



Breaking Patrick

Sometimes a wife needs a little help
correcting her husband's behavior...

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Chapter 1

Indulging his silly fantasy, this is how it had all began. Not in the darkest corners of her mind could she have imagined what she was to become.

She had happened upon his browsing history one day while looking for a recipe online. What she had seen shocked her; she had no idea of her husband's perversions. She was wholly unprepared to learn of his secret passions, and she was surprised when she found herself becoming hot, becoming wet.

As she clicked from page to page the screen was filled with images of women proudly displaying their partner's caged cocks. There were images of chained men being violated by leather clad mistresses, images of men licking feet, and asses. And, there were images of men being spanked.

She had found it hard to not think about the images in the days that followed. She found herself aroused by the prospect of her husband serving her. She had always been an agreeable partner in bed, and had on occasion allowed her husband to shoot his hot load on her face, but it really wasn't her cup of tea. She had found the act to be one of humiliation when her husband had showed her videos of it online. But, she did allow him on occasion to do give her a pearl necklace, to please him.

She had never complained when he came too fast, but deep down she longed to be fucked all the way to orgasm.

She started researching the subject of his perversions: chastity belts, discipline, and domination. It struck a chord with her, and she wanted to please him. One day, she acted.

While on her way home from work, she pulled into the parking lot of the "Adult Store" she had passed a thousand times before. An excitement

welled up inside her. "Am I really doing this?" she thought to herself. She quickly opened her car door, and rushed inside, lest she be seen by a coworker or friend.

Her heart raced as she entered the store. She began browsing the shelves of the store. She felt fortunate that she was the only customer there. After a few minutes, the store owner approached her.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" she kindly asked.

"No, I am just looking." she replied, knowing damn well that she was committed to buying a chastity cage for her husband.

"Well, if you have any questions please ask. My name is Kate." the owner said.

After perusing the store for some time, she began to look in earnest at the selection of chastity cages. She became excited, having had done some reading on the subject.

"I keep my partner in chastity, it is amazing." Kate, the said as she approached. "Are you looking to buy a cage today?"

"Yes, I am." she said. She had said the words. Her heart raced. She was committed.

After discussing some details about size and usage, Kate helped her select a nice stainless steel cage; a cage perfect for short or long term use.

Never, in a thousand years would she have pictured herself discussing her husband's cock with a stranger, but for some reason Kate put her at ease. She was an attractive woman, neatly, yet provocatively dressed. Her arms were beautifully covered with ink.

"I'm Ann, by the way." She at last felt comfortable enough to say. "I love your tattoos."

"Thank you." Kate replied, stretching out her arms so that Ann could examine them.

"So, do you have a nice evening planned for you and your man? An evening which might include this?" Kate spoke, holding up the cage they had selected.

Kate knew this was all new to Ann. As a key holder herself, she was excited for her.

"I hadn't really thought about it." Ann replied.

"Well, here is what I did." Kate began. She didn't seem to be inhibited by the fact that a young couple had entered the store.

"After a nice dinner and a couple glasses of wine, I instructed my man to wait for me naked on the bed. When I finished showering, I went into the bedroom and told him that if he would let me tie him up that I would give him the best blowjob of his life. Of course, his cock immediately became hard, and he consented to the bondage. I tied his arms and legs to the bedposts using neckties. I tied him tightly so he could not free himself. In the pocket of my robe was the cage, he knew nothing of it."

Ann was getting wet.

"Being a woman of my word, I then proceeded to go down on him." Kate continued. "I licked him from his balls to the tip of his cock. I spat on it, and stroked his wet shaft with my hands as I sucked and licked the tip."

Ann couldn't help but blush, and her pussy was dripping.

"He exploded in my mouth, and when he was done I emptied the contents of my mouth on his belly. As he laid there, tied to the bed squirming in ecstasy, I reached into my pocket and showed him the cage. I just want to try this for a bit, I told him. I am a bit kinky, so of course he agreed. I slid

the base ring over his balls, and she pulled his semi erect cock through. Then, I slowly pressed the cage over his cock. It took some time, as it was still a bit hard, but eventually I was able to line up the pins and click the lock shut."

"What did he think?" Ann asked.

"He was still on that post orgasm cloud, so he didn't say much. Then I told him that I hoped he had enjoyed the blow job because it would be his last for some time. I told him that I now owned his cock, and his cum. I forbade him to masturbate or even touch himself - not that he could. Then I held the key, which was on a chain around my neck, up to his lips and I told him to kiss it; to kiss his cock goodbye."

She paused. "It was a powerful moment. I was very wet, and I have never felt as powerful as in that moment when I took his cock from him. And, I was happy to know I would never again have to taste his cum in my mouth, unless I really wanted to. I've never been fond of the taste of cum. Oh, I almost forgot, I scooped up the mouthful of cum I had spat out on his belly and smeared it across his lips. You know what? He licked it off like a dirty slut. Can you believe that?"

Ann tried to conceal how aroused she had become. She was speechless, and smiled to acknowledge the story.

Kate rang up the cage, and placed it into a bag. After paying, Ann thanked Kate for her help and for her advice.

Before leaving, Kate handed Ann her card. On it, she had written her phone number.

"Call me if you need any advice, or have questions - fuck, call me if you need any help at all. I could even come over and help you in person. I love watching a cock get caged for the very first time... There is nothing quite like watching the power and the submission... It is beautiful." Kate said, as she opened the door.

Ann thanked her, and got into her car. Her heart was still racing, and her panties were soaked as she drove home. She already was beginning to feel empowered by Kate's story. She felt changed.

Chapter 2

Patrick had been proud of Ann when she was promoted to the position of Director of Nursing. With the promotion came a generous wage increase, which had taken some of the pressure off of him to provide an income. When his unemployment ran out, Ann had lovingly suggested that he take care of the household chores; she would provide for them. After years of toiling in the high stress world of investment banking, Patrick felt relieved. He had done his best to maintain their home and make Ann's environment relaxing, as now it was her who endured the stress that came with such a high level position.

Ann arrived home to find the house in good order, and quiet. “Patrick, are you home?” she said loudly, as their home was quite large.

“Yes, I’ll be right down, Ann.” Patrick answered from his study upstairs. Ann couldn’t help but wondering what he was up to. The only thing he ever “studied” in his study was online pornography, as far as she was concerned.

Ann walked upstairs and paused outside the door to Patrick’s study. Pressing her ear against the door, she could hear him moaning. She felt confused, and annoyed with his behavior. She shook her head and walked into the walk-in closet in their bedroom. She changed into comfortable clothes, and placed the bag containing the chastity cage in a drawer.

When she arrived downstairs, Patrick was pulling dinner out of the oven. He had poured a glass of wine for her. Ann found it difficult to concentrate on anything he said as they ate; she couldn’t help but visualize the story Kate had told her earlier that day. When they were done eating, Ann suggested they have a nightcap out on the back deck. Patrick could tell Ann

was preoccupied with something, so he indulged her. He liked to think of himself as a caring husband. Patrick rubbed her feet as they talked and sipped their drinks under the stars. Finally, after about an hour Patrick suggested that they retire for the night.

"I may just pop into the study to check my email, you go ahead without me." Patrick said.

"Yeah, right. Email." Ann thought to herself. "Patrick, why don't you check your email in the morning, I need some attention."

Patrick knew what Ann meant. "Ooh, that sounds like fun." he replied.

Ann could tell Patrick was a little tipsy, and she was feeling courageous. Something had to change. "Patrick, I want to tie you to the bed. I want some kinky sex with you tonight."

He was shocked, he had never heard his wife use such words.

There was a time when she would lay on the bed with her legs spread while Patrick licked her pussy to orgasm. On this evening, Ann was feeling emboldened by her earlier conversation with Kate. After tying him to the bed she mounted his face like it was a saddle, and forcefully ground her pussy against his mouth while she teased the tip of his cock with her manicured nails. Patrick tried desperately to keep up with her relentless motions, stretching his tongue as far, and with as much force as he could to lick her clit. Her hot juices drenched his face as she rode him. "Lick me you fucking slut!" she wailed as the rhythm of her movements became faster and faster.

Her cock teasing had now changed to a tight clutch, it was as though his dick was a saddle horn, and she was galloping on his face. At last he felt her release her tight grip as she sat upright and orgasmed on his face. She moaned in ecstasy as shockwaves of pleasure rocked her body. When she had finished her ride, she dismounted his face and collapsed next to him.

"I bought you a little something today." she finally spoke.

Patrick's cock was wagging around in the air like a ship's mast in a storm. Precum leaked from the tip, and dribbled down the shaft.

"I can't wait to see it." his tired mouth managed to say. She had ridden him hard.

Ann stood up and walked into her closet. Patrick strained against the ropes securing him to the bed, trying to glimpse what she might have in her hands. She quickly returned, and held the stainless steel cock cage above his face, for him to see. Patrick had never seen such a device in person. It didn't look comfortable.

"I thought we could give this a try, it's a chastity device." Ann playfully said. As she spoke, she began rubbing his balls with her other hand.

"I don't know, Ann. It looks painful to wear."

"I can assure you it is not, I have done my research and this type of device should cause you no discomfort at all." Ann replied.

She leaned over, and spat on the tip of his cock. Between her saliva and his dribbles, there was plenty of lubrication as she began rubbing the tip of his cock in her hand.

"I just want to try it, Patrick. Maybe you could wear it during the day while I am at work. I know you like to watch porn online and jack off while I am away, but I want you to save your cum for me. I have grown to love the taste of your hot cum, my Pet." Ann lied. Patrick's cock bulged, and grew even harder as his wife spoke these words. When she at last wrapped her lips around his cock and licked the tip, he came almost instantly, erupting in her mouth. It wasn't often Ann let him cum in her mouth. Patrick was ecstatic. When he had finished gushing his load, his clenched body relaxed all at once, and he sank into the bed.

Ann emptied the contents of her mouth onto his cock, a combination of saliva and sticky cum. She rubbed it on his shaft as it began to deflate.

"I love your cum baby, you must save it for me." she continued, having fulfilled her husband's desire.

"I guess I could try it, for you." he smiled, still reeling from his recent orgasm.

Without delay, Ann began sliding his now sagging balls through the base ring. The base ring was heavy. She then forced his now semi flaccid cock through the ring; she had to spit on it to get it to slide through, but at last the ring was pressed tightly against his body. Next, she began fitting the cage over his cock. To her surprise, he was beginning to get another erection. Apparently all the fondling and tugging had turned him on. He was speechless, but with each beat of his heart she could see his dick growing.

Almost panicked, Ann frantically pressed the cage over his cock, forcing his manhood into it and pressing it back toward the base ring. She quickly lined up the guide pins, and slid the locks shackle into place.

Her heart was racing. She clicked the lock shut. It was done. She had done it.

Ann laid beside Patrick, running her fingers through his chest hair. Patrick had fallen asleep, his cock tightly contained in its cage. She stared at the stainless steel device, it's shiny curved rings reflecting the light from the rising moon. Her heart still raced; she had butterflies. She needed a drink.

She put on a warm fluffy bathrobe and slippers, and went downstairs to pour herself a scotch. She was glad it was Friday, for her mind was completely filled with sexual thoughts. She couldn't help but think of the images she had seen on Patrick's computer.

She put her feet up and reached into her pocket, removing the small key ring that held the three keys to Patrick's cock cage. Ann held the keys up,

examining each one. Patrick had done it, he had submitted to her. He did not fully realize it, she was sure, but he had given his cock to her. She dropped the keys onto the table beside her. The keys made a quiet clinking sound as they hit. Ann sat there for some time, sipping her scotch and dropping the keys onto the table over and over again.

She finished her drink, and poured another one. Kate, the only other woman she knew of with a caged man, came to mind. Ann was overcome with an urge to call her; she desperately wanted to share her victory with someone. She pictured Kate's kind face and her beautifully tattooed arms. She recalled the candor with which she had spoken to her.

Ann grabbed her purse and removed her phone and the business card that Kate had given her. She took a sip of her drink; she was beginning to feel calm. She glanced over at the clock, it was getting late. "Fuck it." She said to herself aloud, and began dialing Kate's number. After several rings, She heard Kate's voice.

"Hello?" Kate answered. Ann paused. "Hello? Who is this?" Kate calmly asked.

"Hi Kate, it's me, Ann. I was in your store earlier today, you sold me the-"

Kate interrupted her. "Chastity cage, hi Ann, so good to hear from you. How are you tonight?"

"I did it. I caged his cock. I really did it." Ann blurted, she couldn't believe the sound of the words escaping her lips. Her heart raced.

"Good for you! Yay! I knew you could do it!" Kate excitedly replied. "I am proud of you!"

Kate's voice warmed Ann. She had not realized how badly she needed to hear it.

"Where is he now?" Kate asked.

"He is upstairs asleep, I was so excited I just had to call someone." Ann replied.

"Are you with him? What are you doing?" Kate inquired.

"No, I'm having a drink to calm my nerves. It has been quite a day for me." Ann said.

"Want some company? It is Friday night and my partner is asleep, too. I'm afraid I wore him out. Poor little whore boy. What do you say?" Kate asked, again.

Before she could think it through Ann answered "sure, come on over. I'd love to see you and talk, I'm not sure what I am supposed to do next."

"Well bitch, tell me where you live and I will be right there!" Kate spoke playfully. "Let's celebrate!"

Ann gave her directions and hung up the phone. In her excitement she failed to notice how wet her pussy had become while speaking to Kate. She quietly raced upstairs, so as not to wake Patrick and got dressed.

It was turning out to be one of the most exhilarating days she had had in a very long time, and it wasn't even midnight.

Chapter 3

Ann took a drag off her cigarette and exhaled a cloud of smoke into the still air. The hot, humid nights of the past summer had given way to clear, cool evenings. As she sat there on the front porch sipping her scotch, she could see headlights in the distance approaching her driveway. The car slowed, and turned in. It had to be Kate.

Kate pulled up in her red convertible. "Good evening My Dear." she spoke as if her and Ann were old friends. "Beautiful night for a drive."

Ann was standing now, at the top of the broad stone steps. "Yes, it is a beautiful autumn night. I was thinking we could stay here on the porch, I don't want to wake Patrick."

"That sounds lovely." Kate replied, as she stepped onto the porch and put out her hand to shake Ann's. "Congratulations. You did it. Yay!"

Ann and Kate warmly shook hands before Kate pulled her in for a hug, and whispered in her ear "you're going to love it."

Kate took a seat beside Ann.

Ann couldn't help but notice how Ann was dressed. Her outfit was provocative, yet powerful. Her heeled boots disappeared under the hem of her tight plaid skirt, and her tight, rust colored sweater would have revealed her cleavage were it not for the scarf she had wrapped around her neck. Her hair was up, in a bun - probably because she chose to drive over with the top down. Ann wasn't into women, but she couldn't deny herself the fact that Kate looked hot.

"So..." Kate began, as she sipped the drink Ann had poured for her. "How are you feeling, now that you have taken the first step?"

Ann didn't know what she was feeling, or what she was stepping toward. All she knew was that she felt more excited than she had in a long, long time. "I'm feeling excited, I'm feeling good."

Kate nodded as she lit a cigarette.

"But, I have to admit, I'm not sure I know what to do next. I think Patrick is expecting to wake up, remove the cage and go about his day. We didn't really talk about a duration for him to wear the device. He had just came in my mouth and melted into the bed." Ann made herself blush as she spoke these words. She put her drink down. She felt oddly at ease with Kate, something that was foreign to her.

Kate smiled. "Oh, Ann. That cock cage is not coming off in the morning, and I am going to help you understand why that has to be the case."

Ann's glass was empty. "Shall we go inside, we could talk in the living room, and I need to refresh our drinks." She said.

"Sounds good to me, my nipples are as hard as bolts!" Kate laughed.

As they walked through the doorway, into the foyer Kate asked "Do you have any cognac? I know of a drink I think you'd like. It's called a beautiful."

Ann smiled at Kate as they walked into the living room.

Kate walked straight to the corner of the room, where the alcohol was stored and began mixing drinks. Ann removed the black wool shawl she had draped over her shoulders, and kicked off her boots. She felt a bit underdressed in her plaid pajamas, but they fit her well. While Kate was busy she unbuttoned the top three buttons of her shirt for reasons even she didn't understand. She admired this stranger; she wanted this sexy, powerful woman who was mixing her a drink in her living room at 11:30 at night to like her.

"Here you go, Ann. A beautiful drink for a beautiful soul." Kate said, as she handed Ann the drink.

Ann liked the drink, which consisted of cognac and orange liqueur. She was feeling good, and it felt nice to be in from the cold.

"Thank you, it is delicious. Please, sit down. Are you warm enough?" Ann asked.

"I am fine. You have a beautiful home, Ann. It must take a lot of effort to keep such a large space neat and tidy." Kate commented, as she sat down next to Ann on the sofa. She unwrapped the scarf from her neck revealing

her cleavage. It was as perfect as Ann had imagined, and she could see pieces of the tattoos that adorned Kate's chest.

"Well, it is just Patrick and I, so there isn't much picking up to do. I work full time and Patrick doesn't, so he takes care of the dusting and the floors and such." Ann said.

"Sounds like you've got yourself a pretty little maid, Ann. Way to go!" Kate said, as she leaned in toward Ann to tap glasses. "To pretty little maids. And slaves. And caged cocks." Kate chuckled. "Cheers!"

"Bottoms up!" Laughed Ann, which made Kate laugh, too.

Kate made another round of beautifuls for the both of them, and returned to the sofa. "Do you mind?" Kate asked, motioning to a small quilt that was draped over the back of the sofa.

"Not at all, make yourself comfortable." Ann answered as she handed it to Kate.

Kate reached under her skirt and unzipped her high, black leather boots. Placing them on the floor before her, she said "Slutty, huh?"

"Oh, I don't know, they look pretty sexy to me. You must turn a lot of heads." Ann replied.

"I do." Kate smiled as she nodded, sipping her drink. "In my line of work I get a lot of 'promo' items to try out. It is good for business. Of course, in this town there are a lot of women and men who condemn me for owning the only sex shop in the county, but I can tell you business is good, and it isn't just horny 18 year old boys buying porn."

"So, Ann. Queen Ann, Mistress Ann. Goddess." Kate smiled. "What is poor caged Patrick to call you?"

"I hadn't thought about it." Ann blushed, not ready for the turn the conversation had just taken.

"You should." Kate replied.

"When we were outside I told you that Patrick should not be let out of his chastity cage in the morning. Now I am going to tell you why." Kate said, with some authority.

"Without knowing, or considering your motivations for buying the cock cage in the first place, let me just tell you what I have come to know and understand about a man whose cock is 'owned' by his partner." Kate took another sip of her drink, before continuing.

"Most men will never get to experience the absolute love and joy that can come from living in chastity. Men think about sex nearly constantly; whenever their mind is idle they will almost immediately begin to think about it. It is for this reason that most men probably masturbate daily, if not more often. The problem with that is that immediately after masturbating, men usually will feel lazy and unmotivated. They have drained themselves of a very primal energy, of the drive to be better, of the motivation to serve." Kate paused, and looked Ann in the eyes. "Here is my big theory. Think of all the different animals on this planet. You know what they all have in common? Eating and fucking. Primal needs that have to be met. You know why they eat? They eat so they can stay alive long enough to fuck again. Over time, this endless cycle of eating and fucking has resulted in brains that release chemicals compelling us to want to..."

"Eat and fuck even more?" Ann asked.

"Exactly. Now with modern humans we have added twists to the basic plot. Alcohol. Pornography. Wealth. Power. Lots of different factors. Guys, like Patrick, for example can eat a sandwich, then jack off, then clean a bathroom, watch porn online, then jack off again, then repeat. What they don't realize is that they are denying themselves a fantastic primal experience, because when they don't jack off everyday there is some kind of

energy that builds up within them. And this energy can build and build and build. Men kept in chastity will find themselves worshipping their partner, and loving every second of it. Men kept in chastity will do anything to make their partner happy; they will welcome any kind of attention their partner gives them with an amazing amount of gratitude. Men kept in chastity find themselves believing they have to always do their very best to secure the continued adoration of their partner. All so that in the end, at some point, their partner will graciously allow them to release all that pent up energy in one amazing, loving moment." Ann downed the rest of her drink, and paused. "And when they do finally come, be ready, because there will be a lot of it. And they'll want to cuddle to show their gratitude for your affection."

Ann was feeling drunk, both as a result of the drinks and Kate's words. "Wow. I guess I really didn't think about all this, I just saw it as a kinky experience we could try based on Patrick's internet searches."

"Ann, if he's looked up this stuff on the Internet he wants it, even if he doesn't know it. The fact that he already cooks and cleans for you is another plus. If you want this, you will be loved and worshipped like you never thought possible. If you want to be the boss, if you want to have any sexual desire you might have fulfilled by Patrick then it is all there for the taking. Do you love each other?"

"Yes." Ann answered.

"Are you sexually satisfied?" Kate asked.

"For the most part." Ann replied.

"For the most part. To me that means no, or not often enough." Kate sternly said. "Ann, I want to help you make this happen. You should come by my place tomorrow and I will show you how my current partner and I get by. I think it might be good for you." Kate said as she smiled at Ann, and patted her knee.

It was getting late, and Ann was drunk.

"You look tired, Ann. Perhaps we should call it a night." Kate said.

"I am feeling pretty good. It's been a long time since I've entertained, so you'll have to forgive me for my tipsiness. Please don't go, yet. Let's have a nightcap and a cigarette." Ann said as she walked across the room toward the kitchen.

"Sounds good, Ann. But I am feeling a little too relaxed to make the drive home, if you know what I mean. Do you mind if I crash on your sofa?"

"Not at all, Kate. We have several guest bedrooms, so you need not sleep down here. And, I'm not sure how Patrick would react, finding a strange woman sleeping in the living room." Ann laughed.

They went into the kitchen, and Ann poured two glasses of wine, then placed a crystal ashtray onto the marble countertop. She had just lit herself a cigarette when she heard Patrick calling her name from upstairs.

"Ann, get up here! I need to pee!" Patrick yelled.

Ann and Kate, both drunk, burst into laughter.

"What does he mean he needs to pee? Do you usually help him with that?" Kate joked between laughs.

"I have no idea." Ann laughed. "Oh, shit. It's the chastity cage! He probably forgot he had it on when he fell asleep!"

Kate was hysterical. "Oh my god, that is too funny! Can you imagine waking up in the middle of the night with your pussy locked up? Poor little devil!"

"Ann? Are you there? Get up here, now! Before I wet the bed!" Patrick screamed. He sounded impatient.

"What, he can't walk to the toilet? What the fuck?" Ann said, looking at Kate.

Kate laughed. Ann laughed. Patrick screamed out, again.

"We better go see what's wrong." Ann said, immediately realizing that she had said the word "we" instead of "I".

Ann rushed up the stairs, followed by Kate, who was still giggling. As they approached the door Ann stopped Kate. "What am I supposed to do? Should I take the cage off so he can pee?" Ann asked, giggling.

"Fuck no. Tell the little bitch to pee sitting down if he can't aim his pisshole through the bars!" Kate whispered back, still giggling.

"Wish me luck, I'm going in." Ann said, trying to compose herself.

As she opened the door and walked into the bedroom, Kate gave her a slap on the ass. Ann laughed, then gasped. "Oh shit, Patrick! I am so sorry!" Ann exclaimed as she started laughing again.

Kate peered through the cracked door. There was Patrick, tied spread-eagle to the bed, naked. Kate burst into laughter before she could stop herself, and in her drunken state blurted out "Holy shit Ann! You left your man caged and tied down!"

"I'm so sorry Patrick." Ann said as she began untying her husband.

"Who is that, Ann?! Are you drunk? What the hell? I just about pissed the bed!" Patrick was upset. "Get this thing off me!" he yelled, pointing to the cage.

"Just pee, Patrick!" Ann yelled. Being quick on her feet, she then replied "I forgot where I put the key."

Patrick rushed into the bathroom and started pissing. "Fuck, Ann! It's going all over the place."

"Then sit it down, bitch!" Kate loudly said through the door.

Ann burst into laughter again. "We'll be downstairs, Patrick, should you choose to join us."

Ann left the bedroom, trying to contain her laughter. She joined Kate in the hallway and they walked down the stairs to the kitchen. "We're you hitting on me, Kate when you slapped my ass?" Ann asked, her inhibitions gone.

"No, dear. I was slapping your ass, for being a good girl and leaving your man tied up!" Kate laughed.

Chapter 4

Patrick stood at the top of the staircase. He could hear Ann and Kate talking and laughing in the kitchen. Desperate to find out what was going on, he put on his robe and headed downstairs. He paused at the kitchen doorway in order to eavesdrop.

Kate was describing to Ann some concept called 'Domestic Discipline'. Patrick couldn't make out enough of the conversation to make meaningful sense of it, so he opened the door and entered the kitchen.

"Hello Patrick." Ann said, smiling. This is my new friend Kate."

Patrick held up his hand and waved to Kate. "Nice to meet you, I must admit I'm a little embarrassed, given what happened upstairs."

"Nothing to be ashamed of Patrick, we're all adults here." Kate replied.

Patrick smiled, trying not to stare at Kate's long legs dangling from the stool on which she was seated.

"So Kate, do you work at the hospital with Ann?" Patrick inquired.

"Oh, heavens no. I'm no good with blood and guts. I own the adult bookstore in town." Kate replied.

"Really." Patrick said flatly. It occurred to him that Kate must have sold Ann the cock cage he was now confined in.

Silence filled the room. Clearly his presence was an obstruction to their conversation. Ann was staring at her glass, clearly drunk, and Kate had begun leafing through a magazine. It was awkward.

"Well, I'm off to bed. You two stay out of trouble, and don't stay up too late." He jokingly said.

"Goodnight." Ann said.

Without looking up from the magazine, Kate said "Nice to have met you."

Patrick left the kitchen. The sight of Kate's legs and cleavage had made his cock strain against the bars of his cock cage. He had wanted to ask Ann for the keys, but had been too embarrassed to do so. As he walked up the stairs to their bedroom he could hear the women laughing in the kitchen. The idea of Ann getting drunk with some sexy sex shop owner turned him on.

Patrick laid in bed, rubbing the tip of his cock through the cage. How desperately he wanted to masturbate. Surely the two beautiful women in the kitchen would stagger upstairs and climb into bed with him, he fantasized; surely they would unlock his cage and take turns sucking his cock. He fell asleep naked on the bed, waiting for his dreams to come true.

The stroke of 3:00am found Ann and Kate both drunk, and tired.

"Kate, I think I need to lay down." Ann said.

"Yeah, it is way past my bedtime, and I have a lot to do tomorrow. So, are you going to come over so you can see first hand how this whole chastity cage thing could work out for you?" Kate asked.

"Sure. I'll have a look." Ann replied. "Let me show you to your room."

Ann led Kate up the stairs to one of the guest bedrooms. "We don't have visitors often, but I have Patrick keep the rooms tidy and ready for guests. It keeps him out of trouble. Would you like some pajamas, Kate?"

"I'll pass, but thank you. I prefer to sleep in the nude." Kate replied, as she sat on the bed and pulled her sweater up over her head.

Ann watched for a moment as the drunken Kate struggled to pull her sweater off. "Damn she's hot." Ann thought. "Do you need a hand?" She asked.

"No, I think I got it." Kate replied as she at last freed herself from the sweater. She fell back on the bed, legs spread. Ann could see that Kate was wearing a red thong. She could see her pussy bulging through the thin fabric. Her own pussy was becoming wet as she stood, speechless. Kate yawned. "Goodnight, Ann." The words hit Ann like an unexpected slap in the face, and she quickly left the room while bidding Kate a good night's sleep.

Ann laid down beside Patrick in their bed. She peeked under the covers, noting that the cock cage was still securely restraining her husband's manhood. Her mind was filled with Kate's words, and of intermittent images of Kate's body, her tattoos, and the thong. She began rubbing her wet pussy as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 5

Patrick awoke well rested. Ann's arm was draped over his chest. He gave her a soft kiss, and carefully got out of bed so as not to wake her. He walked into the bathroom and examined the chastity device hanging

between his legs. It was snug, but not uncomfortable. He had seen videos and images on the Internet of men wearing cock cages. The thought of Ann teasing him with chastity turned him on. Soon his cock was desperately trying to become erect, and the tip of his penis pressed against the steel bars. He wanted to masturbate, so he quietly entered the bedroom and began searching for the key to the lock. It was nowhere to be found. He searched the entire house to no avail. "Could Kate, Ann's new friend have it?" He wondered to himself. The thought of this made his cock strain even more; he had always fantasized of a three way, of his wife eating another woman's pussy as he fucked her. He paced outside the guest bedroom door until he finally mustered the courage open it.

There, on the bed and completely naked, was Kate. Patrick stood motionless, fondling his testicles as his eyes examined every inch of her body. She was beautiful. Her tattoos were sexy. He imagined her to be a cum hungry whore who would eagerly devour his cock if given the chance. "Oh you fucking slut. You're just a cum dumpster, aren't you?" He muttered to himself as he stood there.

Then the thought occurred to him the Kate might have seduced his wife while he slept. He pictured this tattooed beauty grinding Ann's face into her pussy. Patrick became so horny that he became weak in the knees. In his sexually induced stupor he accidentally bumped into the door, making a sound loud enough to wake Kate. "Well, good morning. Nice cage, looks like we got the right size." Kate said.

Patrick stood wide eyed, his hand still grabbing his balls before pulling his robe shut. "Any idea where the keys are for this thing?" he asked.

"Um, that is a question for your wife. Don't you think?" she replied.

Patrick closed the door, without answering, and returned to the bedroom.

He gently shook Ann. "Sweetheart, where is the key to this thing?" he asked softly.

Ann awoke, without opening her eyes. "My head is pounding. Would you please bring me an aspirin and some orange juice?" she asked before rolling over, burying her head in the pillow.

Patrick rolled his eyes, and set about fetching Ann her medicine. Returning to her, he again asked about the whereabouts of the key before handing her the pill and her juice. "I honestly don't know, and I am hungover. Please let me sleep for a bit more, and I will find the key when I wake up." Ann responded.

Patrick knew better than to press the matter, so he went downstairs and began cleaning up the mess Ann and Kate had made.

It has nearly noon when at last Ann and Kate woke up and dragged their weary bodies downstairs. Patrick had kept the coffee hot for them, and had laid out a plate of bagels and lox.

"This looks nice Patrick, thank you." Ann kindly said to him.

"Coffee. Black." Kate ordered, slumping into a chair.

Patrick smirked for a moment before pouring the women their coffee. It it wasn't for the fact that he had spent the entire morning fantasizing about them he would have been angry. He continued to picture them fucking each other as he handed them their cups. "So, what's on the agenda today?" he asked.

"I've got some training to do. I should be on my way." Kate said, as she looked at Ann. "As I was telling you last night, Ann."

"And I need to check in at work, Patrick. So you'll be on your own today. You should finish getting that wood split and stacked." Ann said, as she quickly shot Kate a glance. "Oh, and the leaves are really starting to pile up, Patrick."

Patrick had secretly hoped the day's agenda might include a nice hot shower for the three of them. His mind was in the gutter, right where he liked it.

Kate quickly downed her coffee and grabbed a bagel. "I'll have to take this to go. Thanks for everything."

"I'll walk you out." Ann said as she stood.

Kate pulled on her boots, whispering to Ann "I had fun last night. Call me later, when you are done with work?"

"Oh, I don't have to work today. I lied." Ann said, smiling at Kate. "Call me later, I'd love to talk to you some more about the whole chastity thing."

"Did you still want to stop by today and see first hand how my relationship works?" Kate asked as they walked toward the door.

"Yes. I would." Ann answered.

They hugged. "I'll call you in a bit, then. Goodbye."

Chapter 6

Ann stood still in the shower as the hot water pelted her head before running down her back. She had always enjoyed long showers, and liked the water as hot as she could tolerate. It was during her showers that she would plan out her day, and reflect on the day before. It was her time to think. Today was no different.

In her head, she replayed the events of the previous 24 hours. So much had happened. Her thoughts turned to Kate. She liked her, and she wanted to get to know her better. Ann hadn't made any friends since they had moved from the city, and she desperately wanted Kate to be her first.

Ann's life had been turned upside down when Patrick lost his job. Everything had changed. Her promotion made it possible for her to support

them financially. At work, she had over 100 nurses and support staff that were accountable to her. It was more responsibility and power than she ever had, and she liked it. She was fair, but stern, and did not tolerate excuses.

She couldn't stop thinking about Kate and her lifestyle. She appeared to be so carefree and spontaneous, but was clearly responsible and in charge of her life. Kate was powerful, confident, and uninhibited. Ann admired that about her, and she wanted to be more like that herself. She wanted to learn from Kate.

Ann felt fortunate to have met her at just the right time in her life. She had taken charge in her professional life, and now she was ready to do do at home. She was ready to give in to her recently discovered fantasies which were awakened when she happened upon Patrick's Internet browsing history.

She pictured herself whipping Patrick with a riding crop. It made her wet. "He wants me in charge well guess what, I am going to fucking dominate him." She said to herself. She found herself feeling aggravated. She was working long hours in a stressful job while he lived out some kind of "city boy moves to the country" fantasy and surfing the web for porn all day.

Her mind was made up. She stepped out of the shower, dried herself off, and picked up her phone. She typed a text to Kate: "I AM READY". She looked at the words on the screen, repeating them to herself several times before hitting the send button. Moments later, Kate replied: "Good. Get your ass over here. I live at 110 Maple Street. See you soon!"

Ann laughed. "Well, I guess I should get my ass over there." She said as she looked at her back side in the mirror.

She walked into her closet, and picked out a provocative and powerful outfit that showed off her legs, ass, and cleavage. She selected a Victorian choker, and fastened it around her neck. Her bobbed hair was wet and straight. She looked in the mirror; she liked what she saw. She paused as

she pulled on her high black leather boots. Patrick had often in jest called them her "fuck me" boots. "We'll see about that", she thought to herself.

She went downstairs and grabbed the keys to the cock cage off the table where she had left them, feeling relieved that Patrick had not found them. They were right in plain sight. She walked into the kitchen. Patrick was outside, splitting wood. He wasn't very good at it. She tapped her keys on the window and waved to him. Patrick jokingly wiped his brow and waved back.

Ann got into her car and left. She cranked the radio volume up and drove quickly to Kate's house.

She pulled into the driveway and parked. She wondered what she might find inside; she wondered how many sex toys Kate had brought home from her shop. She got out of her car and walked up to the front door. Her hand shook as she knocked, she was nervous and excited.

She heard a man's voice say "I'm coming!" She chuckled to herself. "Not likely", she thought, knowing what she did of Kate.

The door was opened by a twenty-something year old man with a towel wrapped around himself. "Hello." He said, his gaze fixed upon the floor. Ann blushed.

"I'm in here Ann, come on in." Kate yelled from down the hall. Ann walked past the man and proceeded down the hallway, not sure of what she had gotten herself into.

Chapter 7

Kate was naked, sitting in a claw foot bathtub.

"Joshua was just finishing me up, Ann. Have a seat." Kate said, completely at ease in her nudity. "I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable Ann. I

sometimes forget that my perception of what is socially acceptable is a little skewed. I do own a sex shop, after all, so I am quite used to it all."

"I'm fine, Kate." Ann replied.

"Pet, please come and finish your chores!" Kate yelled.

Joshua entered the bathroom and knelt beside the tub.

"Pet, you can lose the towel. Ann is here to observe our wonderful relationship. Our relationship is wonderful, right?" Kate said to Joshua.

"Yes, Mistress." he answered as he removed the towel.

Ann could see that his cock was also caged.

"Good, now finish shaving my pussy so we can get about our day." Kate said as she arched her hips upward. Joshua carefully held her leg as he drew the razor across her skin. He was fixated on the pussy before him, and worked quickly and carefully.

"Don't rush, Pet. I don't want to get cut." Kate told him. "So, Ann, what's your preference? 'au natural' or 'Brazilian'? Maybe a 'landing strip'?"

"I keep it trimmed, but nothing too fancy." Ann replied.

"Oh, Ann. All pussies are fancy." she turned to Joshua, "Isn't that right, Pet?"

"Yes, Mistress, but yours is the fanciest." he replied.

"Good answer, Pet. Now, finish me up and get me a towel. Today is my day off and I don't want to spend it watching you shave my twat."

"Jeez, Kate!" Ann laughed. "Do you have another bathroom? I need to pee." she asked.

"I do, upstairs, but seeing as I'm sitting here getting my pussy shaved you could probably just as well piss in the toilet right here. You won't try and peek, will you Pet?"

"No, Mistress." He answered.

Ann wanted Kate to like her; she wanted to impress her. She lifted up the toilet lid, sat, and began to pee. It excited her. She'd urinated in front of other women before, and in front of her husband, but never in front of a strange man.

Ann was blushing. Kate's words had made her wet, and her nipples were hard. She smiled back at Kate.

Kate stood up in the tub, and Joshua immediately began drying her off. "Let me get dressed, and we'll can get started." she said. "Please make yourself comfortable."

Ann paced around the living room briefly, examining the photographs of Kate on the mantle before stopping to admire the lovely view. Rolling fields and barns extended to the horizon amidst the lovely fall foliage. It calmed her. She began to relax.

"Nice, isn't it?" Kate asked as she descended the staircase. This is the house I grew up in. When my parents passed on they left it to me. I am going to have a mimosa, would you like one?"

"Sure, why not." Ann replied.

Without having to be asked, Joshua disappeared into the kitchen and quickly returned with their drinks. Ann couldn't help but stare at the chastity cage dangling between his legs.

He knelt before them on his knees, and handed Ann her drink.

"Thank you." Ann said.

Joshua smiled, still holding Kate's drink in his other hand. His gaze was now fixed on her feet.

"He is a good Pet, aren't you?" Kate asked him.

"I try, Mistress." he replied, still staring down.

Kate gave his cock cage a gentle kick with her foot before taking her drink. "He wants to rub my feet. He lives to pleasure me. Don't you, Pet?"

"Yes, Mistress. May I?"

"Yes, but only because you did such a good job shaving my pussy." Kate said, lifting her foot slightly.

Joshua immediately began rubbing her feet. Ann watched as he diligently rubbed and squeezed each heel before rubbing the soles. He stared at each foot as he massaged each one just inches from his face. He was breathing deeply.

"Go ahead, Pet." Kate said. "He lives for this."

Joshua immediately began licking and kissing each foot. Ann had never thought of a foot as being an object of sexual desire, but she found herself getting wet as she watched Kate's "Pet". It was as if he were making love to her feet with his mouth. Occasionally he would moan deeply, as if he were approaching orgasm himself.

"I like your toenail polish." Ann finally said, in an attempt to break the silence.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I kind of spaced out for a minute. Massages do that to me. Yes, Pet does a lovely job painting my nails. He's gotten quite good at it. He even picked this color out for me and bought it with his allowance."

Kate said, as she sipped her drink. "That is enough for now Pet. Ann, would you like a foot rub? Might my Pet pleasure your feet?"

Ann was determined to not let her inhibitions stand in her way. "Yes, that would be nice." she said, her voice trembling.

"It's just a foot massage, Ann. It's not like he's going to try and fuck your feet, he's all locked up tight. No worries." Kate said in a reassuring voice. Her tone calmed Ann, and she held her foot out to Joshua. He methodically removed each boot and sock, and placed the neatly beside himself on the floor.

His initial touch ran up her legs and up to her head like an electric pulse. She moaned deeply as he pressed his fingers into the arches of her feet. She laid her head back on the sofa. "God that feels good." she managed to say.

"Jeez, Ann. Doesn't Patrick rub your feet? You act like you've never had a foot massage."

"He does, when I ask him to. But he's nowhere as good as Joshua." Ann replied, her eyes closed.

"Call him 'Pet', Ann. That's what he answers to. That's what he is, and wants to be. Right, Pet?"

"Yes, Mistress." He answered.

"Tell him to lick your feet, Ann. Tell Pet to fuck your feet with his mouth." Kate said. Her voice had deepened. Clearly she was becoming excited.

Pet moaned. He swirled his hips around as though trying to fuck the air as he continued to rub Ann's feet.

Ann was silent.

"Well, Ann? What's it going to be. Can my Pet lick your feet. I can tell he wants to." Kate said, as she touched Ann's knee.

Ann felt both scared and consumed with desire. His hands felt so good, as did Kate's hand on her knee. Her panties were now soaked. "Fuck it! Yes, I want Pet to lick my feet." She blurted out at last.

Pet immediately wrapped his lips around her foot. His strong tongue licked each toe as he guided her foot in and out of his mouth. He moaned, squeezing Ann's heel as he guided her foot in and out of his mouth. Kate watched in silence.

By the time he finished with both feet, Ann was fighting the urge to finger herself. She had never experienced sexual excitement of this nature before. Ever.

"Ok, you two. That will do for now." Kate finally spoke. "I can see Pet has pre cum dribbling from his caged cock like a dripping faucet. Time to change gears."

Ann opened her eyes and sat up. Pet was now kneeling before them.

"That was amazing. Thank you, Pet." Ann said as her breathing returned to normal.

"Don't thank him, Ann." Kate said sternly. "It's his job to provide pleasure, and trust me, he loves his job. That was pretty hot to watch, even I must admit. Let's mix it up, would you like to see what I like to do with pent up sexual energy, Ann?"

"Yes, I would." Ann said. She felt incredible, and didn't want the feeling to end.

"Good. Pet, go fetch my riding crop. We need to get you calmed down before your nap. I'd hate to think of you trying to sleep with cock straining in its cage like it is right now." Kate said.

Pet quickly stood, and started down the hall.

"Pet!" Kate said, loudly. "On all fours. Fetch the crop for me."

Pet dropped to all fours and continued down the hall. He returned moments later with a black riding crop in his mouth. He crawled up to Kate, head lowered, and waited. Kate took the crop from his mouth, and told him to now fetch her some boots. "Bring me whichever boots you want to see as I whip your ass with this crop." She instructed him.

Patrick, on all fours still, crawled across the room and up the stairs. Ann could hear his cock cage jingling as the padlock bounced up and down against it. "I rather like that sound." Ann said.

"Yes. That is the sound of an obedient man." Kate replied. "It is my favorite sound in the whole world."

It was only a few moments before Pet returned, still on all fours, with a pair of high brown boots in his mouth and his cock cage dangling between his legs. He dropped the boots at Kate's feet and immediately began sliding them onto her feet.

"Oh, Pet." Kate said, rubbing his hair, "You brought me a pair of boots with nice high heels. Do you want me towering over you as I whip your ass?"

Pet nodded.

"Good. Now, go ahead and present your ass for your punishment." Kate said.

"Punishment? Whatever did Pet do?" Ann asked.

"Oh, a million little things, I am sure, Ann. Pet will confess to each one between spankings." Kate said, as she stood.

Pet had laid himself over a leather ottoman. He was on his belly, ass up in the air.

"Have you ever used one of these, Ann?" Kate asked, as she slowly paced around Pet.

"Only on a horse." Ann replied.

"Well, then you know it isn't for swatting flies." Kate said, as she cocked her arm back and whipped Pet with the riding crop. Pet winced in pain, and said, "I touched the head of my cock through the cage this morning."

"Well, we can't have that, now can we?" Kate said, as she whipped him again.

"I fondled my testicles before getting out of bed. I haven't come in over-" Kate stopped him before he could finish his sentence with another hard crack of the crop on his ass.

"Don't care." Kate flatly said. "No ball fondling in this house unless I say it is ok to do so.

Pet's eyes were closed. He paused briefly, then said, "I sniffed your panties while I was doing the wash this morning."

Again, Kate hit him with the crop. "Did I say you could do so?"

"No, Mistress." Pet said, as he winced.

Ann watched with fascination. "Does he like this?" she asked.

"He did at first, didn't you, Pet?" Kate replied, stopping to look at Pet's reddened ass.

"Yes, Mistress." he answered.

:Yes, what Pet?" Kate said.

"Yes, I used to like it. Now I accept it as my punishment." Pet replied.

"Bravo, Pet!" Kate screamed, letting loose with three good hard cracks of the crop. Pet moaned in pain.

"Are you ready, Ann? Do you want to give it a try?" Kate asked.

Ann had never seen such a thing. It fascinated her. Pet seemed completely willing to confess each and every tiny thing he had done, despite the whippings. He did not seem to be enjoying himself. Finally Ann answered, "I'm not sure, Kate. It looks painful."

"Oh, Ann, it doesn't hurt me one bit." Kate joked, before whipping Pet several more times. "Really, I am sure Pet would welcome you to practice your skills on his ass, wouldn't you, Pet?"

"If it is what my Mistress wants, then yes." Pet answered.

"Of course it's what I fucking want!" Kate screamed, as she whipped him some more. His ass was now beet red. "Come on Ann, you know you want to."

"Well, maybe just a few." Ann answered, as she stood up.

Kate handed her the crop and stood beside her. She whispered into Ann's ear, "Really let him have it, Ann. He deserves it. He needs it. He wants it."

Ann hesitated for only a moment, then let him have it.

Pet moaned in pain.

Kate knelt beside Pet's ear, and said "Pet, Ann really needs to get a feeling for this, so get ready. It is important to me, so be good. Show me how

much you love me."

She rose, and instructed Ann, "One smack at a time isn't going to properly prepare you. I want you to just let loose. I will signal you when I feel he has had enough."

Ann looked Kate in the eyes. She wasn't kidding. Pet's ass was quite red, and Ann knew that riding crops were made for thick skinned horses, not men.

Kate could sense Ann's hesitation. "Ann, I really feel you need to overcome this. It is an important piece of the puzzle."

Ann feared that Kate might smack her in the ass; the prospect of which scared her and excited her at the same time. She desperately wanted Kate's approval, and friendship. She thought of all the nurses at work that she didn't like. She thought of Patrick, who was probably at home watching pornography at this very instant. It annoyed her. She was getting tired of Patrick's shit. Without a word, she took out every ounce of pent up frustration - years of it - on Pet's ass. She whipped him relentlessly, striking his reddened ass over and over again. Pet writhed in agony, squeezing his eyes shut ever tighter with each crack of the crop.

Kate looked on in amazement. After dozens of continuous hits, she finally grabbed Ann's arm, stopping her in mid swing. "Last one, Ann. Make it count."

And she did.

Kate took the riding crop from Ann. "You my dear, are a natural. If I didn't know better I would say you really enjoyed that. Am I right?"

"That was amazing. I feel like I have just unloaded years of pent up energy in a matter of minutes. I feel amazing." Ann said, as she stared at Pet's red ass.

Kate paced around Pet, who was panting heavily. She stopped behind him, and began lightly tapping his balls with the crop. He moaned as he squirmed on the ottoman. "I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable, Ann, but I have to ask Pet a question."

"Go for it." Ann said, as she sat down on the couch, her eyes glued to the scene before her.

"Good. Then I can proceed. Pet, what do you think of Ann? Is she sexy?" Kate asked.

Pet paused, clearly unsure of what to say. Kate gave him a harder tap on the balls. "I asked you a question, Pet. Is Ann hot? Does she turn you on? Be honest, and answer me."

"Yes, Mistress." Pet finally answered.

"I think so, too." Kate said, as she turned to look Ann in the eyes. "I think Ann is a beautiful, sexy woman who is just beginning to find the power she has buried deep inside her. She is like a rose bush, just beginning to bud. We are going to see that she does, we are going to nurture her until she is covered with big, beautiful flowers on sharp thorn covered stems."

Ann blushed. "Thank you, Kate. That is sweet."

"I meant every word of it, Ann. I have never allowed another woman to touch my Pet. Watching you lose yourself in the moment really turned me on, which I wasn't prepared for." Kate was speaking slowly now, and had started rubbing the tip of the riding crop up and down her thigh. Ann, I need to have an orgasm. Right here, right now. You can leave the room or go home if you like, but I would really like it if you would stay."

Ann's heart raced and she felt hot. She felt limp, as though she had just had an orgasm. She had no idea what Kate meant by her words, but had become seduced by the look in her eyes. Without realizing it, Ann had

spread her legs just a bit. Her pussy was wet. She too wanted an orgasm, right here, right now. "I'm not going anywhere." Ann finally said.

"That makes me happy, Ann. You two stay where you are, I will be right back." Kate said, as she disappeared down the hall.

Chapter 8

Ann pulled a throw blanket off the back of the couch to cover herself with and immediately began rubbing herself through her panties. For the first time in her life she felt truly and completely overcome with a desire to feel another woman's body against her own. She imagined Kate's face deep between her thighs, her entire mouth buried between her swollen pussy lips. She could almost feel Kate's hands squeezing her ass as her tongue forcefully massaged her clitoris.

Ann heard footsteps coming from the hallway, and opened her eyes. Pet was still spread over the ottoman. He was staring right at her, as though he could see exactly what her fingers had been doing. Ann quickly shut her eyes. Her heart pounded. She felt as though she had just fallen from a cloud. Kate's footsteps slowly drew closer.

Pet quickly turned his head and fixed his gaze upon the brown boots that were walking toward him. Ann pulled the blanket up to her neck; her jaw dropped when she saw that Kate was completely naked except for her thigh high brown boots, gloves, and a large strap on dildo. In her hand was a small bottle of lubricant.

"Are you cold, Ann?" Kate asked as she sat beside her on the couch.

"Maybe just a touch." Ann answered.

"Pet, turn up the heat a bit. Our guest has a bit of a chill." Kate instructed him. He immediately complied, and returned to his position on the ottoman.

Kate opened the bottle and began lubricating the dildo, stroking the cock slowly. "Spread your ass cheeks like a good Pet." she said as she set the bottle aside. "Have you ever fucked Patrick, Ann?" Kate asked in a matter of fact tone.

"No, I don't think he would ever let me do that." Ann said, her voice trembling.

"Has he ever fucked you in the ass?" Kate said as she stood.

"A few times, though I'm sure not as often as he'd like."

"Well, he is going to need to accept the fact that men with caged cocks get fucked in the ass." she said.

Ann couldn't help but stare at the large cock hanging between Kate's legs. Pet was now squirming on the ottoman as he stretched his ass cheeks.

"Pet, be a good boy and get that ass up in the air, I want our guest to be able to watch you shoot your load out of your cage as I fuck your ass." Kate was now standing behind him. She lifted the cock and began pressing the tip of it against his asshole. Pet moaned with delight as the strap on cock slowly penetrated him. Inch by inch the cock disappeared inside his ass. When at last Kate's hips pressed against his ass cheeks, a little yelp escaped from Pet's mouth. Kate grabbed him by the hips, and began fucking him.

Ann's fingers returned to her soaking pussy. She slid her hand under her panties and began stroking herself, while trying to remain composed to Kate. She tried to hide the fact that she was masturbating by making small talk. "Does he actually enjoy that?" she asked.

"Well, Pet? Answer Ann. Do you enjoy this? Do you enjoy being fucked up the ass like a bitch in heat?" Kate said, as she began thrusting the cock into him more forcefully.

"Yes. I love it. I love it." Pet panted out the words. He was rocking his ass back onto Kate's hips. Their flesh made a slapping sound when their bodies collided.

"Take my cock, you fucking whore." Kate said as she gave Pet's ass a hard slap with her hand. "Shove your ass back onto this cock like the fucking slut you are."

Kate's words made Ann wetter. Without realizing it, she closed her eyes. She started fingering herself, matching Kate's rhythm. She pictured herself being fucked by Kate, her ass slapping against the tattoos that covered Kate's silky thighs.

"Ooh, that's a good girl." Kate said to Ann as she watched her masturbate under the blanket. Ann froze for a moment, afraid to open her eyes or acknowledge the comment. She found herself too excited to stop. Quickly, she returned to pleasuring herself as the blanket dropped to the floor. There was no turning back. Her hips began to raise up off the couch as she forced her fingers deeper and deeper inside of herself. She opened her eyes and found Kate staring at her.

"Fuck him, Kate. Fuck that slit up the ass!" Ann muttered.

"Yeah, he needs it harder." Kate said as she slammed the cock inside Pet's wet asshole. Kate's pussy was dripping and her clit was rock hard from the pounding. She closed her eyes and moaned as Ann watched on. She had never fucked a man in front of anyone else, which added fuel to the fire now burning between her legs.

"Fuck him, Kate. Fuck that bitch." Ann repeated aloud. Her pussy was now a wet, sloppy mess as she feverishly fucked herself. "I want to watch you fuck Patrick!" She said loudly as she began to climax. "I want to watch you fuck my husband!"

Kate was panting. She, too was approaching climax as the base of the strap on slapped against her cunt. "I'd love to break that ass in for you, Ann. I'd

love to pound Patrick's ass while he licks your cunt. I'd love to teach that bitch how to treat a woman!"

"Ooh Kate! Ooh! Yeah Kate!" Ann began to scream as her orgasm began, her fingers still sliding into her wetness. She began to gyrate wildly as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her body.

Kate opened her eyes and looked on as Ann came. "Good girl. Good girl. Of fuck, yeah. I'm about to come, too. Oh fuck, oh fuck, yes!" Kate screamed, as she clumsily clawed at Pet's hips, ramming them into her body as she erupted in ecstasy.

Ann opened her eyes and watched as Kate furiously pounded out her orgasm before shoving Pet to the floor. She took a few steps before collapsing next to Ann on the couch. She unclasped the key from around her neck and threw it onto the floor next to Pet. "It's your lucky day, Pet." she said, still breathing heavily. "Go ahead and fuck yourself. I'm feeling generous. Lick up your mess, and leave us."

Ann laid motionless on the couch. She could not remember the last time she had orgasmed so intensely. Her mind was blank. Her body was numb.

Kate looked over at Ann. Her eyes were shut and her lips were parted. She looked like a beautiful wreck of a woman who had just crashed into ecstasy.

Pet was moaning softly in delight, still rocking his hips back and forth as if Kate was still fucking him with the strap on as he stroked his cock. He came quickly. Kate whispered to him, "lick up that load of cum you just shot on the floor Pet, I'd hate to slip on it. When you are done, get this rubber cock cleaned up and put away. Then you can have your nap.

"Thank you, Mistress." Pet said between moans as he licked his sperm up. Kate watched with interest as he diligently lapped up every drop he had spilled on the hardwood floor and then handed him the strap on and the harness.

"We have more training to do, Pet. And I have a very special test coming. Now go get some rest." Kate said, as she turned toward Ann.

"Sweet Annabel." Kate said, as she brushed her fingers through Ann's hair.

Ann opened her eyes and looked at Kate. She was exhausted. "Did I tell you Annabel was my full name?" she asked Kate.

"No, I just thought you looked like an 'Annabel', I guessed. How do you feel?" Kate asked, still stroking Ann's hair.

"I feel amazing, and embarrassed. I didn't plan on doing what I just did. It just happened, I guess I got carried away." Ann said, as she looked at the floor. "I'm sorry."

"There is nothing to apologize for, Annabel. We are both strong women who clearly share a certain passion. I myself do not get aroused easily, but when I do you do not want to be in my way." Kate said. "Why don't you get dressed, and we can have lunch on the patio. I think we need to talk before we go any further. I have to tell you something."

"Ok, Kate. Should I be worried?" Ann asked.

"No, but I feel we are quickly becoming friends of a special type, and there are some things you need to know about me; things I have not told anyone of, ever. The patio is just out back. Get dressed and I will be there momentarily.

Chapter 9

Ann got dressed. She felt both curious and scared at the same time. She really liked Kate, in a way she had never liked a person before. She went to the bathroom to freshen up, and by the time she walked out onto the patio Kate was waiting for her.

On the table was a beautiful lunch of caprese salad, fruits, and a pitcher of lemonade. Kate poured Ann a glass.

"Thank you, Kate." Ann said as she took the glass from her hand. It was a beautiful fall day, and they both admired the view of the farms and foliage for a while before Kate finally spoke.

"Putting everything that just happened aside, I want you to know something." She paused, taking a long sip of her lemonade. "Pet puts limoncello in it." She said, smiling.

Ann nodded, and smiled back. She wanted to hear what Kate had to say. She felt like a girl about to be dumped by her boyfriend.

Kate continued, "Ann, as I told you a bit ago, I was married before. His name was Thomas, but we all called him Tag - those were his initials. We met through mutual friends when I was much younger. Back then, I ran with a different crowd, mostly bikers and riff-raff. We used to go for long rides together, sometimes as far away as Sturgis or New Orleans. You probably wouldn't have guessed that little old me could handle a Harley, but I still ride from time to time."

Ann smiled, she was impressed. She wasn't entirely surprised. "Well, you do have the tattoos like a biker chick might have." she said.

"Yes, I have some ink, as you have seen. A lot of ink is probably a better assessment. Most of it was done at my request, but look at this." Kate said, as she stood and turned around before Ann. Kate lowered her skirt and panties, and there, right above her ass was a single word written in cursive: "SLUT".

Ann gasped. "Oh my, how naughty."

Kate returned to her seat. "I suppose it is. But that tattoo is one of several I have that I did not want. That tattoo is one that Tag had put on me late one night while I was drunk. When I saw it the next morning I was furious.

Tag and his friends thought it was funny, they thought I was overreacting when I slapped Tag across the face and stormed out. That, my dear was the final straw. That is why we divorced."

Ann could see that Kate was becoming emotional. "At least it's not on your neck or your wrist." Ann said in a conciliatory tone.

"Yeah, but it is high enough that I can't wear a bikini. And the worst part is, I don't consider myself a slut, at least not any more. I pick my partners very, very carefully. Was I a bit wild in my younger days? Sure. I was young, and hot, and full of life. I did what I wanted when I wanted."

"You are still hot, Kate. And full of life. What are you, like 42 years old?" Ann asked, speaking kindly to her friend.

"Yes, I am 42. I know that isn't old, but it sure as hell isn't 22. What really hurt me, and pissed me off was that Tag actually thought of me as a slut. I was his wife for Christ's sake. We used to party a lot, sure. Have I been in a three-way? Sure. But it was consensual. We were adults. I made the decision, and it only happened a few times. Once it had happened, though, I think he began to fantasize about it, and then he started to flat out started wanting it." Kate started to cry.

"Oh, Kate." Ann said, as she scooted her chair close enough to wrap her arm around her weeping friend. "I feel so bad for you."

Kate wiped away a tear. "The morning I awoke to find the tattoo above my ass, do you know what I awoke to? I woke up suddenly, feeling incredibly hung over and sore from the new ink, but that wasn't all. Tag's friend Curtis was trying to shove his cock up my ass while Tag fucked my pussy. Two of his other friends were watching the whole scene with smug disgusting looks on their faces as they rubbed their cocks. If I hadn't woken up from my drunken stupor, I am sure they all would have had their turns. I didn't even remember getting the tattoo, let alone being used as a fuck doll." Kate was sobbing. "I grabbed my shit, and left. The next day, I filed for divorce."

Ann hugged Kate. She was speechless.

Kate began to compose herself. "Shortly after that, Tag moved back to Arizona, thank goodness. It took me a long time to get over that. In fact, I question whether or not I ever did, because I am not the same person anymore."

"What do you mean, Kate?" Ann asked. "You seem so strong and confident."

"Oh, I am Ann. I am strong and confident. But I will never love a man again. Now, I break men, like a wrangler breaks a horse." Kate said, coldly. "Now I am mean."

"I'm sorry, Ann. I just needed to tell someone about Tag and I. Enough about me. Though. Tell me about yourself. Tell me about Patrick." Kate said as she poured herself another glass of lemonade. "Are you happy, Ann?"

"Yes, for the most part. He tries very hard to please me. He keeps the house tidy and he enjoys drawing hot baths for me and such. Back when he was working he was always buying nice things for me." Ann paused.

"What is it, Ann?"

"I don't know, Kate. I just feel like since we moved up here from the city that our lives have become a little dull. We don't really spend much time together." Ann replied. "It's like all he wants to do is putter around the house all day, oh, and surf for porn on the Internet."

"Does he do that a lot?" Kate asked.

"I don't know for sure, but yeah, I think he does. At first I didn't mind because I thought he'd get fired up and have sex with me more often. Turns out I was wrong. It seems like he isn't interested in me anymore. That's

part of the reason I walked into your store the other day. I felt like I might lose him unless I spiced things up."

"Well, Ann, I think locking up his cock is a good start. Do you love him?" Kate asked, sincerely.

"Yes. Well, I think so. I know I can trust him. Deep down he is a good man. I feel like I love him, but maybe not as much as I used to, or maybe our love has changed over the years." Ann was staring off into the distance as she spoke.

"Ann, if you ever need anything, you can ask me. I know we just met, but it should be obvious that I like you. I feel like we are old friends." Kate said as she touched Ann's hand.

"I feel the same way, Kate." Ann said. "I'm thrilled to have met you. To be honest, I've been quite lonely since we moved up here. In the year or so that we've been here I've already lost touch with all my friends from the city. At first I welcomed the solitude; I liked the silence. I thought it would actually be good for me and Patrick. Well, it turns out that without all the constant distractions of the city I have found that Patrick and I have very little to talk about. At first it made me feel sad, now I don't know how to feel about it."

Kate sipped her drink. "You surely must have friends at work." she asked.

"Not really. I can't. I'm the boss, so aside from the other administrators, it's pretty much just me. I'm nice to my nurses, but I have to keep it professional." Ann replied.

Kate nodded. "I know what it is like to feel alone. After my divorce I felt so isolated. I didn't just divorce Tag, I divorced myself from all our so called friends. I was done with it. They were more like his friends than mine, anyway."

"Now that you mention it, 'our' friends in the city were more like Patrick's. I was actually getting a little sick of going out with his co-workers and their wives, people I was supposed to like just because he did. It was exhausting. There were so many times when all I wanted to do was spend time with him, but instead would find myself stuck with a group of people I didn't really care to be with." Ann said sadly. "It makes me a little angry. I feel like too much if our marriage has been about him. I guess it still is, I'm still trying to please him, that's why I bought the chastity cage, to make his fantasy a reality. What about me?"

"What about you, Ann? You seem to be enjoying yourself today. After all, you did just have an orgasm on my couch while I fucked my Pet in front of you." Kate smiled. "Truth be told, I've had a great time today, I've never allowed anyone into my twisted life before. I think Pet enjoyed it, too." Kate said as she stood. "What's your fantasy, Ann? Do you really want to watch me fuck Patrick, because if you do, I will."

Ann blushed. She still hadn't fully digested everything that had happened.

"Ann, I don't want you to rush into anything. It could seriously change your life if I were to get involved in your relationship. Who knows how Patrick might respond. I really think you should take some time and think this over. Let's go inside."

Ann followed Kate inside. The autumn sun was nearing the horizon.

"Kate, I'm tired of waiting, and I am tired of thinking. I need a change." Ann said as she put her hand on Kate's shoulder.

"You're sure?" Kate replied, looking into Ann's eyes.

Ann grabbed her phone from her purse. "Oh my, Patrick has been trying to call me all day. I forgot that I had turned my ringer off. I better check in."

She called Patrick, who immediately answered. "Ann, where the hell are you? You've been gone all day and I've still got this fucking cage on my

cock! Where are the fucking keys?" Patrick said angrily. Kate could hear every word.

Ann looked at Kate as she spoke. "Patrick, I am at work, you need to calm down. I have the keys here, with me."

Kate smiled at Ann.

"Well, you could have fucking told me that when you left, and why haven't you answered your phone all day?" Patrick said, still angry.

"Because I am at work. You didn't ask about the keys so I assumed you would be ok for the day." Ann said coldly. "Kate may be joining us for dinner tonight."

"I'm not in the mood, Ann. I am really-"

Ann cut Patrick off. "Tough, do you know how many times I went out with you and your friends when I wasn't in the mood? Do you?"

"Fine." Patrick said. Before Ann could reply, Patrick hung up.

"Did he just hang up on you?" Kate asked.

"I believe he did." Ann said, shocked. "Kate, I may need your moral support tonight. Patrick is clearly aggravated, do you think you could join us for dinner? I don't know what to do."

"Ann, it would be my pleasure. I know exactly how to deal with this. Let's swing by my store, there are a few um, supplies we might need." Kate said. "I need to talk to Pet, and then we can go."

"Thank you so much, Kate. I don't know what I would do without you. I guess I shouldn't have jumped right into locking up his cock." Ann said. "I didn't know it would make him so angry."

"Trust me, Ann. He will get over it. He will learn to love it. Now let's go break, I mean fix your man." Kate laughed.

Ann couldn't help herself, she embraced Kate, squeezing her tightly.
"Thank you, Kate"

"You are very welcome, Annabel. We will get this sorted out, and everything will be ok by night's end, I promise." Kate said, as she hugged Ann and rubbed her back. "Trust me."

"I have a favor to ask, Ann. And it involves Patrick." Kate said, with a twinkle in her eye.

"I'm listening." Ann replied, as she smiled back at Kate.

Chapter 10

Kate's shop was quite busy, even for a Saturday night. "I'm just going to check in with Jill, my employee." Kate said. "Why don't you pick out a sassy outfit for tonight. It's on me."

Ann walked across the store to the racks of clothing, and started browsing. Everything was so naughty. Ann began to feel excited. The level of sexual energy in the store was contagious. Ann found herself intrigued by the other customers. Everyone seemed so uninhibited. A couple of women were openly discussing vibrators behind her. Kate walked over to to a male customer and began discussing cock rings. Ann was in awe. She continued browsing, when a pair of red thigh high boots caught her eye. "Do you like those?" Kate asked as she approached.

"Oh, I don't think I could pull off that look. I wouldn't even know what to wear with them, and, they look like an awful lot of work for something that will end up thrown on the floor." Ann said.

"Let me help you, Ann. This is all about you. Tonight is all about you. Let me put together an outfit that will make Patrick beg you. Trust me, ok?"

Kate kindly said. "It's on me, Annabel. Have a seat here."

Ann was starting to like it when Kate called her by her full name. "Oh, ok." she said as she sat down.

"We are about the same height and build. I think we should both wear matching outfits tonight. Trust me, Patrick will behave himself. What do you think?" Kate asked.

"Sounds good. I am a little concerned about his frame of mind. He's never hung up the phone on me before."

"Oh, he will be apologizing for that, Ann. I promise you." Kate said in a reassuring voice.

Kate proceeded to select matching outfits for them. "Let's go try these on, and we'll see what you think. Let's get changed in my office."

Kate showed Ann through an unmarked door, past rows of boxes and merchandise and into her office. It was a comfortable space, with a desk and computer. Along one wall was a Large mirror and countertop covered with a large selection of makeup.

"Wow Kate, this looks like a combination of a manager's office and a changing room at a strip club." Ann said.

Kate laughed. "Yeah. I spend a lot of time here, this is my home away from home. There's a shower through that door there, why don't you get washed up and we'll get you dressed."

"Ok. I can't wait to see what you picked out for me. Or maybe I can wait. I've never worn anything too risqué, just lingerie." Ann said.

"You'll look great, Ann. Patrick will melt at your feet. Just you wait. You shower, I will lay out your clothes here on my desk. I'm going to grab a

few more things we might need." Kate said. "Go on now, I'll lock the door for you." she said as she left.

Ann proceeded to take a hot shower. She found herself replaying the events of the past 24 hours in her mind. It was just yesterday that Kate and her had met when she bought the chastity cage. So much had happened so fast; she had seen and done and said things she never imagined possible.

Her thoughts turned to Patrick. She pictured him, pacing around the house waiting for her. He had sounded quite upset when they spoke on the phone earlier that day. She found herself feeling upset with him. She suspected that he was upset because he had been unable to masturbate while she was away. It hadn't even been 24 hours. "You know what? Fuck him. If he can't go 24 hours without jacking off that's his problem." she said aloud to herself.

"I couldn't agree more." Kate said. "Are you almost done in there?"

Ann hadn't realized that Kate had returned. "Yes, I am." she said, as she turned off the water.

"I think I've really nailed it on the outfits. I can't wait to see what you think!" Kate said, in an excited voice.

Ann dried herself off and walked into the office. She had one towel wrapped around her body and another around her head. "That's a good look for you." Kate laughed. "Ok, let's get you dressed. I picked out this ensemble with you in mind. So, here are your stockings and panties, and a matching garter belt. I went with black since the thigh high boots are red."

Ann pulled the panties up; she still had the towel wrapped around her body. Kate walked over to the door, and locked it. "Do yourself a favor and lose the towel, Ann."

Ann felt butterflies in her stomach as the towel fell to her feet.

"Ann, I want you to look in the mirror as you get dressed, I want you see just how sexy you look, layer by layer. Now, let's get these stockings on you."

Ann sat down, and pulled each stocking up carefully. Kate had chosen a beautiful lace pattern. She looked in the mirror and smiled.

"Looks pretty fucking hot to me, Ann. If Patrick isn't interested in you I'll take you tonight myself." Kate said. "Now, put your garter belt on, and the boots. Oh, and here's the bra."

Ann continued dressing herself. As she fastened her bra, she heard the sound of a camera shutter click. She looked up and saw Kate smiling at her phone. "Check this out, Mrs. Hottie!"

Ann looked at the picture on Ann's phone, and smiled.

"What's Patrick's number, let's text this to him!" Kate said excitedly.

Ann hesitated.

"Oh, come on Ann! Think of what this picture will do to him, and his caged cock! It will probably soften him up for when we arrive, well, not his cock, but it might lighten his mood."

Ann gave the number to Kate. Seconds later she heard a bell chime from Kate's phone. "Delivered." Kate said. "Now, for the dress I went with something kind of classy and sassy. It is pretty much a very short black cocktail dress."

Ann pulled the dress on, and looked in the mirror. It was beautiful. "I like that it is sleeveless." she said as she turned to face Kate. "What do you think?"

"I think it is perfect, Ann. The length looks great, you can see all the sexy layers: boot, stocking, garter and thigh. That drives men crazy. The dress is

a perfect fit, not too tight, but snug enough to really show off your tits. You look stunning. If this doesn't make your man hard, then something is wrong."

"Thank you, Kate." Ann said as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"You deserve it, my sexy friend, and you look stunning." Kate said. "Help yourself to whatever makeup or jewelry you want while I get myself dressed. I think when your husband sees us he may squirt his load right then and there! Say, how tall is Patrick?"

"He's around five feet nine inches, why?" Ann asked.

"Well, with these heels we should be just taller than him. It's good to have your man looking up at you, even when he isn't kneeling." Kate said, as she pulled her boots up. She quickly got dressed, and ran a brush through her hair.

"Look at us, Ann." Kate sighed. "I do believe we could conquer the world."

They both laughed.

Kate stared into the mirror. "One cock at a time, sweet Annabel. One cock at a time."

Kate heard her phone chime. "Ann, Patrick just replied to the picture we sent."

"What did he say?" Ann nervously asked.

"See for yourself." Kate said, as she passed the phone to Ann.

Ann stared at the phone. Patrick's text read: "I assume this is your phone, Kate. Thank you for sending me the picture. My wife looks hot. Please tell her to get her ass home ASAP, she needs a spanking."

"Kate, do you sell riding crops?" Ann calmly asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Good. Because someone is going to get spanked tonight, and it sure as hell isn't me."

Chapter 11

"Ann, before we go in, I need to give you this." Kate said, as she handed Ann a folded up piece of paper. "On that paper I have written a word. If at anytime tonight you want to stop you can say that word to me and I will immediately leave. No questions asked."

"Um, ok Kate, but I don't see why-"

Kate interrupted her, "Just in case, ok. I don't want to cross any lines with you. I like you."

Ann smiled and put the piece of folded paper into her purse. "Ok, Kate."

They entered the Ann's house and found Patrick sitting on the sofa. A roaring fire crackled in the fireplace. It was hot. "Good evening ladies." He said, trying to sound calm. He couldn't help but stare at the two beautiful, sexy women standing before him.

Ann walked up to him and gave him a hug. "How was your day, Patrick? Is that the wood you split today?"

"Yes, I thought it might be nice to have a fire tonight." Patrick replied as he embraced his wife. He stared over Ann's shoulder at Kate. "I hope it isn't too hot in here." he said as he eyed her from head to toe.

"It's never too hot for me." Kate answered back. "So, what do you think of our outfits, Patrick?"

Patrick stepped back and looked Ann over. "Wow, Ann. You look beautiful, and hot. Your friend looks pretty damn hot, too."

"Don't be rude, Patrick. Her name is Kate." Ann said in a deliberate tone. She reached out and grabbed Patrick's chastity cage through his pants. "Be polite, Patrick. Why don't you fetch us some wine."

Patrick smiled at his wife. He answered "Yes, Dear." with a subtle touch of sarcasm, and went to the kitchen.

Kate set down the duffle bag she was holding onto the floor. "When he gets back, shall I start, or do you want to give it a try?"

"I'm ready, Kate. I've been thinking about this moment all day. I've decided I need to straighten Patrick's life out for him. Nothing else has worked, but I think this will. I will take the lead." Ann proudly declared.

Kate smiled. "Well, I will just sit back and enjoy the show, then."

Ann jotted something down on a piece of paper, folded it, and handed it to Kate. "Here is your 'safe word', in case things get too intense."

"Well, aren't you bold." Kate said, proudly. She walked over to the fireplace and threw the paper into the flames. "I won't be needing that."

Ann laughed. Competitive by nature, she grabbed the 'safe word' Kate had given her and without reading it tossed it into the fireplace. "Then I won't be needing this, Kate." she proclaimed.

Patrick returned with the wine and poured three glasses. Kate and Ann sat on the couch together. Patrick pulled up a chair and sat opposite them.

"Patrick, I have spoken with Kate, and I have decided that the time has come for us to have a ménage a trios. What do you think of that idea?" Ann said bluntly.

Patrick barely avoided spitting out the wine in his mouth. "I'm game." he said, trying to remain calm as his cock immediately filled what little space there was in its cage. His excitement was obvious.

"But Patrick, we need to do this my way, so I am comfortable with it. Ok?" Ann said to him.

"Whatever you say, Ann. I'm just glad you finally came around." Patrick said, as he began undressing the two women with his eyes.

"Good. Then we are going to start, Kate and I, while you watch. You just sit back and enjoy the show." Ann said softly.

"Ann, I think I'd be more comfortable if your husband was tied to the chair. You know, just until we get things going. Would that be ok?" Kate said in a submissive tone.

"Patrick?" Ann asked her husband.

"It's fine, tie me to the chair." He answered and then downed the rest of his wine.

Kate walked over to her duffle bag and grabbed some rope. She pretended to fumble as she secured Patrick's hands behind his back, and to the chair.

"Ann, perhaps we should remove his pants before we bind his legs?" She asked.

"Yes, of course." Ann answered as she removed Patrick's pants and underwear, revealing his caged cock.

Patrick was grinning from ear to ear. "I'm new at this." Kate said to him, as she bound his spread legs to the chair. "Your wife is fucking hot, don't you agree?"

"Fuck yes, she is. Your not so bad, yourself." Patrick answered.

Kate finished tying Patrick up, securely binding his torso to the back of the chair.

"A little overkill, don't you think?" Patrick joked.

"Oh, you can never be too careful. I want to make sure you are good and secure and so I can feel at ease while I lick your wife's pussy." Kate said.
"Ann, are you planning on unlocking him now?"

"Maybe in a minute, if he's a good boy." Ann answered. "You are going to be a good boy, right Patrick?"

"Yes ma'am." He answered.

"Perfect. Let's get started then." Ann said as she sat on the sofa and spread her legs, revealing her wet panties. "Kate, push my bound husband over here, right between my legs. I want him to have a good view."

"Yes, Goddess." Kate said as she winked at Ann and put Patrick into position.

Ann put her feet up on Patrick's thighs, and began rubbing her pussy. "Do you like this? Do you like watching me warm myself up?" she asked him.

"Yes. My God, you look so fucking hot tonight." Patrick answered as he squirmed on the chair.

"You are certainly in for a treat tonight, Patrick." Ann said, before turning her attention to Kate. "Kate, would you please go upstairs and grab the laptop from the study?"

"Yes." Kate answered as she hurried up the stairs, curious as to what Ann had planned.

Ann stood up from the couch and picked up her wine glass. Patrick sat silently as he watched Ann pace before the fireplace. His heart raced in anticipation. "What is the laptop for?" he asked.

"You will see in a moment, Patrick. Be patient. Trust me, we are going to have fun tonight. Do you trust me?" Ann asked as she approached him from behind.

"Yes." he answered.

Kate returned with the laptop and handed it to Ann.

She set the computer on the table and opened up the web browser. "Patrick, you enjoy surfing the web, right?" she asked him calmly.

"Sure." he answered. "I like to keep up on the news and what not. I still like to keep up on the financial markets, as you know." he sounded nervous. He was still facing the sofa, and could not see what Ann was doing on his laptop. Then he heard it; the sound of sex filled the room. His wife was watching a porn movie.

"Kate, look at this. Look at this movie Patrick was watching just moments before we arrived home. Tell me what you see." Ann said, trying to sound as though she was surprised by the discovery.

"Oh, my." Kate said. "Look at that woman forcing that man to lick her asshole. That looks fairly depraved. Is this what your husband is into?"

"I don't know. He certainly hasn't ever licked my ass like that. Maybe there is a problem with my ass." Ann stood behind Patrick and placed one hand on his shoulder. With her other hand she lifted the back of her dress and exposed her ass to Kate. "What do you think of my ass, Kate?" she asked.

Pre cum began dripping from Patrick's caged cock. He moaned as he heard Kate's footsteps nearing his wife's behind.

"Your ass is perfect, Annabel." Kate said. "I cannot understand why any man wouldn't be honored, and eager to lick it."

Patrick had rarely called his wife by her full name, but now felt compelled to do so. "Annabel, can I please lick your asshole?"

Ann's tone suddenly changed. She sounded angry. "No! You cannot. You have not earned that privilege. Nor have you earned the privilege to call me Annabel all of a sudden."

"But you are my wife, of course I can call you by your full name. Of course I can lick your asshole, especially tonight with you dressed like that and your friend over." Patrick blurted out.

"Dressed like what, Patrick?" Ann said as she moved to face him.

"Yes, Patrick, dressed like what?" Kate added.

"Well, dressed like sluts." He said.

"Oh, Patrick. Wrong answer. I am dressed like this because it makes me feel sexy, and powerful. Because I am sexy, and powerful." Ann said, as she grabbed his face, holding it in her hands. She felt exhilarated and excited as the words left her mouth. "Things are going to change around here, Patrick. Starting right now."

Patrick stared into his wife's eyes. He was excited, yet confused. He wanted to stick his cock in her mouth and fill it with cum. He could see that there was no confusion in Ann's eyes. She looked like a woman possessed. "Annabel, I love you." He said, softly.

Before she could think, she slapped him across the face. Kate, still standing behind him, gasped. "Didn't I just say that you hadn't earned the right to call me by my full name? Didn't I?"

"That hurt, Ann! I thought you were joking!" Patrick cried out, his cheek stinging.

"She looks pretty serious to me, Patrick." Kate whispered.

"I will give you the benefit of the doubt, this one time, Patrick." Ann said. "From now on, you are to refer to me as 'Goddess'".

Patrick smiled. He liked where this seemed to be going. He imagined his wife and Kate dominating him and then pleasuring him. "Yes Goddess." he answered, still smiling.

"What are you smiling about?" Ann said as she slapped him again.

"I think you should apologize, slave." Kate whispered into Patrick's ear.

Patrick looked into his wife's eyes. Her stare was so intense that he looked away, fixing his gaze on her red boots. "I am sorry, Goddess." he quietly said.

"What was that?" Ann quickly said. "Look at me."

"I am sorry, Goddess" he said again, a bit louder.

"Good. We are going to fix this marriage, Slave. That is your new name. 'Slave'. Understood?"

"Yes, Goddess."

"Good. Kate, would you please bring the laptop to me." Ann asked.

Kate handed the laptop to her. Ann set the laptop on the sofa right in front of Patrick.

The man on the screen was now being whipped by one woman with a riding crop while he licked another woman's ass.

"You like that, don't you Slave. You want to be dominated like that, don't you." Ann asked.

"Yes, Goddess." he whispered.

Kate finished her wine. "Ann, I could use a refill and a cigarette. I think I'll step outside for a few."

"I'll join you. Slave, you enjoy your movie. We will be right back." Ann said as she patted Patrick's head.

He could hear the heels of their boots on the hardwood floors as they left the room. His head was spinning, and his cock was straining in its cage. He pulled at his restraints, but it was no use. He was completely restrained. On the screen he could see that the man in the movie was now getting his cock sucked by one woman while the other woman watched. The tip of Patrick's cock pressed into the bars of the cage, causing him pain.

Ann opened a bottle of wine and poured a glass for Kate. "Well, how am I doing?" she asked.

"Well, your approach is pretty direct. I usually ease into it a little more slowly." Kate replied. "It is certainly fun to watch, though." she paused.

"What is it, Kate?"

"Ann, I just want to be sure you know why you are doing this. You are jumping into this very quickly, and I don't want to see you get hurt. It could get complicated." Kate's tone had turned serious.

Chapter 12

Ann stared off into the silent night air. "I have had a lot of time to think about this, Kate. The events of the past couple days have convinced me that

I am on the right path. I have come to realize that I haven't been completely honest with myself; I am not happy, and haven't been for some time. Right now, I am happy. I have decided to keep doing this as long as it continues to make me feel better. I think this will be good for Patrick as well. He is lost. He gets excited about projects around the house or the barn or on the property, then drops them. He goes days and days just sulking around the house, watching crap on the television. When he's not doing that he is numbing himself by jerking off all day. What kind of life is that? I have decided that it is my duty, as his wife to try and fix my husband. He needs me. What do you think, Kate?"

"That is exactly what I hoped to hear, Ann. Part of me was afraid you might be looking for a short term bandage for your relationship. You've clearly thought this through." Kate said, as she put out her cigarette. "Should we go back in?"

"Yes, let's go see what my slave is up to." Ann said, grinning.

When they entered the living room, Patrick was squirming in his seat, eyes glued to the pornographic movie playing on the laptop before him. "Ann, get this thing off my cock, now!" He loudly said.

Ann ignored him. "Kate, where's that riding crop?" She asked.

Kate reached inside the duffle bag she had grabbed from the store, and handed Ann the crop.

Ann approached Patrick, and gently slapped him on the thigh with the crop's leather keeper. "Patrick, I know this is all new, so I will show mercy on you this time. From now on, you are to address me as 'Goddess'. Do you understand?"

Patrick looked into his wife's eyes. She did not appear to be kidding. He looked at Kate, and realized instantly that this 'three-way' was not going to go as he had imagined.

"I think you better answer her." Kate said to Patrick.

"Slave?" Ann asked as she turned Patrick's head to face her with the end of the crop.

"Yes, Goddess. I am sorry. Will you please unlock me?" he pleaded.

Ann turned her attention to the laptop, ignoring his request. "Look at this, Kate. That woman looks like she enjoys having her face covered in cum."

"She most certainly does. It's not really my thing, though." Kate replied.

"What say you, Slave? Do you think that is hot?" Ann asked Patrick.

"Yes, Goddess, I do. I want to shoot a hot sticky load on someone's face right now, as a matter of fact." he answered. He was breathing hard.

"Oh, Slave. There's no rush." Ann said. "But I wouldn't rule out a little facial action later on tonight." Ann closed the laptop, and carried it away. "Kate, let's get my slave unbound from the chair. Can we do that without untying his hands and feet?" she asked.

"Of course." Kate answered. She began to untie the knots securing Patrick to the chair.

He began whispering to Kate. "When I get untied later on, I'm going to bend your tattoo covered ass over that sofa and fuck you so hard in it that you drool. Then I'm going to shoot a nice big load all over your back."

Kate paused. "Ann, your slave is expressing quite vividly how he'd like to engage in some anal sex tonight. What do you think?"

"I don't see why not." Ann answered. "I mean look at us, two strong, sexy, powerful women. Anal sex sounds like a forgone conclusion." she chuckled a bit as she spoke. She rifled through the duffle bag, and saw two nice strap on cocks that Kate had packed. "Definitely." she said.

Kate finished untying Patrick from the chair. "What shall we do with him, Ann?" She asked as she stood. Patrick remained seated.

"Well, Kate. As my slave is interested in some anal sex, I think we should indulge him." Ann said as she shot Kate a smile. "Before we do that, however, I think my slave needs a blindfold."

Ann walked over to Patrick and gave him a light slap on the ass with the riding crop. "Chin up, slave. Get on your hands and knees. Let's get you blindfolded. Kate, would you please put this on him." she said as she handed her the black satin blindfold.

"Slave, would you like me to unlock your cock?" Ann asked.

"Yes, please!" Patrick replied. He had been denied a full erection for 24 hours, and yearned for any kind of contact.

Ann hit his ass with the crop with full force. "You mean 'Yes, Goddess', right? You must learn to address me properly, or this is over. What will it be. It is up to you."

"Yes, Goddess. I am sorry." Patrick quietly replied.

Kate smiled at Ann, and nodded.

"Yes Slave, you are sorry, but Kate and I are going to fix you. Aren't you tired of masturbating all the time?" Ann asked, as she bent down and began fondling his caged cock.

"Yes, Goddess."

"Aren't you tired of watching all those whores on the Internet getting fucked up the ass?" she continued.

"Yes, Goddess."

Ann unlocked the chastity cage, and slowly pulled it off his cock. He immediately became erect.

"Good luck getting that off." Kate said. "That base ring looks pretty tight, and now that he's got a hard on it is not coming off."

"Oh well." Ann said.

Patrick groaned with pleasure as Ann gave his cock a long, slow stroke. She stood, and gave his ass another crack with the riding crop.

"Ouch!" Patrick exclaimed. "What was that for?"

Ann slapped his ass again. "That is just the beginning, Slave. I intend to punish you for your bad behavior."

"I am sorry, Goddess." Patrick whispered.

Ann handed the crop to Kate, sat on the sofa, and unclipped her stockings from the garter belt. "Slave, crawl over here." she said.

Patrick managed to clumsily crawl to her despite the fact that his hands and feet were still tightly bound.

Ann pulled her panties down over her boots and left them on the floor between her spread legs.

Patrick looked up at Ann. There was a fire burning in her eyes that excited him in a way he had never felt before. His hard cock jerked about as he waited.

"Slave, smell my panties." Ann said after waiting a few moments.

Patrick bowed his head to the floor, burying his nose in the panties. They were wet, and smelled strongly of his wife's pussy. He moaned with

pleasure, and began gyrating his hips.

"Now, pick them up with your teeth and get them in your mouth, Slave. I want you to taste me." Ann said.

Patrick did as he was told.

"I think he likes that, Annabel. His cock is rock hard." Kate said. She had been lightly tapping Patrick's testicles with the riding crop to amuse herself.

"Spank him, Kate." Ann said flatly. "He needs to be punished for his behavior of late. For his increasing obsession with pornography."

Kate skillfully cracked Patrick's ass. He moaned briefly with his mouthful of Ann's panties.

"Slave, don't be a pussy. Take it like the bitch you are. Hit him again, Kate." Ann said, as she motioned to her.

Kate did as she was told, bringing the crop down on Patrick's ass even harder still. Patrick closed his eyes and managed to remain silent. His ass was now stinging

"Slave, you are finished with watching pornography. I forbid it. Do you understand?" Ann said as she stared down at her husband. Kate spanked him again.

Patrick flinched in pain, and nodded.

"Slave, you are done masturbating. Unless you are peeing you are not to touch your cock. Do you understand?" Ann said sternly.

Kate again spanked his red ass. Patrick nodded as he looked up at his wife.

"I own your cock. I own your cum. Do you understand? If you break the rules you will be punished." Ann found herself becoming increasingly

aroused as she told Patrick off; watching her beautiful friend whip her husband's ass was a huge turn on. Ann began rubbing her pussy. "Slave, get your mouth up here and lick me. Kate is going to continue spanking you until I have an orgasm, so get to it."

Patrick sat up and buried his face between his wife's legs. Kate alternated between rubbing his balls with the tip of the riding crop and cracking it on his ass. The combination of pleasure and pain, combined with Ann's soft, wet pussy was driving Patrick mad. His cock was as hard as it could get and precum was dripping from its tip.

Ann began grinding her pussy into Patrick's face. She grabbed him by the hair and shoved his head into her body with increasing force as Patrick feverishly ate her with his mouth and rubbed his entire tongue against her pussy.

"Eat your goddess's pussy, slave." Kate said as she swung the crop, landing it firmly on his red ass. "Eat it you fucking bitch. Work her entire pussy with your mouth."

Patrick moaned with pleasure, and pain. Ann pulled at his head ever harder, and faster as she felt herself approaching orgasm. Sensing this, Patrick began licking her clit with his entire tongue, keeping up with his wife's rhythm as she used him to pleasure herself.

"That's it, slave." Ann groaned with delight as her body began convulsing with pleasure. Kate began spanking him faster, as she watched Ann's mouth open in ecstasy before releasing a long, heavenly moan.

Ann shoved Patrick's head back. He collapsed to the floor in a heap, his mouth exhausted and his ass stinging.

"Ann, your pussy looks as though you've just been fucked for an hour straight!" Kate said as she stared at her.

Ann's eyes were closed and her head was thrown back. "I needed that." she moaned. "That felt good."

Patrick's mind was spinning. He was now squirming on the floor, desperately trying to find a comfortable position to soothe his burning ass. The room had fallen silent except for the crackling fire. Ann opened her eyes. Kate was sitting by the fireplace, smoking a cigarette and sipping her wine. In the flickering light of the fire she looked even more beautiful. She noticed Ann's stare, and smiled. "You have yourself a good man, and he's got a nice thick cock."

"I suppose he does." Ann replied as she stood. She paced around her bound husband several times before kneeling beside him. Patrick's eyes were closed, but he smiled as Ann began running her fingers through his hair. "Do you still want to become my sex slave?" she asked him in a loving voice.

"Yes, Goddess. I do." he answered.

Ann reached down with her other hand and tenderly began rubbing his cock.

"Annabel, I need to ask you something, privately. Can we have a moment alone?" Kate asked.

Ann stood. "Of course. I need to freshen up a bit, follow me."

Kate made a point to step over Patrick as she followed Ann out of the room. "So, remember earlier today when I told you I had a favor to ask that involved Patrick?" she asked, as Ann splashed cool water on her face.

"Yes, I do. What is it? I'm mentally prepared for just about anything at this point." Ann replied confidently.

Kate sat down as Ann patted her face dry with a towel. "Well, as you may or may not know, I am just about done with my Pet. He is almost fully

trained, and as a result I am starting to lose interest." she began.

Ann looked perplexed. "I don't understand. Isn't that the point, to have a well trained man to serve you?" she asked.

"Not for me, Ann. What I like, what I love, is the process. What excites me is breaking a man down; what excites me is refocusing a man's passion and desire onto myself. I like pushing the limits, I like seeing exactly how far I can go in terms of making a man want to do absolutely anything for me. Anything. And I want and expect him to do it because he worships me, because he loves me so deeply that he has no choice." Kate paused, and looked at Ann's face to see her reaction.

"But don't you love Joshua, don't you love your Pet?" Ann asked.

"No." Kate said. "Ann, artists don't paint or sculpt so they can sit around and look at the finished piece. They do it because they enjoy the process. For them, the art, the passion is in the creative act of manipulating a medium like oil paints or a marble block into their vision. Once that is done to perfection they start over. I am the same way, but with men. Someday when I am dead, my legacy will be dozens of well trained, submissive men. Men who are desperate to serve women and treat them with the respect they deserve. That will be my mark."

"Wow, Kate." Ann said. "But don't you want to find the perfect man, to love and to be with forever?"

"No. I told you before that I was broken, that I was mean. I do not want love, and I do not need it. Do I feel affection for my men? Sure. But it always fades, and I am fine with that." Kate said.

"So, what is this big favor you want to ask me, Kate, and how does it involve Patrick?" Ann asked nervously.

"I'm not going to beat around the bush, Ann. As Pet's final test of loyalty and submissiveness I am going to ask him to suck a cock for me, while I

watch."

Ann's jaw dropped. She looked at Kate, speechless.

"I know it is a lot to ask of you, Ann." Kate said sincerely.

"I don't think Patrick would agree to that." Ann replied, her voice trembling slightly.

"Patrick, your slave, will never have to know. All he will know is that he is sitting in a chair having his cock sucked. He will assume it is either you or I. Trust me, he will enjoy himself. Pet is at home right now, freshly shaved and bathed, awaiting my call. I have already told him I have a special test for him tonight." Kate handed Ann her phone.

"It is entirely up to you, Annabel. Given the bond we have formed, this feels like an ideal setting for my Pet's final test. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours?" Kate said as she left the bathroom.

Ann stared at the screen of Kate's phone. His number was right there, under the name 'Pet'.

She didn't want to disappoint Kate, and she wanted to prove to her that she was serious about learning. She tried to imagine what Patrick might think if he found out. He certainly had no problem with the idea of two women having sex together, but she hadn't found any pornography on his computer that showed men together.

She found herself feeling annoyed, again. It did not seem fair to her that her husband had wasted so much time and energy surfing the web, while she worked long hours at the hospital. She looked around the bathroom, phone in hand. It was clean, but not spotless. She pictured her husband rushing as he cleaned so he would have more time to watch porn. "He could do better." she thought to herself. "Fuck it." she said aloud as she pushed the call button. Her heart raced when she heard a voice answer. "Yes, Mistress?"

"Pet, this is Ann. Kate has asked that you come to my house immediately. It is time for your test." Ann said, her voice trembling.

"I am on my way." he answered. "Where do you live?"

Ann gave him her address, and hung up the phone.

"Your slave is begging me to untie him, I think he is getting upset." Kate said as she entered the bathroom.

"He is on his way." Ann said as she handed Kate her phone.

"Thank you, Annabel. This means a lot to me, not just the test, but that you have consented to it. I won't forget this." Kate whispered as she hugged Ann. "I know it was a lot to ask, and that it was a difficult decision for you to make."

"No, thank you, Kate. Thank you for helping me get through this transition. I hope we can be friends for a very long time." Ann replied.

Kate smiled at her. Ann smiled back. "Yes, I would like that very much, Annabel. Now, let me make a quick call to Pet, I want to be sure he arrives discreetly.

"Slave, we have a treat for you." Ann said, as she entered the room. "Your behavior has been satisfactory, so we have decided that you have earned a blow job. Think of it as a reward."

"Thank you, Ann." Patrick said as he looked up at his wife.

"Goddess. You are to refer to me as Goddess. Do you want to have your cock sucked or not?" Ann said sternly.

"Yes, Goddess. I am sorry."

"That's better. Now let's get you back in this chair. You will need to be bound for this." Ann said as she pulled the chair up. "You will need your blindfold, too. We don't want you to know which one of us is sucking your cock, ok?"

Patrick's erection was throbbing. He quickly managed to scoot up to the chair and sit down. "Yes, Goddess. Do with me as you please." he said.

Ann tied his bound wrists to the chair, and found the blindfold. As she slid it over his eyes she whispered "I love you, Slave. Isn't this better than watching porn online and jacking off?"

"Yes, Goddess. I love you, too." He replied.

Ann reached down and stroked his cock carefully. She knew he would shoot his load quickly. "I think maybe we should get you off right now, so when the cock sucking starts you can enjoy it for a long time. What do you think, Slave?"

"Oh, fuck yes, Goddess." Patrick moaned.

Ann immediately spat on his swollen cock head and began stroking and twisting his cock. Patrick moaned in ecstasy as his wife worked her magic. In less than a minute his hips were rising off the seat as he fucked her hands. He moaned deeply as he felt the first stream of cum traveling up his cock before squirting onto his chest.

"There you go Slave, get it all out." Ann said as she continued stroking him. He continued pushing his cock between her gripping fingers long after he was finished. On his chests and stomach was a lovely sticky mess.

"Oh, Slave. Look at the mess you've made." Ann said playfully as she scooped up the cum with her fingertips. "We need to get you cleaned up." Her heart began to beat faster as she put her cum covered fingers to his mouth.

Patrick pressed his lips tightly against each other. He could smell his cum as Ann rubbed it onto him. He shook his head in objection.

"But Slave, I thought I was to be your Goddess. Would you have your Goddess licking up cum like some cheap whore?" Ann whispered softly. "Come on, Slave. Open up and let me feed you. I won't think you any less of a man. This is no different than you being turned on by rubbing my pussy juices all over my face. Or, if you prefer we can stop all of this right now. I will leave it up to you."

Ann's words and her delicate tone touched Patrick. He felt like he was in another world with another woman as his wife. The naughtiness of it all excited him. He found the larger part of his being wanting to surrender; he opened his mouth, and allowed Ann's fingers to scoop his own cum into it.

"Oooh, that's a good Slave. Lick your cum off my fingers. All of it." Ann said as she fed him. "Now swallow."

Patrick did as he was told. "Thank you, Goddess." he said.

Ann couldn't believe how easily she had talked her husband into eating his own cum. She was excited, and could feel a power building within herself. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Kate standing in the doorway, watching. She had seen everything.

"That was hot, Annabel. You have yourself a good slave there. I think he deserves a reward for his obedience, don't you?" Kate asked.

"Yes, I think he does." Ann replied, smiling. "Slave, wait here, we will be right back."

Kate lead Ann into the kitchen. Joshua was sitting quietly at the table.

"Ann, why don't you go put some music on, we wouldn't want Patrick to hear us." Kate said.

Ann nodded in agreement, and returned to the living room. She turned on the radio. "Just a little music, slave. We won't be long." she said to Patrick as she passed by.

Chapter 13

Kate was talking to Joshua when Ann returned to the kitchen.

"Pet, this is a big night for you. Tonight you have the opportunity to prove to me that you are a loyal partner that will obey me. Do you understand?" Kate asked.

"Yes, Mistress. I do." he answered.

Kate sat down next to him and spread her legs. She motioned for him to kneel between them. "Pet, you have always done your best to please me, and I appreciate that. But I need to know that you would do anything that I ask." she said as she looked down into his eyes. He nodded.

Ann took a seat, and watched as Kate pressed Joshua's face into her pussy.

"Rub it with your face, Pet. Rub it and smell it as I tell you about what you are about to do for me." Kate spoke softly.

Joshua groaned with pleasure as he complied.

"Pet, Ann's husband - her slave - is in the living room just down that hallway. He is naked, and bound to a chair." Kate began as she held Joshua's head in her hands. "In a moment, you are going to remove your clothes and you are going to quietly follow us into the living room. Pet, are you nodding in agreement or trying to rub my clit with your nose?"

"Both, my Mistress." he answered.

"Good Pet. Now, once we are in the living room, you are going to suck Slave's cock. I will be sitting close by. I want you to look me in the eyes as

you go down on him." Kate's pussy became drenched as the words left her mouth. She began pressing his head into her crotch. "Are you ready, Pet? Are you ready to prove yourself to me?"

Joshua did not answer, but kept trying to pleasure Kate.

"Pet? I thought you loved me, why are you hesitating?" Kate asked as she released her grip on his head.

Joshua had closed his eyes, and continued licking Kate's pussy through her panties.

"Stop it." Kate said. "Pet, it isn't as if I'm asking you to do something I haven't done myself. Now, do you want to make me happy, do you want to prove your worth to me?"

"Of course I do, Mistress." Joshua replied as he stared at the floor.

"That makes me so happy, my sweet Pet. Do this one little thing for me, and maybe later I will let you spray cum all over my asshole and then lick it off. Would you like that?" Kate said happily.

"Yes, Mistress, I would." Joshua answered.

"Good, now let's get you undressed, Pet. Ann, are you ready?" Kate asked.

Ann felt strange. It was obvious that Joshua wasn't one hundred percent on board with the idea of sucking cock. Clearly he was about to do this to make Kate happy.

"Ann?" Kate said.

"Yes, I am." Ann finally answered. She had decided to withhold judgement.

"Good, let's go, then. Remember Pet, Ann's husband thinks that it is one of us who is going to suck his cock, so be quiet, and do your best. I will be right next to you, watching."

Patrick was squirming on the chair he was bound to. Ann walked up to him and ran her fingers through his hair before sitting down on the sofa. Kate quietly led Joshua in, and stood before Patrick.

"Will someone please, please suck my cock." Patrick begged. "My balls are about to burst, I can't take it anymore."

Joshua dropped to his knees. Kate grabbed Patrick's cock with one hand, and the back of Joshua's head with the other. Without pause she guided the hard cock into her Pet's open mouth.

Ann watched, almost in disbelief as Kate stroked Patrick's cock into Joshua's mouth. Kate was biting her lip, and had an almost evil expression on her face as she looked on. When she noticed Ann staring at her she smiled.

Patrick moaned in pleasure as his cock was sucked. He couldn't help but imagine Kate's mouth wrapped around his manhood. He was sure that it was not his wife who was pleasuring him.

Without notice, Kate stood up, grabbed her phone from her purse, and began videotaping the act. Joshua continued sucking the cock, as he had been told to do. Ann, much to her own surprise felt herself becoming wet, and began slowly rubbing herself as she looked on.

Patrick's moaning grew louder as he approached the point of no return. Ann closed her eyes, and began running herself faster and harder. Kate's face, illuminated by the phone, was now emotionless. She grabbed her Pet's head, and began pressing it onto Patrick's cock.

"Oh, fuck, don't stop! I'm going to cum!" Patrick exclaimed as he felt his load rushing through his cock. Kate continued taping as Joshua's mouth

was filled with cum. She turned the camera up to Patrick's face as he moaned in pleasure. She looked at Ann and smiled as she watched her masturbate. Before long Ann's hips began thrusting as she brought herself to orgasm.

Kate stopped taping, and motioned for Joshua to get up and leave. She took a seat next to Ann and put her hand on her knee. "Thank you, Ann." she whispered. "My work is now done, I have broken my Pet completely."

Ann said nothing.

"Call me tomorrow." Kate said.

Ann nodded. Her eyes were still closed. She listened as Kate and Joshua left. Only when she heard their cars pull away did she dare open her eyes.

She walked over to her husband and untied him. "Let's go to bed. I'm tired." She said as she stood.

"Thank you, Goddess. That was amazing." Patrick said as he followed her up the stairs.

"Yes, it was." she answered.

Chapter 14

Ann's phone chimed in the darkness. She picked it up off the nightstand and looked at it. She had received a text from Kate.

"Had a great time tonight, thank you for helping me with my Pet. His training is complete, time to start over. Be sure to lock up your husband's cock in the morning. If he complains, show him the attached video of him getting his cock sucked by my Pet."

"Our adventures have just begun!"

