

Katt Ford

Cruel

Parts 1-6



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All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

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Cruel

I think about it a lot. Hard not to, when a certain mood comes over me. Which it does quite often, to be honest. Look, maybe I'm not a normal girl. In fact, I'd be willing to bet that I'm not. I have tastes that other people, more normal people, might find shocking. I'm a woman of strange enthusiasms. The meat is sweeter the closer you get to the bone. The thrill is greater the closer you stand to the edge. It would be hard to argue with the accusation that I take things a little too far sometimes. But I prefer a strong flavor, even if it's one I don't like, to something with no flavor at all.

When I was in the hospital, back when I was a kid, and it looked like I might not make it, I vowed to myself that if I pulled through, I would never take life for granted again. And I did. So I didn't.

I'm a fucking unicorn.

My sister's not like me. I mean, we look the same, it's true. Identical twins. There were times when I rebelled against that. I dyed my hair, cut it short, experimented with makeup to try and make myself look different from Lisa. I was younger then. I've learned to embrace it. My sister is beautiful, and since we're twins, I guess that's a vain thing to say. But it's the truth.

We look the same on the outside, but we're wired very differently. I can only blame it on the illness. While survival made me bold when I finally recovered, it made Lisa timid. She saw me wasting away, her twin sister, and it made her cautious. It made her afraid. That one dark period defined our relationship forever, I often think. But it's not the only period that did that.

And it isn't my childhood sickness I return to again and again when that certain mood comes over me. No, it's something much more recent that I think about. I review it from every possible angle, like a film director obsessively rearranging the frames of his masterpiece. I step outside myself, watching the scene through the eyes of peripheral characters before returning to my own memories of the experience. This was my masterpiece. I still find it hard to believe what took place. And like that long-ago childhood illness, it changed the way my sister and I related to each other forever afterward.

*

A sleepy gas station in the middle of nowhere. The kind of sun that beats down on the ground, making the air shimmer and dance above the black ribbon of the road. A single pump on the dusty forecourt, its tarnished metal hot from the sun.

A long black car pulls off the road. The bright sun shining in its sleek panels as it slows to a halt beside the solitary gas pump. The shadow it casts is short, clinging tightly to the car it belongs to like a jealous lover. The car's doors open. Two women step out. One starts to fill the car with gas. The other makes her way to the tiny store.

The gas station's owner sits up as the door opens and a bright bell chimes. For all the years he's worked out here in the middle of nowhere, he's never seen anything quite like the woman who steps into his store now. Long hair, as jet black as the car she got out of, tumbles over her shoulders in soft waves. Her high heels click as she walks on a pair of black ankle boots with a silver spike that makes her sway provocatively with every step as she moves towards the fridge. Black wayfarer sunglasses with a white frame hide her eyes, but he can tell that she's young - maybe twenty-five or so. It's not her face he's looking at, though, not for long. The woman's wearing a black latex dress, so tight that it looks as though she's been poured into it, the material polished to a high shine. The light dances off the curves of her young body, the store he knows so well reflected and distorted in the generous curve of hip and breast. His throat gets tight as the woman pulls two bottles of water from the fridge and walks towards the counter.

"Will that be all, miss?" he says. He can see his own face reflected in her sunglasses, and if he allowed himself to look, he knows he'd see himself reflected in her dress, too. Even he can see the look of lust on his face as he tried to act as though there's nothing out of the ordinary.

"And the gas," the woman says. Her lips are a pale pink color, full and soft as she speaks in a low voice. Her skin looks pale set against the perfect black of dress and shoes and hair, but the store owner suspects some Mediterranean heritage, though her accent is local. Reluctant to look anywhere else, he turns his head to peer through the window at the car.

He blinks. The woman outside by the car is dressed differently. Black leather pants cling to her hips as she bends slightly over the car. Her stomach is bared to the bright sun by the top she wears. Black leather, studded with silver buckles. Finished with the pump, she turns towards the store, and the store owner sees the broad straps that connect the top she wears to a thick collar around her neck. The same sunglasses. The same black hair. The outfits are different, but the woman outside looks exactly the same as the one standing in front of him.

"Thirty-four dollars," he manages to say as he turns back to the woman in front of him. But he can't stop his greedy eyes from moving over her body this time, drawn to the dress that both hides and flaunts the shape of her body. The narrowness of her waist enhances the spread of her hips, and he feels his old cock start to twitch as he wonders what kind of underwear she's wearing under a dress so tight. If any. The woman reaches into the top of her dress, and the man's mouth falls open as he watches her breast jiggle and shift. He could swear that he catches just the briefest glimpse of the darker skin at the edge of her nipple as she produces two crumpled bills.

"Keep the change," she says. The man attempts a clumsy smile of thanks as the young woman turns away. He watches her go, his gaze no longer discreet now that her back is turned. He watches her go, studying every inch of her latex-wrapped body as she sways her way to the door and steps outside. He watches her cross the dusty forecourt, handing a bottle of water to the other woman as they move towards the front of the car. He watched them both, memorizing every detail of the way they look to be recalled and feasted on later, in the privacy of his bed.

He sees everything. But he doesn't hear the knocking and the muffled voice that rises from the trunk of the car as the women climb inside. The car pulls back onto the baking road. The store owner sighs. He'll never see those women again.

If you've never tried to walk in a skintight latex dress and high heels, I can tell you it's not easy. The dress was like a giant rubber band around my thighs, pulling my legs together with every step I took. But I couldn't argue with the way it looked. Even the way it made me move was sexy, forcing me to strut and sway even more than I usually would. You don't wear a dress like that to avoid attention. And I knew I'd be getting plenty of it.

By the time we arrived at the motel, it was twilight. Lisa checked us in, and I smiled as I imagined the reaction her outfit would get from the desk clerk. My own encounter at the gas station was still fresh in my mind. There's a certain perverse pleasure from being ogled by men that know as well as you do that you're way out of their league - at least when you're in the mood for it. The guy at the gas station wasn't even remotely attractive, but that doesn't mean I didn't feel a faint tingle of exhibitionist delight as he tried and failed to stop himself from staring at me. Sometimes, it's almost too easy.

Lisa returned with the key to our room and climbed behind the wheel of the car. The headlights cut a bright arc across the mostly empty parking lot as she steered us towards our ground-floor room. Parking right at the door, she killed the engine. The dress pulled at my thighs as I lifted myself out of the car and followed Lisa into the room. We ignored the knocking that rose again from the trunk. Plenty of time to deal with that later. And better to wait for the cover of darkness before we made our move.

The motel room was nothing special. Blandly decorated in a style designed to cause the least possible amount of offense, it had two double beds, a small TV inside a pressboard entertainment cabinet and a bathroom with a loud extractor fan. But it looked clean, and the price was right. It would be more than adequate for our needs. I sat on the bed, my dress creaking around me as I moved, struggling to cross my legs against the tightness of my skirt. I envied Lisa her freedom of movement as she sat on the other bed, facing me. We had chosen our own outfits; I had no one to blame but myself and my own tendency to show off.

"Are you sure this is ok?" Lisa said, fine lines appearing on her smooth forehead as she raised her eyebrows. "Isn't this...illegal or something?"

"It would be," I said, "if he didn't want us to do it. It's kidnapping, technically. You think he's gonna call the cops? You think if I gave him a phone right now, he'd try and get away from us?"

"Yeah, but..." Lisa's eyes slid to the side as she chewed her lip. Her eyes were the same indefinable color as my own, running the gamut from deep blue to granite gray to stony green depending on the light that hit them. Our mother's eyes. My sister was too sweet for her own good. We had talked about what we would do that day. We had agreed on it. But the long drive had cooled Lisa's passions, and her timid nature was coming to the fore again. That's why we needed each other. She needed me to make her brave, and I needed her to make me smart. If I had been in her position, I wouldn't have hesitated. I might have done far worse things than what we were planning.

"He wanted to fuck me, Lise," I said. Lisa's eyes snapped back up to me, and her lips parted. But she said nothing. So I carried on.

"He tried to fuck me," I said slowly. "Your boyfriend. It's not like he thought I was you, or

anything like that. He knew it was me. And he wanted me to dominate him. So he's getting what he wanted. Just not quite in the way he thought he would."

Lisa sighed. She knew it was true. She'd been with Josh for about six months, and she really liked him. He was certainly attractive enough, with his thick waves of chestnut hair and sparkling blue eyes. Not to mention his gorgeous body. But I had always felt there was something a little off about him. Something a little too lingering in the looks he gave me, maybe. When you look exactly the same as your sister, you sort of resign yourself to the fact that her boyfriends are going to be physically attracted to you. But you tell yourself that physical attraction is only part of the equation. You hope that it's Lisa's sweet and sensitive nature that will make a man fall in love with her. With Josh, clearly, that wasn't the case.

"Yeah, but...isn't this a bit extreme?" Lisa tried. The straps of my dress creaked as I shrugged.

"I've done worse," I said truthfully. "We need to teach him a lesson, Lise. He's just another perv, like the rest. But we'll give him a choice again. You know what he's going to choose."

Lisa nodded slowly. I knew that I was right. I know guys like Josh all too well. And I think in the innermost chamber of her soft heart, Lisa knew that I was right.

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"Are you going to work?"

"Yep." Pausing in front of the hallway mirror, I adjusted my fake lashes with a corner of my finger. Josh was sitting on the couch, the TV rattling on in the background while he watched me over his shoulder. He'd stayed over in the house my sister and I shared the night before, but Lisa had been called into work unexpectedly the following morning. She was only supposed to be gone a couple of hours, but the day had dragged on with no further word from her. Like I wanted to spend my time off hanging out with Josh. I didn't have to start work for a couple of hours myself, but it gave me an excuse to get out of the house.

"So who's tonight's poor victim?" I turned from the mirror to see him grinning at me. I'm not ashamed of what I do. I provide a necessary service. I dominate men who need to submit to a beautiful woman, and I think I'm pretty good at it. My clients certainly pay plenty for the privilege of kneeling at my feet. But I almost wished that Lisa had never told her boyfriend what I did for a living. Ever since he found out, he started looking at me differently. And in my line of work, you get good at reading non-verbal cues. I could see the desire in his face, that he tried to hide behind an act of disinterested curiosity. Josh had an agenda, I was sure of that. It was part of why I didn't love the idea of being left alone in the house with him.

"A couple of regulars," I said. Making my way across the living room, I picked up my phone and scrolled through my notifications. I could feel Josh's eyes on me. I would change into my work clothes at the dungeon - I don't usually go out in public in fetish gear - but Lisa's boyfriend was looking at me as though I was completely naked. I tried to ignore it as I looked at my phone.

"I don't get it," he said. "How do you get them to do what you say?" With a sigh, I turned to face him. I looked him straight in the eye, letting the silence build between us. That silence by

itself is enough to terrify some men in my dungeon. Josh's grin stayed on his face, but I saw him shift uncomfortably in his seat.

"I don't give them a choice," I said finally. Josh's grin grew broader. Focused on me, he didn't notice as I started my phone recording. He was building towards something, I could see. I wanted a record. Moving across the room, I set my phone down on the end table by the couch and took a seat beside him.

"So what? You just beat them and fuck them, then throw them out?" I tried not to roll my eyes. I can't tell you, in my short career, how many times I've had this same conversation. There's no quicker way to piss off a domme than be assuming she's a sex worker. Not that I have anything against sex workers. But it's not what I do.

"I don't fuck clients," I said. "I'm not a prostitute. That's not what they pay for."

"So what do you do to them?" Josh asked. His eyes were glittering as he looked at me. Maybe he didn't think I noticed the way he was leaning towards me. Maybe he didn't notice it himself. But I did.

"If you're so interested, why don't you book a session?" I said, giving him a bitchy smile. It seemed to bounce right off his thick skull.

"Me? No, I'm not into that stuff," he said.

"Are you sure? Because you seem to have a lot of questions about it."

"I'm just curious, that's all," Josh said. "I don't see what the guys get out of it. If they got to have sex with you, then I could maybe understand it."

"If I used my body against them, you mean?" I said. Josh's cheeks colored slowly. I knew that look. I knew I had hit my mark. And I won't deny that a certain excitement bubbled up inside me, even if it was mingled with rage on my sister's behalf. "If I made them do stuff to have sex with me. That's what you mean?"

"I - I guess," Josh stammered.

"So if I told you to kiss my foot right now," I said. Josh's eyes dropped as I raised my foot, placing it on his thigh as we sat on the sofa. There was no longer any doubt in my mind. He was practically trembling with excitement. I could feel the tension in his body even through my shoe. Josh's hands twitched as he reached for my foot, then stopped himself.

"If I told you to kiss my feet right now," I said, "and in return, I'd have sex with you. Would you do it?"

Josh's eyes had a hunted look about them. He suspected a trap, I could see that. But I could also see what I had seen so many times before in my dungeon. Something that he had long repressed, that he had tried to hide, was bubbling up inside him. He wasn't strong enough to hide it.

"Are you serious?" he rasped.

"Only one way to find out," I smiled. I raised my foot, and his eyes followed it as I held it to his face. He paused. His breathing was loud in the otherwise silent room. But I already knew that

I had won, even before Josh's will broke, and he suddenly lunged forward and took my shoe in his hands, pressing his lips to my toe. Triumph roared inside me as I watched him submit. The first step is always the hardest.

"Not like that, silly boy," I giggled, feigning a playfulness totally at odds with the anger I felt at this betrayal of Lisa. Josh looked surprised as I pulled my foot from his hands and set it on the floor. "Do it properly," I smiled at him. "Get on your knees."

Josh paused. But he had already crossed the threshold. He had admitted that he not only wanted to sleep with his girlfriend's sister, but he would do anything to make it happen. I had him already, the evidence recorded on my phone. Now it was just a question of what I was going to do about it.

And to my wild delight, Josh slid off the couch. Slowly, as though under the grip of some spell, he sank onto his knees in front of me. Still looking up at me, he lowered his face to the floor and kissed my feet.

"That's better," I purred. "Why don't you take your clothes off? Strip for me." And he did. Josh wasted no time. In a matter of seconds, Lisa's boyfriend was kneeling naked on the floor in front of me. His cock was rock hard, his veined shaft pulsing with blood as he stared desperately up at me.

"Look how excited your little fella is," I giggled mockingly. "I think we should take this to the bedroom, don't you?" At once, Josh leaped to his feet. Laughing at his eagerness, I shook my head.

"I didn't say you could stand," I said. "I want you to crawl. Go on. Crawl into my bedroom like a good little puppy." I stood as I spoke, sweeping up my phone from the table. Josh didn't notice. His head down, he crawled on his hands and knees behind me as I led him to my bedroom.

"Stop there," I said as Josh reached the foot of my bed. "Put your hands behind your back." Wordlessly, Josh did as he was told. I might have been surprised by the ease with which I bent his will to mine if I hadn't seen this exact same drama play out just this way before. Some men just need to be ruled. And it's the ones that try to deny that facet of themselves that seem to submit so easily. Josh watched me over his shoulder as he placed his hands behind his back, and I fished a pair of cuffs out of the box of toys that I keep in the closet. Josh made no attempt to resist as I buckled the cuffs onto his wrists and locked his hands behind his back.

"There," I said once he was secured. "We don't want you getting any ideas, do we? Get on the bed." Josh's cock swayed as he rose to his feet. He sat on the bed, and I pushed him down until he lay flat on the mattress.

"Now," I grinned, holding up my phone in front of him, "Let's see what my sister has to say about all this."

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When it was fully dark, Lisa and I stepped out of the motel room.

Our high heels echoed on the tarmac. The latex of my dress creaked, and the buckles of her

leather top jingled. My leather top, actually. My leather pants, too. Lisa had borrowed some of my femme clothes for the occasion. It's an advantage of being the same size.

Josh raised his head as we opened the trunk. His hands were still cuffed behind him. After Lisa came home from work to find him like that, we had done a lot of talking. I had to go to work myself shortly after. But when I came home, I was pleased to find that Josh was still there, still cuffed. As soft as Lisa could be, she had stuck to the plan I suggested. The next day, we loaded him into the car and started driving.

"Let me go," he said weakly. I reached into the trunk as I grabbed one of his arms, and Lisa did the same. Together, we pulled him out of the trunk, supporting him between us.

"Shhh," I ordered as I slammed the trunk closed again. Looking around quickly, I led Josh towards the open door of the room. We had put some boxer shorts on him, but that was all he wore besides the handcuffs. He stumbled between us as Lisa and I half-carried him inside. Closing the door behind us, I smiled. No one had seen. And now cheating Josh was totally at our mercy.

"Get down," I ordered, pointing at the narrow strip of carpet between the two beds as I released my grip on his arm. "Get on your fucking knees where you belong." Lisa let go of her boyfriend, and Josh sank clumsily to the floor. Stepping past him, I perched myself on the bed again, tugging slightly at the clinging hem of my latex dress as I crossed my legs. Lisa stayed standing by the door, her leather outfit creaking as she crossed her arms. I flashed her a quick smile of encouragement before turning my eyes back on Josh.

"We've brought you here to atone for your misdeeds," I said. "My sister's a lot nicer than I am. If you were my boyfriend and tried to cheat on me, I'd cut your balls off. But she doesn't want to do anything illegal. So I'm going to tell you again the same thing I told you before we put you in the car."

My dress creaked as I leaned forward, gripping Josh's chin in my hand as I tilted his face up towards mine. I smiled evilly as I let my gaze flicker over his handsome face. I could almost taste his fear, his desire, his pride and his lust warring inside him as he stared at me. The bulge of his erection in his boxers showed me all I needed to know as I grinned at him.

"You're free to go, if you really want to," I said slowly, letting each individual word sink into his brain. "I'll pay for a taxi back to the city. If you want to leave, you can. But you'll never see me or my sister again."

I paused. Josh's chest rose and fell as he watched me cautiously. He said nothing. My heart thumped in my chest.

"Or, you can stay here," I said, "and take your punishment like a man. It'll be fun for us, but not so much fun for you. Still, this is what you wanted, isn't it? To be dominated by a woman? If you don't leave now, that's what you're going to get."

Silence reigned again. Josh's chest expanded as he heaved a great sigh. I knew already what his answer would be. In the darkness and discomfort of the car's trunk, he might have told himself that all he wanted was to go home. But the minute he saw Lisa and I in our sexy outfits, the minute we touched his body, all of that melted away. None of us can help what we are, deep

down inside. Some men are just born to be slaves.

“I - I want to stay,” Josh said thickly. A gasp rose from Lisa. But Josh’s eyes were locked on me.

“I thought you might,” I purred. “But you need to ask us nicely. You need to beg us.”

“Please,” Josh gasped. There was a look of wonder on his face, as though he couldn’t believe himself what he was saying. But he said it nonetheless. “Please let me stay,” he whimpered, and I laughed out loud at the note of desperation in his voice

“OK,” I grinned, winking at Lisa as I spoke. “You asked for it.”

Making Him Pay

After the heat of the day, it felt cool at night. A few stray stars shone in the sky, struggling to be seen against the orange glow of the lights in the motel's parking lot. That same orange glow shone back from the glossy material of my latex dress as I stepped outside, tasting the air. The car park was as empty as it had been when we pulled Josh out of the car. Somewhere in the distance, a dog barked. Cars and trucks rumbled by on the nearby highway, the noise of their engines making a dull rumble that was almost a kind of anti-noise, virtually inaudible in its soothing regularity.

My heels cracked against the concrete as I walked towards the car. I didn't mind being seen in my provocative outfit. Far from it. Let them look. But in these surroundings at this hour, I'd look like a prostitute. I might attract the wrong kind of attention, from the wrong kind of person. But the car was right outside our room, and there was no one around. I fetched the canvas bag out of the back seat and locked the car again, returning to the motel room with the swaying stride forced on me by the tight dress and my high heels.

Lisa looked up as I closed the door behind me and set the bag on the bed. I know her better than anyone on earth, better than I'm ever going to know anyone. Formed in the same womb, we're as close as two people can get to being the same person. And even though in certain respects our personalities are completely different, I understand her almost as well as I understand myself. Maybe better in some ways.

Lisa was torn. I knew that. What we were doing here made her uneasy. She knew that her cheating boyfriend richly deserved what we were planning, but she couldn't help but feel pity for him all the same. And on top of that, she was sad. Sad that a relationship she had thought promising had turned out so wrong. Sad that a man she cared for turned out to care so little for her. My heart went out to her as I opened the bag and rummaged through the items inside. You should never domme angry. For all the clients I've dominated, I was never mad at any of them. Some I actually liked on a personal level. Others I was largely indifferent to. But I would ordinarily refuse to play with someone I had a grudge against.

Still, here we were. Josh needed to be punished. What's more, he wanted to be. I had given him ample opportunities to walk away, and he had turned them down. Lisa might still suffer from a guilty conscience, but mine was perfectly clear on that score.

And as my fingers danced over the collection of toys I had packed into the bag before we hit the road, a smile crept across her face. Lisa and I might be temperamentally very different. But I had a feeling I could end up putting a smile in her face.

"OK," I said, raising my head from the bag to look at Josh. He was right where I had left him when I went to the car, kneeling on the floor between the two double beds. "Here's how you're going to make it up to us. You're going to do what we tell you, no matter whether you want to or not. We're going to train you to be our slave. Our little toy. And disobedience will most definitely be punished." I watched as Josh gulped nervously. He seemed almost as though

he had been struck dumb by what was going on. But he nodded slowly. Pulling a couple of items from the bag, I crossed the floor to where Josh waited.

“Stand up,” I ordered. Josh rose clumsily to his feet, and my dress creaked as I bent at the waist. I heard Josh sigh as I pulled down his boxer shorts and let them drop to his feet. I couldn’t help smiling at the way his cock sprang out, bobbing in the air as I released it from its fabric prison. His shaft was warm on my fingers, almost hot with the pounding blood of arousal that stiffened it. Fresh meat. So many of my clients are practiced submissives, used to the kinky games I play with them. But it was all new to Josh, and it was clearly exciting him immensely. Still, I wasn’t there to please him. Instead, I wrapped a strap around his cock and balls and tucked a small black box in behind his scrotum.

“What’s that?” Lisa asked. She stepped a little closer, her head tilted to one side as she tried to see what I was doing.

“You’ll see,” I grinned. Once the item was strapped in place, I took a seat on the edge of the bed again. “Down,” I ordered briskly, emphasizing my command by pointing to the floor at my feet. Josh did as he was told, but I saw the faint hesitation in him before he moved. For that alone, I decided, he had to be punished.

I still held a couple of things in my hands. One was a remote control with a short antenna, a dial and a button. As Josh’s knees touched the floor, I pressed the button and laughed in delight as his whole body stiffened and a startled cry escaped his lips. It didn’t matter how many times I used the electric shock collar. It never failed to make me smile to see one of my slaves tremble and shake at the touch of a button.

“What was that?” Lisa stepped closer, and I held up the remote in my hand so that both Lisa and Josh could see it.

“It’s a shock collar,” I said. “If he gives us any attitude, he gets a little shock on his balls.” Josh winced again as I shocked him a second time, just for a moment. “They use them for training dogs. But I find they work even better for training naughty little boys.”

“You mean you’ve used this on other guys?” Josh’s eyes were wide with shock and perfectly round, but they quickly closed in pain when I pressed the button again.

“You speak when spoken to now, bitch,” I snarled. “Until then, keep your fucking mouth shut.” Lisa gasped beside me. She knew what I did for a living, of course, but she had never seen me do it. I’d always wondered if the way I was, my ability to be the dominant bitch my clients paid so handsomely for, was entirely down to personal choice, or whether there was any kind of genetic component to it. Deep down in her tender soul, did Lisa have even a trace of the sadism that I had so fully embraced? Or was it unique to me? There had never been a better time to find out.

“Sit down here, Lise,” I said, my tone completely different now that I was no longer addressing a slave. I patted the mattress beside me, and Lisa sat. Her eyes glowed as she looked at Josh, her cheating boyfriend kneeling at our feet. I couldn’t read the expression on her face, even if it was the same face as mine. I couldn’t pick apart the complex web of emotions that shone in my sister’s eyes. But I hoped that there was at least some element of enjoyment in there.

Because I was certainly enjoying myself.

“Here. Hold this,” I said. As casually as I was able. I handed Lisa the remote control, and she took it carefully. Josh’s eyes followed the control, and I saw the fear in his stare as Lisa took it. After all, it was she that he had betrayed, not me. I was mad at him on her behalf, not my own. A more vengeful woman than Lisa - me, for example - might have taken the opportunity to fry his cheating balls. But Lisa didn’t. Her thumb hovered over the button of the remote, but she didn’t press it. I was almost disappointed as I turned back to Josh.

“You’re our slave now,” I said. “We’re going to teach you your place. First things first. Every slave needs a collar so that he knows he’s owned.” The leather collar was in my hands, and I held it out as I leaned towards Josh. I could feel his breath on my hand as I wrapped the leather around his neck. He bowed his heads as I leaned further forward, his face practically in my lap as I reached around to buckle the collar at the back of his neck. When the collar was finally in place, I let go. Josh raised his head, his eyes darting from me to Lisa and back again. I imagined the scene through his eyes - I still do, sometimes. Looking up at us, his girlfriend and a woman who looked just like her, dressed in dominatrix gear and looming over him. Lisa and I were a submissive man’s dream come true. And there was no doubt anymore that that was what Josh was.

“That’s better,” I smiled. “Our little pet. Now, you need to apologize to my sister.”

“I’m sorry, Lisa,” Josh said at once, shifting slightly on his knees so that he was facing her directly. “I’m so sorry. It was just - I didn’t think. I got carried away, and I - I’m sorry.” Lisa’s face might as well have been carved out of stone for all the reaction his apology got from her. She sat and listened in silence, the menace of the remote in her hand. Even I couldn’t guess what she was thinking. Josh had no chance.

“You call that an apology?” I sneered. Josh might not have learned it yet, but a dominatrix is almost never satisfied with a slave’s first effort. “I want to see you really grovel. Beg for her forgiveness. Go on. Lick her boots and beg my sister to forgive you for being the pathetic, cheating piece of shit that you are.”

Josh’s eyes snapped back to me. For a moment, it looked as though he wanted to argue. His male pride stung by my words, he bristled. But he thought better of it. With a suppressed sigh, he inched backward and lowered his face to the floor. I looked over at Lisa, and she looked back at me, her eyes shining with disbelieving delight and her teeth biting her lower lip. My heart raced. Maybe my sister did have a dominant side after all.

“Please,” Josh groaned below us. I heard Lisa gasp quietly as he kissed her shoe. “Please forgive me, Lisa.” It was hardly the first time I’d made a man degrade himself like this. And I don’t want to say that after a while, it becomes routine. I stay present for my clients, even if we’re doing things I’ve done hundreds of times before. After all, that’s what they’re paying for. But with Josh, it was different. Maybe because he wasn’t a client. Maybe because this was somehow closer to the real thing, since he wasn’t paying me to do this. But I think the main and most obvious difference was that my sister was there. My sister was there, and her eyes were shining, just the way mine must have done the first few times a man groveled at my feet. My heart soared at the thought that maybe, just maybe, something was awakening inside her.

“You’re going to have to do better than that,” I sneered as I watched Josh’s bent back, and I heard the breath escape Lisa’s nostrils in a long sigh. Her foot twitched as Josh kissed it, and her fingers danced on the remote control she held. I knew all too well what she would be feeling. Total power. True, Josh could stop the whole scene with one word.; But I knew he wouldn’t. If he was going to do that, he would have done it already. And as long as he stayed in the scene we had created, he was ours. Completely. Lisa had never been in this position before, and I knew as well as anyone what a thrill it can be to discover your own sexual power. I almost envied her the fact that it was her first time, that all of this was new to her. She had so much to discover.

And Lisa’s eyes turned to me. A slow smile crept across her face, and I smiled the same smile back at her. Bent over Lisa’s feet, Josh was absorbed in worshipping Lisa’s boots. He couldn’t see the look my sister and I shared. Her thumb hovered over the button of the remote control. I nodded slowly.

Josh groaned as the pain of an electric shock made his body stiffen. Lisa had been merciful; at least by my standards. The remote had a dial that adjusted the severity of the shock, and she kept it turned down low. Some of my clients, the real pain sluts, would beg me to turn it all the way up. But Josh was nowhere near that level. I was willing to bet that he had never felt a sensation quite like this, and he gasped and groaned as my sister delivered a sharp little shock to his balls.

“That’s what you get for cheating on me,” Lisa said. It was the first words she had spoken to Josh since e got him into the hotel room. Josh stared up at her from his knees, with an expression on his face that was somewhere in the neighborhood of disbelief. He had tried to sleep with me in the first place because he knew I was dominant. Well, now he was going to find out what it really means to serve. And not just my sweet and relatively innocent sister, but me too.

“I - I’m sorry, Lisa,” Josh panted, and his fearful eyes darted between the two of us as he spoke.

“I’m not so sure about that,” I said. My dress creaked with every move I made, and the hem rose up my legs a little as I inched forward on the bed. Extending one foot, I tapped the toe of my shoe against the underside of Josh’s cock, making it bounce while he moaned at the touch. “Look how excited he is,” I giggled. “I think he likes being our humble little slave boy.” Lisa laughed out loud, and I recognized the wildness in her laughter for what it was - a growing arousal that surprised her more than me. After all, despite his major character flaws, Josh was a handsome guy. He looked good kneeling at our feet. And the way the muscles of his torso tightened when Lisa shocked him was enough to give even an experienced domme like me more than a few ideas. The excitement that had been crackling away in the pit of my stomach ever since Josh made his outrageous attempt to seduce me was growing. And I had only to look at Lisa to know that my sister felt the same way.

When I told Josh that I don’t sleep with clients, I had been telling the truth. But Josh wasn’t a client. I wondered if that had occurred to him the way it had occurred to me.

"I think he does," Lisa agreed. Her hand hovered over the button of the remote again. But before she could press it, I reached out and twisted the dial on the top of the unit. Not all the

way; Josh wasn't ready for that yet. But this was supposed to be punishment, after all. Besides, I find that slave training goes smoother when the slave has a healthy amount of fear of his mistress. With the power of the shock collar increased, I pressed Lisa's thumb against the button so that we shocked him together.

Josh cried out. His head snapped up towards us, and I saw the muscles in his jaw clench as he ground his teeth. His whole body trembled, his cock swaying wildly as the electricity coursed through him. I knew he was in no real danger. After all, the shock collar ran on batteries, and there was a hard limit to how much power it could possibly deliver. I knew from experience that the higher voltages could cause considerable pain, but I also knew that we were nowhere near those. Yet. But poor old Josh didn't know any of that. For all he knew, the collar could be capable of burning his balls. As well as the pain of the shock we gave him, he had to contend with the fear of how far we might go. I could see it all written on his face, the beautiful tapestry of fear and lust and pain and shame that I knew so well, but never seemed to get tired of seeing. Especially on a face as handsome as his.

I lifted my thumb, and Lisa lifted hers, and Josh's red face sank back to the floor. He was kissing and licking more urgently now, the wet sound of his lips against leather rising in the air of the motel room. He kissed both my feet and Lisa's indiscriminately, lapping at our shoes like a craven dog as he panted and gasped. He was all but beaten already. The dial on the remote had a long way to go, but it was clear to me that Lisa's boyfriend - if he could still be called that - was ready to serve us. The threat of a few small shocks was all it took to turn him into our lapdog.

But I wouldn't be much of a mistress if I let him get away that easily.

My latex dress creaked again as I shifted on the mattress. Josh was still kissing my heels as I stood, towering over him. Lisa watched with eyes that sparkled with delight as I bent over him, seizing one of the metal rings that hung on the thick leather collar around his neck. Josh's frightened blue eyes stared up at me timidly as I pulled him up on his knees.

"We're not here for your pleasure," I growled at him, bending slightly so that my face hovered just above his. I could feel his warm breath against my skin as he panted with desire, and I knew that he could feel mine as I spoke. My black hair fell down in dark waves on either side of my head, like a curtain that enveloped the two of us and sealed us off from the world. Pain's a funny thing. It seals us off from the world, burying us in ourselves. Everything else disappears. In that sharp light of agony, you're all alone. I know plenty about pain, from both the giving and the receiving end. But both Josh and Lisa had plenty to learn. And I was thrilled to be teaching them.

"Get up," I ordered. Josh rose to his feet as quickly as he was able, but I'm an old hand at keeping men off balance. Pulling on the collar he wore, I bent his head down towards me as I led him across the room. I could feel his eyes on my body as he stumbled after me, watching the way the shiny black latex clung to my ass, the same way I had admired it in the mirror when I first put the dress on. I knew how it made me look, and I let Josh look too. Let him see what he had wanted so much that he was willing to betray my sister for it. The same body as Lisa had, for that matter. And look what that desire had cost him.

I could feel Lisa's eyes on me as I led Josh to the motel room's other bed and pulled down on the collar. Josh stumbled, and I felt the warmth of his skin under my fingers as I pushed him down, back down to the floor.

"Down," I snarled, in the voice I use to make men jump to obey. "Get your face down on the mattress." Guided by my hands, Josh moved into the position I had in mind for him, bent at the waist with his feet on the floor and his upper body face-down on the mattress. The black box of the shock collar hung from his balls as he spread his legs at my command, his hands cuffed uselessly behind his back and the most vulnerable parts of his body totally exposed. "Stay," I ordered as I pushed down on the small of his back. Then I left him, circling around the bed to get to the bag I had brought. Digging around inside, I produced some lengths of rope and a metal bar. Lisa was still watching me intently, still smiling, still holding the remote control in her hand that ensured that Josh would go along with whatever I had planned for him. I wondered if he was remembering what I had told him when he asked how I got men to obey me. I don't give them a choice. He had no choice now. Not if he wanted to be in our presence, to submit to two sexy women the way I knew he wanted to. His options were total submission or total absence. Josh didn't say a word as I reached for his collar again and threaded a length of rope through one of its rings. He wasn't going anywhere. He wanted this too badly. I found myself wondering just how long he had been thinking of me in his naughty little fantasies. After tonight, I was sure, he'd be able to think of little else.

Running the rope from Josh's collar up along the bed, I silently cursed the ubiquitous style of hotel headboards. Useless for my purposes. Reaching down behind the top of the mattress, I instead tied the end of the rope to a slat of the bed that I could just about reach. My latex dress creaked and groaned around my body as I worked, and I knew that Josh was getting an eyeful of me, and the thought of his cock throbbing desperately underneath his body made me smile as I tied the rope down. Standing again, I brushed my hair back from my face and walked back towards Josh. His head turned, his eyes following me as far as they were able until I was behind him, invisible and menacing. The metal spreader bar was in my hand. Josh turned his eyes on Lisa, still sitting at the side of the bed, as I crouched behind her boyfriend. The buckles at either end of the bar wrapped around his ankles as I closed them, the rigid bar keeping his legs spread for me. Now he was even more helpless than before, off balance and tied down, his body reduced to a toy for my sister and me to play with. As I ran my fingertips lightly over the skin of his ass, I could feel him trembling to my touch. Josh moaned as my hand drifted between his legs, ticking his bound balls. Lisa's eyes burned as she watched. It was her, my identical twin sister, that I looked at as I spoke. Taking Josh's balls in my hand and squeezing until he groaned and squirmed uselessly on the mattress, I grinned encouragingly at Lisa while she watched me.

"Men need to be trained," I said softly. "That's all there is to it. You need to be broken and trained like animals before you're fit to serve a woman. So that's what we're going to do to you. We're going to punish you and break you until you don't have a single thought left in that pretty little head of yours except how to serve us better." My tight dress creaked as I leaned over him, pressing my body against his. I rose and fell with the rhythm of his deep breathing as I lay on top of him, my long hair tickling his shoulder as I pressed my lips to his ear.

"You're not fit to be her boyfriend," I said. "But once you're trained, my sister might keep you as a pet. If you're lucky. Because if she doesn't want you, I might keep you myself. And

being owned by me will be a lot harder than being owned by her.” Josh shuddered as I spoke. Lisa laughed out loud, delighted at the thought of what I was saying. I heard Josh wince and felt his body shake as my sister delivered another quick shock to his balls. She was really taking to her new position, and it made me so proud to discover this hidden vein of cruelty inside her.

I straightened up. Moving back toward the open bag that lay on the bed beside Josh, I produced a wooden paddle. Lisa’s eyes looked as slate gray as I knew mine must in the motel light as she saw the weapon in my hand. Placing my free hand in the small of Josh’s back, I raised the paddle in the air.

"What do you think, Lise?" I asked, raising my voice to be heard over Josh's rapid breathing. "Ten of the best for our naughty little bitchboy here?" Lisa crossed her legs, bouncing slightly on the other bed as she moved. Her teeth showed white between pink lips as she smiled at me, barely able to believe what was happening but clearly delighted to be a part of it.

“Ten, at least,” she smiled at me.

The Magic Mirror

“Ow!”

Josh yelled out in the motel room as the wooden paddle I wielded cracked against his ass, and I found myself wondering how thin the walls were in this place. I hadn't heard a thing from next door, so I could only hope that either the walls effectively blocked sound, or else the next room was empty. Either way, I didn't feel like holding back. For all I knew, this was Josh's first time being dominated. His skin was still soft, his nerves delightfully responsive. Some of my regular clients have been willingly taking beatings for years, and plenty of dommes hit harder than me. I had to keep in mind that my sister's boyfriend, or former boyfriend, was no hardened pain slut. He was just a silly boy who had been curious about domination. Turned on by the thought of being dominated by his girlfriend's twin sister, he had made a colossal error in judgment. And now he was paying for it.

“Ow!” he yelled again. The bed he was tied to trembled beneath him as he struggled against the bonds that held him. Cuffed and leashed with a spreader bar to keep his feet far apart, there was essentially nothing Josh could do to protect himself against me. But old instinct made him wriggle and writhe anyway, trying to break free. And yet my professional eye couldn't help but notice that he made no attempt to do the one thing that would have ensured his freedom. He only had to say the word, and I wouldn't keep him there against his will. No matter how much fun I was having. But for all the cries of pain and of fear that rose from Josh's throat, the magic words that would have ensured his freedom were conspicuously absent.

And I knew why. As I wielded the paddle with a practiced hand, I smiled happily to myself. The situation was very clear. Josh could get up and leave this hotel room anytime he wanted. But then he would never get to so much as touch either me or Lisa, ever again. The pain I was inflicting was the price he had to pay to be in our presence. And for all his yelling and writhing, he was willingly paying it.

“That's eight,” I said. Under my fingers, I could feel the heat rising from Josh's ass. His skin was bright red from where the paddle had struck him. Glancing across at the other bed, I saw Lisa's eyes glowing like coals as she watched me work. She'd always found it faintly amusing, the way I made my living. But she'd never looked into it more than that. She'd never shown any interest in what it was that I did, beyond knowing the basics. Whenever the slightest hint of anything kinky came up in conversation between us, she'd smile, blush, turn away. She couldn't change the subject fast enough. But now I was seeing a new side to her. And I suspected that this side was as new to Lisa as it was to me. She couldn't hide her excitement from me, her twin sister. She looked the same way I felt. And I envied her the newness of it all. At its core, I love my job, and I love kinky sex. But you only get one first time of dominating a man. Of feeling your own sexual power awaken inside you. I envied her that, even as I beat her boyfriend's ass in front of her.

"Nine," I said, and Josh whimpered as his buttocks turned a deeper shade of red. I've given far worse beatings in my life, that's for sure. But Josh looked as though he was getting close to

his limit. He would need a little less stick, and a little more carrot, if he was going to stay in the game. Sometimes, I'm tempted to liken dominating a man to playing an instrument. You can't just hammer on the same loud chords over and over. That's not music, it's just noise. It's the quiet notes that make it into a song. And more than that, the space between the notes. The pattern of the silence that shapes the symphony.

I know. I can be quite the philosopher with a paddle in my hand.

"Ten." Josh howled with relief as the final blow struck him. I couldn't resist making it just a little harder than the rest, making him jump in his bonds as the paddle cracked against his bruised flesh. He'd gotten the message, I was sure. Disobedience would have consequences. Now it was time to show him what he could get from doing what he was told.

I placed the paddle on his back, leaving it there as I moved around the bed. There was a fire burning inside me too, and I intended to deal with it. Being a professional dominatrix is like being an actor. The central conceit of the show I put on for my clients is that they exist for my pleasure when really, nothing could be further from the truth. They pay me, and so it's my job to make sure they get what they pay for. Paradoxically, the more I make it seem like what we're doing is what I want, the more they enjoy it, and the more likely they are to come back. That's just the business.

But this was different. Josh wasn't a client. And so his pleasure mattered less than it otherwise would. Which meant that mine mattered more. My stomach fluttered at the thought of what I was about to do, and I had the delicious sensation that I was getting close to some kind of line that a more careful soul might not cross. But ever since the illness that had almost killed me as a child, I had found life to be at its sweetest in those dark gray areas. It was why I did what I did. I was never cut out for a regular life. I was never happy unless I was pushing the boundaries.

So I left the paddle where it was and made my way back around the bed to where my bag of toys gaped open. Not all of them were from the dungeon I worked at. One or two were from home. And I felt my sister's eyes following my movements as I smilingly produced what I was looking for from the depths of the bag. It was her reaction that I was most concerned about. Josh's feelings were utterly predictable to me. Besides, I wasn't overly concerned if I never saw the guy again. But Lisa was my sister. That was the relationship I was eager to preserve. Yet the cry of lust in my boiling blood would not go away.

Josh raised his flushed face from the mattress as I climbed onto the bed in front of him. My tight latex dress groaned and squeaked with every movement I made. I felt the rope that kept his collar tied to the bed underneath me as I lay down on the bed. Josh's eyes were wide as he saw the vibrator in my hand. Slowly, teasingly, I pulled the hem of my dress up over my thighs, spreading my legs as the dress climbed higher. I wore no underwear, figuring it would only get in the way and ruin the lines of my skintight dress. As I exposed myself to Josh, I could feel the air in the motel room against the sensitive skin of my pussy. I was wet, gloriously wet, and I reveled in the feeling of my own arousal as I spread my legs in front of my sister's boyfriend.

Josh's eyes were locked in me. The focus in his gaze, familiar as it was to me, was almost scary in its intensity. It seemed he had completely forgotten about all the pain from the paddling I had given him. His body rocked and swayed on the bed, but it was desire, not pain, that steered

his muscles now. I could feel the rope moving beneath me as he squirmed on the bed just a couple of feet away. I thought of his cock, hard and erect, trapped between his body and the mattress.

“Don’t you dare cum while you watch me,” I snarled at him. “Naughty boys don’t get to do that. Orgasms are for girls, and little bitch boys like you only get to watch.”

Over on the other bed, I heard Lisa bark with laughter. It encouraged me. We were twin sisters and had no problem being naked in front of one another under normal circumstances. Our bodies were practically identical anyway, aside from our scars. But nudity is one thing, and sex is another. I couldn't care less if Lisa saw me changing clothes in front of her, but she had never seen anything like this. Neither of us had ever seen the other like this, and that had been the fear that tugged at the back of my brain. That my sister might be appalled but what she was about to see. But she wasn't. She understood intuitively what I had learned over the years of my career: that this was a show. That doesn't mean that the feelings aren't real. An actor can feel true sadness as they cry on stage. Fake situations, real emotions. That's what my clients pay for. And that's what this was. A show, sure. But the arousal I felt was very real. And Lisa made no sound of protest as I hiked up my dress, and the vibrator buzzed in my hand.

As for Josh, he seemed almost to have forgotten that Lisa was even there. His attention was fixed solely on me, only on me, as though there was nothing more important in all the world than what I was about to do. I felt the low hum of the vibrator echo through my body as I moved it over my thigh, and my pussy bloomed with excitement at the feeling as I moved the object ever closer. This was no cheap toy from a seedy store, either, A client had bought this for me, and he had spent plenty on it. He never got to see me use it, either. I would never do something like this at work. He was happy just to know that I had taken his gift home, that I could use it to bring myself pleasure whenever I wanted. I didn't have to guess how he would feel if he could see what I was doing with it now. It was all right there, on Josh's upturned face, written in bold letters on his parted lips, his burning eyes. He was desperate for me, as though I was oxygen and he was drowning. I had him right where I wanted him.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" I said as I slid the head of the vibrator over my wet lips. "You wish this was your cock I was holding right now, don't you?" I didn't try in the slightest to control the low moan of pleasure that rose from my throat as the vibrations from the toy coursed through my body. Every nerve seemed to crackle with pleasure as I moved the vibrator between my legs. My pussy spasmed, my wet lips trembling as my body responded. I was getting irresistibly excited, and I had no intention of hiding it. The intensity of Josh's stare as he watched me play with myself made it seem as though the air in the room could burst into flames at any moment.

“Yes,” Josh croaked, “I do.”

“Yes? Is that all you have to say for yourself?” Even I could hear that my voice was thick with pleasure as I spoke. But Josh didn’t know what my clients, some of them at least, had learned over the years. There was a kind of feedback loop between my arousal and my cruelty. The meaner I was, the more it turned me on. And the more turned on I got, the meaner I was able to be to my poor slaves. Keeping the vibrator pressed against my pussy and working its magic. I extended one leg. Josh winced in pain as I pressed the sharp heel of one show into his shoulder,

and I gasped in ecstatic joy as I watched the metal heel sink into his skin.

“You will address me as Mistress,” I snarled as I pushed my heel deeper. “Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Josh panted, the skin around his eyes tightening with pain as I grinned evilly down at him.

“There are two mistresses in this room,” I growled. “Yes Mistress what?” Josh seemed to catch on, even through the haze of pain and desire that I was inflicting on him.

“Yes, Mistress Natalie,” he gasped. And my own shriek of laughter all but drowned out Lisa’s gasp as she watched from the other bed. Her eyes were fixed on Josh, and through the fog of my own growing pleasure, I could see that her hands were gripping the bed cover she sat on, her knuckles white and her cheeks red. No, my sister had never seen anything like this, and I wondered if she had ever even imagined it. She knew what I did for a living, but that was with strangers. That was nothing like this. And the expression of wonder on her face only spurred me to go further.

“That’s better,” I purred, making sure that every ounce of pleasure I felt as the vibrator buzzed against my sex could be heard in my voice. “That’s much better. I like it when you show us the proper respect. It’s fucking hot.” Those were the magic words. An expression of something akin to hope passed across Josh’s face. For all that he was suffering, from sexual frustration as well as lingering physical pain, he almost smiled as I spoke. Just the idea that anything he could do would excite me was enough to make him happy, like a fawning pet that seeks only to please.

But I didn’t get to where I am by making men happy. At least, not like that.

“But you know what turns me on even more?” I said, and the final words of the sentence rose into another moan as I pressed the vibrator harder against my trembling pussy. Pleasure rose like a great wave inside me, but I kept my eyes at least partly open, locked onto Josh’s so that he could see what was growing inside me, so that he could experience vicariously what I wouldn’t allow him to enjoy for himself.

“No, Mistress Natalie,” he breathed. I heard the other bed creak slightly as Lisa shifted in her seat. I knew what she was feeling. Only hours before, he had been her boyfriend, an independent man who said and did more or less whatever he liked. Now, he was a humble slave eager to obey and desperate to please. It was startling sometimes, how easy it could be. I paused for a moment, letting my ever-louder moans fill the motel room and drive Josh wild with unrelieved desire. Then I spoke.

“Watching you suffer,” I said. “That’s what really gets me wet.” I groaned as the vibrator did its work, and felt the wetness of my own juices on my thighs as they streamed out of my spasming pussy. I knew I was close to orgasm, my desire expanding with the sheer kinkiness of the scene. And the thought that Josh would be forced to watch me cum filled me with sadistic delight.

And then, something magical happened. Something that, even among the dark sexual magic that filled the air that night, sticks out in my memory as a moment of total triumph.

Josh howled in sudden pain, his body shaking and writhing on the bed as his muscles

spasmed. Lost in my own lust, it took me a while to figure out what was happening. But once I did, I cried out loud in utter delight while Josh moaned with pain and frustration.

Lisa had shocked him again.

She sat on the bed with the remote control in her raised hand, and her eyes blazed with an inner fire. Her head turned towards me, and I cried out in surprise and pleasure. There was no way for me to hold back any longer. The joy swelled inside me, and I felt as though it was about to lift me clear off the motel bed as I thrashed and moaned. The idea that my sweet sister had taken the initiative to torture her helpless boyfriend was too much for me. They both watched, Josh and Lisa together, as I screamed and moaned and tossed my head from side to side, the vibrator's buzzing muffled as I squeezed my thighs around it and gave in to the powerful sensations that were rocking my body. I closed my eyes as the fire within me roared, lighting me up while I trembled and shook. My legs trembled as I released my hold on the vibrator, and the buzzing implement fell onto the mattress in front of Josh.

I breathed. My tight dress creaked around me as my chest heaved, and I inhaled air that was suffused with the aroma of my own pleasure. A sheen of sweat clung to my forehead. I brushed stray strands of hair away from my cheeks as I opened my eyes again. The orgasm I had just had, in front of my twin sister and her boyfriend, was as powerful as any I could remember. But I was far from done. The situation we were in was far too delicious, far too exciting, to simply give up on. I just needed a little time to recover myself.

And that's when Lisa stood up.

Understand, I'm never going to know anyone as well as I know my sister. We shared a womb. We're practically the same person. But for all that we are physically almost indistinguishable, as Lisa rose from the other bed in the motel room that night, I felt that I was witnessing the birth of a new side of her, one that I didn't know at all. Or that I knew only in myself. And as she got to her feet, the remote control for the shock collar strapped to Josh's balls still in her hand, I had the strange feeling that I was looking at myself. At last, I saw myself the way my slaves saw me, my gray eyes shining with wild delight and every line of my body radiating excitement and power as I stood over them. I'm not going to lie. Lisa looked sexy as hell as she stood and turned towards her helpless boyfriend, and my pussy spasmed at the thought that what I was seeing was exactly the way I looked in these moments. It was a trip, like being whisked to some parallel universe where you can watch yourself acting as though in some kind of magic mirror. The sheer strangeness of it all only added to my sense of wonder and delight.

Josh's head turned on the bed. I lay in front of him, my legs spread and my pussy dripping, but now his attention was all on Lisa. As it should be. There was something dangerous in her now, her movements like the stalking of some black cat. And yet it was thrilling to watch her. She even walked differently. I had the exhilarating feeling that I had opened Pandora's box, that no one would now be able to close the door that had swung open in my sister's soul. It was like witnessing the birth of a dark goddess.

And this dark goddess circled around the bed slowly, taking her time, reinforcing her total power with every slow step around our victim. Josh turned his head as she tried to keep her in

view. Lisa's fingers trailed over her boyfriend's beaten ass, and I knew that she could feel the heat still rising from his reddened skin. Josh winced and moaned as Lisa's fingers brushed against his balls, contained by the black band of the electric shock collar I had fastened around them. I watched her tuck the remote control into the waistband of her tight black pants, and I beamed with joy at the smile that lifted my sister's pink lips. She was going for the bag of toys that lay open on the bed beside me. Lisa no longer needed my direction, it seemed. My twin sister had ideas of her own.

"Please, Li - Mistress Lisa," Josh corrected himself. I saw Lisa hear herself addressed as a Mistress for the first time. I saw the smile on her face and the glow in her eyes. I saw the way she held herself a little straighter, and I knew exactly what she was feeling. The surge of confidence that comes from having a man totally at your mercy, knowing that his desire for you is what truly makes him your slave. Lisa flashed me a quick smile as she stood at the side of the bed. Then she turned her attention to Josh.

"Please, Mistress Lisa," he said again, in a voice hoarse with desire. "Please, I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

"I bet you are," Lisa said in a quiet voice. "I'll bet you're sorry. But not sorry enough." I suppressed a moan as an aftershock of orgasm rippled through me. My sweet, gentle sister seemed suddenly almost sinister. Of course, our looks helped us there. The jet black hair we shared gave us a kind of witchy look, and I kept it that way for my clients. Despite her total lack of experience, Lisa looked every inch the experienced, commanding dominatrix as she picked through the contents of the bag.

"Please," Josh tried again, panting as he raised his head from the mattress, "I didn't -"

"Shhh," Lisa said, pressing a finger to her own lips. "What did my sister tell you about speaking when you're spoken to?" Josh fell silent, his wide eyes gazing up at Lisa as she smiled down at him. I couldn't resist. Josh grunted as I dug my heel into his shoulder again, right beside the small bruise that was forming from my earlier jab at him.

"That's right," I smirked. "When we want to hear you begging, we'll let you know,"

"And there's going to be plenty of that," Lisa added. We were completely in the same state of mind now, feeding off one another's energy. Lisa's eyes darted back towards me, just for a moment, and I smiled encouragingly at her. It might seem weird to say, but I felt closer to my sister than ever. She had never seen me cum before, and I had never thought that she would. But far from it making us awkward around each other, it felt almost like the last barrier between us had been removed.

That might sound almost romantic. But what happened next was anything but.

Seized by a sudden idea that made her eyes flash, Lisa reached out and took hold of the vibrator that I had dropped between my legs. She held it by its thick handle and turned the blunt head towards Josh. I watched as her other hand reached about to grab a fistful of his short hair. The tendons stood out on his neck as she pulled his head up further.

"I have a better use for your mouth," Lisa said. I didn't try to conceal my laughter as she held the vibrator in front of Josh's parted lips. I could see at once what she had in mind, and my

heart swelled with pride at the deviousness she was displaying.

“Clean it,” Lisa ordered. “You wanted to fuck my sister so badly. Instead, you can clean her sex toy with your mouth. That’s all your good for. Natalie has a vibrator. What would she need your useless cock for?” I shrieked with laughter again, and Lisa flashed me another quick smile. The muscle bulged on her lean arm as she held Josh’s head up. Helpless as a hooked fish, he rolled his eyes upward to look at her. And Lisa waited. Slowly, Josh stuck out his tongue and licked tentatively at the head of my vibrator. I howled with delight, drumming my heels on the bed with glee. I could see my own juices shining on the toy, and I knew that he was tasting my orgasm with every lick, and it thrilled me to the core to watch him degrade himself like that.

But evidently, that wasn’t enough for Lisa.

“Not like that,” she snarled. “Clean it properly.” Without waiting for a response, she plunged the vibrator into Josh’s open mouth. He choked as she thrust the toy between his lips, and his eyes showed shock and shame as she violated his mouth right in front of me. But Lisa was ecstatic. I saw the look of malicious delight on her face as clear as day as she slid the phallic object in and out of her former boyfriend’s mouth. Utterly disgraced, all Josh could do was take it. I felt his movements through the mattress we shared as he squirmed and rocked, but there was no getting away from my sister.

“That’s right, suck it,” she ordered. “Suck the cum off it like a good little bitch.” I couldn’t remember the last time I had heard my sister talk that way. But it was a thrill to hear it now. And Josh did as he was told. His eyes were fixed on Lisa and the remote control tucked into her pants, the one he knew that could deliver tremendous pain to his balls with the mere push of a button. Lisa knew the power that she wielded, the power that I used daily to make my clients kneel at my feet. Only this was even more real. This was even more raw. And I was enjoying watching the changes in my twin sister as she discovered her dominant side.

“You are really getting the hang of this, Lise,” I said. While I spoke, I idly drilled my slender heel into Josh’s bare shoulder again, making him wince around the vibrator that filled his mouth. Still holding Josh by his hair, Lisa turned her face towards me and smiled.

“Thanks,” she said. “I learned from the best.”

“Well, the night is young,” I said. My latex dress creaked as I sat up on the bed, rolling over onto my knees. “And there’s so much more I want to do with this bitch before we let him go. If we ever do.” Lisa joined in my laughter as Josh stared up at the two of us, his mouth filled with my cum-covered vibrator. He had no idea what I had in store for him. But even Josh could see that this was going to be one long and difficult night.

Slave Training

Slowly, I climbed off the bed of the motel room. The mattress was soft, and my legs felt tired. The orgasm I had enjoyed, the one I could still feel floating through my nervous system like a ghostly golden glow, had made my muscles fight against one another as my body spasmed. But I regretted nothing. In fact, my head was buzzing with new ideas, my heart expanding at the seemingly limitless possibilities that opened up in front of me. I consider myself a good domme, and the repeat business I get from my clients suggests that it's more than arrogance to say so. But my twin sister and I as a team? We were unstoppable. Josh couldn't possibly have known, when he made the fateful decision to clumsily hit on me while Lisa was out, what he was getting himself into. But he did now. Immobilized and at our mercy on the motel bed, he was learning just what it meant to piss off a dominatrix and her sister.

Rising from the bed, I placed my hand on Lisa's shoulder as I stood. I could feel the tension inside her, the energy that had been building within ever since we had set out on this crazy course of action. I felt an echo of the same thing myself, and my own excitement would have been far stronger if I hadn't cum once already. Even as it was, I could feel the desire building inside my body again. Stepping past my sister, I stood by the side of the bed Josh was tied to and peered into the bag of toys. So many fun ideas. So many options. If he wasn't already, Josh was going to rue the day he tried to hit on me. And yet, we were giving him a sexual experience that I knew he would spend the rest of his life revisiting. I could see that plainly in his face, as he stared up at the two of us with my vibrator in his mouth. He looked so cute and vulnerable, lying there on his stomach with his hands tied behind him and a slave collar around his neck. The same instinct that makes dogs chase anything that runs made it irresistible to mess with him some more.

In the lightless depths of the black bag, my fingers found the thin shaft of a riding crop. Lisa laughed as I pulled it out. Josh groaned around the vibrator she was still making him suck. I swung the whip through the air, savoring the sinister whistle it made before it cracked loudly against the side of the bed. Josh jumped in fear at the sound, at least as far as his bonds would allow. I smiled. I always loved the sound of the riding crop. I loved especially what it signified. My dominance and authority over men. My ability to train and use them like beasts. Every part of me was filling up with desire again as I stood over my sister's humiliated boyfriend, brandishing the crop.

But that wasn't the only treasure the bag held.

Reaching deeper inside, my fingers closed around the thick shaft of a favorite toy. Lisa laughed as she watched me pull it out into the light. A menacing-looking dildo, black and studded with fake veins, with its base anchored to a leather harness. Lisa's eyes were shining as she watched me carry it towards Josh, along with the riding crop. Josh looked frankly terrified as he watched me approach, not knowing what I was planning for him next. And I made my body sway from side to side with every step I took, letting him watch the light move and bounce back from the slick black latex that covered the top half of my body. With the skirt of my dress pulled

up around my hips to expose my dripping pussy, I had a lot more freedom of movement. But I missed the sexy feeling of the tight dress hugging my legs, the resistance of the dress fighting me with every step I took, but never letting me forget the way it clung to every curve of my body.

Removing the wooden paddle from Josh's back where I had left it, I took a couple of steps across the room to lay it down beside the blank TV. Then I returned to Josh. Standing directly behind him now, he couldn't see me at all. Especially not with Lisa still holding him by the hair as she fed the vibrator in and out of his mouth. But I knew he could feel it when I lay the strap-on dildo down on his back, letting the fake cock point up at the motel room's ceiling. Taking the straps in my hands, I reached underneath his body and felt him sigh at the feel of my hands against his skin. I wrapped the straps around his torso and fastened them together in front of his stomach so that the fake cock rose from the middle of his back. Lisa's eyes shone as she watched me, and a burst of laughter erupted from her parted lips at the strange sight. But I wasn't done yet. In the depths of the bag, I had a few simple shoelaces. You have no idea how useful they can be. Taking one out, I stepped back behind Josh again.

He moaned around the vibrator in his mouth as I took his balls in my hand from behind. Careful not to displace the shock collar that was already strapped to his crown jewels, I tied the shoelace around his scrotum. Not too tight; I wasn't looking to damage the poor boy permanently. But tight enough so that he could certainly feel it. Tight enough that there was no possibility of it slipping off. Then, with the end of the shoelace in one hand and my riding crop in the other, I climbed up onto the bed and straddled Josh's bound body. His bound hands cupped my ass as I sat on top of his arms, and I was pleased to feel him squeezing the flesh of my buttocks. Sure, it was unauthorized touching of his mistress, and ordinarily, that would bring a slave swift punishment. But I didn't want him to stop. I liked the feel of his bound hands on my ass, straining to get to any part of me that he could possibly reach. Besides, I knew it wouldn't last long.

"That toy should be clean by now," I said, looking at Lisa. "Maybe we can put his mouth to better use." Lisa smiled knowingly. My vibrator glistened with his saliva as Lisa slid it out from between Josh's lips. Carefully she set it aside. She paused just for a moment, for the briefest of moments while I waited. Then, she slid the remote control of the shock collar out from the waistband of her black pants. She put the remote down on the bed in front of Josh's face. Then she pulled down the zipper of her pants.

I've seen my sister naked plenty of times over the years. Ordinarily, it means no more to me than seeing myself in a mirror. It's not just our faces that look the same. We have the same body, too, the same size and shape, almost exactly the same weight. The only differences are the environmental ones, the unique scars and blemishes that time has left to tell the story of our unique trajectories through life on our bodies. But I had never seen Lisa quite like this. She shed her pants and her panties, kicking off the heeled boots she wore as she undressed. But the top I had lent her stayed on, the black leather top with the thick collar that I had suggested she wear to look the part of a dominant mistress. The leather shone dully in the motel room light as she moved.

Lisa climbed onto the bed in front of Josh. Her skin was practically glowing with excitement as she moved. She seemed to read my mind, knowing exactly what I was thinking as

she sat in front of Josh. Leaning back on her arms and spreading her legs. Her pussy shone with the moisture of her desire, mere inches from her new slave's mouth. Lisa tossed her dark hair back from her face, and her breasts heaved in the leather garment she wore as she breathed shallowly.

I raised myself up on my knees. Josh's blind fingers groped uselessly for my ass as I inched forward. Lisa grinned as she watched me take the fake cock in my hands and guide it between my legs. Josh had no way to see what I was doing directly behind his head, but I knew that he could feel my shifting weight on top of him. And I made sure he could hear the long sigh of pleasure I gave as I lowered myself slowly down onto the toy strapped to his back. The thick head pushed my dripping lips apart as I impaled myself, and pleasure lit up my trembling nerves as I sank down onto the toy. Almost sobbing with gratitude at the sensations of pleasure, I slipped slowly down until the big toy was buried deep inside me, making me feel deliciously full as I pressed myself down on Josh's back. My thighs gripped his sides as I adjusted my position, settling myself fully astride him. Then I picked up the end of the shoelace that I had set aside, pulling it until it was taut. With the riding crop in my other hand, I was ready.

"I want you to make my sister cum," I said, my voice breathless with the pleasure I was already getting from the dildo as my pussy spasmed around it. "I want you to show her how you feel about her by eating her pussy right. I want to hear her screaming with pleasure while you lick and kiss her like your life depends on it. Like there's no other woman in the world you want more. Not even me."

"Yes, Mistress Natalie," Josh mumbled. He seemed almost hypnotized by the sight of Lisa's pussy, so close to his face. At that range, I knew he would be able to smell her arousal, and I wondered what it was doing to his own desire. My thighs squeezed his flanks as I sat on top of him, the fake cock sending bolts of delightful pleasure through my body.

"Good boy," I cooed. Josh grunted as I tugged suddenly on the shoelace I held, pulling his balls back behind him for a moment, just to remind him that there would be consequences for failure. "Begin."

Both Lisa and I laughed out loud as Josh's body surged forward. The spreader bar that kept his ankles apart made it difficult for him to get any real purchase on the floor, but he squirmed frantically on his belly as he tried to reach Lisa. For her part, she inched down the bed towards him, raising her legs to give him better access to her womanhood. Lisa placed her feet on my thighs as I straddled her boyfriend, and I let her. I heard my sister sigh with pleasure as Josh ran his tongue along her pussy, making her squirm with delight.

"Oh fuck, that's it," Lisa said, her voice quavering as she closed her eyes. "Remember when you said you didn't do this?"

"Yes, Mistress Lisa," Josh mumbled, his words garbled by his busy tongue as it lapped at my sister's wetness.

"What?" I said. "You mean - he doesn't eat pussy?"

"That's - that's what he said," Lisa said, her eyes still closed and her body shaking with growing pleasure. I was incredulous. Call me spoiled, but while I had heard of such things, I had

never in my life met a man who refused to do something so basic, so routine. Having her pussy eaten regularly is every woman's right, so far as I'm concerned. I had thought that men like that went out with smoking on planes, if not before.

"Are you serious?" I spluttered. I was so shocked that I forgot for a moment what I held in my hands. And when I remembered, Josh howled between Lisa's legs as I tugged sharply on the string tied to his balls. The riding crop whistled through the air as I lashed at his flank, making Josh squirm with pain as I tormented him. "In this day and age?" I went on. "Lisa, why the fuck were you ever with this loser?"

"I don't know," Lisa laughed. Her black hair pooled on the mattress as she tossed her head from side to side, a broad grin of utter delight showing her pearly teeth as she kept her eyes closed.

"Well, that's the first thing we're going to fix," I said, as the crop lashed again at Josh's side and he groaned in pain. "From now on, this is how you have sex. This is it. Your mouth only exists to please us, got it?"

"Yes, Mistress Natalie," Josh moaned, but I hardly heard him over Lisa's shrieks of pleasure. Not that I was listening anyway. Just when I had been feeling the first stirrings of - well, not exactly sympathy with Josh. There wasn't much of that in my heart when it came to slaves. Nor much pity either, really. But - something along those lines. Some element of kindness towards him, let's say. Well, all that was gone in an instant.

"If you survive tonight, it'll be as our personal pussy licker," I growled. "You'll beg us for just a taste. I'm going to make you into our desperate pussy-licking slut, and you're going to thank me for it."

"Yes, Mistress Natalie," Josh mumbled again. Lisa groaned loudly at the vibration of his words against her tender flesh. My breath was growing shorter as I rode up and down on the dildo strapped to his back, riding him like a pony while I dug my heels into his sides and whipped him soundly. Josh cried out again as I tugged savagely on his balls.

"I bet you liked her sucking your cock though, didn't you?" I snarled. "I bet you loved having my sister put your pathetic little pecker in her mouth. Well, I hope you enjoyed it because that's never happening again. From now on, you'll be giving all the oral around here, and receiving none of it."

"Yes, Mistress Natalie."

Lisa was moaning and thrashing with wild abandon now. Caught up in the moment, I watched Josh eat her pussy with a critical eye, as though there was nothing more normal in the world. It was a job now, for all the pleasure I felt as I rose the dildo on top of Josh's heaving body. I meant exactly what I said.

"Lick it," I said. "Nice long licks, that's it. Isn't it the most delicious thing you've ever tasted? Keep licking. Keep this rhythm." Josh moaned and grunted as I used my riding crop on his side to beat out a steady tempo. "Now, move your head upwards. Keep licking. Kiss it. Kiss her pussy. Show her how much you love it." Lisa moaned again as she felt Josh's lips against her own, his busy mouth pressed between her legs as her juices flowed over his face. Her feet

drummed against my thighs, arched in pleasure as her muscles contracted. I continued to rock up and down on top of the dildo that was strapped to him, my own juices flowing freely down his sides as I instructed him with the help of my crop and the string around his balls. "That's it. Now, kiss her clit. Be gentle. Lick it, but just slowly." Lisa howled in pleasure as Josh did as he was told. I smiled in sadistic satisfaction. I'd make a talented oral slave of him yet, I was sure. This was what I couldn't or wouldn't do at work. Desire permeated the air in my dungeon at all times, of course. But it was a desire that went largely unfulfilled. Sometimes, my slaves might cum from one sensation or another. But mostly, they went home horny. To jerk off at the thought of what I had done to them or to fuck their wives who had no idea what their men had been doing before, with me. This was different. There were no more rules. I was free to give in to my most fundamental desires, without having to hold anything back. And I loved every moment of it.

Lisa let out a great yell. Her hands reached down to grip the back of Josh's head, pulling his face against her until he could barely breathe. I gripped his sides with my own legs as Lisa unknowingly pushed against my thighs, lost in a moment of utterly selfish bliss. Her eyes were still closed as she moaned with sheer abandon, and the whole room shook to the noise of her orgasm. I shuddered myself at the sight of it, like watching myself cum, and my pussy spasmed around the dildo I sat on as my own pleasure soared. Spurred on to greater pleasure, I bounced up and down on top of Josh, the pair of us bouncing on the mattress as I savagely beat him and rose him to ecstasy.

Lisa's body relaxed as her orgasm passed through her. She released her grip on Josh's head and opened her eyes. She lifted her feet from my legs and squeezed her thighs together, as though she was eager to cling to the last few drops of bliss. But my own eruption was just beginning. Lisa looked up at me, her face flushed with pleasure and her eyes glassy as she watched me ride Josh. My voice was an identical echo of hers as I howled my pleasure at the ceiling, and the juices of my orgasm flowed freely down Josh's heaving flanks.

Finally, the sensation passed. The dildo was still buried inside me as I sat astride our prisoner shaking with excitement. My chest rose and fell as I sucked in air, and the tight latex of my dress protested as I sighed. Josh was trembling too; I could feel his body shaking underneath me. Covered in both our cum, he lay face down on the mattress underneath me, used and abused. His right side bore the angry red marks of my crop from armpit to thigh where I had lashed at him in the fury of my sadistic bliss. I would almost have felt sorry for him if Lisa hadn't told me just how selfish a lover he was. A submissive man who doesn't eat pussy. It was almost too ridiculous to believe.

I sat there on top of Josh as I gathered my breath, and felt him gathering his. Even in the afterglow of orgasm, all sorts of naughty thoughts were still swirling in my busy mind. But it was Lisa who pushed things forward. Her eyes were shining with delight as she rolled over on the bed, and it took me a moment to see what it was she had in mind. When I finally realized, though, I laughed out loud with evil joy.

Lisa rolled over onto her front, balancing herself on knees and elbows. Her dark hair his her face as she lowered her head to the mattress, arching her back so that her ass pointed up in the air. In this position, she shuffled back toward Josh. He lifted his head from the mattress as I

struck his side with the riding crop again.

"I've got something else he can lick," I heard Lisa say. Josh writhed underneath me as he saw what was about to happen, but he lacked the energy to put up much of a fight. I felt the dildo move inside me as I leaned forward over his back and gripped a handful of his hair, pulling his face up from the mattress.

"You heard Mistress Lisa," I said softly. "You're here to serve us in any way we want. Eat her asshole like a good little slave, or find out what happens if you don't." There was only the slightest hesitation on Josh's part. I could feel him trembling below me as He struggled with the decision, but he had no choice. One sharp tug of the shoelace tied around his balls was enough to convince him of that.

Lisa let out a sob of laughter as she felt her boyfriend's tongue between her cheeks. The wet sound of his mouth against her skin filled the motel room as she spread her legs wider. Lisa shrieked with outraged laughter as I playfully tapped the riding crop against her ass, not hard enough to hurt. I would never treat her the way I treated Josh.

"That's it," I purred, my pleasure blooming once again as I rocked up and down on the dildo on Josh's back. "Eat that asshole, slut." And that's exactly what Josh did. Lisa's hand crept down the front of her body as she played with her pussy, supporting herself on one arm as she moaned and cooed in delight. And I was groaning in pleasure too. Much slower this time, much less frantically, we used Josh for our own pleasure again. This time, I came before Lisa did, soaking Josh's back once again with a fresh flood of my juices as I rode the strap-on dildo on his back. But soon enough, Lisa came too, the juices of her orgasm flowing freely down the inside of her shaking thighs as she moaned softly with Josh's face buried between her cheeks.

Momentarily sated, I climbed down off Josh's back. My legs felt as rubbery as my clinging dress as I stood carefully at the foot of the bed. Lisa's moist eyes watched me as I made my way around the bed. Bending over the top of the mattress, I reached down between the bed and the wall to untie the length of rope that was attached to Josh's collar. Gathering up the rope as I went, I made my way back down the bed toward him with my sister watching me the whole way. Using the rope like a leash, I pulled upwards, and Josh rose clumsily from the bed to stand upright. His face burned with shame, his eyes darting around the room as though he couldn't bring himself to meet my stare. The moment I looked down, I saw why.

Josh's cock was still swollen with blood, but it was softer now than it had been at any time since we kidnapped him. It lay against his thigh, looking slightly deflated. The dark stain at the foot of the bed where he had been lying on his stomach told me everything.

"What the fuck is that?" I barked, pointing at the stain. "Did you cum without permission?" But I knew perfectly well that he had. With me rocking up and down on top of him as he lay on his stomach, Josh had lost control of himself. The friction between his body and the mattress, not to mention the kinkiness of what we were doing, had proved too much for him to take. He had cum, and now he was ashamed of that fact. Well, shame is a weapon I know how to use. I wasn't about to let the poor man off the hook.

"Wow," I said, letting a cruel smile bloom on my face. "Tiny cock. Doesn't eat pussy. And he's a premature ejaculator. You sure know how to pick them, Lise." On the bed behind me, Lisa

burst out laughing. Josh looked like a beaten dog as he stood in front of me, looking at the floor while his cheeks turned as red as his eaten ass.

“I know,” Lisa sighed. I heard the bed creak under her as she slowly sat up. “It was another bad idea. What are we going to do with him?”

It was a good question. Now that Josh had cum, I knew from experience, he would be harder to control. For men like him, the more turned on they were, the more ready they were to submit. Now that he had achieved orgasm, he was more likely to be defiant. But I also knew from long experience that this was exactly the time for us to increase our dominance over him. Now was the time to show him that his own desire was unimportant, that he ought to obey us even when it wasn't for his own sexual gratification.

Besides, I might have had multiple orgasms, but I was far from done. The possibilities of the night were too great to be ignored just because we were all getting a little tired. For all I knew, a situation like this was never going to come around again. I was determined to make the most of it. And I knew that Lisa felt the same way.

“I've got an idea,” I said. Josh's eyes darted towards mine, just for a moment, before they fell back to the floor at his feet again. Placing my hand on his shoulder, I pushed him gently but firmly backward, towards the heavy dresser the TV stood on. “Down,” I ordered once I had him where I wanted him, and Josh sank to his knees at once. Quickly, I tied one end of the rope on his collar to a handle of a dresser drawer. Then, crouching at his side, I did the same thing with the shoelace tied around his balls. Josh watched wordlessly as I straightened up again, tugging my black latex dress down around my thighs and depriving him of the sight of my dripping pussy.

“He can stay there for a while, and just watch,” I said. I was talking to Lisa, but it was Josh that I watched. I wanted to see the reaction on his face to my next words. “I want him to think about what he can't have,” I went on. “I want him to see how a real man fucks.”

Cheater's Reward

I wouldn't have done what Darren did. I wouldn't have shown up in the middle of the night to some motel way out of town, no matter who it was who called and asked me to go there. But then, I'm not a man. I'm not six foot three and two hundred pounds of solid muscle, the way Darren is. Guys like him live in a different world to women like me. I mean, I'm far from fearful. Ask my sister. I take risks that she never would, ordinarily. But it's different for women. We always have to think about safety.

But Darren showed up. I sometimes like to imagine the scene through his eyes. A phone call from me at that hour of the night usually only meant one thing, and I heard the smile in his voice as he answered the phone. We didn't talk for long. It was a booty call, yes, but not the regular kind. And, me being me, I didn't actually bother to tell Darren how this was going to be different. What can I say? I love surprises.

The drive to the motel I told him to meet me at was long, but Darren came all the same. I'd given him the room number. When he knocked on the door, I told him to let himself in. Smiling again, Darren stepped inside. What he saw inside made his eyes go wide, and his boyish smile freeze on his face.

I was sitting on the edge of one of the two beds, facing the door. I'd pulled my dress down again, for all the good that did. The black latex gripped my body tightly, the material shining on every curve of my body as I smiled at him. I knew I looked sexy. You don't put on a skintight latex dress for comfort, after all. And the flush in my cheeks would have told Darren what was up as soon as he saw me.

But there was Lisa, sitting right beside me. She still wore the leather top I had loaned her, but she hadn't bothered to put her pants back on. Only a pair of black panties preserved what modesty she still had. Darren knew that I had a sister, but he had never met her before. I usually take it for granted that any man that's attracted to me will also be attracted to Lisa, at least in a physical sense. After all, we look the same. And I could see it in the way Darren's eyes lingered on her, following the curves of her body as she sat close to me. The hunger inside him was as plain as day, and for a little while, it blinded him to what else was going on in the motel room that night. The scent of our pleasure still hung in the air, and for all that Lisa and I had tried to fix ourselves up a little, we still looked like what we were: two twin sisters still glowing from recent multiple orgasms. I could hardly blame Darren for taking a little time to figure out what was going on.

But when he did, Darren almost jumped. The last thing he expected to see was another man in the room with us. Another man, kneeling in front of the dresser with his hands tied behind him and his cock rock hard. Another man, looking up nervously at Darren while he, too, tried to figure out what was going on. I couldn't help it. The whole scene was just too outrageous, too funny, too wild to be believed. I laughed out loud as Darren stood confused in the doorway and

Josh looked nervously up at the newcomer.

“Don’t worry,” I said in my most seductive voice. My dress creaked around me as I stood, and I reflexively pulled down the stretching hem as I began to walk towards Darren. Both of the men’s eyes snapped toward me, watching me approach as though they had already forgotten that the other one was there. But my smile was only for Darren as I shimmied my way across the room, making sure to put some extra wiggle into my walk for his viewing pleasure. I had chosen him, out of all the men I could have called that night, because I guessed that he was the least likely to freak out at what he saw. He wasn’t a client; there was nothing submissive about Darren. He was a guy I had met in one place or another and started the kind of no-strings-attached relationship I’ve come to prefer, at least for now. After sessions with clients, sometimes I just need to forget myself in the strong arms of a confident man. And Darren was definitely that. Even in this situation, as new as it must be to him, I could see that he was already starting to regain his composure.

"Come inside," I said. I placed a hand on Darren's chest as I reached behind him and swung the door to the room shut. The parking lot was as empty as it had been all night, apart from Darren's car parked beside ours. But no one needed to see what was happening between the four of us. I could feel Darren's heartbeat, slow and easy, under the thick slabs of muscle that formed his chest. His hand reached out for me, his fingers sliding smoothly over the latex that covered my hip and even after all that had already happened in that motel room, I felt new excitement crawling up my spine at his touch. This new development might have been my idea - of course it was - but that didn't mean I wasn't nervous. This was further than even I had gone before. I could still barely believe that Lisa was still on board. But she was. She sat in silence on the edge of the bed, watching everything that was going on without saying a word. But I had spoken to her before I picked up the phone. My sister was most definitely on board.

I won't deny that it felt strange as we kissed. Throwing my arms around Darren's neck and pressing my lips to his with an audience of my sister and her boyfriend was an odd experience, even for me. But that doesn't mean it was bad. As Darren's tongue slipped between my lips to explore my mouth, all the physical responses that I knew so well came flooding back. My body. Already in a state of high excitement from all we had already do and all I planned to do, responded to his touch as Darren almost lifted me off my feet, taking me in his arms as though I was weightless. No, Darren was no shrinking violet. He was perfect for what I had in mind. And as I pressed my body against him, feeling every ridge of sculpted muscle through the thin fabric of the sexy dress, I could feel my body blooming with excitement. And I wasn't the only one. Clinging to Darren's broad shoulders, I pressed my hips against his and felt the hard knot of his cock rising and swelling against my leg, and it sent sparks of pleasure racing up and down my trembling spine to know that he was as turned on as I was. Almost.

“Come on,” I murmured in Darren’s ear as I reluctantly pulled my mouth away from his. “I want you to fuck me. Right here, right now. While these two watch. You think you can handle that?”

"Fuck, yeah," Darren sighed. I felt his cheek swell against mine as he smiled, and I smiled too. My high heels sank back to the floor as I disentangled myself from him. The scene that was about to play out in the motel room was already complete in my head. All I had to do was

arrange everyone where I wanted them. So I placed my hands on Darren's shoulders and gently turned him so that he stood at the foot of the bed nearest the door. I pushed down, and Darren sat, making the springs of the mattress groan under his weight. His hands clung to my hips as I stood in front of him, running my own hands over his muscular torso. Reaching further down, I saw the unmistakable bulge of his erection in his pants as I pulled the hem of his T-shirt upwards. The sleeves caught on his biceps as I undressed him, tossing the shirt aside.

From the other bed in the room, Lisa watched me. She had never met Darren before, but there was no denying his sexiness. The man's body seemed to lack even an ounce of fat. His upper body was a perfect inverted triangle from massive shoulders to narrow waist, and the deep ridges of his abdominal muscles cast dark shadows in the lamplight. His arms were as thick as tree trunks, with a heavy swell of bicep that I just wanted to bite right into. And he was handsome, too. He kept his brown hair cropped close to his skull, and his sea-green eyes were all the more striking against the caramel tone of his skin. A faint dusting of stubble showed under the prominent ridges of his cheekbones. Darren was gorgeous, and there was no way that Lisa wouldn't see that. Especially in her already aroused state. I wanted her to see that. But more importantly, I wanted Josh to see it.

With Darren's shirt discarded on the floor of the motel room, I sank to the floor in front of him. I could feel my clinging dress sliding up my body as I kneeled. Josh was right behind me, and even as I ignored him, I could feel his hungry gaze on my body. The time it had taken for Darren to arrive at the motel was more than enough for Josh to get his erection back, and I knew he was rock hard as he watched. Rock hard and helpless. Just the way I wanted him. Tied to the dresser by a collar around his neck and a shoelace around his balls, there was nothing he could do but watch as I put on a show. For him, and for Lisa.

Darren's belt buckle came apart in my hands. His green eyes sparkled as he looked down at me, and I bit my lip mischievously as I grinned up at him. I could feel the warmth of his body as I reached inside his jeans, my fingers finding the solid rod of his cock through his underwear as I caressed it. Carefully, I guided his manhood out of his pants, and his cock swelled as it unfurled, already fully hard as I took it in my hand. I could feel the red heat of his blood, the dull throb of his pulse in his organ as I gently squeezed it. Darren's cock was as gorgeous as the rest of him. I didn't need to look over at the other bed to know that my sister was watching. And for all her characteristic reserve, I knew that she would be every bit as impressed as I was.

I wasn't there to waste any time. Darren groaned as I began to move my hand up and down his shaft, stroking and teasing him while my breath curled around his cock. Still smiling up at him, I swept my hair back from my face with my free hand and leaned in closer. I tasted his skin as I ran my tongue along his member, my eyes locked on his as I moved from base to tip. I heard Josh move behind me, and I imagined him shifting on his knees to get a better view. Inside the confines of my latex dress, my bare pussy was buzzing with desire. But I continued to toy with Darren's cock, making him moan and gasp as I licked him. Then, I opened my mouth and took him inside.

Darren sighed with pleasure through his nostrils as his questing cock found the wet warmth of my mouth. Over on the other bed, I heard Lisa gasp. Just as it had been for me earlier, when I had watched Josh eat my sister out, watching me blow Darren for Lisa was tantamount to

watching herself do it. I didn't look in her direction; not yet. I wanted to keep the moment between Darren and myself, at least until everyone was comfortable with this new situation. Given my line of work, I had to guess that I was the person in the room with the kinkiest sexual history, but this was new even to me. I was used to being watched, to have the eyes of my clients forever on me as I strutted and posed and put them through their paces. But not one of my slaves had ever seen a sight quite like this. And my sister had certainly never been in the room when I had sex before. But I have to say, I was learning to like it. You don't become a dominatrix if you can't handle attention. I've likened what I do for a living to being an actor in the past, putting on a show for the men who pay me. This was just a new wrinkle on that same old theme. But it was exciting me to be watched. And from the breathless tension I could feel in the room around me, I wasn't the only one getting excited.

Finally, I judged the moment was right. Darren's cock was as hard as granite in my hand if granite could throb with desire. Much more of the feel of my lips wrapped around his shaft, and I knew he would lose control. Not that that would be such a terrible thing, I thought to myself. I'd decided to be a slut that night, after all, and pleasing him with my mouth would fit that persona very well. But there was more I wanted to do. And as I kneeled in front of Darren, I knew that the time was now.

"We want to teach this little bitch a lesson," I said as I pulled my mouth away from Darren's cock at last. "he tried to fuck me. Can you imagine that? He's my sister's boyfriend, or used to be. But he tried to fuck me. So we want to show him how a real man fucks."

Darren's wide grin was enough to make me tremble like a leaf on the floor at his feet. I felt his cock surge in my hand. He didn't say a word, and he didn't need to. The look in his eyes was all I needed to see as he leaned forward. I laughed out loud as he took my upper arm in his big hand and pulled me to my feet. His hands helped my hips, and I squealed in delight as he lifted me and hurled me onto the bed behind him. I scrabbled on the sheets on hands and knees, turning to face Darren as he shed his jeans and stood before me fully naked. He had no shame whatsoever. It might have been the two of us alone in the room, if it wasn't for the quick, darting glances he occasionally directed toward Lisa. His thick cock swayed as he circled around the bed, and I felt the mattress sink under his weight as he climbed onto it. My hands trembled slightly as I reached down and pulled up my dress, hearing the latex groan and squeak loudly as I tugged it over my thighs and hips. No time to take it off, not now. Darren was behind me, and now my hips were bare in his hands.

Now there was no one standing between me and Josh.

Josh's blue eyes, bright and clear as a summer day, shone up at me as I loomed over him. I inched forward, gripping the bottom of the mattress with my hands as I braced myself. My hair hung in twin dark curtains on either side of my face as I looked at him. The look on his face was an absolute picture. For all that I had put my slaves through in the past, I had never seen anything quite like it. There was such a look of desire on his face, such helpless desire, mixed in with the utter shame and humiliation of the position we had put him in. Not only had Josh never experienced anything like what was about to happen, I doubted that he had ever even imagined such a thing. But now he was going to see it with his own eyes. And the thought of that, the thought of what I must look like from his point of view, staring up at me from the floor while I

beamed with delight, made my pussy spasm with a tremor of delicious lust.

I groaned theatrically as I felt Darren's thick head press itself against my body. My wet lips were ready to receive him, my sex already spasming at the thought of his cock inside me. He entered me slowly, allowing my body to adjust to his size. I gripped the mattress, and my eyes rolled back in my head with sheer pleasure as I felt Darren fill me up. Every fraction of an inch that he pushed inside me made my nerves glow with bliss. It felt as though it would go on forever, his cock pushing its way deeper and deeper inside me while I moaned and screamed.

Finally, he was all the way inside me. My pussy twitched and trembled around his cock, and I arched my back, pushing myself against him to take him deeper. Darren held my hips steady as he began to slide his cock in and out of my pussy, slowly at first, and I felt the swell of pleasure inside me as he began to fuck me.

"Oh my God," I gasped. "Oh my God. That's it. That's it! Oh fuck, that cock feels so good inside me!" Darren grunted behind me as he picked up the pace. I'm not averse to dirty talk when the situation demands it - how could I be? But Darren had never heard me this vocal. Then again, we'd never had an audience before. My body rocked and trembled under Darren's thrusts, and the light danced off the latex that clung to my upper body, my boobs jostling and rocking in the dress's low neck to the rhythm of Darren's thrusts. Josh stared up at me in utter silence, his mouth slightly open, his lips parted. Confronted with his own superfluosity, completely humiliated, he nevertheless seemed incapable of tearing his eyes away. Instead, he watched with abject hunger as I surrendered to the blissful sensations of Darren's cock moving inside me.

"That's it," I moaned again. "Give me that cock. Oh fuck, give it to me!" I shrieked with delight as Darren brought his hand down against my ass with a sharp smack, the faint sting on my skin the perfect accompaniment to the intense pleasure that was building inside me. If my other slaves could see me now, I fleetingly thought. Their dominant mistress would never let a man lay a hand on her, not like that. But the way Darren fucked me made me willing to let him get away with all kinds of things. And from the look on Josh's upturned face, I could see that he had guessed the awful truth. He would never smack my ass, that was for sure. And his burning desire to fuck me, the one that was written so plainly all over his face, might go forever unfulfilled. I hadn't decided yet. But Josh would never be able to do to me what Darren did, and his facial expression showed me that he was painfully aware of that fact, and it filled me with ecstasy to see him so utterly defeated. I screamed in pleasure, and my pussy spasmed tightly around Darren's cock, and my lover groaned too as he plunged his weapon deeper inside me until my yells of bliss bounced back from the motel room walls.

Sometimes, I wonder if there's a correlation between good looks and laziness in bed. I've been with enough handsome men, enough desirable hunks to have noticed that some of them don't try all that hard to please a woman. But if there is a correlation, it's a weak one. Darren wasn't like that. He wasn't just handsome. He didn't just have a great body and a big cock that felt like heaven between my legs. Darren knew how to fuck. His stamina was incredible, and he had an ability to read the signs of my body like few others. He seemed to intuitively know when to go fast, and when to slow things up. When to sit back a bit, and when to go hard. He played my body like an instrument, and that's how it felt as I moaned and shuddered and screamed at his skilled movements inside me. My pussy spasmed and trembled, and my juices poured down my

shaking thighs as he fucked me right in front of Josh. I came, an orgasm that seemed to wash over my whole body as I gasped and moaned and screamed his name, screaming Darren's name directly at kneeling Josh as though it was an accusation. And Darren's cock continued to move inside me as I shrieked and yelled, his thrusts less urgent but no less delightful as he waited for me to recover. And then, as the last glow of my orgasm started to reside, Josh took me in his arms and started fucking me again.

I don't know how long it went on for. Impossible to keep track of time when you're in the throes of an almost unearthly bliss. I do know that I came, again and again, my dripping pussy gripping Darren's cock as though it never wanted to let go while I bellowed in pleasure and writhed on the bed beneath him. I know that Josh watched every minute of it, his own rejected cock throbbing in the empty air as he watched me all but drown in the pleasure I denied him. He had wanted to fuck me, wanted it badly enough that he was willing to risk his relationship with Lisa, and now he had neither. Now he was forced to watch, tortured by his own inadequacy set against my utter delight. And every time I opened my eyes to look down at him, I moaned anew. Every time I saw him gazing forlornly up at me, my pussy spasmed again around Darren's cock. I came again and again, soaking the bed beneath me with the endless flow of my orgasms, and the sex was made so much better by the fact that it was not for him. That he could do nothing but watch and long for me, to yearn desperately for what I was so ready to give to another, better man while I left him starving in the wilderness. It was too good to be endured, and my body seemed to fill with light as Darren fucked me in front of Josh's agonized face, making the lesser man's defeat more bitter with every forceful thrust.

And Lisa watched too. She stayed quiet, but I could feel her silent scrutiny as she sat on the edge of the room's other bed. Once or twice, I heard her gasp, or her breathing would catch as she watched Darren grab a fistful of my trailing hair and pull my head back as he fucked me like an animal. Above my own screams of delight and Darren's moans of pleasure, I heard the springs of her bed groan as Lisa shifted her weight. She was watching. My twin sister was watching me get fucked, watching my shaking body explode in some of the strongest orgasms I had ever had, and while I sobbed and gasped and screamed in pleasure, Lisa was engulfed by powerful feelings of her own. I didn't look over at her, though I knew that Darren did from time to time. I could only imagine how it felt for him, to fuck one sister while her twin watched from just a few feet away. I knew that he wanted her just as much as he wanted me, and that thought only added to the potent cocktail of desire that was swimming through my veins as I moaned and trembled on the bed with Darren.

I didn't look at Lisa. My eyes were fixed mostly on Josh, savoring his torment like a fine wine that added a delicious edge to my own pleasure. I glimpsed Lisa only in my peripheral vision, a familiar shape onto the bed beside me that was almost lost in the fog of ecstasy that engulfed me. But I knew that she was moving. I knew that she couldn't stay still. Her desire was almost as inflamed as mine just from watching Darren fuck me. In the state I was in, I couldn't be entirely sure what was going on on the room's other bed. But from the rhythmic rocking of my sister's body on the mattress, I suspected that she had her hand between her legs and was touching herself to the sight of me getting fucked. And I smiled and gasped and shrieked all the more as the show went on and on.

With a cry that felt as though it might tear my throat apart, I collapsed onto the bed. My

head lay on the mattress in a tangle of coiled black hair that fluttered as I breathed through my mouth. Another orgasm had all but flattened me, making me see stars as I gave in to it. If Darren hadn't been holding my hips in his hands, I would have fallen flat on my stomach. As it was, I lay limply in his grasp, overcome with annihilating pleasure. And Darren was right behind me. I could feel it in the arrhythmic urgency of his strokes, the sudden swell of his cock between the wet walls of my sex as he erupted. The hot flood of his cum exploded inside me, and I howled in gratitude as I felt him pump his seed deep inside me. I moaned against as he slid his cock out of my used pussy, half relieved and half dejected as the feeling of emptiness washed over me. I slumped on the rented mattress, rolling over onto my side as a mixture of both our juices flowed out over my thighs. The show was over, at least for a while. Or so I thought.

Darren slumped back against the headboard of our bed, breathing heavily. The man had earned his rest, I couldn't deny that. After the shrieks and wails that he had torn from my throat, the room felt abnormally quiet, even as my lover and I panted to try and regain our breath. I lay in silence for a while, letting the feelings of pleasure sweep over me as my body tried to recover.

But we weren't alone. I raised my head as I heard the mattress of the other bed creak. Lisa had risen to her feet. I looked up at my twin sister with eyes that were glassy with pleasure and saw the glow in her gaze that I knew so well from my own. The mattress of the bed I was on sank even lower as Lisa climbed aboard. Darren sat up, his back against the wall as he watched her approach. And I watched too, filled with a kind of wonder at what I was seeing. The show wasn't over after all. Now, it seemed, it was Lisa's turn to try something new.

Natalie's Masterpiece

I lay on my back, letting the off-white ceiling of the motel room circle slowly above me. I was still not fully recovered. My body still ached from the pounding Darren had given me, that deep ache that has as much to do with desire as it does with fatigue. I could feel the mixture of juices, Darren's and mine, cooling on my inner thighs as I lay there. Sweat clung to my brow. My long black hair trailed off the foot of the bed towards the floor. I lay sprawled, my tired legs spread, without making even the slightest attempt to cover myself. It all seemed academic now.

At the other end of the bed, Darren lay back against the wall-mounted headboard. He was a man of tremendous stamina, but even he had his limits. His muscular chest rose and fell as he breathed, and his cock shone wetly where it lay against his thigh like a temporarily tamed beast. Even in the shadow of his orgasm, his soft cock was impressive. His body was as gorgeous as ever, like some ancient god sculpted from marble, and even in the depths of my own tiredness, just looking at him was enough to pull once again on the frayed cords of lust inside me.

Evidently, my sister felt the same way.

I watched as Lisa climbed onto the bed with us. As she placed her knees on the mattress, she cast a quick look in my directions, and her eyes spoke volumes. My shy sister seemed hardly able herself to believe what she was doing. I knew my twin's history, and nothing in her past was even remotely like the situation here. Even I, by far the more daring of us, was in uncharted territory now. But I couldn't miss the burning excitement of Lisa's gaze. A faint smile plucked at her lips as she looked at me, and I grinned back at her, offering my wordless encouragement. I had had certain ideas about the night ahead, but I had hardly let myself dream that my normally reserved twin sister would discover this level of naughtiness inside her. But Lisa seemed buoyed up by the same strange desire that I myself knew so well, from my years spent in the dungeon making men obey. The dark side of sex had taken over my sister, and I was thrilled beyond measure to see it. Lisa's smile faded as she turned her face towards Darren. Instead, a look of concentrated desire showed on the features that the two of us shared. Lisa stretched out her hand, almost as though she wasn't quite sure that Darren was real and not some figment of her imagination. But the hard muscle of his chest under her fingertips ought to convince her. Darren smiled wordlessly at Lisa as she inched closer towards him, her hand reaching now for his bare shoulder. Still, neither of them said a word. The air in the room seemed suddenly in short supply, as though everything depended on what happened next. Lisa, I could see, wanted more. More sex, more desire, more humiliation for her cheating boyfriend as he watched from the floor. And I was only too happy to oblige her.

"I think my sister likes you, Darren," I said. Darren's sea-green eyes snapped back to me as I spoke, and Lisa nestled her body against his. Almost as though by reflex, he wrapped an arm around Lisa's narrow waist. I felt the same strange voyeuristic thrill I had felt earlier, when I had watched my identical twin get her pussy eaten by Josh. Like watching myself in a mirror, but also very different. Lisa looked good on Darren's arm. I knew that Josh would see that as clearly as I did.

“You think she’s pretty, right?” I asked. Darren smiled as he looked at Lisa again, his gorgeous eyes moving over her face as she touched his chest, her hand slowly creeping lower towards the deep ridges of his muscular stomach.

“Of course,” Darren smiled. “You both are.” Well, that went without saying. I was long past the phase of my life where I tried everything I could to look different to my sister. Most people couldn’t tell the two of us apart except by our clothes, Our attitudes had always been very different, but Lisa and I had carried the same face all our lives.

"I bet if she were your girlfriend, you'd treat her right," I went on. I didn't need to turn my head and look at Josh to know that he was listening to every word. "I bet you wouldn't try and cheat on her with her own sister."

“Of course not,” Darren smiled. Maybe he saw the game that I was playing. Maybe he didn’t, but had the smarts to play along anyway. He had already given me one of the best fucks of my life, but now my twin sister was all over him. A deep growl of lust started in my stomach as I considered the situation. Lisa and I looked like the same woman. Between the two of us, we could wear out just about any man. And there was no man I would rather attempt such a thing with than Darren.

Clearly, Lisa felt the same way. I had never seen my sister act this way, but Lisa was allowing herself to give in to the moment. Her hand crept lower as she felt the muscles of Darren’s stomach. I mean, Josh was a good-looking dude, but he didn’t have a body like Darren. Not many men do. And after what Lisa had seen Darren do to me, I could hardly blame her for being more than merely curious about this handsome stranger.

And after all, twins share everything.

“He’s so hot,” Lisa giggled as she turned to me. Her hand hovered at the bottom of the ladder of Darren’s ripped stomach. I could see his cock twitch as it began to swell. Not only did Darren have incredible stamina, but he didn’t stay down for long. Of course, Lisa had a lot to do with that. Dressed in only a leather top she had borrowed from me and a pair of panties, my sister was looking infinitely desirable. Looking the way he did, Darren was used to plenty of female attention. But I couldn’t help suspecting that this was his lucky day. If he minded Lisa talking about him as though he wasn’t there, he gave no sign of it. He simply smiled, and the bed creaked slightly as he pulled her body tighter against his own.

“I know,” I groaned. “That body is just ridiculous. And his cock...” I couldn’t blame Darren from grinning broadly as Lisa giggled. He already had an outsized ego, and this was only going to swell his head more. But it didn’t matter. The more we praised Darren, the more we humiliated Josh. I couldn’t hear a thing behind me, but I knew that Lisa’s boyfriend hung on every word.

“Why don’t you guys get to know each other a little bit?” I smiled. “I’m going to check on our little bitch boy over there.” Lisa chortled with laughter as I sat up and swung my legs off the bed. My steps weren’t the steadiest, especially in the tall spike heels I was wearing. But I turned and tottered over to where Josh was kneeling. His blue eyes gazed up at me as I stood over him, basking in the look of helpless desire on his face.

Quickly, I reached out. Josh winced as I grabbed a handful of his hair, using it to pull his face towards me. I stood over him with my feet apart, and my dripping pussy was right in front of his face. As he breathed in, I knew that he would be inhaling the smell of my sex with Darren, and it thrilled my sadistic heart to taunt him like that.

"Look at that," I sneered, keeping my voice loud enough to be heard over on the bed where Darren and Lisa sat. I bit my lip in desire as I heard the two of them kiss, and the soft sound of skin moving over skin told me that they were touching each other. I had always been far more sexually adventurous than my sister, but I could see already that she was more than ready to step into my world. And it thrilled me. Darren couldn't see past me, but I knew that he could hear the same things I was hearing. Still, his own cock throbbed and bobbed in the air close to my legs. The poor boy couldn't help himself. He was still as turned on as ever, and the meaner I was to him, the more that arousal would grow. He, too, was in my world now.

"You wanted to fuck me," I growled. "This is what you wanted, isn't it? My pussy freshly fucked and dripping with cum? Except it's not your cum. You're not worthy to fuck me or my sister. Our pussies are only for real men. Like Darren." Over on the bed, I heard Lisa laugh softly in between kisses. Josh groaned as I thrust my hips towards his face.

"This is what it means to be a slave," I said. "If Lisa doesn't want you, I'm going to keep you as my own. And you'll never get to fuck me. You'll just get to watch while real men make me cum harder than you ever could. That's what cheaters deserve."

"Mistress Natalie, please." Josh's voice was hoarse as he spoke the first words he had said in a long time. His eyes stared up at me as he spoke the words. He was begging, and he didn't need to spell out what it was he was begging for. I grinned down at him triumphantly. This was a game I knew well. But I wasn't about to make things easy for him.

"Please what?" I said innocently. "Please you want to be my little slave? Please let you watch me and my sister take big, beautiful cocks all day long while you get nothing? Is that what you want?"

"Please, Mistress Natalie," Josh tried again, "please let me cum! Please!" I laughed out loud, and over on the bed behind me, I heard Lisa's laughter as an echo of my own. The soft murmur of pleasure from her and Darren was growing louder, and I knew that soon things would progress beyond a little bit of making out. I twisted my hand in Josh's hair, making him whimper as I brought his face even closer to my pussy. His lips brushed against the skin on my inner thigh as I pressed his head to my leg.

"Let you cum?" I giggled. "You don't deserve that. You have a long, long way to go before you've earned any kind of orgasm. Especially with that pitiful cock. Orgasms are for woman and real men with real cocks, not sad little cheaters who don't know how to fuck." Both Lisa and Darren laughed at that one. I felt Josh's lips move against my skin, and I shrieked with laughter as I turned to look over my shoulder.

"Guys, he's trying to kiss my leg!"

Over on the bed, Lisa and Darren had most definitely gotten better acquainted. Darren's cock was hard again, rising up from between his muscular thighs. And Lisa's hand was wrapped

around it. My sister's cheeks reddened as I met her gaze in a way my own were no longer capable of. But she didn't let go. As I smiled encouragingly, she moved her hand slowly up and down Darren's proud cock. Bubbling with delight, I turned back to Josh.

"That's better," I said. Encouraged, Josh kissed my thigh more passionately, struggled against the bonds that held him as he showered me with adoration. But if he thought that would appease me, he was sadly mistaken.

"If you want to cum, you need to show me you know your place," I said. "You know how you can do that?"

"No, Mistress Natalie." Josh spoke between kisses. I knew this little drama all too well. I had brought more men to this point than I could count. Josh had already crossed so many lines, done things he no doubt never would have believed he could do. But there were still so many boundaries left to cross. And experience had taught me that no one is easier to dominate than a man who's desperate for an orgasm.

"Clean me up," I said. "If you want to cum, you need to clean all the cum out of my pussy. With your mouth." Josh gasped. On the bed behind me, Darren gasped too. Lisa laughed, an outraged laugh of disbelief at the impossibility of my command. But I was perfectly serious. Josh gazed up at me with a face filled with horror. But I knew what I wanted.

"Do it," I said quietly. "Or not only will I never let you cum, but I'll go and get the remote for your shock collar from the bed over there. And I'll turn it all the way up. And I'll fry your little balls for disobeying your mistress." These are always the most dangerous moments. It's always risky when you really push a man, especially one you don't know all that well. Josh's lips no longer kissed my thighs. Instead, they trembled against my skin, as though he were struggling to say something. Or to not say something. I waited. My own desire was raging like a wild fire inside me, and all I wanted to do was to break him to my will like I had so many men before. But I had to be patient. Josh had one choice, and one choice alone. To say no, or, by staying silent, to say yes. If he demanded to be released, there and then, I would have done it. As hard as it would be to stop the game now that it was in full swing. I would have done it. It's only ethics that mark the line between kinky play and abuse. It's a line I've vowed never to cross.

But Josh didn't say no. He didn't demand to be released. He looked up at me as though silently pleading, begging with his eyes not to be forced to degrade himself further. But he didn't say no. And I waited, staring down at him expectantly as I held him by the hair. I swear I saw it in his eyes, the moment his resistance broke. My heart caught fire as I watched his defiance simply drain away, as though a plug had been removed. And Josh, beaten again, stuck out his tongue and began to lick my pussy.

"That's it," I sighed, bending my knees slightly to allow him better access to my cum-filled sex. "That's better. That's a good boy." I could feel my pussy swelling with desire as Josh licked it. And the thick mixture of Darren's semen and my own juices flowed steadily out from between those lips. Josh coughed and gagged as his mouth filled with the fluid, but I was remorseless. I held his head in place, alternately stroking his hair and holding him close. My selfish pleasure was swelling along with his total shame, and it lit a fire in my heart to debase him this way. The same fire, I guessed, that was blazing in Lisa's heart, if the sounds I could hear behind me were

anything to go by. I could hear Lisa beginning to moan, and Darren beginning to sigh with pleasure, and the thought of my shy sister with that bad man made my stomach flutter. But I controlled myself, concentrating on the slave between my legs as he grimaced and shrank, but ate another man's cum from my pussy for no more than the vague promise of a possible orgasm. I cried out as pleasure overwhelmed me, pushing myself harder against Josh's face. And his tongue probed deeper, scooping up every drop of Darren's load along with my own juices as I stood above him.

"Enough." I shuddered as I pushed Josh's head away, and he sank back on his knees. My pussy was tingling again, and my juices were flowing freely as I stood above him. Josh stared up at me as though he had never seen anything like me before, as though I was some creature far beyond his understanding. I loved that look. But I resisted the urge to have him bring me to orgasm with his mouth, despite how much fun it would have been. My mind was on fire with the possibilities of the night ahead, and I couldn't wait to put my new plans into action.

Bending over Josh, I unbuckled the strap-on dildo that I had fastened around his stomach earlier and set it carefully aside. Next, I untied the shoelace around his balls. Josh sighed, either in relief or in arousal. Maybe both. Finally, I untied the rope that was attached to his collar from the dresser behind him. Then I straightened up. Holding the end up the rope made it a kind of leash. With his hands cuffed behind him, Josh could do nothing to resist me, even if he wanted to. Confident in my power over him, I stepped aside and turned to see what he saw behind me. Josh's eyes widened, and his jaw hung open in total shock. Even I gasped at the sight that greeted us.

Darren still sat up in bed, his broad back against the headboard behind him. Lisa, my vanilla sister, was on her hands and knees, bent over his lap. She balanced herself on one elbow as she held the base of Darren's thick cock in her hand. The rest of it was buried in her mouth. I watched, grinning with delight, as Lisa swept her dark hair back from her face and pinned it behind one ear. Her grayish eyes lifted towards the two of us, watching us watching her, and I felt the thrill I knew my twin sister was experiencing in my own stomach as she performed for an audience. Her pink lips gripped Darren's cock as she bobbed her head up and down, sucking his cock like there was nothing more important to her in the world.

"No," Josh muttered. Grinning, I stepped towards the other bed and picked up the remote control of the shock collar. Then I stepped back towards Josh.

"Oh, yes," I smiled. "Look at her sucking that cock like a champ. I bet you wish it was yours, don't you? Well, you blew it. Now you know what it feels like to be cheated on. Now you know what you did to my sister."

Josh moaned in pain and frustration as I delivered a stinging electrical shock to his balls. I felt the tremor of his body through the leash I held, and I felt a matching tremor deep in my guts as I took in the scene. Gathering up the rope in my hands, I tugged Josh upward until he stood on his feet. Then I led him over to the bed. He tried to resist, but a sharp pull on the leash and an accompanying electrical shock brought him to heel. Whatever power Josh had ever had to resist me was long gone.

"Look at that," I said. Lisa moaned deep in her throat, and Darren gasped with desire as I

pulled Josh's head closer and closer to Lisa's face. His eyes flickered up and down, watching closely while his former girlfriend sucked a stranger's cock mere inches in front of his face. Josh's own cock throbbed and swayed as he stared, unable to look away no matter how it hurt him. He was paying a terrible price for his betrayal of my sister. Something told me that no matter what happened from here on out, Josh would be far less likely to risk breaking another woman's heart.

"Oh my God," Lisa panted as she raised her head at last from Darren's manhood. "You were right, Nat. This cock is amazing. God, I want you to fuck me so bad right now." Darren's chest heaved as he laughed, a deep bass rumble that made Josh flinch. And I knew what I had to do. Still holding Josh's leash, I turned him around and shoved him hard in the chest. He fell backward on the bed as Darren moved his legs out of the way, and his wide eyes rolled around the room as he stared up at me in fear and shock.

"Remember how you said you didn't eat pussy?" I mocked. "We quickly changed your mind on that, didn't we? Well, now, you're going to lie right there and eat my sister's pussy. And you're going to make it good. Or else I'm going to make you pay." Josh cringed as I raised the remote in my hand, and his body stiffened to another electric shock.

"Yes, Mistress Natalie," he babbled as his head thrashed from side to side. "yes, Mistress Lisa." Smirking smugly, I turned my attention to my sister.

"Here," I said. "Like this." moving much more gently than I had with Josh, I guided my sister into position. Any sense of shyness or shame seemed to have completely disappeared as Lisa got on all fours on the mattress just as I had earlier. She shed her black panties, almost tearing the fabric in her hurry to get them off. Lisa crouched above her former boyfriend, her knees on either side of his head as she faced his feet. Josh's pink tongue showed as he raised his head from the mattress and licked Lisa's pussy, and Lisa sighed with pleasure, closing her eyes momentarily as she enjoyed the sensation.

And Darren knew exactly what he was there for. Rising up onto his knees, he positioned himself behind Lisa. Josh stared up in hopeless desire as Darren's swollen cock slid easily into Lisa's lubricated pussy. Lisa howled in desire, wiggling her hips lasciviously as she felt Darren fill her up. My own pussy spasmed jealously as I watched.

"Keep licking," I snarled, giving Josh a shock that made him jump underneath Lisa. "Lick her clit while Darren fucks her. And I hope you pay attention while he does." Lisa howled in outraged laughter as she felt Josh's tongue on her swollen bud again. And as Darren began to fuck her from behind, Lisa moaned and thrashed in impossible delight, her body exploding to the twin sensations of cock and tongue on her most sensitive areas.

It wasn't over quickly. Darren's stamina was even greater now that he had already cum once. I didn't count Lisa's orgasms, but I could clearly see that they were coming fast and hard, one after another. Josh spluttered underneath her as she soaked his face with her cum, screaming in ecstasy again and again as she surrendered to a pleasure unlike any she had known before. And my free hand crept between my own thighs as I watched, using the remoter control to shock Josh's balls from time to time to feed my own sadistic glee. It was a scene I knew not one of us was likely to ever forget. By the time Darren finally came, Lisa was ready to drop. She cried out

loudly as she fell on top of Josh, her pussy leaking the thick cum Darren had filled her with, just as he had done to me. Between his girlfriend's legs, Josh's face shone with sweat and cum, his skin bright red with total shame. And still, his neglected cock throbbed with desire. We had done it, my sister and I. We had made Josh pay for his cheating ways in the sexiest and kinkiest way imaginable.

*

I'm not a woman who's short on sexual stimulation. Quite the opposite, in fact. In my line of work, you find yourself in erotically charged moments every single day. And while working with my clients doesn't always turn me on, I'd be lying if I said that it never does. I never have sex with any of them, but their obvious desire can't help but put me in a certain mood sometimes. And when that happens, I reach for the phone.

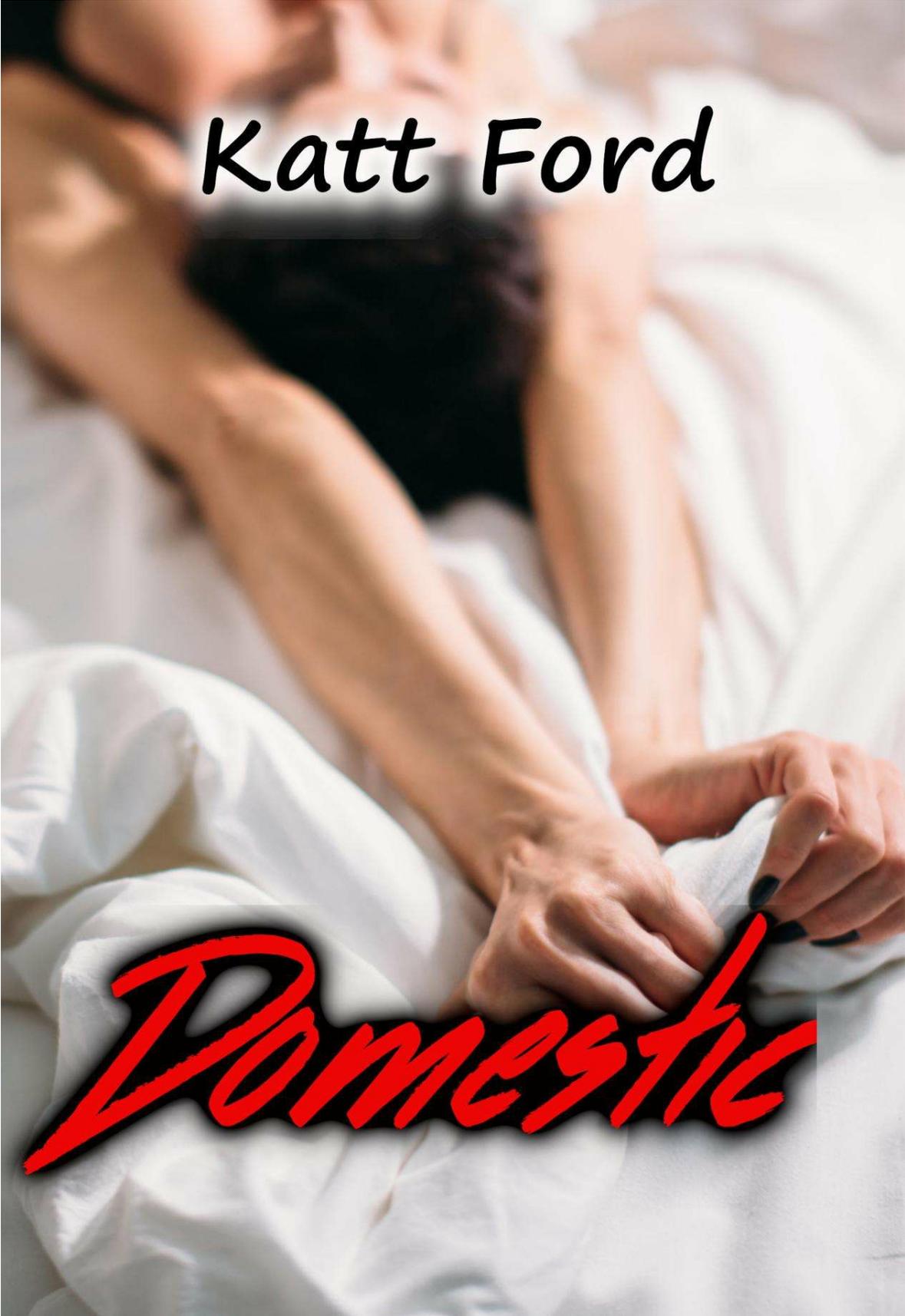
Sometimes it's Darren that picks up on the other end of the line. Sometimes it's someone else. I'm way too young and too kinky to be shackled up with one man. And I don't mean to sound arrogant, but I'm not in any danger of running out of options.

But these days, it's rarely the things that happen in my dungeon that fill my mind when I get into that certain mood. There was a time in my life when I would conjure up fresh fantasies to amuse myself whenever I was in that special mood.

Not any more. Now, all I need to do is remember. The night that Lisa and I made Josh pay for his half-baked attempt at cheating on her remains my most revisited memory.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again. It really was my masterpiece.

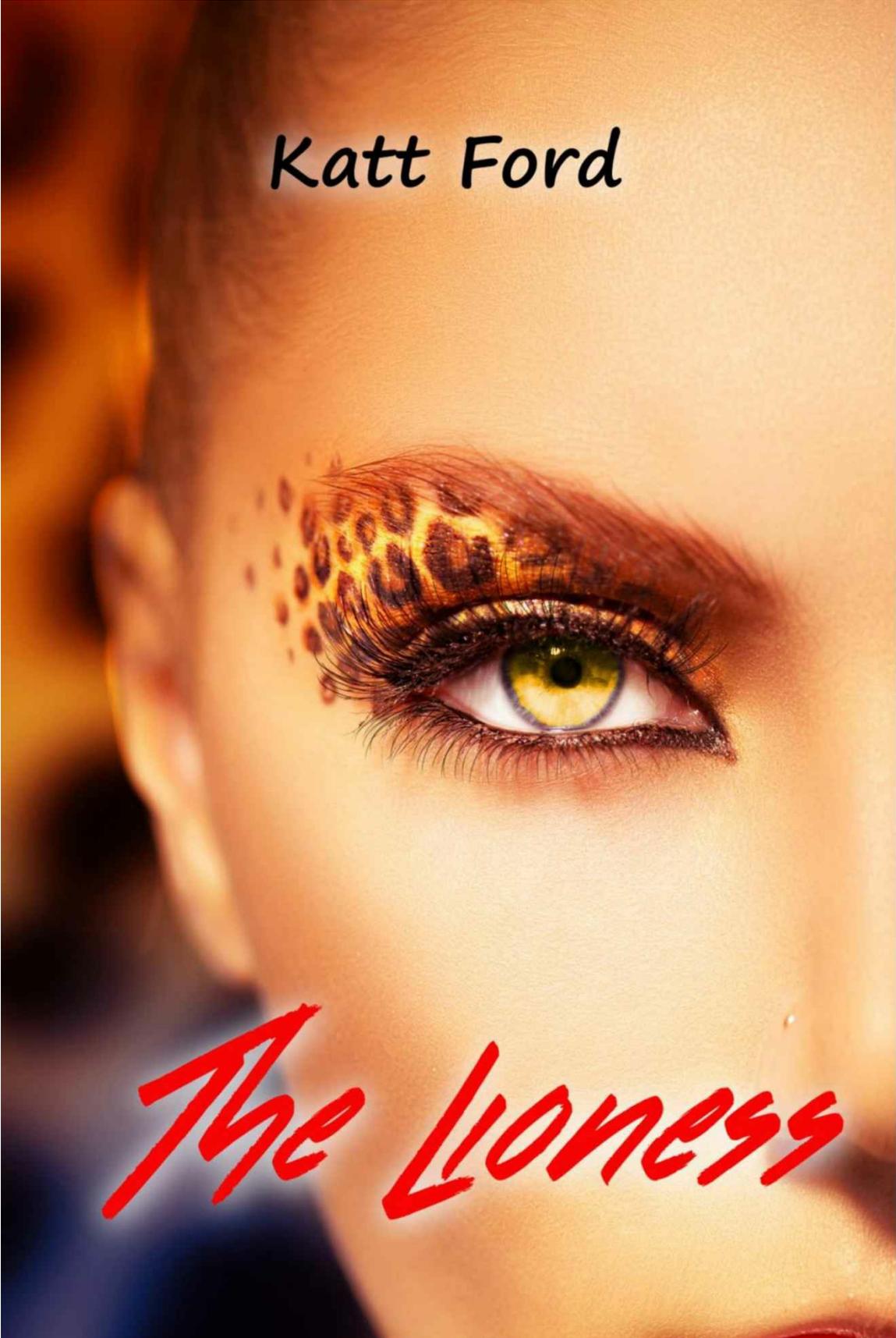
The Story Continues Here...

A photograph of a couple in bed, with a woman's hands clasped over a man's arm. The image is slightly blurred, focusing on the hands and the white bedding. The text 'Katt Ford' is overlaid in the upper center, and 'Domestic' is overlaid in the lower center in a red, stylized font.

Katt Ford

Domestic

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A close-up portrait of a woman with a green contact lens and leopard-print eye makeup. The text "Katt Ford" is overlaid in the upper left, and "The Lioness" is overlaid in red script at the bottom.

Katt Ford

The Lioness