back, legs spread wide - to dart my hand underneath his muscular ass and grab my favorite playthings - his balls. I didn't squeeze hard (well, not very hard), but he bellowed and grabbed his crotch in surprise. I pressed my still-nude body against his back as he hung there, bent over, his hands between his legs and his face toward Sandra, who was laughing hard.

"Go ahead, Sandra," I urged her. "Teach this macho jerk some respect for women."

"I surrender!" my husband yowled. "Women are superior!"

Sandra, tears of laughter filling her eyes, stepped forward and gave my husband the lightest of slaps on his cheeks. "There," she said. "That'll teach him."

"Or not!" he suddenly yelled, taking both hands away from his captured balls to flick both of Sandra's nipples at once. She shrieked and slapped him again, hard this time, as I gave his balls a squeeze. Sandra ran for her locker and grabbed for her clothes. My husband mewed and went back to cupping his trapped testicles. Meanwhile, I was getting wetter and wetter between the legs; it was time to take my man home and do all kinds of brutal things to him.

"Wow," Sandra said the next day, over lunch. "You and your husband have such an awesome relationship."

"It's pretty nice," I agreed.

"And he has such a..." Here she lowered her voice conspiratorially. "Such a beautiful cock."

I grinned. "It's pretty nice," I agreed.

"I wish I could have a man who's that tough but sweet too," she lamented.

"He is pretty special," I told her. "Though of course I had to break him in a bit, back in the day. He was so macho."

Sandra sighed. "I wish I could do that to my boyfriend. He's the most macho guy there is."

"The Thai guy, right?" I asked. "The kickboxer?"

"Yeah." Sandra's face was downcast; I almost never saw her like this. "If I tried to 'break him in' he'd end up breaking me!"

"That bad?" I inquired carefully.

Sandra proceeded to spill out the horror story of her current boyfriend. I was appalled at what I heard; this guy dominated the normally ass-kicking Sandra pretty horribly. He made her have sex when and how he wanted, cheated shamelessly, even went to prostitutes. And if Sandra complained, he'd "spar" with her, which was really just an excuse for abuse.

"Why don't you just grab his balls and show him who's boss?" I suggested.

"His ego would never take it," she explained. "Whenever I let him go he'd just come after me and kick my ass."

"I'm not sure about that," I said. "I think you just have to go about breaking him in in the right way."

And so we hatched a plan.

Interestingly enough, my husband was with me when Sandra told us the results. We were sitting in a cafe after martial arts practice, and we both noticed that Sandra had seemed to be bursting with excitement to tell us something. Her dark eyes glowed as she told us the story.

"So," she began. "Ram came in and told me to clean up my apartment, and I told him I was tired of being his bitch. So he went to hit me, but I dodged it, and I suggested that if he wanted to keep ordering me around, he had to fight me naked. Kind of like what you guys did, back in the day. Anyway, he didn't agree, and said I could be naked if I wanted, but as far as he was concerned he was already in control. So I acted like I accepted that, and I brought him beer and stuff until he was ready to go to bed."

Here she grimaced. "Ram was pretty rough with me all that afternoon, probably pissed off that I had shown some feistyness. He kept shoving my face, grabbing my ass, slapping me between the legs, that sort of shit. Then he demanded I fuck him, and I had to, since it was part of the plan. He was pretty rough in bed, too. I played the submissive little Thai girl, and afterward I asked him if he wanted a massage.

Of course he said yes, so I got on his back and started massaging him. I give a pretty awesome massage, as you probably could guess, so he was getting pretty relaxed. Then I put my hands between his legs, like I was going to give him the old 'happy ending.' But instead, I grabbed his balls and started to squeeze the living daylights out of them!"

Her eyes lit up, and my husband and I stared at the fervor with which she told us this most private of tales.

"He thrashed around, but since he was face-down on the bed there was nothing he could do. At first he was just screaming 'You bitch you bitch let me go so I can beat your ass,' and stuff like that. I just kept squeezing, and he couldn't get away or do anything. I saw him start to cry, and I knew that it was now or never to beat him, because if I let him go now there was no telling what he'd do to me. That's when he started to beg, and say

stuff like 'Please let me go, I'm sorry, just let them go,' which I'm sure absolutely just galled his pride.

But I kept squeezing, and told him that if he didn't fight me naked for control of the apartment, I wouldn't let him go. He held out for a couple more minutes - he's a really tough guy - but eventually he had to give in and agree to the fight. I gave his nuts one more squeeze, and then let him go and told him that we'd have the fight as soon as he recovered. He just curled up and cried on the bed, and I left him there to recover."

"Wow," my husband breathed. "I am never sparring with you ever again!"

Sandra laughed. "Anyway, Ram was in there about an hour, and I think he threw up. When he came out, he was obviously still in pain, but he claimed he was recovered and ready to fight me. Man, was he angry! I hadn't even put my clothes on, so we were both still naked. He came right at me, you know how hard those Muay Thai punches and kicks are. But he was still slowed down and weak from the ball squeezing, so he didn't kick my ass like usual. I got in some good hits to his face and body.

Then he got in an elbow and sent me to the floor. He came over to kick me, but I kicked right up and got him in the balls. It was just a glancing hit, but it doubled him over and gave me a chance to get up. He really came after me after that, fighting through the pain and hitting me a bunch. But now he was even more slowed down, and I kicked his legs and punched his face again and again. I kept aiming for his balls again, but he kept twisting out of the way, even though it meant his face took more hits.

Finally, I managed to poke him in the throat. While he was grabbing that, I kicked him full-on in the balls, and it was really over. He just went down gagging and jerking all over the floor. Just to make sure it was over, I kicked him in the face a few times, but he didn't even respond, he just held his balls and cried.

At this point I started to get worried that I had seriously injured him, so I put on my clothes and loaded him up into my car and took him to the hospital, still totally naked. I'm sure he didn't much like a bunch of female nurses grabbing his balls and asking him how it happened. Luckily, though, there were no ruptures, so they sent him back with me in nothing but a hospital gown."

"So," I asked, "Did that change his attitude?"

"Well, sort of." Sandra pursed her lips and frowned. "He went home as soon as he could kind of hobble to his car, and hasn't called me since. I think it's over."

"Good," my husband declared. "Sounds like he wasn't the right guy for you."

"Sounds like he wasn't the right guy for anyone," I added.

"I guess," Sandra demurred, doubt in her voice. "Do you think I was too harsh on him?"

"You did good," my husband said softly, putting his big hand across the table and patting Sandra's small one. "You did just right."

She looked up, a smile suddenly appearing on her face. "Hey, I have a question," she asked my husband. "Now that I don't have a boyfriend, and...well...do you have any, you know, guy-friends who..."

We both laughed. "I'll ask around," my husband said. "I'll just make sure to only pick guys who have balls of solid steel."

As soon as we got back to our house, my husband and I started making out against the door.

"Did that story turn you on as much as it did me?" he asked.

I nodded. "Get your clothes off," I purred. He did so, tripping in his haste to strip. His big beautiful cock bounced free, already standing at full attention. When he was naked, I reached down and grabbed his balls and pushed him up against the wall, squeezing enthusiastically. He kissed me hard, and I kissed him back. His hands were on my breasts, my ass; my free hand pressed his head to mine. His penis bounced against me.

"I've got you by your balls," I murmured in his ear.

"No you don't," he murmured back. "Those are your balls."

"Right answer," I said.

I smiled and pushed him down onto the floor. As I undressed, I gave his balls a few little light kicks, but nothing big. Then I stood over him in all my naked glory; slowly, I lowered myself onto his majestic penis, and felt him inside me.

Married life, I reflected, was not so bad after all.

## Nick's Challenge

By Bastige

"Come on," I called to my husband, "Bring those balls over here."

He strolled over, a big grin on his face, and patted my growing belly, like he always did. I snaked my hand up into one pants leg of his loose boxers (the only thing he was wearing), found his balls, and closed my hand around him. He let out a little sigh. I squeezed a little, and he stroked my breast with one hand.

"Looks like I didn't damage these things too much," I purred, patting my pregnant tummy. "They did their job just fine."

"Yeah," he murmured, caressing me as I kneaded his manhood. "Hey, he said, "So I hear Sandra's got a new boyfriend."

"Yeah!" I smiled. My friend Sandra had always been pretty unlucky in love before. "His name's Nick, I think you'd like him. You and he share some interests."

"What interests?" my husband asked.

In response, I squeezed him again, a little harder. "Oh," he said.

"So tell me," he asked, "How did they get together?"

I told him the story.

\* \* \*

It was about two months after Sandra had beaten the crap out of her domineering, awful ex-boyfriend. I had told a coworker of mine, Nick, about the martial arts classes she teaches. Nick had done a lot of martial arts, taekwondo in particular, and when he heard how good Sandra was, he couldn't wait to come spar with her. So I said sure, come to the class! But I warned him to watch out - Sandra is surprisingly quick and deadly. He just laughed...his mistake!

Nick came to class, and at the end, he and Sandra sparred. There were only a few other people left in the gym, all of them women. Nick was good, but his style was very different from the quick, effective movement that Sandra taught us (which was based on her knowledge of jujitsu and kenpo). Nick had a lot of high, flashy kicks that looked spectacular but that I knew would be useless in a real fight. I thought it was only a matter of time before Sandra's foot hit him in the cup and taught him a fun little lesson.

But when it came, nobody was prepared for what happened. Nick did one of his big, high, flashy kicks, and I guess Sandra had finally had enough, because she snapped a side kick directly into his groin. But instead of the sharp "crack" of her foot hitting a cup, there was almost no sound at all. Nick staggered back, a look of shock on his face, and instantly grabbed himself between the legs. He folded up at the waist and stared at Sandra, obviously fighting not to go down. He lost that battle in about five seconds, and collapsed onto the mat as Sandra dropped out of her stance and ran over to him. Then realization finally hit me - the idiot hadn't been wearing a cup at all! He had come to martial arts practice with nothing protecting his nuts!

All the women in the gym were scrunching their faces in pain. Nick was curled up on the mat, making pitiful whimpering sounds, as Sandra hastily examined him. Then Sandra turned and asked everyone to go home, except for me. I knew she didn't want them to see what she'd have to do next.

When the other students had left, Sandra reached down and slid off Nick's pants and underwear. She moved his hands away from his balls - he was so weak from the pain that he didn't even try to resist - and called me over to have a look. Yep, she had busted him good, I realized - his balls were already swollen. Tears were just pouring out of the poor man's face.

"Should we take him to the hospital?" Sandra asked.

I reached over and felt his balls. He cried out and weakly grabbed my arm. Feeling around, I realized that everything was in the right place.

"No," I said, "I think he'll be fine, he just needs some ice. We lucked out."

Sandra ran and got an ice pack, and we applied it to Nick's balls. I noticed that Nick's penis was pretty nice...though not as nice as yours, of course.

Anyway, after about ten minutes on the ground, Nick rolled over and pushed himself to his hands and knees. Sandra tried to hold the ice pack against his balls but he just shook his head. With a supreme effort, he got to his feet and took a few staggering steps, then rested his hands on his knees, refusing to go back to the floor. After a couple minutes, he straightened up as best he could and started walking around, one slow step after another. Every few steps he'd gasp in pain and move his hands down toward his balls, but he'd force his hands away and keep going. Eventually, after convincing himself that he could walk again, he sat down and put the ice pack back on his balls. During this whole time, of course, he was naked from the waist down, but he had other things to worry about.

Eventually, Sandra asked him if he needed a ride home, and he insisted on driving himself. We helped him get back into his pants, and supported his arms as we walked him to his car. After he had driven off, Sandra and I had a drink in the back.

"I felt so awful," Sandra admitted, "but wasn't he a fool not to wear a cup? I mean..."

I snorted a laugh. "Yeah, not to mention doing all those high kicks."

"But hey," Sandra went on, "what did you think of..."

"What?" I asked, smirking.

"You know...the package?"

I laughed. "Looked good to me," I said. "What did you think? Was he cute?"

Sandra just blushed and took a drink.

Nick took the next day off work, and when he came back to the office he was walking bowlegged for a few days, but I managed not to tease him. Three weeks after the initial incident, he confided in me at lunch that he wanted a rematch with Sandra.

"Go for it," I said. "You're welcome to come back to class. I'm sure she'll spar with you again. Just wear a cup, all right?"

"But it's humiliating," he growled. "A lot of those students saw me get my nuts cracked, and Sandra saw me..."

"With your dick hanging out?" I finished, giving him a big grin.

"Yeah..." he sighed.

"It's OK," I assured him. "Just act like nothing happened."

So Nick took my advice, and came back to class. No one said anything, and Sandra just smiled and talked to him like nothing weird had happened before. At the end of the class, they again decided to spar. This time, the other students took the hint and left before the bout.

As before, Nick threw a lot of flashy high kicks. It was almost like he was trying to prove that nothing had happened last time. He was quick - as quick as Sandra - and stronger, but every time he went for one of those high kicks he left his most vulnerable area open to a counterstrike. But this time, Sandra was understandably shy about hitting him there - after all, last time had been a near brush with permanent injury. Of course, he was wearing a cup this time, but still, she wasn't taking any chances. So Nick was allowed to do his ridiculous kicks, and Sandra just blocked them as best she could instead of doing the obvious counter.

But finally it got to be too much. Nick kicked high again and again, wilfully ignoring last time's lesson. Almost as if he wanted to prove he could beat Sandra without protecting his groin. So this time, Sandra went for a compromise. When he threw a high kick, she stepped to the side and slapped him in the groin with her open palm.

Immediately she recoiled, and immediately Nick folded, grabbing himself with a shout. He didn't drop this time, but stood doubled up, holding his balls in pain.

"You idiot!" Sandra yelled at him, unable to restrain herself. "Why didn't you wear a fucking cup, AGAIN?!"

I rolled my eyes. Nick was such a fool! How could Sandra think he was cute?

While Sandra paced and fumed, Nick staggered over to the wall and leaned face-first against it, one hand still cupped around his balls, the other slapping the wall.

Sandra came over to me and just sighed. "I'm not taking him to the hospital," she fumed. "He can lose a nut for all I care."

I gave her a hug and calmed her down. To cool her off, I offered to spar with her, which we did while Nick recovered. After about ten minutes, he came over to us, and sheepishly extended his hand to Sandra.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's OK," sighed Sandra, and clasped his hand.

"At least I didn't end up naked this time," he joked. She laughed.

"Why don't you two go grab dinner?" I suggested. "I've got to go home to meet my husband." And, I added mentally, to do a little ballbusting of our own.

Nick and Sandra looked at each other. "OK," they said in accidental unison.

The rest of this is just what Sandra told me, so it's secondhand. Apparently they went to dinner, and hit it off great. Nick may be a macho idiot when it comes to martial arts, but off the mat he's a really sweet guy. Finally, after a glass or two of wine, Sandra asked him why he refused to wear a cup. He answered that he thought he ought to be able to win without one. Sandra asked him what it would take for him to wear a cup, and he said he didn't know.

So Sandra thought back to things I had told her over the years. She made Nick an offer - she would fight him wearing nothing at all if he would wear a cup. She had seen him naked, she reasoned, so he should get the chance to see her, as long as he was willing to give up his pride.

Not surprisingly, Nick accepted.

So they went back to Sandra's place, and she brought him a cup that she had, and made sure he put it on (even "cup checking" him herself!). They cleared out a space - just like we used to do! - and, just like she said she would, she stripped totally nude.

You've seen Sandra naked, so I know you know how hot she is, which must have distracted Nick. And he's such a nice guy, I'm sure he'd have major problems with hitting a naked woman! So when they started fighting, Nick pretty much got his ass handed to him. He didn't throw any of those high kicks anymore, despite the fact that he was now somewhat protected. Sandra made sure to "cup check" him a couple more times as they sparred. Each time he'd double over and go into full retreat, out of pure force of habit. It took him a while to get used to the fact that though his balls could get hurt, one hit would no longer immediately devastate him.

Anyway, according to Sandra, she eventually decided to take Nick down. Nick is a good fighter standing up, but Sandra knows jujitsu too, so it was no contest. I'm sure Nick was pretty surprised to have himself taken to the floor and immobilized by a stark naked woman! She put him in an arm bar that he had no hope of escaping, and with her other hand she pulled down his pants and stuck her hand inside his cup and grabbed his balls (yes, we girls tell each other the details, get used to it!). He was apparently both terrified and aroused out of his wits.

So Nick said "I surrender."

Sandra said "I've got your balls, big guy, what do you think about that?"

And he said - and I quote - "Please be gentle with them."

Which of course melted Sandra completely. After that I'll spare you the details, but she kissed him, etc. And that was how Sandra and Nick got together!

\* \* \*

My husband was panting heavily, leaning on the chair for support. His dick was tenting out his boxers so hard I thought they would rip. I fondled his balls as I finished the story. As I did, he ejaculated, without me even touching his penis.

After he cleaned himself up, he came back in, naked now. He walked over and kissed me, and said "That story was so hot."

"As far as I know, it's true!" I responded, kissing him back.

"Will you..." He hesitated. "Will you kick my balls?" It had been quite a while since we had gone that far.

I nodded. "Go stand in front of me," I told him, leaning the chair forward.

He stood in front of me, his magnificent manhood beginning to twitch its way upward again.

"Put your hands on your head, and spread your legs," I instructed him. He did this. I slipped off the tank top and panties I was wearing, so I was naked too. Now his dick was fully erect again.

"Come forward..." I told him. "A little more. Now a tiny bit to the right. Good. Now stand there."

He stood in front of me, his balls hanging down between his spread legs, looking at me with a mix of love and apprehension.

"I'm going to kick you in the balls now," I told him. "Your balls are perfectly positioned right above my left foot. When I kick you, it's going to hurt a lot, but I want you not to go down, even to your knees, OK?"

He nodded.

"Also," I added, "you can't make a sound, and you can't cry either. Got it?"

He nodded again.

"Now close your eyes," I told him. He did. His lips were pressed tight together, every muscle of his beautiful body tense as he waited for my foot to hit him in his most

precious, vulnerable body part. I thought of how much I loved him, how great a father he'd make, all the good times we'd had together.

Then I snapped my foot up into his balls. As I hit him, he ejaculated again, covering my swelling belly with his warm semen. True to his word, he didn't cry out or make a sound, though I could tell it was painful. His knees wobbled and bent, but he forced himself not to go down.

"You can open your eyes, silly," I said.

He opened his eyes, and slowly, he leaned over me. Our naked bodies touched. He reached one hand, not to hold his balls, but to rub my belly again. Then he leaned down and kissed me on the mouth, long and slow.

"I love you," he said.

He lowered his balls onto my bare knee, and I gently massaged all his cares away.

## No More Challenges

By Bastige

Her husband reveals the truth about how he won her love.

When my husband got out of the shower, I was already naked, and waiting for him. As he turned the corner into the living room, I shot out and grabbed his legs as he had taught me, bearing him to the ground. He was so surprised that I managed to get a good hold on him before he even reacted. I pushed his face into the carpet, laughing. "Mmmppphh!" he yelled.

Then he applied his own strength and skill. Even though he had been teaching me to wrestle, and even though I applied the nasty tricks I had learned over years of self-defense classes, he was bigger and stronger than me, and more experienced too. Slowly, my husband broke my hold and took control, immobilizing first one arm, then one leg. The rough feeling of his forearm against my bare groin was intensely erotic.

Gradually, my husband forced me to the ground under him. My left breast was mashed up against his chest as he fought me down. His beautiful cock, erect now, brushed lightly against my flank. Finally, realizing that he was about to pin me, I used my trump card; reaching down under his lovely cock, I took his balls in my hand.

Immediately, he let up all the pressure he had been applying to my limbs, and we lay there, frozen in place. I was under him, looking into his eyes, my breast pressed against his chest and one of his arms between my legs. My heart pounded with excitement. The expression on his face was hard to read - a mix of excitement, tenderness, and a bit of fear. He remembered all too well the battles we had had before we had gotten married, and what I had done to his balls back then.

Slowly, gently, he leaned down and kissed me, neither of us giving up our holds on the other. We kissed like that for a long time, until our muscles began to get sore and cramped.

"You have me by the balls, honey," he said to me softly.

"Yeah, I do," I answered back, feeling myself getting wet at those words. "I can make you do anything I want."

"Yeah, you can," he agreed, smiling. "What do you want me to do?"

"Hmm," I considered for a moment. "You know that gorgeous cock of yours?"

He looked down and smiled. It was still pointing straight outward.

"Yeah."

"I want you to use it to bang the living shit out of me," I ordered huskily.

"I think I can manage that," he replied.

With that, he released his holds on my limbs, and still holding him by the balls, I twisted under him until my legs were around his hips, then guided his dick into me with the hand holding his balls. He felt so good, inside me like that, and knowing that I had full and complete control over this magnificent creature made it feel ten times better. I kept one hand gently around his balls as he not-so-gently fucked me. Eventually it was just too much, and I couldn't stand it any more; I released his balls and clawed his back as I orgasmed, and he followed a moment later.

Afterward, we lay on the floor side by side. His hand gently massaged my right breast.

"Remember when we used to fight?" I asked. "Before we got together?"

"How could I forget?" he laughed. "As I remember it, that was what got us together."

"First I had to knock the macho out of you," I teased him.

"Did it work?" he asked, pinching my nipple gently between his fingers. God that felt good.

"Mostly," I decided. "I had to keep a little macho around, otherwise you wouldn't be as sexy as you are."

"Mmmm," he murmured, doing more wonderful things with my nipple.

I rolled over and threw one leg between his legs. Quick as lightning, I jerked the knee up so that it just gently tapped his balls. His whole body flinched, but he didn't grab my leg or close his legs in defense. I saw the look of fear pass over his face, and suddenly it made me love him intensely. I leaned down and kissed him, hard.

"Remember that last time?" I asked him devilishly. "When I made you pee all over the floor?"

He laughed. "I was scared!" he protested. "You were about to squeeze my balls to death!"

"No I wasn't," I countered, sticking my tongue out. "I just wanted to scare you."

"Well you succeeded," he told me, kissing me back. "And apparently you're turned on by guys who piss themselves, because I seem to remember that the next thing you did was throw me down and fuck my brains out."

"You deserved a break," I said nonchalantly, giving a shrug.

"I can pee all over you, if that'll turn you on," he teased.

I massaged his balls in response. "I can crush your balls again, if that'll turn you on," I responded.

"I think it turns you on more than me," he said gently, and then we were back to making love.

Afterward, we cuddled for a while longer, and eventually went to bed. But what he had said stuck in my mind. "I think it turns you on more than me," he had said. He was right - dominating him via his balls had let me be confident that I was always in control, that I could handle this big athletic male creature without him hurting me. When combined with the eroticism of nude fighting, it had been a huge turn-on. But when had he realized that? And how had the realization changed his behavior?

That's when I started thinking about our final challenge. He had challenged me out of the blue, claiming to be pissed about having to do the dishes. But he had been doing dishes (in the nude!) for months by that time, given all the times I had beaten him. At the beginning of his servitude, he would have chafed, but why so suddenly at the end, when it had seemed like he had been losing his macho pride?

And the fight itself. He had learned to avoid my grip on his balls from my first and second challenges, and my kicking legs from our fourth challenge. He had been just about to pin me, when I had...that's right, I had kissed him. It seemed like the perfect distraction, and it had made him let his guard down just long enough for me to grab his balls and put him out of commission. But...

The next day, as he was getting ready, I walked naked into the bathroom and draped myself over his body (he was in his boxers).

"Tell me something, honey," I purred into his ear.

"Mmm?" he asked, applying aftershave and doing his hair.

"Did you let me win our last challenge?"

"Mmm? Challenge?" he asked.

"The last time we fought before we got together," I reminded him softly. "The time I kissed you. The time I made you pee, remember?"

"Yeah..." he said slowly. "What makes you think I let you win?"

"Well," I explained, "I realized that you had me down, pinned. And you only let up when I kissed you."

"It was distracting," he agreed.

"More than that," I demurred. "It made you want to fuck me."

"Who wouldn't!" he laughed.

"So you did the only thing you were absolutely certain would get me hot." I followed my line of reasoning to its inevitable conclusion. "You let me grab you by the balls."

He was uncomfortably silent. We looked into each other's eyes in the mirror, and I could tell he was embarrassed.

"And furthermore," I continued quietly, "That was your plan from the start. You challenged me that day because you realized you were in love with me and you had to have me."

By this time, the expression on his face had turned worried as if he were afraid this new revelation would unravel our two years of beautiful married bliss. Silly boy, I thought. Reaching down, I took down his boxers and fondled his various man-parts with one of my hands.

"And the reason you peed when I grabbed your balls again," I explained, "is because you realized that you were voluntarily giving up control over your balls to me, forever."

"Mmm, I think I need to pee again," he breathed.

"Go for it," I urged him, and, holding his cock, turned him toward the toilet. By now it was semi-erect, so I waited patiently while he took his time.

Afterward he turned to face me, and I sat him down on the toilet and straddled him, his lovely cock folded up between us.

"So," I concluded, "basically, you let me win."

He didn't deny it. "You always got so excited when we fought," said my husband. "The one time you did that naked dance for me, and that nearly drove me out of my mind. And the other times you kept grabbing my dick after the match. I knew it was busting my balls that had turned you on."

"Did you let me win the other times?" I asked him levelly.

He shook his head. "That was the only time, actually. Though I had kind of been thinking about doing it before. That was the first time I was able to work up the courage."

Courage to let me squeeze your balls til you screamed, I thought, when you could have pinned me and made me your naked slave for a month. I had to admit, that was real courage.

"Are you mad?" he asked sheepishly.

"Mad?" I echoed. "Are you crazy?"

So saying, I kissed him hard, and reaching down, inserted his cock between my thighs. He sighed. I crushed my chest against his, undulating my hips.

"I love you," I breathed softly into his ear.

Afterward, he got cleaned up and put on his work clothes. I stayed naked, and started dusting the house.

"What's this?" he asked.

In response I walked over and kissed him, noting how his eyes followed the every movement of my naked body, even after two years of marriage.

"Well," I explained, "I think I owe you a month of nude servitude, don't you think? You know, since you let me win that last time."

He laughed. "That's OK," he told me. "Forget about it. It all worked out, didn't it?"

I cocked my hips, one knee bent, the hand holding the duster placed jauntily on my hip.

"Well, if you absolutely insist I put on clothes, I guess I'll just have to," I sighed.

"No, no," he protested. "On second thought, yeah, you definitely owe me."

I laughed, and kissed him on the cheek. Then, one hand on his chest, I pushed him into a couch and stood before him, glorying in my nudity. Wordlessly, I started to dance, like I had danced for him after the first time I had crushed his balls. Remembering that, I felt wet between my thighs again, and at the same time almost weak with relief that I hadn't managed to damage him in any way.

I danced for him, and he sat there getting more and more excited, and when I saw his pants sticking out like a tent, I sashayed over to him and undid them, still dancing, and dragged them down once again to his ankles. Then, kneeling down, I put his gorgeous cock in my mouth and cradled his darling balls with my other hand. The balls he had been willing to put through hell for a kiss from me. The balls that were his terrible weakness and his amazing strength.

After he exploded into my mouth, and I swallowed hungrily, I pulled him to his feet and replaced his pants. We stared into each other's eyes.

"Would you like to kick my balls?" he asked softly.

Unable to deny it, I nodded.

"Gently?" he pleaded. I nodded again.

He spread his legs. With my hands caressing his chest through his shirt, I jerked my knee up into his groin, lightly this time, not enough to really rack him bad. He gave a little grunt and clapped his hands over his balls, doubling over slightly - exaggerating for effect, I was certain. But the act had its intended effect, and I collapsed back onto the couch, my hand working furiously between my legs.

"I gotta go, honey," he said after I had climaxed. "See you when I get home from work." I had the day off.

I stood and kissed him at the door, his body shielding me from outside eyes and then he was gone. I looked around the house. a month of naked servitude, I thought, never sounded like so much fun.