

We were high school sweethearts. I was the class nerd, into math and science, and Mary was the poet, never without a good book. My social skills were limited to answering direct questions with direct answers, rarely initiating a conversation. She was friendly and outgoing—at least compared to me—but not a risk taker.

We always knew we would marry, and when I was nineteen—she a year younger—we tied the knot. I married my high school sweetheart, and we settled down together, me working my way through college, and Mary taking a clerical job to make ends meet. And it was good. At first.

By about the six-year point, our relationship stagnated. We still got along. We had always been and still were good friends. It's just that we never should have married. We made it through the tight years, hoping from month to month we could come up with the rent money. The “rice-and-sauce” years, I liked to call them. When our money was tight, we would buy a cheap bag of rice and a can of whatever soup was on sale. Many nights, steamed rice and half a can of condensed soup as gravy made a meal.

It sounds like we were poverty stricken when I describe it now, but it wasn't that bad. We were young; we had our dreams, and we just had to get through the initiation years first for them to come true. Eventually, most did. I got my degree in chemical engineering and thanks to my education, my logical approach to things and a strong work ethic, I did well in industry. We bought a nice house in the burbs and Mary had her garden, her book club, and spent the rest of her time taking excellent care of the house and me.

Meanwhile, the sex that was such a major factor in the early days of our marriage, gradually grew boring and infrequent. Occasionally, I would make a hesitant attempt to introduce something new in the bedroom, but even with Mary, I was never eloquent, and she was not attracted to anything she considered “perverted.”

Looking back, I secretly wanted a mate who would take charge—be the leader and hold me to account. A wife I could come home to and not have to be the boss, as I was forced to be at work. A Social Scientist probably could have predicted back when I was in high school, I would be more comfortable as a follower in an intimate relationship. For someone as shy as me, being an alpha male requires effort, and after a full day at work, my heart wasn't in it.

And for her part, Mary would have preferred the role of loving wife to an alpha male, or so I thought.

Ultimately, before Mary hit thirty, we decided to go our separate ways and perhaps try again with other marital candidates. We filed with mutual consent, and unlike most divorce situations, we made it through the process still remaining good friends. Financing two households until Mary found the right guy wasn't going to place an undue strain on me. Our savings and my income were adequate, and we were both frugal enough that Mary did not have to go job hunting, and neither of us had to revert to rice and sauce.

In our state, there's a waiting period of six months after filing for a Mutual Consent Divorce, and neither Mary nor I was in a hurry for me to move out of our house. So, during the waiting period, I moved my things to the larger of our two spare bedrooms. Mary was okay with that. Though no longer intimate, we were still sweethearts. My intent was to find a place closer to where I worked I could move into when the divorce was final. I thought it would be great to ride my bike to the office, or even walk on nice days. I just hadn't taken the time to do any serious looking. In retrospect, I should have hired someone to do the looking for me.

Now and then, Mary would get depressed about the passing years and having to start over, but when that happened, Mary's lifelong friend, Sue, would be there to support her. We saw a lot of Sue, those days.

Susan was Mary's Maid of Honor at our wedding. They grew up together, best friends forever, and Susan was the gregarious type. All the girls liked Susan. The boys... not so much. She was pretty and smart, with a wit like lightening, but taller than many boys, me included. She had a knack for scaring the boys away. In those days, most boys did not want a girlfriend who was either taller or smarter than they, and when it came to intellect, Susan ran circles around all of us.

It seemed Susan was at our house more and more as the process dragged on. I didn't think Mary was having that much trouble adjusting, but when it was just Mary and I, she seemed down in the dumps, then Susan would appear and the two of them would start whispering to each other and often break into laughter when I

entered the room. I never questioned their rudeness, just glad to see Mary, with Susan's help, handling the transition.

With just under four months to go, I came home from work Friday night to find Mary and Sue at the kitchen table. Nothing unusual in that. Sue was frequently there with us for dinner, but on this night, they were both staring at me as I came in the door from the garage.

For no reason I understand, the commute from work to home always takes twice as long on Fridays, and that length of time is usually about what it takes for my bladder to fill. I smiled and waved to the ladies as I strode through the kitchen.

"John," Sue said, "when you have a minute, we'd like to talk to you."

"I'll be with you in just a few," I said, not pausing in my direct path to the bathroom.

After a few minutes, when I'd relieved the pressure, I returned to the kitchen. "So, what's up?" I asked.

"Mary is experiencing a little anxiety, John," Sue said, "and we think you can help. Your divorce is final in a few months, and Mary is concerned it not get derailed."

"Derailed? Not sure what you mean." I looked at Mary, who looked back without speaking. Apparently, Susan was the designated spokesperson for this topic. So, I spoke to her. "We're a third of the way through the waiting period. What could go wrong at this point?"

"Probably nothing," Sue said, "but Mary worries you might jump the gun—get involved with another woman before the divorce is final."

"That's not going to happen. The way things have been at work, I haven't had time to meet anyone, much less get involved with them. Besides, how would it change things if I did? It's not as if Mary and I are still having sexual relations."

"I know. Mary has told me, but if you did... with some other woman, it would upset her and she might change the terms of the divorce from mutual consent to suing for infidelity. If that happened, it would not only restart the clock on the waiting period but also involve lawyers and complications neither of you want."

"I really don't see that happening," I said, starting to get concerned over the direction of this discussion. We'd filed under mutual

consent, and as far as I knew, that description still accurately reflected both our feelings. But if Mary changed her status and pulled me into court, my confidence about being able to easily support both of us living separately could change dramatically.

“I guess I still don’t see the reason for concern,” I said, “but you said there is something I can do to assuage Mary’s anxiety? I’d like to keep this as pain free as possible, so what can I do to help?”

In answer, Sue slid a small box across the table in my direction.

“What’s this?”

“Open it.”

I took off the lid to find a small navy-blue cloth bag cinched tight with a golden cord. I looked quizzically at Mary, then loosened the cord, opened the bag and dumped its contents on the table with a metallic clatter.

“Do you know what that is, John?” Sue said.

I spread out the pile of metal pieces with my finger, then recognized it. I’d never seen one outside of pictures on the net, but the tube shape of the barred enclosure made it pretty obvious. It was complete with a small lock. The lock hung open with a key in the keyhole. “You two are kidding, right?”

“No, John, we’re not kidding, but it’s a small request... sorry, shouldn’t use the word small when talking about a man’s... um, endowments,” Susan said. (I did mention she was quick.) “It would be a little concession on your part. Sorry. But if you would wear that, it would really relieve Mary’s anxiety. We’re only talking about less than four months, after all.”

“Isn’t this getting a little extreme? I’ve already said I would not have relations with another woman before the divorce is final. But being locked up by my soon-to-be ex-wife... It seems weird.”

“I can see how you might feel that way, John,” Sue said. “But if you could play along with us, it would make a big difference to Mary’s emotional state. And, I’ve suggested to her if you kept that key in a kitchen drawer in case of an emergency, then you would feel less trapped and Mary would know it was there when you were off at work, or wherever.”

I was concerned about being trapped in this thing. Not that I was about to run out and bang the first woman I met on the street, but I confess I do occasionally masturbate when Mary's not around. *Four months would be a very long time before my next release*, I thought. *I'm used to a couple times a week—maybe three or four, some weeks. Especially since I'm not getting any action from my wife. But if the key is readily available... I'd never need it except when I'm home and Mary is either out for the day or down for the night. What the hell. I hate conflict and the girls have this all worked out. Sure beats talking to lawyers. And it would satisfy a certain curiosity.*

"Okay," I said, looking at my wife, "if it will make you more comfortable. So, what's for dinner?" I swept the pieces back into the bag and dropped it in the box.

"John, if you wouldn't mind," Susan said, and nodded at the box.

"Now? I'm not planning to go out tonight." Mary was wearing that look. The one every married man can instantly recognize. "But okay, I'll be back in a minute."

"Oh, and you might want to shave first," Susan said. "I'm not an expert, but I've heard that male chastity devices have a tendency to pull on those sensitive little hairs down there."

*As if that's any of your business*, I thought, and kept walking. On reflection, this whole thing was getting a little irritating. If I had not already agreed, I might have chucked Mary's little box in the trash. But I do hate conflict, and, well, it's not a big deal.

I changed out of my work clothes, put on a robe and walked across the hall to the bathroom I'm using. I pulled out all the pieces and laid them on the counter. The way they fit together, I could see a couple places that looked likely to snag a hair or two.

I got in the shower and washed myself down, then used a razor to denude my genitals. I felt a little weird doing it, but I figured the hair would grow out by the end of the waiting period, and it might be more comfortable hairless while I wore the cage. *If I'm going to do this*, I told myself, *I might as well get the full experience*. And yes, that did seem weird, and it looked surprisingly strange as well. I've not been without pubic hair since I was eleven. Things had

grown some since then, and they really stood out with no bush to hide behind.

I washed the cage while I was at it, then tried to put it on. I got the ring in place, working my cock and balls through one at a time. When I read about these things, I thought most manufacturers provided several size rings and spacers to ensure a comfortable fit. This kit included no extra parts, and the parts that were there were on the small side. Then, I tried the cage itself. That was a problem. It had a definite downturn and was both narrow and short for me even though I was not tumescent. Stuffing me in was a challenge. I used the hand sprayer to shoot some cold water where it would do the most good, then by shoving with a Q-Tip I managed to fit me in. The tube was a cage design with metal bars and hoops, and there was enough open space to poke my soldier down to the end. I mated the tube to the ring, snapped on the lock made of the same material, pulled out the key, *et voilà*. Caged. It felt weird. It wasn't heavy, probably aluminum, but I was very conscious of its presence. This was going to take some getting used to.

I put on a clean pair of boxers, jeans, a polo shirt and my crocs and left the bathroom in search of dinner. I walked into the kitchen, brandished the key for the ladies to see, and put it in the corner of the drawer we use for small tools and random stuff.

"Good for you, John," Susan said. "That's most appreciated. Now, if you'll show us, Mary can put that worry out of her mind." I was up early Saturday morning with morning wood... No, that's not quite accurate. I awoke to the pain in my groin caused by my body's *attempt* at morning wood. New to male chastity cages, I discovered something I had not known before. In the early hours before full awakening, my body sensed something tight around my cock. Naturally, it assumed it should raise an erection, because that's what penises do when caressed. This anticipation of pleasure, however, was met with the pain of denial when the metal bars of my cage refused to allow my cock to straighten, much less grow in girth. Hence my early awakening.

I looked at the clock, 05:37. Early for me on a Saturday morning, but more important, way early for Mary to be up. Being careful not to make noise that might wake her, I rose, got dressed, and packed a duffle with my shaving gear and clothing to last a few days. I

stopped in my home office to collect my laptop, and was in my car and out of our driveway before 06:00.

I drove to a nearby restaurant that opens early and advertises breakfast all day. It's a nice comfortable place to eat. It's small, the staff treats people like people; the coffee is strong; and they have a fast Wi-Fi connection. I had some searching to do, and did not want to do it at home. I was not ready to confront Mary this morning. First, I needed to find some ducks and get them in a row. Top of the list was basic research on titanium and how it's cut. I hoped that the cage I was wearing was aluminum and not titanium, but I feared the worst. The hasp of the lock was protected by flanges from the cage, but if I could cut through the ring around my balls in at least two places, the entire assembly would slip right off. I recognize that cutting the backing ring would destroy the chastity device, making it unusable from then on. Good.

I doubted I'd find much helpful information if I searched the internet with: "cutting off a titanium male chastity device", but I've heard that some men wear titanium wedding bands, so I searched: "cutting off a titanium ring." The first thing that popped up was a mini circular saw with a 3.5inch diamond blade. Perfect if I wanted to castrate myself in the process. A little more looking turned up a more suitable solution. For \$269.99 I could get a powered ring cutter with a small diamond wheel, a guard to protect the finger (or in my case, the family jewels), a motorized driver, and a small water bottle to control the heat generated by the friction between the disk and the ring.

*Well, shit! I thought. How much heat are we talking? Is it just the cutting disk that gets hot, or is it the ring being cut? There is a guard that fits under the ring to protect the ring finger, but most of the disc has no guard. Can I fit it in the tight confines of the cage backing ring without cutting either my scrotum or my abdomen with the unguarded portion of the disk? Damn Mary and Susan. If they'd just give me the bloody key to the lock...*

[I actually did the first search above for male chastity devices instead of rings, and found an article about firefighters cutting a man out of a chastity device (John isn't that desperate, yet), and another story about devices that were connected to the internet that were locked by a hacker and their wearers held for bitcoin ransom. It's an interesting world we live in.]

I put the project on hold for now. Perhaps reason will prevail if I disappear and let the ladies stew over my absence for a while. I can go without a sexual release for a few days, although the constant presence of the cage makes me much more aware of my package and its desires than usual.

I next searched for condos near my work. Ouch! Housing prices are much higher than I expected. Even apartments rent for more than seems reasonable. I never realized that area was so high priced. I could manage it if my expectations weren't too high, but for now it might be smarter to check into a motel for a week. The per day cost would be higher, but that would give me time to expand my search. Plus Mary should be much more reasonable a week from now.

~~00000~~

When Mary got up, she noticed John left his bedroom door open, so she checked the garage. His car was gone. She called Susan. "He's gone. Looks like he packed his small duffle and took his laptop."

"I give him a week, max," Sue said. "Interested in breakfast?"

"Sounds good. Meet you there in, um, thirty minutes."

~~00000~~

*Holy shit! I thought. Two days into the work week and I'm climbing the walls. I've gone much longer than this without release, or even the thought of release, and it never caused me this much trouble. This is crazy!*

The tight fit and the weight of the chastity cage makes me constantly aware of its presence, which makes me constantly aware of my involuntary chaste status, which makes me constantly yearn for release. My mind hasn't been off my dick for more than five minutes at a time since Mary and Susan tricked me into it. I wake in the morning in pain with morning wood checked in mid development; my days are a constant struggle to concentrate on work; when I go to bed, I'm frustrated and hoping I'll sleep through the night.

I'm determined to last out the week. My fear is that someone at work will notice my reduced efficiency or the bulge in my pants caused by the cage and my member pushing it forward in a vain attempt to erect. Mary better have come to her senses by this



weekend, or I'm liable to try something drastic. My balls are aching, and even the 3.5inch diamond saw blade is starting to seem like a good option.

Friday after work, I decided to go home. The original plan was to wait for Saturday morning in hopes that Susan would not be there, but I don't want another night to pass with me caged. If I can catch Mary alone, I'm sure I can persuade her to let me out... if she has a key. Damn. Susan was the spokesperson when they tricked me into it. Does that mean that Susan holds the key? Did she give a copy to Mary?

Just like last week, both women were at the kitchen table with Mary's laptop when I came in from the garage. And just like last week, I gave them a friendly greeting and continued on to the bathroom to take a leak. Friday's drive is often long enough to fill my bladder. Plus, I was nervous tonight, which did not help. Of course, I had to sit down to take a leak, which brought home just how screwed I was, again.

When I walked back into the kitchen, I realized the appetizing smell was from a beef bourguignon. That may be my favorite meal, and Mary knows it. The women were engrossed in something on Mary's laptop. The screen faced away from me, and they did not look up in my direction.

"So, how was your week?" I asked. As soon as the words left my mouth, I knew I'd screwed up, because the most obvious response, and the response I did not want to deal with so early in the conversation was...

"Fine, sweetheart," Mary said, "how was yours?"

"Good," I lied. "One thing, though, I think the chastity device is causing an infection," not true, but an inspired opening, bound to appeal to maternal instincts. "It's a size too small, and it irritates the tender skin down there." On reflection: *The cage probably is a size too small, and I'm lucky that it hasn't chafed the skin. My complaint might not be so much dishonest as it is prophetic. I really should take off this small chastity device before it does cause problems. Mary or Susan really should give me the key before it actually becomes an issue.*

"Oh?" Susan said, "let's take a look."

“If you give me the key, I can doctor it myself.”

“We should check it out,” Susan said. “You don’t want to take chances with skin problems in that area. Once started, they can turn nasty. Drop your pants so we can see the damage.”

*Shit. Now what? I thought. Last time I looked, there was no sign of a problem. Not even a rash.*

“Really,” Mary said, “you don’t want to let it develop into something serious. Don’t be shy, John. It’s not like we haven’t already seen you locked up.”

*They saw me, alright. It was last week at this time, and they laughed so hard they almost did themselves an injury.* Both looked at me, allowing the tension to build. I’d gone too far. I couldn’t change my story at this point, and refusing to show them would only convince them I’d lied about the infection.

It was déjà vu all over again. Here I was standing in the middle of the kitchen on a Friday evening, being told to drop my pants so that my soon-to-be ex-wife and her best friend could examine my cock locked away in a male chastity cage. Unable to find an escape from this dilemma, I dropped my pants and lowered my boxers.

“Step closer, John,” Susan said. “I can’t see the problem from here.”

I moved closer so that my package was almost resting on the kitchen table. Susan got up and reached down to take hold of the cage. She is a couple inches taller than me, and it was intimidating to have her, fully clothed, taking hold of my package. She twisted it around, looking at both sides and underneath.

“I don’t see the problem, John. Where does it hurt?”

“It’s mostly my balls are aching,” I admitted. “They’re getting backed up.”

Susan gave the balls under discussion a quick, firm squeeze and dropping them. “So, you lied. There is no raging infection.”

“It really is uncomfortable. Please, just give me the key. Please.”

“Tell you what,” Susan said. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll unlock you after you ask for and receive your first spanking.”

“What?! Oh, come on, Sue. I’m an adult. You can’t spank me.”

“You lied to us, John.”

“But it really is uncomfortable. And damnit, you had no right to put this on me.”

“You put it on yourself, John. But we’ve gotten side tracked. The real issue isn’t you being in chastity. The real issue is that you need someone to take you in hand. Chastity is just part of the persuasion. You’ve needed a strong woman in your life since you left your mother’s house. A woman who can keep you engaged, help you overcome your urge to withdraw from the world. And, yes, a woman who will spank you when you deserve it.

“Tell the truth, John, how was your week? Oh, I know, it wasn’t any fun to be denied access to your prick, but beyond that, did you get anything worthwhile done? Last week you said you’d find a place to live. Did you make any progress on that front?”

“I looked some, but everything was too expensive.”

“When you say you looked some, did you go beyond a quick search on your computer? Did you visit likely neighborhoods? Talk to a realtor?”

“Well, no, I didn’t want to talk to anyone until I had a good idea of what I wanted.”

“So, while you’re not expert at finding what’s available or knowledgeable about the market in general, you still didn’t ask for help from those who are. Do you see how this all ties together with your basic fear of dealing with other people?”

“That’s ridiculous. I’m not afraid to work with other people.”

“Perhaps not when you’re on the job, but when was the last time you met somebody new? The last time you talked to a stranger? The last time you did something with a friend? You’re a shy little boy, John. Only comfortable in your own little world. You lied to us and you’re going to be spanked.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Have it your way,” Susan said. “Have a pleasant week, and drop by next Friday so we can talk again.”

“You can forget that. I won’t be back except to pack the rest of my things. And I don’t need your key I’m ordering a cutter designed for titanium.”

I haven’t ordered it yet, because I’m still not sure it will actually work. I’ve got a solution for the heat problem. All I have to do is cut it while I’m in the bathtub with the cage under water. Of course, I won’t be able to use the electric motor, but the kit also comes with a hand key. I may be sitting there for a long time, turning that little disc, before I manage two cuts through titanium, but heat will not be a problem. Which leaves the problem of safe clearance for the one-inch diamond disc, but I’ll figure that out as well.

I pulled up my boxers and reached down for my pants.

“Before you leave, John, you might want to look at this,” Susan said, as she turned Mary’s laptop around. The screen showed an image of me standing there with my pants at my ankles and my cock in a cage. In the video, you can hear Susan and see me step closer; the picture zooms in on the chastity device, and a female hand is seen twisting and turning it.

“You took a video of me,” I said, stating the obvious.

“Yes,” Mary said, “we did. And it is now in the cloud.”

“What do you plan to do with it?” My mouth had gone dry. I could imagine one of them posting it on social media. As I watched, the video jumped back to the full frontal of me, including my face, and the sequence was repeated.

“Nothing at all,” Susan said. “Unless, you try to take your chastity device off without permission. In that case, everyone you know will receive a copy of the video. Does your secretary know you’re in chastity? How about your sister, or your mother? I have a feeling Mary’s mother would love this, and I bet she’d share it with everyone she knows. Your mother-in-law was never happy with you marrying her daughter at eighteen, and she is very gregarious. She has *lots* of friends. So, if you are set on leaving now, have a nice week. And don’t worry, your secret is safe, but we’ll expect to see you here at the same time next Friday. Don’t come before time, and do not fail to come Friday after work. Failure to report or reporting with the smallest scratch on your chastity device will result in you hitting it big in the movies. Well, perhaps not that big; you look

pretty small in that chastity cage. Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to diminish the size of your endowment. I do feel a *little* guilty when I do that. Darn, I did it again. Sorry."

They had me, they knew it, and Susan, at least, was enjoying it. I didn't dare cut off the cage with that threat hanging over my head. I didn't know where that video was stored, or whether there were already duplicates out there, and the idea of my secretary—the undisputed gossip queen of this part of the country—getting ahold of it... Fuck!

"What do I need to do so you'll give me the key?"

"You know what you need to do, John. I'll unlock you after you ask for and receive your first spanking."

I spent almost a minute deliberating. Well, stalling would be more accurate. Did the damned woman have to humiliate me like this? I wasn't concerned about the pain of a spanking. I've never been spanked, but if kids can survive them, I expect I can. But...

"First?" I asked. "What do you mean by first?"

"I mean, John, that you are entering a whole new phase of your life. In this phase, you will be subject to my guidance and discipline. Since you are no longer a child, it may be difficult, at times, for you to break old habits and live up to my standards. When you fall short, you can expect there to be consequences."

"Take off your clothes, fold them neatly and put them on the table."

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes, John. I will not tell you to do things that I do not feel are necessary. And you, John, do not want to get into the habit of questioning my orders."

I'd already pulled up my pants and fastened my belt, so I started with my shirt this time. I sat down to take off my shoes and socks. Susan and Mary had just seen me with my pants down, but it was still embarrassing to take them off in front of them.

While I was disrobing, Susan stood and moved her chair out from the table. She picked up a short length of rope that had been out of sight on the chair next to hers and waited for me to finish. When I finally stood, naked, before her, self-consciously covering my groin

with my hands, she said, “Turn around, John, and cross your wrists behind your back.”

I almost asked her, again, if that was necessary, but held it back. It is never wise to irritate a woman in power. I turned around and put my wrists behind me, and Susan tied them together with the rope. She must have been a Girl Scout in her youth, because the knot felt solid.

Susan sat back in her chair and said, “Face me, John. Do you have something to ask me?”

I faced her and said, “Please spank me and unlock my chastity cage.”

“Those are two separate requests, and I’ve already promised to unlock you. Ask me again for your first bare-bottomed spanking over my knee. Use those words and be polite.”

“You don’t have to make this any more humiliating than it already is,” I said.

“John, you’ve been playing games with me,” Susan said, “attempting to appear that you have some control over this situation. You do not. That is an important part of this lesson you must learn. The more you equivocate, the more you try to jack me around, the more it will cost you. Now, say the words.”

It was far too late to back out now, with me naked and hands tied behind my back. “Please, Susan, please give me my first spanking, bare-bottomed, over your knee.” Damn, that was hard.

“Very well, John, step here between my legs.” She had spread her knees apart, and she guided me down over her left thigh. Her right leg clamped over both of mine. She was wearing blue jeans, and contact with the material and the knowledge of what it covered caused my cock to strain to rise.

“Mary, hand me your hairbrush, please,” Susan said.

*Nobody said anything about a hairbrush, I thought. I assumed she was going to use her hand.*

“Before I start, John,” Susan said, resting her hand lightly on my ass (which did *not* help to discourage my cock), “I want you to know that I am proud of you for doing this. Even though it was inevitable,

you could have postured and delayed and made the whole thing more difficult. You're fundamentally a good man."

*If you're so bloody proud of me, how about letting me up?* I thought but did not say.

Apparently, Susan was done talking as well. Her hand lifted off my butt and came swiftly down with a SMACK!

That first spank surprised me and I jerked in response, but it didn't really hurt—stung some, but not bad. Susan paused after four, and rubbed my ass for a few seconds, then gave me four more. After that second pause, she just kept spanking. I tried to relax and ride with the discomfort, and through the first dozen or so, embarrassment at being in this position outweighed the pain. But the balance was slowly tipping in the other direction.

After twenty respectable spanks, Susan stopped again. She had heated me up pretty good, and the sting of the last four or five was getting harder to ignore. Then I felt something hard and cool sliding around on my tender ass.

"Hang in there, John, it's going to be a little more painful when I start your real spanking."

I'd been doing okay with Susan's hand slaps, and reasoned that the hairbrush would be worse, but manageable. SMACK!! "Shit!" I swore. "Not so hard! That damned thing stings!"

Susan paused after four hard spanks. "Language, John. You are learning what every naughty boy should know. Spankings are designed to hurt."

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! pause.

She resumed with a steady rhythm, going side to side, working her way from the midpoint to the crease where my thighs meet my ass, then a few inches further. It was those few further that really got my attention. Well, she had my attention with the first smack with that hairbrush, but those last were an order of magnitude more intense.

I was no longer relaxing and riding with the pain. I was reacting to the pain. My struggles were futile with my wrists tied behind my back and my legs clamped between her thighs, but I still struggled.

After Susan tracked a few inches down my thighs, she started over at the midpoint, but this time her side-to-side pattern was

abandoned. She delivered four hard, deliberate spansks to the same spot, before picking another spot to repeat the process. It was a relief when she changed targets, but the relief was brief.

I'm not a man who cries. When I was fifteen, I broke my arm playing football and I never cried. I wasn't crying now, but I was not silent. Pleas and protests erupted with this new pattern, and tears were forming. If I'd been aware of them, I would have stopped them immediately, but all my attention was concentrated on the inferno fanned by that hairbrush.

How long did this spanking last? Way too long! How many spansks were delivered? Far too many! How stoically did I take this punishment? Oh, please.

My struggles stopped before Susan did. I was exhausted, and sagged across her thigh. Apparently, that is what my spanker was waiting for, because she delivered another half-dozen slow, hard spansks, then stopped.

*Oh, Ouch!* I thought. Who'd have guessed that a simple spanking would hurt so much. I lay completely naked over Susan's jeans-clad left thigh where her other leg locked me in place. She'd used Mary's hair brush to spank well beyond my ability to just ride serenely with the pain. She'd stopped now, but I still lay there trying to get myself under control.

Susan had put down the hairbrush and was now lightly caressing my bottom. I was surprised the heat she generated in those mounds didn't burn her, but apparently, it was only burning me.

"Are you okay, John?" Susan asked. She unclasped my legs. "Can you stand up now?"

"I'm not sure," I said. My entire body was exhausted, both by the trauma and my ineffectual struggles to escape. My face was wet with tears, and I tried to turn them off before either Susan or my soon-to-be ex-wife, Mary, saw me crying. I never cry. I *never* cry.

With my hands tied behind me, I needed Susan's help to stand. Once I stood unsteadily before her, she pulled a small silver key on a golden chain free of her cleavage and off over her head. "I promised I would unlock you, John. You earned this temporary release. You did good."



True to her word, Susan unlocked and removed the sheath portion of the chastity device from around my cock. She left the backing ring in place, but I hardly noticed. It felt so good to be out of that damned cage after a week of imprisonment. It was only a week, but my first time of ever being denied made a week far too long.

“Could you untie my hands, please?”

“I will, but there are conditions, John. You must not touch either your bottom or your penis until given permission.”

Words to the effect of: *It's my body. I'll touch anything I damned well please*, almost escaped my lips, but I mastered the impulse and said, “Yes, ma'am.” I turned my back to her, and she untied the rope.

Susan rose from her chair, took me by the arm, and led me to a corner of the kitchen. “Dinner will be ready soon, and we'll call you out then. Stand still and do not talk until you're released. Consider what got you into this corner time and do not lie to me again. And especially do not lie to yourself.”

I hate to be treated like a naughty child, given corner time, but Susan just demonstrated she could treat me in any way she chose. So, I did not object. I did not turn to her and demand I be treated like an adult. *Yeah, right*, I thought, *bare naked with my butt flaming red. That's a compelling argument for adult status.*

I stood quietly, trying not to fidget (although the burn in my ass compelled me to shift from foot to foot), and mostly feeling sorry for myself. Even the joyful freedom of my cock did not outweigh the intensity of that bare-bottomed hairbrushing. I tried to further console myself with the smell of the beef bourguignon Mary had in the oven. It's one of my favorite meals. I'm sure she had that in mind when she prepared it—a consolation, I suppose, for the treatment she knew I was to receive over Susan's knee.

Both women must have been supremely confident that I would accept a spanking and corner time after being locked in chastity, with the threat of more weeks to come until I gave in. My continued chastity if I did not give in—with no attempt to break out of the cage—was virtually guaranteed by the threatened release of the video they took of my caged cock last week when they tricked me into putting it on.

It was a half hour before Mary opened up the oven to check on the stew. A wonderful aroma filled the kitchen when she took the lid off the pot. "I think it's ready," she said. "Would you set the table, please, John?"

A partial boner had arisen while I was in corner time, and it was humiliating to have the women see it. But my little man was freed after seven days of cruel confinement. It's reasonable to expect he would display some exaltation. Casually blocking the women's view with my left hand, I turned and said, "Happy to, sweetheart."

I gathered three sets of knives and forks from the drawer and set places for Mary and Susan at the table. I feared they might force me to sit down with them to eat, but Susan kindly said, "Feel free to set your place at the counter, John, if you'd rather not sit just yet." With a smile of thanks, I did just that.

During dinner, the women quizzed me about the motel where I was living. Susan wanted to know if it really improved my commute. "No, not by much." And Mary, whether it was a nice place or an overly cheap place. "Well, maybe a little closer to the cheap side, but I don't need much."

Both were interested in the rental arrangement. Susan pointed out that motels that have a weekly rate are lower cost per day than those who just rent by the night. She asked which I was in.

"I'm paying by the night."

"Did you ask about a weekly rate?"

"No, but they didn't offer one, so I assume it's not available."

She just shook her head. Susan thinks I have poor people skills and am afraid of social interaction. Nonsense.

"Are you paid up in advance?" she asked, "or committed to any length of stay?"

"Not really."

"Would you like to return and live here? You're welcome, or you can continue to report to us each Friday evening. After dinner, why don't you take a shower and shave, while you decide. Since you're out of your cage, you can clean that area well. Take all the parts with you and clean them also. I'll keep the lock so it doesn't accidentally

get lost down the drain. And while you're in the shower, feel free to 'give yourself a hand,' as they say. You have my permission."

"Your permission," I said, louder than intended. I have needed no one's permission to take matters into my own hand since puberty. It was my own damned business, and no one else's. This woman really knew how to piss me off. Her explanation from last week about the effects of masturbation on a relationship flashed through my mind, *but I am not currently in a relationship*, I countered, *so fuck off!* I thought those words but had the good sense not to say them.

Susan raised an eyebrow, daring me to continue my objection. Considering recent experience proving her opinion does actually matter, I declined, picked up the cage parts, and headed for the bathroom.

I took a long, leisurely shower. The water pressure here is much better than at the motel, and we have a humongous hot water heater that has never run out on us. I took special care to wash my package with very soapy hands. When I was done, I almost collapsed, my release was so intense after a week in prison. It could only have been better if one of the women was in the shower with me. Well, make that if Mary was in there with me. She has great hands. Susan might well twist some vital parts off my body.

I also considered Susan's proposal that I move back into this house. It made sense. I felt like an idiot. I'd stormed out a week ago, announcing that I didn't need them. Then this evening, I said they would never see me again except when I came to pack up the rest of my things. That was foolish. With the images they had in the cloud of me in chastity, their hooks were in too deep. Susan and Mary had enough to draw me back any time they wished, for any reason they might have.

While I was doing corner time, I imagined just running away. Leave everything behind and go. Chemical engineers are in demand. I could find a job over on the coast or up north. Mary might take me to court, but she was welcome to everything. What did I really need?

Now, I was seriously considering moving back into our house (for three more months). Not that there was all that much moving involved. All I had at the motel was a small duffle, a shaving kit, and my laptop. Come to think of it, all the clothes in the duffle needed to be washed, and I had no idea where a laundromat might be. Would

the lady at the motel front desk know? Ah, hell. Run? Find the laundromat? I couldn't see myself doing either. I needed Mary in my life, and maybe even Susan. It was becoming clear to me I needed someone. I just did not know how to find that person.

After a lengthy shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist, and crossed the hall to my bedroom to get dressed. I left the chastity cage on the bathroom counter. My clothes were still in my room, which was a relief. As I left the bathroom, it occurred to me that the women might have put all my things into storage. Fortunately, not. I put on clean boxers, cargo pants and a knit shirt. The absence of the chastity device between my legs felt strange. Weird! A lifetime with no metal at my crotch, but after just a week, the absence feels strange.

I returned to the kitchen to announce my decision to the ladies. Susan and Mary had each gotten a small bowl of ice cream, and I saw one for me on the counter. "I considered your suggestion," I said; "I think I'll move back here for the next couple months. No sense spending the money on motels and restaurants to no real advantage."

"I think that's a wise choice," Susan said. "Of course, either way, you'll be back in your chastity device throughout the week. That requirement has not changed."

"And if I refuse to wear it?" She'd pissed me off again. I knew I was in dangerous territory, but I just got out of prison. I did not want to be put back in.

Both women stared at me for a minute, then Susan said, "I thought we established who was making your important lifestyle decisions for the next few months. Do I need to borrow Mary's hairbrush again, so soon?"

Before I responded with another really stupid statement, guaranteed to dig me ever deeper into the pit I was excavating, Mary opened her laptop and jumped into the conversation. "I got some fantastic video of you over Susan's knee, John. The sound quality is also excellent; you can almost feel the hairbrush as it crashes onto your ass, and your cries for mercy are quite distinct. I also got some nice still shots of your flaming bottom on display in the corner. Would you like to see them?"

Her tone of voice was that of a woman discussing everyday topics. There was not the slightest hint of a warning or threat. But that's not how I heard her words. What I heard is: "Won't your secretary, Lois, love to share these pictures of your bare ass being spanked by a woman like a little sissy. And my mother! Just imagine the fun she would have with them!"

"No, thank you," I said through gritted teeth. Mary assumed I was answering her question about showing me her latest documentary evidence of my current status. And I was, but I was also answering the question we both knew lay behind her words.

"I had planned to wait until tomorrow morning, John," Susan said, "but I think we should do it now, instead. Go put on your chastity device and report back to me to install the lock."

"But... Please..."

"Now, John."

I ate my ice cream that night standing at the kitchen counter, my package safely locked away. When I finished, Susan said, "John, since Mary cooked today, why don't you and I take care of the leftovers and do the dishes."

"Sounds fair," I said. It did actually sound fair and reasonable, but looking back, I can't remember when I last took care of the kitchen for Mary. I was the bread winner, out earning the living we enjoyed together. It never occurred to me to work together with my wife sharing the simple day-to-day chores around the house. Deep thoughts, and silly. I'm sure she understood that after a long day, I needed to relax.

As we worked, Susan said, "In the morning, I'll drive you to your motel so you can collect your things and check out."

"Thanks, but you don't need to." I didn't want Susan or Mary to see where I was staying. It's not a dangerous place, but certainly not in one of the better parts of town. I picked it because it was cheap. Also, because I drive by it on my normal commute, so didn't have to go looking for a place.

Saturday morning, Mary asked me to make pancakes for breakfast. I do a recipe that I like, though it doesn't involve any measuring. It consists of equal parts whole wheat flour and instant oatmeal,

baking powder, flax seeds that I put in the microwave with a little water for thirty seconds, chopped pecans and an egg. Easy to do and people like them.

Susan slept in our smaller guest room Friday night, so she was with us for breakfast. And because I cooked, Mary said she would clean up while Susan and I retrieved my things from the motel. It seemed clear to me that the women were determined that Susan see where I was staying so she could report back. I would have had to be excessively rude to sidetrack that plan, so I didn't try.

Susan wanted to take her car, so I rode as passenger. Before our divorce, when Mary and I went somewhere, I always drove. It was different being in the passenger seat with a woman at the wheel. I was not in control, which may have been the point of this trip.

Susan asked for the address. I told her the general location and gave her directions as we got closer. I didn't know the address—no reason I should. If you know where a place is, you don't need an address to find it. The only comment I got back was a disparaging, "Really?" from Susan when we edged into a less desirable part of town. It's not a bad part, our town doesn't have parts as bad as in the big cities, it's just rundown from a few years of neglect.

The motel is all ground floor with living space for the manager behind the front office. Not one of the large chains. I was in unit 3. I unlocked and opened the door. Susan stuck her head in to look around and chuckled. When I checked in, I didn't notice the worn state of the carpet or the sag in the middle of the bed under the chenille bedspread.

Susan volunteered to go tell the lady at the front desk that I was checking out. They were still talking when I walked in to pay the bill. As I was coming through the door, I heard Susan say, "We were wondering, for future reference, if you have a weekly rate?"

"Oh yes, it comes to a savings of about fifteen percent, but we don't mention it unless the guest indicates they will be with us for an entire week. I checked your husband in, and I remember he was uncertain about his intended length of stay. This is our slow season, so I did not press him. He said he would keep me informed. Of course, I didn't chance to see him again, but he was a quiet guest and we have his credit card number, so I was not concerned."

Susan did not correct the lady regarding our relationship. I paid the bill, and we left. I could tell she was having trouble keeping a straight face all the way out to the car. Once her door closed, she burst out laughing.

“You were a—quote—quiet guest. That’s got to be high praise from a motel owner in this part of town. You didn’t ask them for a weekly rate, but on the other hand, you didn’t explore their hourly rates either. That must have confused them.

“Oh, Johnny, you really need help. I doubt you would survive in this world without Mary. What are we going to do with you once the divorce is final?”

I went to church with Mary that Sunday morning after missing the previous two weeks. I’m not religious myself, but Mary likes to go, so I usually keep her company. It doesn’t hurt to hedge your bets. Mary might be right about this whole God thing, and boy, would I be embarrassed if I did not find out until after I died.

Susan had gone back to her place Saturday night, but her car was in the drive when we got back from church. Mary and I entered the house to the welcome smells from the kitchen of Susan fixing breakfast. During my two weeks in the motel, I had almost forgotten some of the simple pleasures of living in a home. I’d always taken them for granted. And it was still homey here, even though Mary and I used separate bedrooms until our divorce finalized.

After greeting Susan, I peeled off to my bedroom to change out of my suit. (Mary doesn’t feel comfortable wearing casual clothes to church.) When I opened the door to my room, I was surprised to see that someone, Susan, presumably, had been in there in our absence. She stripped the sheets and pillowcases from my bed and stuffed them in the laundry basket, which sat in the middle of my floor. The basket is usually in the laundry room; at least that’s where it was when I emptied my duffle into it yesterday.

Not sure why Susan felt compelled to strip my bed, since I haven’t slept in it much lately. Although, I don’t recall when I last put my sheets in the laundry, so they might well be due. Still strange that she would notice. I’ve certainly never invited her to share my bed. Susan, while a good-looking woman, is Mary’s friend far more than she is mine. It would be really low class of me to seduce Mary’s best friend before our divorce was final. Not that I’ve ever been tempted,

or would know how to seduce Susan even if I was tempted. When it comes to seduction, I've got next to zero experience. Mary is the only girl or woman I've ever kissed, much less slept with. (Looks pretty pathetic here in print, but such has been my life.) And, before you jump to any conclusions, no, I am not gay... Not that there's anything wrong with being gay.

I shook off my musings and changed my clothes. I'd worn the same dress shirt the last four times; so, I dropped it on top of the basket. To do the women a favor, I carried the laundry basket back to the laundry room.

As I passed through the kitchen, Susan said, "You don't need to do that now, John. Come have brunch with us first." I laughed with her, of course. I know diddly squat about doing laundry. That room of the house is Mary's. I bought a new washer and dryer set for Mary last year, so I've a rough idea what they cost, and that's the extent of my laundry related knowledge.

Susan fried bacon, potatoes and onions, and scrambled eggs. A nice aroma to come home to, and a nice meal to enjoy with the women.

When we were nearly done, Susan said, "I like your attitude, John."

"Yes," I said, "well, no sense fighting a losing battle, although I really don't think it's necessary." *In fact*, I thought, *this chastity cage goes way beyond necessary*.

"Of course it's necessary. The laundry basket is full, and when I put it in your room, I noticed your sheets looked overdue to be changed. You really should get into the habit of making your bed in the morning. It's the little things that matter, especially once you are out on your own."

"You're probably right. I hadn't noticed. I'll put on the clean sheets this morning. You don't need to worry about that." *Mary used to take care of that sort of thing*, I thought, *but now that I think of it, I don't remember her changing the sheets in my room since I moved down the hall three months ago. No reason I can't handle putting on a clean pair of sheets*.

"Good. You'll have plenty of time between loads."



“Probably... I guess... Uhm, between loads?” *What’s she talking about now? Is she going to unlock me so I can shoot another load in the shower? I could get behind that idea.*

“Yes, John. The washer takes about forty-five minutes for each load. Shouldn’t take that long to re-make your bed. If you do that during the first load, you can hand-wash Mary’s undies while that load is in the dryer and a second load is in the wash. Oh, and I hope you don’t mind. There is a string bag with my underwear in the basket. I thought as long as you’re doing Mary’s...”

“Hand-wash? You think I do the laundry?” It finally came to me. I laughed. “Good one, Susan. Laundry is strictly Mary’s department. I wouldn’t even know which button to push.”

“It’s not that difficult, John. Surely you’ve done laundry before.”

“Nope, never have.” I leaned back in my chair, arms crossed, a grin on my face.

“Not even when you were in college before you married Mary? Surely you didn’t take everything to the cleaners. So, what did you do when you ran out of clean clothes to wear?”

“He brought them to me,” Mary said, “in a smelly old laundry bag. Or, he dumped them at his mother’s.”

“You’re kidding,” Susan said.

“Nope,” I said at the same time as Mary said, “True story.”

Susan looked back and forth at us in disbelief, then said, “Well, John, it’s time to learn a new skill. Why don’t you take care of the kitchen, then come get me and I’ll initiate you into the mysteries of loading and turning on a washing machine. Once you have that mastered, we’ll expand your training to include the dryer. You’ve gotta pull your weight if you’re living here.”

“Pull my weight,” I said, sitting up and losing the grin. “I’m already paying the mortgage and utility bills on this place. I’d say I am pulling more than my weight.”

“John,” Susan said, “those payments are part of the divorce settlement. You’d be covering those even if you lived somewhere else. They’re completely separate. You need to help more with the day-to-day tasks. Think of it as on-the-job training for when the divorce is final and you move out on your own.”

I argued. I quibbled. I pled ignorance. I claimed an old war wound. Never once used the phrase “women’s work” although it was front and center in my mind. Ultimately, after taking care of the kitchen—only fair, since Susan cooked and Mary was off doing... something—I found Susan in the living room and she showed me how to work the washer while I grumbled about this unjust burden under my breath.

I made my bed while the first load was washing, then Susan showed me how to work the dryer. Don’t know if you’ve taken a good look at today’s appliances. I hadn’t. There must be two dozen options you can select on our washer, and nearly that many for the dryer. I’d bet good money Mary hasn’t used more than two or three on either appliance since I bought them. I stuck to the basics.

When the first load was in the dryer and I’d started assembling the second for the washer, Susan rummaged through the laundry basket and pulled out Mary’s undies. She also lifted a string bag with a few more sets and put them all on the counter next to the sink in the laundry room.

“You need to hand wash these,” she said, showing me the mild detergent to use. “Don’t get Mary’s mixed up with mine. Oh, and while you’re at it, wash these too.” She pulled a couple packages off the shelf and dropped them in the pile. They contained new underwear. The wrappers had pictures of male body-builders flexing in their brightly colored G-strings.

“Whose are those?” I asked, dreading the answer.

“I bought them for you, John. Those boxers you wear let your chastity device swing in the breeze, and in your good pants, the outline is quite obvious. These will hold it up against you, eliminating that problem.”

“I’m not wearing those.”

“Sure you are, John. In fact, for giving me a hard time about the laundry, you get to model them for Mary and I. Wash them before you put them on, though. You never know what chemicals are used in their manufacture, and you wouldn’t want to have an allergic rash down there.”

I think that last was a snide reference to the excuse I tried to use to get out of wearing a chastity cage a couple days ago. I ignored it.

“Well, I’ll wash ‘em, but that doesn’t mean I’m going to wear ‘em.”

“We’ll see,” Susan said, with a knowing smile, and left me to my tasks.

I hand washed Mary’s bras and panties, and laid them out on a towel to dry. Handling them caused me to stiffen slightly down below. The connection between the clothing and where it was last worn was too close to ignore. It’s been more than three months since any part of me made contact with those parts of Mary, and there has been no one else in my life since that time, either.

When I opened the string bag and pulled out Susan’s intimate apparel, it got much worse. I had no idea that she wore such sexy underwear. They were the lacy, sheer styles you might see in the window of Victoria’s Secret, but with classier labels. Handling them—I didn’t fondle or sniff, honest—set my imagination going so that the reaction in my groin was damned uncomfortable. I closed my eyes and pictured Susan’s fine body filling out a particularly lacy black brassiere, but had to stop. It just drove home the fact that I was prevented from responding as a man does when subjected to that kind of teasing. Discomfort approached pain.

Susan came back to see how I was doing as the first load finished in the dryer. She coached me in what I should put on hangers and what I should fold. “If you hang up the shirts now, while they are still warm, they will be easier to iron, later.”

I opened my mouth to ask who was going to do the ironing, but caught myself before the question left my lips. That’s one of those questions that can be indiscernible from a volunteer statement. Susan’s almost certain response would be, “You, of course.” But by not asking, I did not force an answer. There was a chance, probably small, but a chance that I could duck out of learning that new skill.

While the second load was in the dryer, I opened the bags of male “underwear.” There were three... things in each package, and according to the labels, they were all my size, but I’d never seen anything with less actual material. A pocket handkerchief uses more cloth. One package was labelled “G-strings” while the other was “Thongs”. Out of the bag, they seemed little different. You wouldn’t ever catch me in any of them. Especially... After I dumped them on the counter, at the bottom of the pile, lay a... I had to put aside the ones on top, to uncover a bright red sissy thong. It had frilly ruffles

all around the waist band, like a little four-inch skirt, with a pouch in front and a single, narrow strap in the back that would lie deep in my ass crack. I looked over my shoulder to make sure neither Mary nor Susan was watching, then I slid it off the counter, balled it up in my fist, and buried it under some papers and dryer lint in the waste basket. I don't plan to wear any of these thongs, but this one I'm getting into a landfill as quickly as possible.

When the last load came out of the dryer, I carried all my clothes to my room and folded Mary's neatly in the laundry basket. I'd hung a couple of her blouses and slacks on a rack, and every flat surface in the laundry room was decorated with panties and male thongs laid on towels to dry. I'd kept Susan's separate from Mary's, but you could tell at a glance which was whose. Mary's, for the most part, were simple cotton undergarments, while Susan's were sexy, silk or satin, with lacey accents.

I carried the laundry basket into the kitchen, where the women were having lunch. "Where would you like me to put your clothes, Mary?" I said. By common agreement, I'm not allowed in what used to be our bedroom, unless invited. In the three plus months since we initiated the divorce process, I've not been invited.

"Just put it on the counter for now," Mary said. "I've made you a sandwich. Come join us."

I poured myself a glass of orange juice, collected a plate with a sandwich, chips and a pickle off of the counter and carried them to the table.

"How did it go," Susan asked, as I sat at the table, "any problems?"

"Nothing to it," I said.

"Good," Susan said. "The laundry will be your chore from now on. If you do it once a week, it shouldn't take you long."

"Oh, come on," I said. "Most of it was Mary's, and you don't even live here. I don't see why I should be the one who gets stuck with the laundry. How about if Mary does hers, and I'll take care of mine?"

"The problem with that plan," Susan said, "is that you will let your laundry accumulate until you have virtually nothing clean to wear, then try to dump it all back on Mary the way you've done all your life. No, you can contribute by doing the laundry, and you can do it

once a week so it stays manageable. You can pick the day, whatever works best for you, but set aside that time in your schedule each week. If you make it part of your weekly routine, you won't be as likely to forget or let it slide."

I was getting a little pissed off with Susan telling me what to do. "You're not my wife. You're not even my ex-wife. Hard to see how you've got any say about what I do to contribute. I contribute plenty without doing laundry. I'm not the washer woman around here." *Ouch*, I thought, *that was dangerously close to calling laundry "women's work," and that would be guaranteed to rile both women.*

They glared at me.

"When it comes to household chores, you've had a free ride your entire life," Mary said. "I am your Ex, and I say it's time for that to change. So, plan on doing laundry Saturday mornings. If you start it early enough, you should be done in time to plunk down on the couch and watch college sports the rest of the day, just like you've done every week for years."

"I knew it was a mistake, moving back in here," I muttered

"That bridge has been crossed already," Susan said, "in both directions. You're here now, and for the next couple months, it's here you'll stay. So, to make yourself useful, we expect you to help with chores around the house.

"I'll set up the ironing board for you, but first, I want to see how your new thongs fit you. Go strip to your birthday suit, put one on and come model it for us."

"No way! You've had your fun, making me wash them. I've no intention of wearing them just so you can humiliate me."

Susan lifted a bag off of the chair next to her and put it on the table. Turning to Mary, she said, "I stopped at that specialty store down on second and bought John some thongs. They'll help make his chastity cage less obvious through his pants. I also purchased this," she said, pulling a leather strap from the bag. It was sixteen inches long, three inches wide, with a five-inch wooden handle. "I thought if John makes it necessary, we could add to your collection of candid videos of him receiving correction." Susan shifted her gaze to

me as she said those last few words. Both women were looking at me now.

“This isn’t fair,” I said. I knew what videos Susan was referring to, and the threats they’d made to share them with my secretary and Mary’s mother. Other names were on their distribution list, but those two alone were enough to destroy my reputation at work and throughout the community.

Silence reigned for a minute, both women peering at me, waiting to see my reaction.

Defeated by a superior argument, I muttered, “Shit,” and got up from the table.

Back in the laundry room, I took off my shoes, pants and boxers. I picked the thong that had the most coverage and put it on, tucking my package into the pouch. It was still damp and cold against my skin. I was not tumescent to begin with, and the cold shrank me further. I pulled my shirt down to cover as much as possible, and walked back into the kitchen.

As I came into the room, Mary looked startled, and she put her hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle.

“Very nice, John,” Susan said. “Now take off your shirt so we can get the full effect.”

I glanced at the leather strap laying on the table and reluctantly did as I was told. My hands wanted to cover up the little bit of cover provided by the navy-blue thong, but I fought them to my sides.

“Nice. Turn,” Susan directed, raising her index finger and revolving it.

I wore jock straps when I was in high school sports. This was similar, though on the skimpy side, with two stretchy bands of material across my ass cheeks. I turned to give them a good look, a blush spreading across my face. I’m neither an extrovert nor an exhibitionist. In fact, I’m about as far removed from those as a person can be. But it sure seemed I’d found myself on display for these two women way more than was reasonable. This was really embarrassing.

“Very nice,” Susan said. “Let’s see the next one.”

I could hear the women talking and laughing as I returned to the laundry room to put on the next least revealing bits of cloth.

Susan forced me through the entire collection, with Mary growing less inhibited with her laughter and comments as the fashion show progressed. The fifth thong was nothing but a little pouch that barely contained the chastity device suspended by two thin straps in the front and one running up the crack of my ass to a narrow waist band. It was a light maroon in color, not quite pink. Mary really loved this one. I was just glad the show was over and looked forward to putting my pants back on.

“That’s it,” I said. “I’m glad you two enjoyed yourselves.” I turned to go back to my pants in the laundry room.

“Wait,” Susan said. “That’s only five. I bought you two packs of three each. Where is the sixth one?”

“One pack must have been short one,” I lied. “That’s all, so I think I’ll get dressed now. You two have had your fun.”

“Stand right there,” Susan ordered. “Do not move from that spot.” She got up from the table and strode past me into the laundry room.

A minute later, Susan came back holding the sissy thong I’d buried in the trash. Stray tufts of drier lint decorated the ruffled waist band. “You seem to have missed this one,” she said. “Put it on. You can wash it after you finish your ironing.”

Susan was standing over me and Mary was watching, accusingly, from her chair at the table. I was busted. I shook most of the lint off of the ruffles, changed out of the tiny maroon pouch and into the sissy thong.

“You’ve been warned about lying, John,” Susan said. “Bend over the table.”

I only paused for a moment. I could think of nothing to say that would likely help in this situation. So, I bent over the table as Susan lifted up her strap.

“You might want to use your phone to capture this for posterity, Mary,” Susan said.

“Good idea.”

Susan got into position and said, “Ready?” Not sure if she was asking me or Mary. If me, I was ready and willing to call the whole thing off. Then... WHAP!! I guess she wasn’t asking me.

“Oww! Fuck!” I yelled and stood up, my hands flying to my backside. That really burned.

“Yes,” Susan said, “this will do nicely. Language, John, and get back in position.”

Susan gave me a good dozen hard swipes with that strap. By the time she was done, my ass glowed as red as the sissy thong I wore. She didn’t make me stand in the corner. Instead, she set up the ironing board, taught me how to use the iron, and set me to work ironing Mary’s blouses and slack and my shirts and pants.

My back was to the women who sat at the kitchen table discussing my deportment and admiring the results of Susan’s corrective action. Based on their observations, the color of my ass matched the red of the sissy thong. Which, plus a pair of white socks, wall all I was allowed to wear.

Mary and Susan—mostly Susan—assigned laundry duty to me, Sundays. I pointed out how unreasonable that was since I: A) Knew nothing about doing laundry; I’d never in my life had to do it, and 2) I’m already paying the rent and utilities and shouldn’t have to do women’s work on top of that.

So... when the panties, bras and thongs I hand washed were dry, and I’d done the ironing to the ladies’ satisfaction, I folded and stacked the women’s underwear on a towel in the laundry room. I gathered the men’s thong underwear Susan bought for me and took them to my bedroom with the clear intention of burying them at the bottom of my underwear drawer, never to see the light of day again. When I opened the drawer in which I keep my boxers and briefs, I found it empty. *Damn Susan*, I thought. For it could be no one but her.

Mary is my ex-wife. Ex in the sense that we are half way through the post-filing waiting period. Susan is Mary’s best friend, going all the way back to their first days in school together. Each girl was all but adopted by the other’s family. They were a mis-matched pair in some ways. Mary is cute, petite with the smiling face of a pixie, while Susan is tall and athletic—a couple inches taller than me—



with an impressive figure, but way too smart for a girl, and with an unnatural take-charge attitude. Lately, she's all but moved into our home, and she's made me her personal project, preparing me for life once Mary and my divorce is final.

During our twelve years of marriage, Mary never asked me to do the laundry, never tried to boss me around, never expected me to do any of the women's work around the house. I took care of the lawn in the summer and shoveled the walks in the winter. I worked in my shop in the garage and performed whatever manly chores arose. My weekends were primarily devoted to unwinding and relaxing after a long week of bringing home the bacon, as they used to say.

So... WHAT THE *FUCK* HAPPENED?!!

These thoughts were dancing through my mind as I drove home from work Friday night. My work week was like any other, except, of course, for the ever-present feel of the titanium chastity cage between my legs. For the first few hours this morning, it felt strange to have a strip of cloth up the crack of my ass, resting against my A-hole, but that awareness of the thong fades as my body gets accustomed to its presence. There's no getting accustomed to the cage, though. I find my thoughts consumed with the sexual releases I'm not getting. I haven't been with a woman for months, but I've always worked around that lack with my trusty right fist. No longer possible.

The women in the office are looking more and more attractive to me as the weeks go by. Even old Mrs. Flooger, in Admin, is starting to catch my eye as she walks by my cubicle in those overstuffed britches she wears. Even though she's probably in her fifties and about that same number of pounds over her ideal weight.

And then there're Fridays. Fridays have changed from TGIF to WTFIN (What The Fuck Is Next?). Susan has mandated that I must come straight home from the office on Fridays. I never used to delay my commute on Friday evenings. I looked forward to getting home, putting the work week behind me, and just crashing on the couch until Mary had dinner ready. Then Susan decided to make Friday evening "Review and Repentance" night. That's what she calls stripping me to my jock strap, berating me for my "excessively macho" attitudes and actions, putting me over her knee and

spanking me with hand, hairbrush or strap until I'm kicking and squealing like a little girl.

I was sent off to work this morning in my maroon thong. (Mary calls it "pink" but it's definitely maroon.) I don't even get to pick the underwear I wear any more. Each morning, either Mary or Susan decides on the humiliating, tiny scrap of material I get to wear beneath my regular clothes to support my chastity cage. Susan has been adding to my collection, and most of the new additions are decidedly feminizing. She orders these lacy male thongs from Amazon, of all places. And using *my* account!

Susan has been sleeping in our second guest bedroom more often these days. I think it's mostly so she can embarrass me in the morning by checking to see I don't get out of the house wearing anything other than the prescribed thong or G-string of the day. When I'm ready to leave for work, I'm required to put down my briefcase and lower my pants for inspection before entering the garage to get in my car. And it's not just a frontal view. The women also check the back to make sure that the strings of material in the back are straight and even. If it's a single string, it must go straight up the crack of my ass with no little jog at the top to indicate the waist band is out of position. Some have two straps, and those must be evenly spaced to frame my cheeks. In either case, if I fail inspection, one of the women will make me stand there while she adjusts the straps and gives my bare ass a couple good slaps. It's humiliating, and visual media of the routine is taken on Mary's cell phone and added to the mounting collection of video blackmail the women hold over my head.

I'm driving home this evening filled with trepidation. I'm not running late, at least I hoped I'm not too late. Traffic can be a bitch on Fridays. Last Friday, I stalled. I stopped at a neighborhood bar and spent a couple hours nursing a few beers, trying to work up the courage to go home. That did not end well. Susan's Review and Repentance session was ghastly. She started it as usual, making me strip to my thong in front of her and Mary, then took me over her lap. There was actually less scolding than usual. She just said, "You're late and you didn't have the courtesy to call," then started right in with Mary's hairbrush.

There was no usual hand-spanking warmup that Friday night. Each slap of that brush was hard, right from the start. The first took my

breath away. It wasn't until the third stinging spank that I managed a yelp in pain. Then gasps and cries, struggling and kicking, for a solid seven minutes. All of my spankings from Susan are hard; this was agonizing, and it seemed like it would never stop—an unending rain of lightning strikes to my naked ass.

When I collapsed in exhaustion, Susan stopped and stood, dumping me to the floor. I wanted to lie there, immersed in my misery, but Susan pulled me to my feet and marched me to the nearest corner.

“Learn now, boy,” she hissed, “to never disrespect Mary and I again.”

I was left to stand there in tears, my blazing backside on display, while Mary and Susan ate dinner. When they were done, I was allowed to use the bathroom, then sent to bed.

That was the fourth Friday after my world changed, and things have escalated ever since. I did not sleep well that night, so was not up at my usual time in the morning. In fact, I had just about decided to stay in bed Saturday, when there was a knock on my bedroom door and Susan strode in.

“Good morning, sleepyhead,” she said in a bright, cheerful manner. “Come on, up and at ‘em. You’re burning daylight. Mary and I are in the mood for a stack of your special pancakes.”

She crossed the room to my dresser and chose a thong for me from my drawer. “Take a quick shower. You look a right mess. And put this on.” ‘This’ was a red, lacy, mostly transparent number that enclosed my imprisoned package and had a narrow strip of material up the back. It hid nothing. “You won’t need anything else, it’s a warm morning.”

“Could you please unlock my cage so I can wash that area?” I asked. I’d come to treasure my weekly, soapy wank in the shower.

“Not this morning. I think you can clean yourself adequately with it on. Don’t forget to shave. Hurry up, now, we’re hungry.” She strode out of my room before I could press my case further. A week without satisfaction was still a trial for me, but now it looked like it was going to be extended.

I worked my way out of bed without sitting on the edge first—I was still sore and a little bruised from the previous night’s

“Repentance”—headed to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I really was a mess, both front and back. Washing my face had not occurred to me the night before, and there were signs of residue from both my eyes and my nose. A warm shower felt good, and served to work out the kinks, with the major exception of the kink in my damned chastity cage. My cock tried to straighten and expand, looking forward to the weekly thrust into my soapy hand, and it did not understand why it was prevented. The cage tugged against my balls, causing them to ache, which was as far as things got that morning.

I shaved quickly and cut the shower short—there was no reason to prolong the frustration—toweled off and put on the thong as directed. I considered wrapping a towel around my waist as well, but decided that was probably a violation of Susan’s directions. A tiny, lacy thong is not my usual Saturday attire, at least not without a pair of jeans over the top, but, what the hell, both women have seen me in less. An interesting thought occurred at that point. ‘Less’ would have been less humiliating than the femie ‘more’ I was told to wear.

I finally walked out to the kitchen, where the women were seated at the table, enjoying their morning coffee.

“There he is,” Susan said. “Good morning, John. You look much better. Turn for me.”

That has become a common command from Susan. I turned around to face away from her.

“There’s a little bruising from last night,” she said, “but it should clear up in a couple days. Here, let me help you with this.” She had come up behind me and reached around to put me in one of Mary’s aprons. It was a short, fairly unisex apron that tied in back at the waist. “We’ve staged the ingredients for your pancakes on the counter, and we’d also like some bacon. You don’t want to get any grease spatters on those lovely panties.”

“They’re not panties,” I protested through clenched teeth. I could feel my face turn red. I knew the thong I wore might as well be classified as panties. The lace material it is made from could certainly be used to make women’s panties. But still, it was the principle of the thing. I am not into cross-dressing.

“No, of course they’re not. I don’t know why I said that. But still, you would not want to get bacon grease on them. That would make them much more difficult to get clean when you hand wash them tomorrow.”

Sunday after church is when I do the laundry each week. Part of that weekly chore involves hand washing Mary and Susan’s underthings, as well as the skimpy thongs and G-strings I’m now forced to wear.

I mumbled a, “Thank you,” for Susan’s help with the apron, then set to frying bacon and making pancakes. I ignored the conversation going on behind me and tried not to think about the way my butt was framed by the apron and thong for the women’s viewing pleasure.

After breakfast, I cleaned up the kitchen, looking forward to going back to my room to finish dressing. Then, I planned on taking my usual Saturday place on the couch in front of the flatscreen, tuned to college sports. The women were still at the kitchen table, talking quietly. Mary occasionally emitted a little giggle. I tried to convince myself that it had nothing to do with me. Right.

I just put the pan in the rack to dry when Susan asked, “About done there, John?”

“Yes,” I said, “that’s the last of it.”

“Good. I want to show you what I got for you.”

I turned from the sink with great trepidation. Susan’s words could not be leading to anything good.

“Oh,” she said, “you can take off that apron and hang it up in the pantry. I’ll wait.”

I did as directed, surprisingly missing the additional cover the apron provided. This apron is “fairly unisex” but it is not the sort that a man would wear when barbecuing. Still, it was better than the thong it partially concealed.

Returning from the pantry, I approached the women.

“We’ve been thinking, John,” Susan began, “and have decided that your talents are still underutilized around the house. The fact that you are doing the laundry on Sundays is great, but your Saturdays seem mostly wasted. I’ve talked to Mary, and she suggested that perhaps you might want to take on the vacuuming as well.”

I opened my mouth to object. What do I know about vacuuming carpets? The short answer is: nothing, zilch, nada. But before I could make this simple fact known, Susan continued.

“Of course, I told Mary that sounds like a really great idea. There is not a doubt in my mind that John would love to take on the vacuuming. Much of this house is carpeted, there is a great deal of vacuuming that might be done, and if it was done weekly... Well, that’s just a marvelous idea. And John, I’m sure you agree it would be a much better use of your Saturdays.”

They were both smiling up at me as though they had just granted me a wonderful reward. Susan seemed to have given me the opportunity to respond, so I jumped in and said, “That’s great, Susan, but Saturday is when I catch up on my sports shows. And besides, I know absolutely nothing about vacuuming.”

“I thought you might say that, John, especially after I asked Mary and learned that you always had her clean your apartment before the two of you got married. But I think you’re being overly modest. If you give this some thought, you’ll have to agree that you are more than up to this task. I mean, you mastered the washer and dryer in one afternoon, and a vacuum cleaner has far fewer knobs and buttons than does your washing machine.

“Now, I know you are a little embarrassed wearing just your sissy thong, the one with all the ruffles, when you do the laundry, so I thought the thong you have on now would be better while you are vacuuming the rugs. The only problem then, is that your slippers just don’t go with your thong. Stylistically, they kind of clash, if you know what I mean. So, I asked myself, what can be done to eliminate this problem?”

*Add jeans and a t-shirt?* I thought.

“Mary and I brainstormed this problem,” Susan continued, “and we came up with the perfect solution.” Susan lifted a shoebox off the seat of the chair next to her and placed it on the table in front of me.

I peered at this box, knowing that I was not going to like the solution that Susan and Mary “brainstormed” for me.

“Go ahead, open it.”

I slid the box closer and carefully lifted the lid as though there might be an asp inside waiting to strike. There was a layer of tissue, but it did not obscure what lay below. I folded the paper back to reveal a pair of red patent leather women's pumps with sensible 1-1/2-inch heels. "Oh, please," I groaned.

Susan smiled and said, "I think your beautiful new shoes have you confused, John. I'm sure that what you meant to say was, 'Oh, thank you.' You're welcome. Go ahead, try them on."

I glanced at Mary, then back to Susan. They both wore the same encouraging smile. It was not the kind of smile they might wear if they were joking. I'd been learning that when it comes to telling me what to do and how to do it, neither lady has much of a sense of humor. At least not in the sense that they do not mean what they say.

I hesitantly lifted one of the shoes from the box.

"Oh, I almost forgot," Susan said, lifting a small package off of the seat of the same chair. "You can't wear shoes like that without stockings, so put these on first." She handed me a pack of knee-high, sheer red stockings.

I stood there, pondering all the reasons why I did not want to do this, then considered all the likely consequences if I chose to refuse. I sighed, pulled out a chair, kicked off my slippers, sat and began to pull on the stockings.

"Not like that, John," Susan said. "You'd think you've never worn stockings in your life. Gather them up so you can slide your toes in, then ease the material up your leg. There, that's better. Do you have them straight? Are they comfortable? I'm sure you see now why you needed to shave the stubble this morning. Okay, now slide your feet into your nice, shiny new shoes."

The shoes fit perfectly. Susan had obviously gone to some trouble to get my size. When I stood, the sensible heels almost pitched me over on my face, but I quickly adjusted.

"Walk across the room and back, John. Let's see how they look. No, not like that. Take short steps. Put one foot in front of the other. There, I think you've got it. And stylistically, they're perfect! I knew you'd just love them.

“I’m sure you know where the vacuum is. Start in the living room and just work your way through the house. Let me know if you have any questions. I’m here to help. I’ll check on your work in a little while to make sure you don’t miss any spots. You’re learning very useful skills, John. Just think how self-reliant you’ll be once your divorce is final and you are out in the world all by your lonesome. Now, off you go.”

So, off I went in my lacy red thong, sheer red knee-highs and red patent leather pumps with the sensible heels.

That was last week. As I pulled into the garage this week, I was deep into WTFIN anxiety. I parked the car, commanded the garage door down, got out of the car and entered the kitchen.

“Oh, John,” Susan said, “welcome home. Go ahead and strip down. I went on Amazon and bought you two presents, and tonight, you get to choose between them. Won’t that be fun?”

*I doubt it*, I thought, but kept my mouth shut as I stripped down to the maroon thong. As I started to approach the kitchen table where Mary and Susan were seated, I suddenly stopped and stared. There on the table was a shiny new paddle drilled through with a double row of holes, and next to it was an equally shiny, fat, black butt plug. *Ah SHIT!*

“You’ve got real talent as a video editor. It’s almost a shame John is so compliant. I’d love to see your mother’s reaction to this video.”

“Thanks, Suze,” Mary said. “It’s been fun. There is so much great material to draw from. I’ve kept it down to six minutes so that it covers the spectrum of events so far without too much repetition of scenes. We should have at least ten solid minutes to put up on the flat screen in a video loop by the time the divorce is final. I’m sure mother will be here for the party.”

Mary and I were at the kitchen table Friday evening, watching video of Mary’s almost-officially EX-husband John on her laptop. The video showed John being spanked, kicking and crying over my knee, spending time in the corner with a bright red ass, ironing Mary’s blouses while wearing only his sissy G-string, vacuuming the carpet in the bedroom in a lacy thong, knee-high stockings and heels, and modelling all of his new, lacy and frilly G-strings and thongs. Mary had well over an hour of footage, but distilled it down to five



minutes, fifty-eight seconds. And not just the video, but also audio of John asking to be spanked and submissively taking directions for the execution of his wifely chores.

“So, I see you did some shopping,” Mary said, indicating the box I’d brought in. “What did you get this time? It can’t be anything John is going to like.”

“Well, you know how I’ve always said there are five significant milestones in the life of a submissive male. John has already achieved the first three, namely:

1. Being put into chastity;
2. Accepting the right of a dominant woman to spank him, and
3. His acceptance of wearing panties.

“Of course, his ‘panties’ are labelled in the package as *male* thongs and G-strings, but the ones I’ve chosen for him are no less feminine than any of the panties you or I wear. Actually, more feminine than anything in your panty drawer. And subconsciously, at least, he knows it.

“So, the fourth milestone is his first pegging. To that end...”

I upended an Amazon box onto the table in front of Mary. With a loud clatter, the contents were revealed.

“Ooh,” Mary exclaimed, “nice paddle. And what? Oh my god! A butt plug? Don’t you think that one is a little large? I mean, as far as I know, John has never had so much as a finger up his ass. That butt plug is nearly the size of a... an avocado. And pretty near the same color too.”

“Well, I see no reason to start small. I want him ready to take a really big cock for his first pegging. Not a ten-inch monster, but certainly not a little five-inch pencil dick. To make this next milestone significant, it should be marked with a fucking up his ass with a significant cock. I’d love to see John take a real man’s cock up his little boi pussy, but that is a milestone down a wholly different path.”

Mary used a finger to turn two plastic bottles so she could read the labels. “Astroglide and, um, Toy Life Foaming Toy Cleanser,” she read and giggled. Then she lifted and hefted the paddle. “And this? How does this paddle fit into your devious schemes?”

“That is what is commonly called a Spencer paddle. You can deliver some serious punishment with that baby, and it looks the part. I thought I’d make things a little more interesting for John this week. I’m going to let him choose between the paddle and the plug. Of course, in the long run, the choice is meaningless. He’ll eventually experience both toys no matter which one he chooses tonight.”

“Those are both pretty scary. How can you be certain he will pick either one? He may bolt back out the door when he sees them.”

“No, he won’t.” I pointed to Mary’s laptop, which was still playing the loop she put together. “We’ve got six minutes of video that he will do anything to keep from going viral. Plus, it has been two weeks since I let John out of chastity. For a beginner, that is a very long time. He won’t want to jeopardize a possible release this weekend.”

“So, are you going to let him play with himself in the shower this week?” Mary said.

“We’ll see. Probably not, but you never know. At least he never knows. That’s part of the fun. Or, part of the frustration, depending on whether you are the key holder or the cage wearer.” I had to laugh at my own cleverness, and Mary joined in. “I doubt John would find this funny if he were here, the poor boy,” I said. That added to our merriment.

We heard the sound of the garage door opening, which signaled John’s arrival home. I put the lube and cleaner back in the box and placed it under the table on the chair next to me. No sense in adding to the poor boy’s confusion. Mary stopped the video on her laptop, and I arranged the paddle and plug, so they made a nice tableau for John’s selection. I covered them with a dish towel so he would not see them until I was ready to present him with his dilemma for the week.

When John came in the door, I said in a cheery voice, “Oh, John, welcome home. Go ahead and strip down.” John must always strip to his panties when he comes home from work, especially on Fridays when I conduct what I like to call his “Review and Repentance” sessions.

“I went on Amazon and bought you two presents, and tonight, you get to choose between them. Won’t that be fun?”

While John was occupied in removing clothing near the garage door, I removed the cloth cover over the paddle and plug. Down to his pink thong, John folded his clothing neatly and placed it on the counter, then turned towards us at the table.

I detected his nervousness as he first came through the door. It's to be expected. Being taken over my knee each Friday has to place a pall over his TGIF relief from the end of the work week. The moment when he saw what was on the table waiting for him was a classic. He stopped in mid stride, and you could see the shock and consternation written on his face.

He stared in silence for a moment, then said, "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

"Language, John, dear," Mary said.

"No, we're not kidding," I said. "These are two toys I bought for you, and you get to choose which one you'll experience first. Of course, either will be applied with loving care, but I thought it would be even more special for you to have the choice."

He was sweating and tongue tied. The tension was delicious. I could hardly wait to hear what he said next. Would he choose? Would he argue? Probably argue. That would be the most fun. There are times when I hate to put up with his childish arguments, but at other times, his protestations add to the delight of the scene.

"You have got to be fu... kidding me," he repeated. "I'm not going to choose either one. It's about time I called a halt to this whole thing. You two have gotten way out of hand."

He started toward his clothing, clearly planning to leave. I nodded to Mary, and she depressed a key on her laptop and turned it so John could see the screen when he faced this way again. The video began to play, and the audio was quite distinct: "Please, Susan, please give me my first spanking, bare-bottomed, over your knee."

It was like we'd struck him in the back of the head with a baseball bat. He stopped so quickly he almost fell over. He turned back to us with horror on his face.

"Mary has been compiling and editing the video she's recorded of you in recent weeks. I'm really impressed with the quality of her

work. What do you think? I understand she has it all queued up in the cloud ready to be shared.”

The poor boy was almost in tears. “You can’t,” he said.

“Don’t be silly. It’s the easiest thing in the world. You just upload the video and set it for distribution to whatever list of people you like, and select a time of release. Then, if you don’t log on with your user name and password and bump the release date further out, presto, the video appears in everyone’s in-basket. It’s almost like magic.”

I let my words sink in while John watched himself, red faced, wearing nothing but his titanium cage, lower himself over my knee. As the first loud hand spank landed, I raised my hand to Mary, and she muted the playback. I suspect John was picturing his mother-in-law viewing the video with evil delight.

“So, John, what’s it to be? Would you rather feel your brand-new Spencer paddle blistering your ass, or the loving intrusion of Mr. Butt Plug? Oh, and don’t concern yourself. I bought plenty of lubricant to ease his way.”

John’s eyes focused back and forth between the paddle and the butt plug, beads of sweat forming on his brow. I glanced down to his cage, not concealed at all by the bit of pink material in his thong. Was it sticking out a little more than normal? Was his cock trying to erect? I wasn’t certain, but it did appear so. I had to smile with satisfaction. Despite his protests, I think the boy is getting into these kinky little games. Of course, two weeks of chastity could be a factor.

“Please, can’t we...” John started.

“Pick one, John, or by default, pick them both.”

He seemed struck dumb, but pointed to the butt plug.

“Sorry, John, I didn’t hear you. Which of my presents are you happier to receive? Be explicit please, and, of course, be polite.”

While Mary’s muted video continued to play on her laptop, she was also recording additional footage with her phone. I was hoping for something useful from this interchange.

“I, I’d like to have the butt plug, please,” John said.

*Bingo!* I thought. “I’m pleased to hear you say that, John. Now, what would you like me to do with your selection?”

“Do I have to?” John pleaded.

“I’m afraid so, dear. And remember, be polite and sincere.”

“P, please could you use plenty of lube and p-push the... my butt plug up wh-where it, it goes.”

“I’d be happy to, John,” I said, stood and turned my chair out from the table. “But first, let’s get your weekly Review and Repentance out of the way. Then we can have a nice dinner.” I spread my legs and patted my left thigh.

“But I thought...”

“You thought I was not going to spank you this week? Don’t be silly. You need these maintenance sessions to keep you on an even keel. I only said I would not use your new Spencer paddle this evening if you chose the butt plug. Now, over you go.”

Once he was in position, I started with, “You’ve been a good boy this week, John. I’m proud of you, mostly.” I proceeded to mention a few shortcomings I’d noticed in his attitude, the adjustment of his panties in the morning, the performance of his chores, etc. From there, I delivered a good warmup with my hand, followed by a dozen or so stinging swats with Mary’s hairbrush. It was briefer than usual. I did not want the severity of this session to overshadow John’s trepidation about the coming plugging.

John stood in the corner while Mary gave our dinner the necessary final touches and I set the table. I put the paddle back into the Amazon box, and slid the butt plug to the far end of the table across from where John would sit.

We ate a pleasant meal, no one mentioning the butt plug lying in wait on the table. After dinner, John cleared the table and did the dishes in his thong and a pinafore style apron I chose for him. He was accumulating a nice selection of aprons, none of which might be called “manly”, but only two really frilly, girly full skirt pinafores. I put him in one of these to set the stage in his mind for the penetration to come.

When John was done with the kitchen and hung up his girly apron, I said, “John, dear, why don’t you go take your shower now. Report

back to me when you are all clean and dry. Don't bother putting on one of your thongs."

"Could you please unlock my cage now, Susan? It has been two weeks, and I really should remove it for cleaning."

"Let me see. Pull down your pink panties."

"They're maroon, and they are not panties," John grumbled, while slipping them down to reveal the cage.

"Of course, they're not. I don't know what I was thinking," I said as I took his package in hand and examined it from all sides. "You seem to be holding up well in your little cage. I don't think we need to remove it tonight. Do the best you can in the shower, and dry yourself well. It will be fine for a few more days. You should probably shave around it again, though. Might as well touch up your legs too, while you're at it."

John did not push it—which was a good choice, given his circumstances—but picked up his clothes from the counter and headed toward his room.

When John returned, nude and all clean and dry, Mary and I were in the family room watching a movie on the flat screen. John stood to the side, fidgeting, and obviously not wanting to hurry the feared proceedings.

After several minutes, I took pity on the boy and said, "Oh, John, you look all nice and clean. Why don't you join us, or you can go play on your computer. I'm not in the mood to introduce your new friend tonight. Let's let it wait until morning. You can fix us all pancakes for breakfast, then perhaps I'll be in the mood." I saw no reason to eliminate his suspense too quickly.

John stood there for a minute, then mumbled, "Okay," then wandered off to his computer. I wondered if he would torture himself with a little porn before going to bed.

I slept that night in Mary's guest bedroom. We did not want John to see me coming out of the master bedroom in the morning. He might jump to the right conclusions. When I rose, I smelled the coffee brewing and the bacon frying. No two scents are more welcoming in the morning. John was mixing pancake batter when I entered the kitchen. He was wearing the most butch of his aprons.

“Smells wonderful,” I said. “Thanks for making coffee.”

“You bet,” he said and smiled. He seems to be very comfortable these days working in the kitchen. I’ll have to talk to Mary about getting him involved in meal planning and cooking dinner once or twice a week.

Mary joined us shortly thereafter, and John poured the pancake batter onto the griddle. We enjoyed a very nice breakfast, and I volunteered to clean up the kitchen when we were done. “While I take care of this, John, why don’t you go get dressed for your vacuuming.”

“Yes, Susan,” he said, and turned toward his room.

Mary and I did not have long to wait for John to come back down the stairs wearing his red, lacy thong, sheer red knee-high stockings, and red patent leather shoes with the inch-and-a-half heels. He seemed to have no trouble walking in the heels. I’d insisted he put one foot in front of the other, and take short steps, and that did the trick. It also gave his hips a nice sway when he was not consciously working to avoid it.

I had taken the butt plug from its package and placed it and the lube ready on the kitchen table for his return.

“You look very nice this morning,” I said.

“Yes, you do,” Mary said. “I love seeing you in your stockings and heels. Red is definitely your color.”

“Thanks,” John said, his face competing with the red of his thong.

“Here,” I said, rising from the table and handing a bag to John, “I bought you one more thing to wear while you vacuum.”

John looked into the bag like he expected it to contain a deadly scorpion, then pulled out the bright red crop top I bought for him. It had flecks of bling woven in that reflected light across the spectrum. Very fancy. I say, “I bought,” which is true in the sense I initiated the transaction, but of course I used John’s Amazon account. He pays for all these purchases. Which is fair, since he gets to keep them, and he can easily afford them.

John put on the top, which fit loosely around his chest and was short enough to show off his midriff.

“I like it,” I said, “but you need to work on your six-pack. You’re not exactly fat, but you could use a little more definition. We’ll have to look toward your fitness if you are going to wear clothes like those.”

John blushed.

“Okay, now for the big moment. Come lay over my lap.”

John didn’t move, looking at my lap and at the butt plug on the table.

“Come, come, I’m not going to spank you. I’m just going to insert Mr. Butt Plug like you asked me to last night.”

Mary surreptitiously transitioned into her camera-person mode, catching every nuance on her phone.

“Do I have to?” John said.

“Of course, John. In fact, since you seem to have forgotten, why don’t you ask for it again, all nice and explicit and polite like you did last night. Say something like: ‘Susan, would you please put plenty of lubricant in me and on my nice new butt plug, and thrust it well up my ass, please. I can’t wait to feel it stretching out my back door.’ Well, you get the idea. So, say something nice like that, so I will actually use lubricant on your new toy and not force it in dry.” Mary would edit out the threat and make my coaching sound all friendly and motherly.

John sighed, then said, “Please, Susan, could you please use plenty of lubricant and insert my, my butt plug up my, my butt.”

“Why yes, John. I’d be happy to. Lay yourself over my knee, dear.”

John got into position. I pushed the material of his thong out of the way and squirted some lube on his anus. I worked it in with one finger, applied more lube and inserted a second finger. John’s opening was clenching and relaxing in a rapid flutter around my fingers. I knew he was trying to relax, but the anal intrusion was new to him and his body did not know how to respond.

“That’s a good boy,” I said. “Just relax. It will be more enjoyable if you let me open you up some first.” I forced in a third finger, and he groaned.

“I know you’ve been missing out on penetrative sex, John. Mary tells me that even before you two filed for divorce, sex was not



frequent between you. She thinks you got most of your relief in the form of self-abuse rather than taking care of her.” I continued to work him, twisting and spreading my fingers. “Of course, those days are behind you. So, this may mark a whole new beginning of sexual pleasure for you.” I withdrew my fingers and gave him a good smack.

I picked up the butt plug, greased it up well with the Astroglide and presented it to his opening. He immediately clenched. I held it against him with a steady pressure. “Relax, now, John. Just like you did for my fingers. You can’t enjoy it if you don’t cooperate.”

“I, I can’t,” John moaned and kept his anus closed.

I waited, maintaining an easy but insistent force. He could not resist indefinitely. Unless a man, or a woman, does frequent Kegel exercises, the muscles around the anus tire quickly. I could feel him giving way, and the tip of the plug started to disappear. I eased it slowly, not wanting to hurt him... too much.

As the plug entered and the increasing girth began to stretch John’s anus to the extent of my three fingers and beyond, John became frantic.

“It’s too big. It hurts! Take it out! Please, Susan, ma’am, please take it out. I can’t... Argh!”

The plug slid home. I did not want to play games with this first insertion. I just wanted him to experience the full feeling of having something artificial up his ass, pressing against his prostate, and accustom his body to the girth. We will have plenty of opportunity for fun and games in the future.

“There. All done. How does it feel?”

“It hurts. I hate it. Take it out. Please take it out.”

“No, it’s too soon. If I take it out now, before your body has fully adjusted, it will just hurt you again like it did going in. We don’t want that.

“You can get up now,” I said as I arranged the strap of his thong across the base of the plug. The way it necked down toward the base, there was no way that puppy was coming out on its own.

“Go do your vacuuming, dear. I’ll be checking your work, so don’t let your new little toy distract you too much, or mommy will have to spank.”

John struggled off my lap, and with head down, ass clenched about its intruder, he walked off in his sexy red thong and his heels to get the vacuum. His sway was even more tantalizing than before, and it was emphasized by the swing of the hem of his crop top. I was definitely going to keep this as part of his weekly routine.

*I hate this, I thought. I hate running for exercise. Where are all those endorphins they talk about, or those endocannabinoids [It’s a real thing; I looked it up. Your body actually produces biochemical substances similar to cannabis when you exercise.], or whatever. I’ve started running programs before, but I’ve never gotten any emotional lift from them. I just hate running. Hell, I hate exercise in general, but running is so blasted boring. At least on a treadmill, which is even more boring, I can read a book. But will they let me use the treadmill? Nooo.*

Susan signed me up with a Personal Trainer at a local gym. They have an inside running track up on the balcony. So, I “need not worry about rain, snow or ice interfering with my conditioning.” In truth, I wouldn’t mind a little interference if it meant I could occasionally get out of running. Maggy—that’s the name she goes by—is nice enough as PTs go. She’s also about eighteen, wears her hair in a long ponytail, and is in fabulous condition, so very nice to look at. That’s the upside. The downside is that it’s almost like being in the Army.

Reveille, in the form of my alarm clock, sounds at 0530 so I can be up, dressed, eat a small serving of instant oatmeal, take my pills and be at the gym by 0615. I report to Maggy in my exercise shorts and t-shirt no later than 0620. On Fridays, she has me weigh in so she can track my progress. She leads me through some stretches, then sends me up on the track.

I run a mile and a half, which I must complete in less than twelve minutes. I know, pretty pathetic, but I haven’t run since high school. For some strange reason back then, I decided to go out for cross-country. That lasted about a week and ended with shin splints you wouldn’t believe. So, even in high school, I did not do much running.

Anyway, after my run, we stretch again and walk a little to cool down, then its “core” exercises. As much as I hate running, I think I hate these more. Maggy varies them from day to day, but they are things like sit-ups, crunches, leg lifts, planks, and a variety of contortions involving a large inflated ball. Basically, all those painful movements that stress the muscles about your trunk. Form is important in these exercises, so Maggy pushes and prods me into the correct posture. On the first morning, her hand “accidentally” brushed against my groin. I’m sure she felt my chastity cage, and she did give a little nod, but didn’t say anything.

Susan’s request to Maggy was that she get me down to a healthier weight with more definition to my six-pack. She also wanted Maggy to work on my pecs, but not so much my arms. “I don’t want him looking like an over pumped gorilla,” she’d said. At home, Susan has me wearing these brightly colored, loose fitting crop tops that don’t cover my midriff. She thinks there is too much flab about my middle and not enough bulk in my chest, making these tops less attractive on me. My suggested solution was I wear longer shirts. That way, no one need concern themselves with my middle. Susan’s solution was Maggy.

I’m done by about 0730, after which I shower (quickly and hoping no one else is in the shower to see my cock cage) and dress for work. I’m usually at work by 0830, where I start what used to be the first real activity of the day. Occasionally, I’m a little late, because I like to stop at the House of Pancakes on the way.

Susan is really into the whole health thing, which I’ve mostly ignored all my life. For example, last Friday when I got home from work and stripped to my thong—a *maroon* colored, *male* thong—for the weekly Review and Repentance session, Susan started it with:

“John, Mary and I are concerned about your health. The gym is a great first step, and I’m proud of you for sticking with it, but Mary tells me your father died young from problems with his heart. Is that true?”

“Well, sort of. Dad died at fifty-one, and he did have high blood pressure and occasional angina, but what killed him was prostate cancer.” This was an unusual tack for these Friday evening discussions. They are usually focused on my many shortcomings

and minor failures. Major failures, of which there are blessedly few, are addressed at the time of their occurrence.

“Fifty-one is young by today’s standards,” Mary said.

“Yeah,” I said, “and it wasn’t a good death. If there is such a thing. I was a self-absorbed teenager, but even I could see he suffered for some time before he was taken to the hospital the last time.”

“Well,” Susan said, “like I said, Mary and I want to place a little more emphasis on your health. Once the divorce is final and you are out on your own, you won’t have us to look out for you. It would be good to establish some healthy habits now.

“We’ll pursue that topic more later this evening. But first, lay over my lap so we can conduct this week’s Review and Repentance.”

I would have liked the discussion about my health to last longer—the rest of the evening, if possible. Since it didn’t, I assumed the position over Susan’s lap. I’ve become so obedient, it’s disgusting, but the consequences of disobedience are... Well, more than I’m willing to face.

The thong I wore, with its single strap up the crack of my ass, covered no part of my cheeks, so Susan did not have to pull it down. She did fiddle with it some, straightening and stretching it across my anus, while she went through the litany of my faults. This week they included: “Maggy tells me you did not lose weight this week. You actually gained a pound. She suspects you have been snacking between meals.”

*Busted*, I thought. *And there’s also the morning stops at the House of Pancakes.* I very deliberately did not volunteer that information.

“You need to work harder and avoid unnecessary calories.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said. *Okay, she may be right about the calories, I thought, but Maggy works me plenty hard.*

The spanking that followed, first with her hand, then with a hairbrush, was shorter than usual, though it still had me squirming before it was over. I fear these weekly sessions over Susan’s knee, but have learned to not try to avoid them. I’ve learned that the hard way. This one was not as painful as some. At least she did not lean me over the table to experience the Spencer paddle. That wicked slab of wood seems to be reserved for “special” occasions.

Before helping me to my feet to spend time in the corner while the ladies finished preparing dinner, Susan said, “I’ve done some research, and purchased some Estradiol patches for you.” She stuck something to the side of my hip. “It’s a form of estrogen, but before you get all excited, it fosters heart health, reducing cholesterol and increasing the flexibility of blood vessels and arteries. You can check these claims for yourself on the internet, and then decide if you want to wear them. Mary and I hope you will. We do not want to lose you at a young age like your father.”

Susan helped me up, then handed me a couple pills and a glass of water. “This will also be good for you. It’s Spironolactone, a type of androgen blocker that’s been used for decades to treat hormonal acne and excessive body hair. Obviously, those are not your problems. You didn’t have much body hair even before you started shaving it all off. The relevance to you is that androgens stimulate cancer cell growth in the prostate. Spironolactone is also used to treat high blood pressure and heart failure. So, several benefits related to your particular heredity.”

I looked dubiously at the capsules in my hand, decided to checkout both medications on the internet at my next opportunity, popped them in my mouth and washed them down. “Thanks,” I said. *I guess*, I thought.

“Good boy,” Susan said. “Now, to the corner. Think about what you can do to lose those extra pounds next week. Repeat offenses will be treated harshly. Oh,” she added with a chuckle as I faced the very familiar confluence of two walls, my red ass on display, “that pill is also a diuretic, so expect to have to pee more often.”

I heard Mary laugh. *Swell*, I thought.

After dinner, before I cleared the table and cleaned up the kitchen, I gave Susan my best puppy-dog beseeching look. I’m no longer permitted to mention chastity: how long I’ve been in it, how uncomfortable my balls are getting, how much I really, really needed to relieve the pressure.

Susan recognized the look, laughed, then said, “Oh, alright, you’ve been good, mostly,” and she pulled out the little key from between her breasts. I stood in front of her as she lowered my thong and unlocked my titanium prison. How humiliating. What a relief! I rushed through my chores and dashed to the shower.

“Try to keep the patch dry!” Susan shouted after my disappearing backside.

I heard them both laughing. I could not have cared less. *Patch, snatch, I’m gonna jerk off!*

The next morning, I looked up the meds Susan gave me on the internet. The first thing that popped up was a discussion of hormone therapy for trans-males. Both of the medications were on the list. Androgen blocker, another way of saying testosterone inhibitor. That was a little scary. My hand sped to my hip to rip off the patch. I have no desire to be a tranny, even though someone who didn’t know any better might think the women were dressing me to fill that role. However, I resisted the impulse to rip off the androgen blocker patch and throw it in the trash. Instead, I read further. The two drugs’ relationships to prostate cancer and heart disease were also discussed. Everything Susan said about them seemed to be true, though her descriptions were significantly incomplete. So, pros and cons. I really did not want to die at an early age, especially not the way my father did. Remembering it last night scared me more than I wanted to admit.

I left the topic undecided, went to the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. When I heard the women stirring from their respective bedrooms, I started fixing breakfast. This has become part of my Saturday routine. I now also fixed dinner Sunday nights, the ingredients for which I am responsible for buying during the week. I’d done almost no cooking until recently, as long as you don’t count microwave cookery of frozen entrées. Susan didn’t. But it wasn’t too hard, and I found I rather enjoyed it on the weekends. And, as Susan frequently said, it was a skill I’d need when the divorce was final and I moved out.

When we sat at the table, I saw Susan had put another pair of pills next to my plate. They looked the same as the ones she gave me the night before. I swallowed them with a little orange juice.

I had plenty to think about that morning as I dressed to do my Saturday chores. *Estrogen and androgen blocker, what’s their real motivation?* Susan has dictated a uniform, of a sort, for me to wear while I’m cleaning. (In addition to vacuuming, I’m also responsible for dusting throughout the house and cleaning my bathroom until it sparkles. Why a bathroom, the place you go to take a dump, needs

to sparkle is beyond me.) I wear a lacy red thong, bright red crop top that shows off my soon-to-be-developing six-pack, red sheer knee-high stockings, and shiny red, inch-and-a-half heels (which I particularly hate).

I wear these things under protest, though it's a protest I keep to myself. Active protestation is discouraged. And as long as it's just me, my almost EX, Mary and her best ever friend, Susan, I can live with it... On a temporary basis... Under threat of multiple embarrassing snapshots and videos of me going viral on the web.

My nylon covered toes were just sliding into my shoes (I almost pictured them with red painted toenails, but snapped back from that image in a hurry.) when there was a knock on my bedroom door. Susan stood there holding my cage, butt plug and a tube of lube. "You forgot these in your bathroom," she said.

"Oh, please," I said, "is that really necessary? I mean, I'll wear the cage if I must, but the plug is way over the top. Don't you think?" Susan has made it clear wearing a butt plug is a matter of choice. I am free to choose the plug, or I can choose to bend over for the Spencer paddle instead. The butt plug is bad, for many reasons, but not nearly as bad as a session with that fire-inducing paddle. It's humiliating to have a butt plug shoved up your ass, and it's uncomfortable to wear, but when the plug is removed, its effects fade quickly. The paddle, on the other hand, is a gift that just keeps on giving. I don't sit comfortably for quite some time after the Spencer paddle.

"But Mary and I love seeing you properly plugged," Susan said, brushing by me and sitting on the edge of my bed. "It makes you swing your ass so deliciously. Now, come to mommy," she said, crooking her index finger.

"I really don't like this," I said, but moved to stand in front of her. I did not lower my thong; she likes to do that herself.

I started to get a little tumescent with her handling of my package, but she managed to put all the metal pieces of my cage together and close the lock. That little click is the resounding crash of doom to my ears. I have no way of knowing how long it will be before I am once again freed and able to take my sexual destiny into my own hands.

Without pulling my thong back up, she patted her thigh.

“I *really* don’t like this,” I stressed.

“I know, dear,” she said in her most condescending tone while taking my arm and easing me across her lap, “but it’s for your own good.” She squirted lube on my anus and worked in a finger while I tried to relax and struggled—failing—to understand her comment. How could this possibly be for my own good? She worked first one, then two fingers into me with plenty of lube. When she withdrew them and placed the nose of the butt plug against my sphincter, I tensed up in reflex. I know; that’s the wrong thing to do since penetration is inevitable, but I’d like to see how relaxed you are when someone tries to shove something the size of a grapefruit up your ass.

“Just relax, sweetie,” Susan said. “Mommy’s going to take good care of her little boy.”

*Where the hell did that come from?! I wondered. She’s no older than I am. And what kind of “mommy” likes to cram a basketball up their “little boy’s” wazzu?*

The lubrication and the relentless pressure had their intended effect, and along with a whimper from me, the butt plug was properly seated... so to speak. That damned thing really is big. And although it doesn’t hurt once it’s in place, I’ll feel it every time I move while I’m doing my chores. At least she’ll let me remove it once my work is done. Sitting on it while I’m watching sports on the flatscreen this afternoon would be no fun at all. That’s another effect from being plugged. I’m not tempted to sit around wasting time when I’m supposed to be working.

Susan gave my ass a quasi-affectionate smack and helped me to my feet. “There now, that wasn’t so bad, was it? Remember, dear, while wearing your heels, it’s short steps placing one foot in front of the other.”

“Yes, mommy,” I said, sarcastically.

She just smiled and sent me off to get the vacuum.

“Come sit with us after you clean up,” I said to John as we were finishing dinner Wednesday night. “Mary has put together some of her latest video footage. I’ll bet you’ll be impressed.”



“Um, that’s okay,” John said. “I don’t need to see it. I’m a little tired, I thought I’d go up to my room.”

“You’re kidding. It’s only seven o’clock. Besides, what red-blooded American male would pass the opportunity to sit on the couch between two good-looking women? I’d call Mary and I beautiful, but modesty forbids.”

“Oh, go ahead, Susan,” Mary said, and giggled. “A lady should always speak the truth.”

“Okay, you win,” I said. “So, John, you’re not really going to pass up the chance to sit on the couch between two such bea-u-ti-ful women. I know you’re not.” I put a little extra emphasis on that last sentence. John was developing all the characteristics of a submissive male, so I knew how he would respond. “Do your chores, and wear the new apron I bought you so your panties, I mean your male G-string, doesn’t get wet.”

Mary and I walked into the family room while John cleared the table. The original proposal was that if one person fixed the meal, the other person would clean up after. But John has shown particular skill at cleaning up, so Mary and I just leave him to it.

As we sat on the couch, Mary asked, “Where did you find that apron? That’s got to be the girliest thing I’ve ever seen. I don’t know anyone who’d actually wear something like that. It’s way over the top,” she laughed.

“You just have to know where to look,” I said. “There are sites on the web that cater to all kinds of kinks. The one I used specializes in outrageously fem things for the submissive male. They also sell some super feminine maids costumes, but I prefer watching him in his undies and heels, so I passed on any of those. Still, they have some awfully cute sun dresses we might want to put him in next summer, if he’s still around.”

“Speaking of which, where do you think we stand, progress-wise?”

“Well, the schedule was tight to begin with. It’s hard to do miracles in three short months. The hormones we’re giving him won’t even begin to take effect by the time your divorce is final, but his behavioral conditioning is going well. I’d say we are on schedule or even a little ahead in that regard. Tonight is a big night, though. I hope we’re not rushing it. There just isn’t much time left. We’ve got

to keep the pressure up to complete the program. Then it will all be up to him.

“Here’s our boy, and he’s still wearing his darling apron.”

“You didn’t say I could take it off when I was done,” John muttered.

“That’s right, I didn’t. I must have forgotten. Still, it looks nice on you.” I scooted over to make room for John to sit between Mary and me, and patted the cushion. “Sit here so Mary and I can both enjoy your company.”

Mary and I dressed to attract this evening, and I’d put on a little perfume. We were having the expected effect. John looked very uncomfortable, especially when I put an arm around his shoulders. Two Saturdays back, his bathroom did not sparkle up to my standards when he was done cleaning, so he is now responsible for all three bathrooms in the house (asking permission before entering the master bath, of course). I added wearing his butt plug while he does *all* his chores, not only the vacuuming. And I extended his chastity. It has been two and a half weeks since I last removed his cage, and the poor boy is suffering appropriately. He may not ask me to remove it, but he’s been making cow eyes at me like any submissive male in heat, which I’ve ignored for more than a week.

Mary completed setting up her latest video to show on the big flatscreen, started it running and snuggled in next to John. Her breast nudged against his arm, and she rested her hand lightly on his thigh, under the apron. They are in the middle of a friendly divorce, so, of course, she couldn’t get too forward with the man who was to be her EX. Not yet.

The video began with images of me giving John a new pair of shoes. The audio was excellent.

>>“John, you look so nice in your sensible heels when you do your vacuuming on Saturdays, I thought it would be nice if you had something a little more stylish to wear on Sundays, when you do laundry and especially when you are ironing.”<<

I was handing him a shoe box, which he opened to reveal a pair of patent leather shoes in white, with 2-1/2-inch heels in his size. Not spikes or extremely high, but a step up from his Saturday pair. There was also a pair of thigh-high hosiery in a sheer white.

>>“Put them on. Let us see how you look. Then you may get out the ironing board.”<<

Mary recorded John putting on the hose. He was quite good at it, but then he’s been doing it every Saturday for several weeks. He was a little unsteady in the heels, at first, but we got him to walk across the room and back—coaching him on foot placement and the sway of his hips—and he soon had it mastered.

“You really picked that up quickly, dear,” I said, as we watched him walk and turn on the flatscreen. I turned partway toward him and rested my hand on his thigh, slowly sliding it up.

“Yes, I was very impressed,” Mary said.

The video next showed me making another change in his Sunday wardrobe.

>>“That red thong with the ruffles you’re wearing looks really cute on you, dear, but something white—more virginal—to go with your shoes and hosiery might be better. Here, try this on.”<<

In the video, I handed John a white thong decorated with a four-inch strip of lace gathered in pleats around the waist band. It reminded me of something a sissy might wear to her wedding, which is why I bought it. John didn’t object—he’s such a good little submissive male when he’s horny but chaste—but he started to take it back to his room to change. I stopped him.

>>“Oh, don’t be shy. We’ve certainly all seen your little chastity. You don’t need to go to your room to change. Hand me your red thong, and you can drop it in the hamper after you’ve changed. Oh, I see somebody has been seeping lately. I hope you’re not being bad.”<<

Mary got a nice, quick closeup of John’s chastity cage when he took off the red thong, and an equally nice shot of his ass when he turned his back to us and bent over to put on the white one.

“Oh, nice ass,” I said. I slid my hand higher, so it was still on his thigh, but a finger brushed against his caged cock.

There were several minutes of John gathering clean clothes from the dryer, moving loads from the washer to the dryer and standing at his ironing board, ironing my blouses. There was a break, then a

shot of me lubing John's anus, his butt plug, and inserting the latter into the former with firm, relentless pressure.

While we were watching, I leaned into him and whispered in his ear, "The images Mary has collected of you must seem like a sword hanging by a thread over your head, but you've given us no reason to share them with anyone else. And you really must appreciate Mary's skill."

My hand moved to his testicles and gently caressed them. Mary's free hand slid up to his left nipple under the apron and pinched.

On the video, John groaned.

Sitting between Mary and me, John groaned.

"We have talked about this before, dear, but I want you to know I have been very concerned about your lack of penetrative sex," I said in my sexiest voice. "You have not been getting any action, and Mary tells me you never did... get much action. Wouldn't a good fuck feel great right about now? Hmm?"

On the screen, we were watching John with a vacuum cleaner. He was also practicing his pelvic sway. The sensible heels and the butt plug really enhanced his movements. John was probably more focused on what my hand was doing with his package (It strained to be free of its bonds and a little pre-cum was forming a damp spot in his thong), but his movements on the screen were what was winding me up. That and the thoughts of what was coming.

"You've been suffering in your chastity," I breathed, "and I empathize. I really do. If only you had been a little more dedicated to performing your chores, you would likely have wanked several times in the shower these last two weeks."

On the screen, John was dusting, now. I would never say this to him—well, not until we have taken him further down the path—but dusting seems to bring out the sissy in him.

"You've actually been a very good boy recently. I wonder... I've been pretty randy myself lately. How about if I take off your chastity cage and give you a good fucking. Would you be interested? You and I have never enjoyed sex together. It hasn't seemed right, with me being Mary's best friend and you two still in the process of getting

divorced. But I'll bet if you asked her whether it would be alright if we fucked, she'd probably say yes. Why don't you ask her?"

John groaned again. With the pressure his cock was exerting inside his cage, there was real danger we would be picking titanium shards out of the walls if he didn't get relief soon.

"Go ahead, ask Mary if I can fuck you, just this once," I whispered.

He had to know it was a setup. He had to be suspicious about my motivations, and since Mary was right there listening to every word, he must have guessed by now that she and I were following a script we'd worked out ahead of time. On the other hand...

"M, Mary," he croaked, "would it be okay if Susan and I made love?"

"Made love?" Mary said. "I don't think you are talking about love. I think what you are after is a good fucking. Am I right?"

"Yes," he said, blushed and nodded. My Mary rarely uses the F word. He must have been shocked, at least a little. The poor boy was in bad shape, and crumbling fast.

"Well, say what you want, sweetheart. Tell me you want to be let out of your cage and have a good fuck with my best friend, Susan."

"Uh, um, would it be okay if Susan let me out of my cage and we f, fucked? Please?"

"I suppose you could do that, but she may have conditions. You better do everything she tells you. And I am expecting to see genuine gratitude for her giving you a fucking when you are so desperate to cum. Understand?"

"Y, yes, Mary, I understand. Th, thank you."

John turned to me. He looked like a little kid who was given his first puppy. "Mary says it's okay."

"Okay, let's do it!" I said with enthusiasm. "Take off your apron and panties and stand in front of me."

John bounced off the couch, threw off his apron and almost ripped his thong, taking it down and off. (I noticed he did not take exception to my use of the word panties. In his excitement, he probably didn't even hear it.)

I pulled the key to John's prison out of my cleavage, lifted the chain over my head and unlocked his cage. His member was so swollen it was a real challenge to get the tube portion off. It must have hurt some as I pulled and twisted, but he did not complain.

"Okay," I said, "since this is our first time, I'm a little nervous. I'm afraid you are so sexed up because it has been so long, you might do something impetuous. And, since I suspected this night might come when we would be too hot for each other to maintain control, I bought some restraints for you to wear." I took a package from behind a pillow that covered a corner of the couch and pulled out a pair of padded wrist cuffs. There were ankle cuffs as well, but we would not need those tonight.

"Hold out your hands, please." His libido was so far into the red, he allowed me to put the cuffs on him without complaint. He even let me clip them together behind his back.

"Well, you sure are ready," I said with a chuckle. His dick was probably harder than it had ever been in his life. Even as a teenager, I'll bet he never got that stiff.

"Now, I've got to get myself ready," I said. "Why don't you kneel down and lay your upper body along the coffee table here. That way, Mary can keep an eye on you and make sure you don't do anything you shouldn't before I get back."

The crucial moment was almost upon us, and this is when it could all fall apart. John was in position, completely naked, on his knees, bent at the waist, body lying along the table. In my bedroom, I stripped down to my sexiest set of lacy black undies, hose and heels, stepped into the harness, worked it up to my groin and buckled it firmly in place. I selected a nice, eight-inch gel cock with a reasonable girth, black, to match the rest of my attire. It is bigger than John's, even in his current state, but not outrageously so. I was confident he could take it. I snapped it in place and let it dangle down in front of me.

Taking the large tube of lube waiting on my dresser near the door, I returned to the family room and walked up behind John. I put a little lube on my hand, knelt behind him, reached between his legs, spreading his knees apart and grasped his cock. I had to be careful. If I brought him off prematurely, the weeks of prep we'd done would be wasted.

While I gently fingered his cock with my slick hand, I squirted lube on his anus and inserted a finger, then almost immediately, two fingers.

“Don’t use the butt plug, please,” John said.

Mary had gotten up from the couch and was maneuvering for the best position to record this milestone event. “Now, John,” she said, “you promised you’d accept Susan’s conditions. Be a good girl.”

I was afraid Mary had gone too far, but John just groaned when I took a moment to massage his prostate. The dildo was already slippery, so I withdrew my fingers, lined it up, took a tight hold of his cock and pressed the head of the artificial penis home.

John groaned again and said, “Please...”

I don’t think he knew what was happening even still, but I took his word as an invitation. I let go of his member, grasped his hips and pushed my cock in another inch.

“What are you doing?” John said, trying to raise up.

I pushed him back down and said, “We’re fucking, sweetheart. Has it been so long you’ve forgotten what it’s like?”

This confused him at first, but he looked back and saw me in my sexy bra, then spotted the straps around my hips and realized what was happening.

“I’ve never... I can’t... Stop! It’s too big! It hurts! Take it out!”

I pushed in another inch or two, and he finally realized what kind of fucking he was going to receive. I wasn’t quite half way in, but backed off an inch. “Relax, dear. It won’t hurt so much if you relax. You’re receiving your first fucking. There’s no way out of it now, so try to enjoy it. Can you feel my cock pushing against your prostate?” I raised up a little so the head of the dildo would pivot down. I reclaimed the progress I’d made earlier and slid in a little deeper.

“It hurts! It hurts! Please stop!”

“I know, sweetheart. I remember my first real fuck, and it hurt me, too. But I learned to go with it and ended up enjoying myself. Well, maybe not the first time, but other times were wonderful. Your experience will probably be the same.”

I pushed in further. Mr. Dick was buried to almost six inches. I got impatient with my slow progress, pulled out two inches, and slammed it home, eliciting a scream from John. The imitation testicles slapped against his real pair.

“Wow,” Mary said, “you should have seen his face when you made that thrust. Luckily, I caught it on camera. This is going to be the best footage so far.”

John let out a guttural noise like a scream forced down through strength of will.

“That’s all of it, darling,” I said. “You’re doing great. The rest is easy. I’m going to fuck you for a while, doing all the work. This dildo also massages my clit—one of the primary reasons I selected it—so it’s bringing me to orgasm right along with you. Isn’t that exciting? Now, relax and enjoy.”

I took long slow pumps, out and in, about half the length of the phallus. I looked down to see it penetrating his ass, and that sight wound me up even more. Gradually, I was thrusting longer and with more force. John groaned in increasing distress and begged me to stop, but I could not have stopped myself at this point, no matter what he said.

As I approached the point of no return, I reached around John’s hip and took hold of his cock. It was not as hard as it had been, but it was far from its relaxed state. I began stroking him in rhythm with my thrusts, my slick hand providing a firm passage for his length to glide through.

I knew I had him when his dick grew harder in my hand. The realization was like a feedback loop for my passion. I fought against my explosion. I loved this and did not want it to end. At the same time, I worked hard for the end that was coming.

I’m not sure which of us orgasmed first. I’ll have to see Mary’s recording to find out, but my muscles jerked with the eruption of pleasure and I slammed the phallus home. John’s body was undergoing an eruption of its own.

I collapsed down on John’s back, exhausted, still balls deep. Now was the time to end this first pegging, so it would be a semi-positive though perhaps confusing experience for him to remember. I hated to do it. In full body contact, my hips against his, my breasts



crushed against his back, I didn't want to withdraw. And I loved the mental image of having my dick, *my* dick, deep within my submissive male's ass.

After I caught my breath, I raised up off of John's back and slowly withdrew the eight-inch member from his ass.

"That wasn't all bad, was it, dear? You ejected quite a load. Why don't you go grab a shower and hit the sack. It's been a long evening. I'll clean up the mess you made, this time." I helped John up off the table, took the cuffs off his wrists (not sure they were actually needed), gave him a hug from behind and a kiss at the base of his neck, then stood to give him room to get to his feet.

He was embarrassed. Probably trying to square the orgasm he achieved against the fact he got fucked in the ass like a girl. I didn't gloat. In fact, I turned part way away, so he didn't feel I was laughing at him. I couldn't see his maidenly blushes, but I hoped Mary captured them. I fancied he enjoyed the sight of me in my best bra and panty set, a site he would not be graced with often, but one he might associate with being pegged. Would the addition of the eight-inch black cock add to his stimulation?

I removed the harness once he left the room and grinned at Mary. "Check off milestone number four in the life of a submissive male," I said and went to do a high five. Mary aborted the move when she saw my hand was covered in lube and spunk. We both ended up laughing.

I stood in the shower, warm water pouring down my back, one hand idly fingering my flaccid penis. Normally, in the shower with the chastity cage off, I would work it for all it was worth. Now, it's less than an hour since my last release (after waiting for more than two weeks), and I was still trying to understand what happened and my reaction to it. I'm not a sissy; abandoning myself to my feminine side has never appealed to me at all.

I was so horny earlier this evening; I was practically climbing the walls. Mary's BFF Susan keeps me locked in a titanium chastity cage. The original excuse was that Mary was concerned I would get it on with a woman before our divorce was final. There was no chance of that. I am socially inept and have no female friends other than Mary. I sort of bought their explanation at the time, but am less sure now. The way things have been going, I think that was just

the first step in a secret master plan for me that has yet to work its way through. But it has gotten worse at each step.

Since the caging, there has been a steady escalation—each new feature part of a video documentary that's then used to blackmail me into the next step down the path. After the cage, there was spanking over Susan's lap each Friday night. Then the G-strings, the knee-highs, the women's shoes, the chores, the suspicious medications, the butt plug. Not sure where the path will ultimately end, and not sure whether, given no blackmail, I would have cooperated in my own demise or not. Susan is a beautiful woman with a powerful personality.

Which brings me back to tonight. Tonight, Susan pegged me. Are you familiar with that term? Pegging? It's when a woman fits herself with an artificial cock held at her crotch by some kind of harness and shoves it up a man's ass in a parody of love making. Pegging is a humiliating form of role-reversal fucking to use the crude term Mary and Susan used.

They offered me a fuck with Susan. And after more than two weeks of no release, and months since I last made love with Mary, I was all up for it. They never said who would fuck whom, and I should have known there would be a catch. Talk about bait and switch! That was the worst humiliation they've subjected me to yet. Worse than the G-strings I'm made to wear (the girls call them panties to embarrass me), worse than the women's stockings and heels, worse than hand washing their panties and bras, worse even than the ironing and vacuuming with a butt plug up my ass.

[My member was thickening as I fingered it in the shower.]

That was another clue I should have caught. I should have known once I agreed to let Susan shove a fat butt plug up my ass, it was only a matter of time before she took it to the next level. She said Mary and she loved seeing me plugged because of the way it makes me, in her words, "swing your ass so deliciously." I just had no idea the next step would be a dildo, or that Mary even owned a dildo. Certainly not that she was disposed to use it on me. Besides, when she first introduced the butt plug, it was either the plug or the spencer paddle. Which would you choose if you were me? Now, of course, I've become familiar with both.

Turning to face the shower head, I lathered up my hands and reached around to soap up my anus with one hand while I continued to massage my prick with the other. I'm trying to clean off the last of the lubricant Susan used for my pegging, and wash away the entire humiliating experience. I had no desire to be pegged. Pegging has never been part of my fantasy life. I never fantasized about having *anything* shoved up my ass before Susan introduced the butt plug. And even after that, I had no desire to be fucked up the ass like a girl. It was humiliating, and damn, it hurt.

[Happy to be free of its cage, my cock continued to grow.]

Susan tried to explain the pain away as a natural part of being fucked for the first time, like a virgin losing her cherry. Except I am not a girl and have no desire to be one. She also said I would learn to enjoy it, though how she expected me to enjoy such humiliation is beyond me. And doesn't that imply repetition? Crap!

So why is it I achieved orgasm while Susan fucked me? My thoughts keep returning to that one all-important question.

Yes, it had been over two weeks. Yes, Susan stroked my dick to the rhythm of her penetration up my ass. And yes, the dildo was large enough to rub against my prostate. Even so, the pain and degradation should have been more than enough to keep me from cumming like a girl.

Oh god, Mary recorded it!

I turned my back to the spray to rinse the soap off my ass and bounced my head off the shower stall wall a few times. She recorded it and it will be added, no doubt, to her video highlights reel of my life under these two women. Each week, Mary and Susan have been sharing Mary's ever more damning videos with me, along with the threat, implicit or explicit, of sharing them with the world. I am frequently reminded of how much Mary's mother would enjoy my humiliation.

I've no doubt my ex-in-progress mother-in-law would revel in my degradation. Hell, she'd figure out a way to become involved. Now that's a scary thought. That woman can be *nasty*. The image of her seated in Susan's spanking chair, her skirt pulled up to uncover her nylon-clad thighs, Mary's hairbrush in hand, sends chills down my

spine. And her in bra and panties wearing a strap-on?! Scary doesn't come close to describing it!

[My dick was approaching full strength.]

Then, of course, there's Maggy, my personal trainer at the gym. She knows I'm locked in chastity. She's never said anything, but she does "accidentally" brush her fingers against my cage now and then while she adjusts my position when we are doing exercises to strengthen my core. If she discovered what Mary and Susan were doing to me, if she knew how they were using me, would she make me wear a butt plug when I worked out? If I didn't work hard enough, would she take to spanking me? Would she strip me down and bend me over an exercise machine for a paddling if she heard I like to go from the gym to the House of Pancakes? Would she humiliate me in front of all those young, fit women?

[I was fully hard for the second time that night.]

And just as bad, maybe worse, if my secretary got wind of what was going on... Well, suffice it to say, Lois is ranked among the top three gossips in the nation. And just knowing would not be enough for Lois, she'd want to see my male thong (maroon, not pink) and my dick locked in the titanium cage underneath. Oh, she would love that. I can picture her demanding inspection rights to make sure I was wearing the most revealing, most feminizing thongs and G-strings every day.

And Lois would probably get fat old Mrs. Flooger in Admin involved. That biddy radiates man-hater like nobody else I know. Imagine me over Mrs. Flooger's lap, Lois sitting at my head, holding my hands out of the way, my face buried in her crotch under her skirt, while Mrs. Flooger smacks my ass with a leather strap. And if she were to pick a strap-on to use on me bent over the sink in the ladies' room at work while the rest of the female staff looked on, it would probably be at least two sizes bigger than the one Susan used tonight. I could picture it forcing its way in and out of my tight ass, Mrs. Flooger wearing a triumphant smirk, grunting at the effort, the other women laughing and cheering her on.

"Ah, ah!" my body convulsed in orgasm as I sprayed the shower wall with my seed.

I'm glad this week is about over. I received my first pegging from Susan Wednesday. It really hurt. Well, physically it hurt, but it hurt my pride much more. And the most embarrassing part, looking back, is I actually came while Susan's big dick was stroking in and out of my ass. I'm not gay, even the slightest bit. But after a couple weeks of chastity, and Susan stroking my cock while she fucked me... Well, what can I say, except I don't think any of that makes me gay.

Friday was our weekly Review and Repentance session, with me over Susan's knee for a hand spanking this time. Susan said she would not use Mary's hairbrush, followed by the Spencer paddle, if...

"If what?" I asked after the mounting silence approached the pain level.

"If you let me fuck you again," Susan said.

"Tonight? I'm still a little sore from the first time," I said. True, if I really tried, I could imagine a little discomfort back there, but there was no lasting pain from two nights ago.

"Oh, don't be such a sissy. You're not in any pain. Take off your G-string and drape yourself over the arm of the couch in the family room. I'll go get ready, then we can fuck. You realize, I hope, this may be the only sex you can look forward to, if you are not a very good boy."

Susan helped me to my feet, and headed for her bedroom. Her bedroom used to be one of the spare bedrooms she used occasionally, but lately she rarely goes home to her place.

I hadn't agreed to be pegged again. And her use of the word "sissy" seemed ironic. But she clearly implied it was my choice. *Choose* to be her phallic target for the night, or *choose* to take Mary's hairbrush and the paddle.

I looked at Mary, who smiled and said, "My video collection is becoming very entertaining... and revealing."

Revealing. Got it.

Susan did not take off my cage when she pegged me this time, and I did not cum. Fortunately, she put a towel under me, because I

dribbled a bit, but that was just due to the unwanted stimulus to my prostate. Nothing more.

So anyway, when Saturday rolled around, Susan got me up earlier than usual and barely let me enjoy my first cup of coffee before she told me to dress in my cleaning attire—thong, crop top, knee highs and heels—and set me to work cleaning everything. And I do mean everything. I worked from dawn to dusk (with a break to fix us all lunch). It was as if they expected the Pope to drop by after church the next day.

I slept the sleep of the righteous that night. Well, the sleep of the exhausted from working all day. Righteousicity, or whatever, really is not my claim to fame.

Sunday morning, I accompanied Mary to church. Mary likes to go, and I don't mind keeping her company, so she doesn't have to go alone. Susan is a follower of Rumva, and since they have no more temples, she doesn't go. [ Rumva was the last surviving Pagan religion of Europe in Lithuania. It was destroyed by the Teutonic Order and Sword Brothers in the Livonian Crusades of 1387. I looked it up. I thought she was pulling my leg. ]

Anyway, when we got back to the house, Mary said, "What day is it, John?" We were in the entry way. Mary stopped me once the door was closed and asked me to strip down to my usual thong. That morning, Susan put me in my black knee-high hosiery and a new black thong that, while cut for a man, was as sissy as they come. Lots of ruffles, a few bows, and the pouch so sheer my titanium cage was clearly visible.

I would have resisted, but I've gotten some pretty hot, red bottoms lately for resisting. I did not want to be unable to sit still in church. Besides, it was just underwear, no matter how silly, and not visible under my dress shirt, pants and oxfords.

I usually change in my room after church, but Mary said she wanted to do it a little differently today. Didn't bother to explain why, and it doesn't really matter. I'd be down to my thong soon regardless of where I stripped. It was laundry day and Susan always has me hand washing their underwear, wearing a frilly thong.

"The day? It's Sunday," I said. "Duh. We just got back from church." I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants.

“Don’t get snarky, sweetheart. What day of the month?”

I’d stepped out of my pants and taken off my shirt. I was down to just the thong, hosiery and chastity cage. Mary surprised me with a new, shiny black crop top from the hall closet, which she pulled over my head and smoothed down my body. It stopped short of my midriff, but it was longer in back, lying at the top of my ass crack. I got a glimpse of red on the back as she brought it to me, but did not get a chance to recognize it.

I glanced at my watch to verify the date, then said, “It’s the fourteenth, Mary. What’s this all about?”

She handed me a new pair of shoes to wear. These were shiny black four-inch spike heels. I’d never worn spikes or anything with a heel this high. I wouldn’t wear women’s shoes at all if I could get away with it. “Are these really necessary?” I asked.

“Just put them on, John.”

I did so and managed to not immediately fall on my face. I took a few wobbling steps. Very precarious, but with practice, I thought I could manage. The secret is to put one foot in front of the other, and swing your ass a little. I just did not want to wear them while I did the laundry. I expected my feet to grow tired and sore pretty damned quickly.

“Boy, you are getting slow in your old age,” Mary said. “What happens the fourteenth day of this month?”

“Oh, of course! The six-month waiting period is over. Our divorce is final! I completely lost track of the days.”

My last sentence was drowned out by the sounds of women pouring into the hallway, laughing, and shouting, “Congratulations.” There were several distinct, “Oh, my gods,” mixed in when they got a look at me.

Casting about, frantically, for a place to hide, I was about to duck into the closet when several women grabbed me by the arms and dragged me out of the hallway and into the kitchen. I did a quick head count to assess the damage. *Oh shit*, I thought, *I am so screwed!*

The first woman I identified, by her sharp voice as much as her looks, was my mother-in-law. She’s never liked me, but she seemed

to like me just fine dressed the way I was. There were two women from my office. The worst two, in my opinion, my secretary, Lois and Mrs. Flooger from Admin. My sister, Helen, was laughing it up with my now EX-wife, Mary, and there was Maggie, my personal trainer from the gym, wearing a big grin.

“I’ve set out all the ingredients for your wonderful pancakes, John,” Susan said, “and we’re all hungry. But first, open the champagne and make us all mimosas. We’re celebrating your day of freedom! And Mary’s too, of course.”

What could I do? If I ran from the room and from the house, when could I possibly stop running? Everyone would hear the story, and a hasty, screaming exit would just spice up the tale.

Like a submissive male, I did as I was told and made mimosas. Susan “helped” me into an apron—a girlie, full-skirt pinafore—and set me to work on the pancakes. The mood was festive behind me. The women were all packed around the kitchen table, laughing and joking. I tried not to hear them. I was still in shock.

As I worked over a hot griddle, Helen came up behind me, rested her hand on my bare ass and said, “This is a good look for you, bro. In case you’re worried, mother doesn’t know about this party or about... the rest. I told Susan she would not take it well. So, we didn’t tell her. I’m not sure she even knows you and Mary filed for divorce.”

“I never told her,” I said, too embarrassed to look Helen in the face. “You know how she is.”

“Probably the best choice. Cowardly, but best.” She patted my butt and went back to the kitchen table.

I poured batter, flipped cakes, threw them onto plates and hustled them to the table. I tried to bury my thoughts in my work, and it did help, somewhat. When I was almost out of batter, Susan told me everyone was full. She turned me around to face the women, put my mimosa glass in my hand and proposed a toast: “To the pancake king!”

Her toast was echoed enthusiastically, and I drank with the rest. My mimosa was untouched except for one healthy gulp I downed when I first made them. The women opened two more bottles of



champagne while I was cooking and made mimosas for themselves. A couple of them were on their fourth.

I was nearly through my first when Susan pulled my glass from my lips and proposed: “To completing milestones!”

The women roared with laughter and echoed the toast. Susan brought my glass back up to my lips.

“What’s that all about?” I asked Susan.

“We’re celebrating not only your divorce but also your success. Here, let me show you.” She took my empty glass and put it on the counter, and helped me out of the pinafore. Taking my arm in a firm grip, she led me out of the kitchen and down the hall to the downstairs bathroom. I stumbled after her in my four-inch heels. Before turning on the light, she put my back to the mirror over the sink, facing the mirror on the opposite wall.

“Ready?” she asked.

“I guess,” I answered.

Susan turned on the light. There were words in bold red lettering on the back of my crop top.

**HELP ME COMPLETE THE FIVE  
MILESTONES OF A SUBMISSIVE MALE:**

- 1) CHASTITY;
- 2) SPANKING by a WOMAN;
- 3) PANTYING;
- 4) FIRST PEGGING, and
- 5) **OUTING!!!**

I burst into tears. My life was ruined. Not only would I be leaving home now that our divorce was final—the home Mary and I shared all these years—but now I’d have to leave society. Forever.

Susan pulled me into a hug. “Shh, shh, there’s no need to cry. Mary and I still love you. We had to out you. It was bound to slip eventually, and when it did, the gradual dissemination of the truth would have been slow torture. You’d spend the rest of your life wondering who knew you were a submissive male, and who didn’t.”

She paused and just held me while I thought about what she said. It didn't help.

"And there is another, more important reason. We started you down this path and controlled you at key points by threatening to send out Mary's video. That threat no longer exists. In fact, judging by the sounds from the family room, all the people we threatened to send it to are watching it on the big screen right now.

"I know you don't want to thank me, but if you think about it, this outing set you free. It eliminated the hold Mary and I had over you.

"Now, dry your tears. The day is not over yet. And although I said you were free? I'm not going to let you go change and pack your bag until the party is over. We still have some games to play."

She turned me toward the sink, slapped my ass and said, "Wash your face, we've got to go out and join the others."

"Do I have to?"

"Oh, yes."

Susan watched over me, recommending cold water to bring down the puffiness of my eyes. When she was satisfied, she dried my face with a towel and led me out to the family room. On the big screen, I was ironing Mary's blouse, wearing my red sissy thong and heels.

The women were thoroughly enjoying themselves, laughing and commenting. No doubt the mimosas helped. I heard Mrs. Flooger, in her loud, raspy voice, declare, "That bellybutton needs to be pierced!"

Susan steered me to stand in front of the TV and said, "Pause the movie for a moment, please, Mary." There was a chorus of boos and catcalls. The video froze with me walking away from the camera toward the laundry room. I had one foot in front of the other, my hands down and out for balance, and my hips swayed to the left.

Mary got up and went off on some errand.

When everyone quieted down, Susan turned to me and said, "John, today is laundry day. Are you dressed properly for it?"

I cleared my throat, fearing in my nervous state it might give out a squeak. In a low, manly register—at least that was my intention—I

said, "Yes, pretty much. I should change out of these spike heels, though. They are not well suited for doing chores."

"So, you can't think of anything you might be missing?"

I suddenly realized where she was headed. I did not want to go there! "Missing? No, nothing's missing. Although, this is not the usual Sunday colors."

"Look at the TV and tell me what you see."

If you looked closely, you could see I was wearing a butt plug under the thin strap of my thong. Having a large QLED flat screen was working against me.

"Oh, please," I whispered to Susan. "That's me doing laundry," I said. "As you can see, my heels are lower and I'm wearing the red outfit." It was a real struggle to keep from breaking down under the eyes of all these women.

"Okay, I see this is not going to work," Susan said. "So, to save us all time, let me draw your attention to this." She moved next to the screen and pointed to the center of my ass. "What do you see here?"

"A butt plug," I muttered.

"Louder so everyone can hear?"

"It's a butt plug," I said. "But it's not really necessary for me to do laundry." My eyes started watering, but I fought it down.

"Well," Susan said, "we think it is, don't we, ladies?"

There was unanimous agreement. Much to my surprise. Right.

"So, while you and Mary were at church, we drew straws to see who gets to complete your wardrobe for the day. Ladies, hold up your straws, please."

To the mixed exclamations of jubilation and disappointment, they all held up plastic drink straws. The one Lois held was only half as long as all the others.

"Oh, shit!" I muttered, as Susan took a firm grip on my arm again.

Lois sprang to her feet, waving her abbreviated straw and crowing, "I won! I won!"

“Well,” Susan said, “it seems we have a winner. If you’ll just take your seat.”

Susan turned me so I was facing Susan’s spanking chair that Mary positioned off to the side of the TV. On the seat was the butt plug, a rubber glove and a tube of Astroglide.

Lois gleefully skipped to the chair, picked up the items and sat down. Holding her hands and what they contained out of the way, she made room for Susan to steer me over to her and place me across her lap.

I wanted to punch somebody and run for it, but my chances were akin to those faced by Custer at the Little Bighorn. So, I just lay there, ass in the air, the quintessential submissive male, while all the women gathered around to watch and add ribald comments to the scene.

Susan took hold of my waistband and pulled the thong down to mid-thigh while Lois put the rubber glove on her right hand with a snap.

I felt the squirt of cold lube on my anus, and groaned when Lois jammed a finger into me. My secretary is a stranger to finesse. She worked it roughly around and in and out. Squirted more lube and jabbed in two more fingers. She pumped in and out for a bit, then wiggled and spread her fingers apart. That hurt, and I suspect she knew it would.

“That should be enough foreplay, Lois, dear,” Susan said.

“Killjoy,” Lois laughed, but withdrew her fingers and gave my ass a slap. Next, I felt the butt plug knocking on my door. I’d grown familiar with this and had no trouble identifying it. I tried to relax to minimize the discomfort of insertion, but Lois had other plans.

Lois pushed the butt plug in with a steady pressure, but stopped it when it was at its widest point in my entry. She twisted it and pushed in and out in small increments.

“Now Lois,” Susan said, “there are more activities waiting for John. You cannot monopolize him all day.”

“You’re no fun,” Lois said, jammed the plug in and smacked my ass again.

Susan helped me to my feet, and I pulled my thong back up.

“Now you’re ready to do the laundry,” Susan said. “Come this way.” She steered me into the dining room, where a jumbled pile of bras and panties lay on the table.

Today is Sunday, laundry day. It is also the day on which Mary’s and my divorce is final. The six-month waiting period is over, and Susan is throwing us a surprise (to me) divorce party. She invited Maggy, my personal trainer from the gym, Helen, my younger sister, Mary’s mother, and two women from where I work—the worst possible two—my secretary, Lois and Mrs. Flooger from Admin. Seven women, and me. Oh joy!

I am the only one dressed special for the occasion. Mary and Susan put me in a femmie black thong with lots of ruffles and bows and a pouch so sheer my titanium chastity cage is clearly visible underneath. I’m in a shiny black crop top with red lettering on the back listing the five milestones of the submissive male. The last of which is “Outing.” On my feet are smokey black hose and patent leather, black, four-inch spike heels. These are higher than anything else I’ve worn. They strain my ankles and pinch my toes. I have to step carefully to avoid falling out of them and twisting an ankle.

Susan tried to tell me this party and the outing of my status was actually doing me a favor. “I know you don’t want to thank me for this,” she said, “but this outing sets you free. It makes the blackmail Mary and I held over you completely worthless.”

She was right. I was not in the mood to thank her.

Oh, and there’s one other item to my costume. For several weeks, Susan has forced me to wear a butt plug when I did my chores around the house. Not to break with tradition, the women drew straws to see who would get to add that bit of discomfort and embarrassment. My secretary, Lois, won the honors, took me over her lap and played with my ass hole for a while before installing the plug. Of course, all the women were watching and cheering her on. How humiliating is that?

After installation of the plug, Susan led me to the dining room table upon which lay a jumbled pile of panties and bras.

“Mary and I asked each of these ladies to bring in three sets of panties and bras ready to be washed,” she said. “We assured them

your skills are excellent, that you always wash our things by hand, and we were sure you would want to do theirs as well.

“So, your job is to wash all of these delicates, and lay them on towels to dry. Unfortunately, there’s a problem. They got all mixed together there on the table, so what you need to do is identify which items belong to which woman. Organize them on the towels in separate collections of three, then present them to their proper owners. You shouldn’t have any trouble with mine and Mary’s.

“If you get them all assigned to their owners correctly, you’ll get... our gratitude for a job well done. If you do not manage to assign them correctly, those women whom you insulted by giving their panties to someone else will take you across their knee for a little hand spanking. A suitable punishment for carelessness, don’t you agree, ladies?” There was unanimous, boisterous agreement among the women to this declaration. Their agreement sure surprised me. Right.

“You may take all the time you like, as long as you are done in less than... Let’s see, there are seven of us, times three is twenty-one sets. So, let’s say forty-five minutes. That’s more than two minutes per set. You should be able to manage. Don’t do shoddy work, though. If we get anything less than your best, there will be consequences.”

She slapped me on the butt and said, “Hop to it. The clock is ticking.”

I scooped up the heap of lingerie, carried it into the laundry room off the kitchen and dumped it on the table there. *How the hell am I going to determine which is whose?* I wondered. I considered sneaking out the back door and making my escape, but dressed in thong, crop top and heels? No wallet, no car keys. Where could I go and how would I get there?

I decided to separate the garments by size. That should at least be a step in the right direction. No two of these women were quite the same. In addition to the general size, for the bras there would be differences in strap adjustments and cup sizes. Fat old Mrs. Flooger should be a gimme, at least. And if I can get the bras, then the panties should be identifiable as the other half of a set. Most of the sets were fairly sexy—which I didn’t have time to think about—so pairing shouldn’t be too hard.

I couldn't spend too much time on this, so I did a cursory inspection and threw the bras into piles. I ended up with five piles, three by size and one each for Mary and Susan. Not too bad for a first pass, but I should have had a sixth pile: Jumbo size for Flooger. They weren't there! And what was there could not possibly contain those mammoth jugs. The tension rose. Five piles for seven women, and if I got just one bra and panty set wrong, I'd be spanked by two women—if the wrong set was in one woman's pile, then the set that should have been there would be wrong in another woman's pile.

I started washing each pile separately. As I washed the bras, I looked for subtle differences in adjustments. I hurried, but did a good job. Susan's warning about giving it my best was not an idle threat. When all the bras were washed and rinsed, I managed to make six groupings—four with three each, one with four and the last with five.

I changed the wash water, added mild detergent and dumped the panties in. While they soaked, I stared at my piles. I was pretty sure of the Mary pile and the Susan pile. Maggy is fit and slender with nice small breasts, so I was confident about hers. Mary's mother has a nice pair, larger than average, but not watermelon size like Mrs. Flooger. I was pretty sure of her pile. That left three women and two piles. I wished I could take a measuring tape to Lois and Helen. Never mind Mrs. Flooger, she clearly cheated.

I'm not in the habit of staring at women's breasts. I sometimes get embarrassed when I even notice they have breasts. So, I only knew the sizes of these women by rough estimate.

I got to work on the panties while I tried to figure out how I was going to turn those two piles of unknowns into three linked to names. I wasn't too distracted while I washed the bras, comparing them in a very clinical manner to identify differences. With the panties, that wasn't working. I was getting turned on. My cock was growing, pushing my entire package out against the pocket of my thong. It was also slowing me down. I didn't remember what time I started, but guessed I had little time left.

Stains on panties are a lot more common than stains on bras. It took some work to get them all clean, but I've had months of practice. As I washed and rinsed each one, I laid them out side-by-

side on a clean towel. Once I sorted the bras, I would need to pair them with the correct panties.

While I was busy with the panties, I heard someone walk up behind me. I could not afford the time for conversation, so paid them no mind. A hand was placed on my ass, with a finger tapping the butt plug. That sent shock waves through my system.

“Mary tells me you are responsible for the upkeep of this home.”

I’d recognize my mother-in-law’s... No! As of today, my *EX*-mother-in-law’s voice, anywhere.

“She says you do the dishes every day, general housework every Saturday and the laundry on Sundays. I’m impressed. Perhaps you’re not the total waste of space I thought you were. We’ll have to pick a couple days of the week you can spend at my home. I’ll bet I could teach you a few new tricks.” She gave the plug an especially hard tap and walked away.

*Now there’s an idea to induce nightmares*, I thought. *Of course, after today, I don’t know where I’ll be staying. I sure as hell will not choose her home, even for a couple days a week.* I was supposed to be looking for an affordable apartment these last few months so I could move out when the divorce was final. Here it is final, and I’ve got nowhere to go because I never got around to looking. There’s a lot I never got around to in recent months. I was supposed to make some friends so I would not be so isolated once I moved out. Ah well.

My mind back on what I was doing, I decided to separate the two odd piles by style. The more I looked at them, the more I realized they spoke to the taste of their wearers. Some were clearly more stylish and probably more expensive than others.

“Five minutes!” Susan called from the family room.

In desperation, I made the changes, then hurriedly matched panties with bras. They were all laid out in seven neat groupings on towels on the table. Four I was sure of, three were in doubt.

“Time,” Susan announced as the women crowded into the laundry room. “How did you do?”

“Pretty well, I think.”



“We’ll see. So, which group belongs to whom? And ladies, don’t point out any errors until John is finished with the assignments.”

“Okay,” I said. “This set is yours, and this set is Mary’s. Maggy, I believe these are yours.” I detected a slight nod. So far, so good.

“This group belongs to Mary’s mother.” So much for the four I was sure of. I looked at the three remaining piles, hoping for last minute inspiration. Then, I saw it.

“This group belongs to Lois.” I was watching her as I said that, and there was a clear look of disappointment on her face. I was right, and she would not be spanking me. What I finally noticed was while I concentrated on bras, I failed to realize that Lois, who has three kids, has spread in the hips over the years. Her bras did not stand out from the others, her panties did.

“So, that leaves the last two,” I said, stalling. These last six sets were pure guess work. Three belonged to my sister and the other three... Well, I had no idea, but Mrs. Flooger must have brought them. I crossed my fingers and leapt into the void. “This group is Helen’s, and these last three belong to someone who is not here today. I assume Mrs. Flooger brought them.” Helen remained inscrutable, but Mrs. Flooger wore her evil smirk.

“Alright,” Susan said. “Let’s see how you did. You got mine and Mary’s correct. I’d have been surprised if you didn’t. Maggy, are these three sets yours?”

“Yes. You know, it didn’t occur to me until this minute, but now as I work with John at the gym, in the back of my mind, I will know he has seen and handled my panties.”

The women laughed, and Mary said, “True, but you’ve also now seen his, and a fair bit... or I suppose I should say an itty-bitty bit, more.” An obvious reference to how sheer the thong I wore was and how short my cage kept my member.

When the women’s laughter tapered off, Susan said, “Lois, is John correct? Are these yours?”

“Yes,” Lois said, grudgingly.

“Leaving the last two women. Do you want to make any last-minute changes, John?”

“No, I’ll stick with what I’ve got. I’ve got to say, though, none of these are Mrs. Flooger’s. There will be a formal protest filed with the judges once the game is over.” I was hoping for a little levity to break the tension.

“Susan told me,” said Mrs. Flooger, “to bring three soiled panty sets. It just so happened there were three sets belonging to my daughter in the hamper.”

“A loose interpretation of the rules, I must admit,” Susan said. “But it meets the criteria as defined. So, Helen, did your big brother get it right?”

Helen stepped up to the table and said, “Close.” She took a set from one group and exchanged it for a set in the other.

*Crap!* I thought. *If Flooger hadn’t cheated, I’d have nailed it.*

“Oh, what a shame,” Susan said to the women’s laughter. “You did so well, but errors have consequences. Which of you two ladies would like to take the chair first?”

During Mary and my divorce party, I was told to hand wash 21 sets of panties and bras, and to separate them into sets of three, identified by owner. With little to go on other than sizes and styles, I got five sets of three correctly assigned. Of the other two, I got two out of three in each set. I would have gotten them all if Mrs. Flooger had not brought her daughter’s instead of her own. By the rules, she got a pass, and I didn’t. The consequences? My sister Helen and Mrs. Flooger each get to spank me.

“Oh, what a shame,” Susan said to the women’s laughter. “You did so well, but errors have consequences. Which of you two ladies would like to take the chair first?”

“Why don’t you go first, dear,” Mrs. Flooger said to Helen. “Then I’ll touch up any places you miss.”

“Sounds good,” Helen said, “but I hope you’ll forgive me if I leave you with little to do.”

“Don’t worry about me,” Mrs. Flooger said, “I’ll manage.”

Helen took hold of one arm, and Susan the other. They marched me, still in those blasted four-inch heels, back to the family room and the chair Lois used to insert my butt plug. Helen sat down and Susan lowered me over her jeans-clad lap.

“Do you remember how you used to pick on me when we were young, Johnny? You’re about to learn payback is a bitch.”

“Oh, come on, Helen. I was what? Eleven? You can’t still be holding a grudge after all these years.”

“No, I’m not, really, but the memory helps provide inspiration for me to do my best. Like you, I hate to see a job poorly done. Especially when I am doing the job.”

Helen adjusted my position, so I was right where she wanted me. She pulled me tight against her with her left hand on my hip, raised her right hand and brought it down with a respectable SMACK. Not nearly as hard as Susan spansks. I heaved a mental sigh of relief. This was humiliating, but perhaps it won’t be too painful.

“You can do better than that,” Susan chided. The other women agreed and started giving Helen advice.

The next spank was harder. SMACK!

With repetition, my ass was starting to flame up, and I squirmed on Helen’s lap. She kept spanking, side to side, all to the same spots on each cheek, right in the middle. I concentrated on ignoring the pain and managed to NOT say: “Ouch! You fucking bitch! That hurts!” Which is probably just as well, since Susan would not have let that pass.

Helen stopped after a couple dozen fairly respectable spansks, shook her hand and blew on it. “This would be a lot more fun,” she said, “if I were not sharing in the pain. I’ve seen the video of you spanking my brother, Susan, and I am now much more impressed with your strength and pain tolerance. I didn’t manage nearly the job you did as a matter of routine.”

“It’s all in the wrist,” Susan said. “And your hand gets used to it with practice. It looks like you have given John a good warmup. Perhaps you’d like to turn it over to the next winner. I suspect she has a little more experience in spanking bottoms.”

“That I do,” Mrs. Flooger said.

I was lifted off of Helen’s lap and laid across Mrs. Flooger’s left thigh. Her right leg coiled around mine. This was new and different. She leaned over me, took my right wrist and put it in a hammer lock up my back. Nervous to begin with, my anxiety was mounting. Mrs.

Flooger is a lot stronger than I expected, and with the way she had me immobilized, I was not going anywhere until she set me free.

“Comfy?” she asked me.

“Uhm, yes, ma’am.”

“You soon won’t be.” Then she spanked.

SMACK!! “Shit!” I exclaimed. “Not so hard!”

SMACK!! “You’ll learn to not talk to me like that, young man.” SMACK!! SMACK!!

Mrs. Flooger was raining spanks down on my bare ass that almost felt like she was using the Spencer paddle. Strong? She’s a hell of a lot stronger than I would have guessed. And she didn’t get those callused hands doing paperwork in Admin.

“Most people don’t know this about me,” she said, still spanking in a steady rhythm, “but I used to play inter-collegiate volley ball when I was a girl.” SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! “Of course, that was many years ago, and I’ve let myself go, physically.” SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! “But I can still deliver a respectable overhand smash.” SMACK!!

Now, I really was struggling. If Flooger had not put a death grip on me, I’d have been off her lap and out the door quicker than the road runner with Wylie coyote on his tail. As it was, in response to my struggles, Mrs. Flooger pushed my wrist further up my back, bending me more acutely over her knee, my face nearer the floor.

Between cries and appeals from me, I noticed the other women in the room were not making jokes and encouraging her to spank harder the way they had with my sister. Now, they were gathered around in silent awe as this woman delivered a professional level spanking to all parts of my ass.

Oh, yes, Flooger was covering all the parts of my ass Helen neglected, such as the sweet spot where ass meets thigh, as well as four or five inches down each thigh.

SMACK!! SMACK!! SMACK!! My tears were flowing, and I collapsed over her thigh when Susan said between the smacks, “Um, Edna, don’t you think John has had about enough? He’s been a good sport, and we don’t want him disabled before the party is over. There is still one more item on the agenda.”

SMACK!!! “I suppose you’re right,” Edna said (I had no idea Edna was Mrs. Flooger’s first name.), and rested her hand on my swollen, burning cheeks. “It’s so pleasant to spank the bare bottom of a naught little boy.”

“Pleasant!” I managed through my tears. “You call that pleasant?! Somebody needs to call 911. I’m dying here! I may never walk again. It’s sure as hell I’ll never sit down again.”

“Oh, don’t exaggerate,” Mrs. Flooger said and gave me a little slap. “I didn’t even use my strap on you.”

Two women helped me off of Mrs. Flooger’s lap. I couldn’t stand in the four-inch heels, so kicked them off. What would they do to me; give me a spanking?

Susan pulled me into a hug and held me. After a silent minute, she whispered, “You going to be okay?”

“No. Yes, I suppose,” I whispered back. “It is going to take a while. That woman better hope she never meets me in an alley when I’m carrying my trusty Thompson Submachine gun.”

Maggy rubbed my back and said, “I don’t expect to see you in the gym tomorrow. Don’t come in until you can do a sit-up without pain.”

“Thanks. Maybe in a week or so,” I said.

“Ladies,” Susan said, “let’s all adjourn to the kitchen and enjoy the divorce cake while John recovers on the couch.” She led me to the couch and helped me lie face down.

I lay on the couch, eyes closed but still leaking, and feeling sorry for myself. My ass throbbed. I thought back on my life. I married my high school sweetheart, and it was great for a half-dozen years, but it did not work in the long run. Still, I’m thankful for the years Mary and I have been together. We filed for divorce by mutual consent six months ago, which, again, was the right thing to do. Mary can probably do better than me. Then a few months back (was it only four?) Susan involved herself with my life.

My reflections were interrupted by the feel of a cold cloth draped over my burning ass.

“Are you okay?”

It was my sister, Helen. “Yeah, I just need some time to recover.”

“I’m sorry I spanked you, John,” she said. “I wouldn’t have done it if I’d known what Edna would do to you.”

“Yeah, well, it wasn’t your fault. I’ve always thought Flooger was a hard ass in the office, but never knew how hard she could spank an ass away from the office.”

Helen swatted my shoulder. “Here I am feeling sorry for you and being all sympathetic, and you’re cracking wise.”

“Thanks, sis.”

“You’re welcome, bro.”

Helen rejoined the others in the kitchen, leaving the damp towel on my butt. It really did help reduce the pain, and probably the swelling as well.

I must have dozed off. The next thing I knew, Susan was sitting on the edge of the couch, nudging my shoulder. When I opened my eyes, she said, “Get a good rest?”

“I might have if you had not stopped me before I got to sleep.”

She laughed and said, “I looked in on you a half-hour ago, and you were snoring.”

“Really? Well, yeah, I guess I got a little rest. I needed it after Flooger’s not-so-gentle attentions.”

“Yes, you did, John. I want to say I’m sorry you went through what you did. It was supposed to be all in fun. Apparently, Edna did not get the memo. I recommend you steer widely around her in future.”

“She’s a wide lady. Everyone steers widely around Mrs. Flooger.”

Susan chuckled, then said, “Alright, back to the celebration of your divorce. Mary and I wanted to give you something before you waltzed out of our lives. Something special. Something you will always have with you.”

“Okay, you’ve piqued my attention. What did you two cook up in your devious minds this time?”

“Well, first you’ll have to roll over so you are face up. Can you do that?”

“I’m not sure, but I don’t think I want to try.”

“Come on, John. You’re a tough guy, a little thing like having a butt swollen to twice its size can’t deter you.”

I raised up on an elbow as the women all came into the room, and rolled onto my back, carefully. It didn’t hurt too much. The soft cushions of the couch made it bearable. Still, there was definitely a dull ache in my gluteus maximus vying for my attention. Susan and Mary lifted my shoulders up so Mary could sit on the couch with my head in her lap.

“I love you, sweetheart,” Mary said. “You are a wonderful man, and I wish the best for you.”

“I love you too. Now, what are you two up to?”

Just then, I noticed Maggy entering the room, but she was wearing a surgical mask and gloves and she was holding her hands up like you see in doctor shows on TV. The first thing I thought was, *Damn! They’re going to castrate me!* I quickly covered myself with my hands.

Mary laughed. “Relax, John, this won’t hurt. Susan and I are springing for a shallow navel piercing. Maggy is a licensed provider.

“But what if I don’t...”

“Please, John. It’s the last thing I’ll ever ask of you.”

I admit, that sounded like a damned good deal, but is it credible? I suspect with any wife, even an ex-wife, there is always one more thing. Still, with all these women standing around waiting to see if I was too chicken to take a piercing...

“Ah well,” I sighed, “I can always let it heal if I don’t like it. Okay, get it over with.”

“Okay, John,” Maggy said, “let me talk you through this. First, I’ve scrubbed and am wearing a fresh mask and glove. I’ll scrub your navel with a surgical wash to sterilize the area, puncture the skin above your navel with a surgical needle and thread the jewelry in place.

“Most of my clients report very little pain from a navel piercing, describing it as a momentary prick or pinch. Susan has selected a titanium bar with a small pink jewel at the end. Titanium is an

excellent material for piercings. There is very little risk of infection associated with titanium. So, if you take good after-care until you're healed, you should have no problems."

"Titanium, huh?"

"We wanted it to match your chastity," Susan said.

"I plan to leave that here with you when I move out," I said. "And why did I know you would pick a *pink* jewel?"

"It was what was available," Susan lied. "And besides, it will make a great conversation piece."

"I bet it will."

"So, John," Maggy said, "do you agree to have this procedure done? I won't proceed if you do not agree."

I thought about it. Susan was right about one thing; a navel piercing would make a hell of a memento of Mary and my divorce. Even if I removed it and had it framed.

"Yes, let's do it."

Maggy went to work. I can't fault her technique; her sterilization procedures were very thorough. The bar itself was sterilized in an autoclave, and put into a small sterile tube for transport to the party.

I expected it to hurt much more than it did, and there was almost no blood. When she was done, the women all cheered, and somebody started a chorus of: "For he's a jolly good fellow..."

When they all wound down, Susan announced, "Ladies, that's it for today. Thank you all for coming," and began ushering everyone out the door. Several blew me kisses. Helen kissed me on the cheek.

I started to rise, but Mary pushed my head back down on her lap, and said, "Relax. The party's not quite over for you."

"Oh, hell. What now?"

"Just relax, you'll see."

It must have taken fifteen minutes to get the last of the guests out the door. When Susan finally came back into the room, she was smiling and said, "Did Mary tell you there was one more celebratory item on the agenda?"



“Yes, but she wouldn’t tell me what it is.”

“Well, let me demonstrate.” Susan pulled the key to my cage from her cleavage and lifted the chain over her head. She knelt next to the couch and said, “Your job this time is to relax and enjoy.”

Susan unlocked the chastity cage and lifted the tube off my prick, followed by the ring behind my balls. My poor member was not looking any too manly. My body was so traumatized from the festivities that day, I’m sure the little fellow was dreading what might come next. Susan looked me in the eye while she lowered her head and took me into her mouth. John Junior knew exactly what to do when that happened! He quickly sprang to attention.

Mary started stroking and softly pinching my nipples through the silky material of the crop top while Susan gave me the best blowjob ever. Well, I may have mentioned earlier in this tale I’ve only known one woman in the biblical sense, and Mary doesn’t like to do blowjobs. So, I don’t have a lot to compare this one to. But if I did, this would still be the best.

I struggled to make it last, but I’m embarrassed to say I was unsuccessful. There is something about being in chastity for weeks at a time that makes my libido go into overdrive when I’m given freedom. And the soft warm mouth and active tongue were too much.

Susan latched on and took every spurt into her mouth while I thrashed on the couch. When I finally collapsed and my cock withered, she slid off me with a little popping sound.

Still maintaining eye contact, Susan crawled up to my face, which Mary now held gently in her hands, and locked her lips with mine. Her tongue forced its way in—I was offering no resistance—and transferred a good half of the load she took from my cock into my mouth. I almost gagged, but Mary started stroking my throat and said, “Swallow, sweetheart.”

For dinner, I fixed us steaks and opened a bottle of good red wine—Susan put me back in the pinafore. I thought of it as a last meal and wondered where I could crash that night. The only place I was familiar with was the admittedly seedy motel I stayed at when this whole submissive male thing started. I did not feel like sitting down

just yet, so Mary and Susan joined me and we all stood at the counter.

When we were finally done with dinner and slices of divorce cake and ice cream, I decided I put it off long enough and said, “Well, I’d better go get dressed and pack a few things. I’ll stop by for the bulk of my stuff once I know where I’ll be living.”

“As to that, John, spend the night here. I don’t think you are in shape to be wandering around the city in the dark.”

I looked out the window and realized she was right. Night had fallen. “Well,” I said, “if you’re sure.”

“We are,” Mary said.

“Earlier, John,” Susan said, “I told you since you have now been outed, you are completely free to make your own choices. So, we are going to give you one more choice to consider.

“I’ve placed your chastity cage on the kitchen table, along with the lock. Get a good night’s sleep, and in the morning, decide whether you want to venture out on your own or stay here with Mary and me. We couldn’t tell you before, but Mary and I are lovers. I’ll be moving my things to the master bedroom tonight. I’ve already sold my condo.

“So, here’s the deal. If you would like to stay with us—we would love it if you did—then we’ll continue the pattern we’ve already established. You’ll continue to be our submissive male, helping around the house, doing the cleaning and laundry as before. Your money will be your own. I can afford to pay the mortgage. You’ll still be held to account; I’ll still conduct weekly reviews.

“Oh, one more thing. If you stay, I intend to get you more involved with the physical side of relationships. Kind of like earlier tonight, except it will be your mouth between my legs. You should expect reciprocation from me to be very rare.”

“And fucking?” I asked. “Will you still want to do that?”

“I think you can count on it.

“So, go get cleaned up and go to bed. Make your decision after you’ve slept on it. If you decide to stay, then first thing in the morning, shower, shave, put your chastity cage back on and lock it.

You're always up before I am. If I find the cage still on the kitchen table when I come out for coffee, I'll know you're moving out."

I thought about it for a few minutes, nodded and said goodnight.

"I almost forgot, John," Susan called as I walked away, "I told Edna Flooger you were taking a sick day tomorrow, and it was not to count against your allotted number. She agreed."

That was one of the more impressive things I've known Susan to pull off. Mrs. Flooger really is a hard ass on the job. Nobody gets anything out of her. Guess I'll have to amend my assessment. Susan did.

My sleep was restless that night. I was not comfortable on my back because of the condition of my ass, and could not sleep on my tummy because of the piercing. All on top of the questions coursing through my mind: What should I do? Where should I go?

Ultimately, I fell asleep and slept with no dreams I remembered.

In the morning, Susan and Mary woke entwined together in the king-size bed in the master bedroom to the smell of coffee brewing and bacon frying.