

HOT LINES



Erotic Stories of Femdom by Phone
Edited by N.T. Morley

Deception
Press



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EROTIC STORIES OF FEMDOM BY PHONE

EDITED BY N.T. MORLEY

Published by DECEPTION PRESS

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Lunch with Mistress Katia by N.T. Morley

Thank God no one happened to be in your office at 1:45 when you unzipped your nylon lunch bag. You reached inside for your tuna sandwich and juice box, and found a pair of panties.

See, Katia packs your lunch every day, as she's been doing since she became your Mistress three months ago. She likes to control what you eat, when you eat it. she's deemed that you eat lunch at 1pm, not before or after, and she feeds you what you like, or what you don't like, based on her own whims and whether you've pleased her properly the night before with your mouth and your cock and your ass and your whimpers of pain and pleasure. You accept it, because she owns you.

And sometimes Mistress Katia leaves you treats in your lunch. There was the time she left a picture of her foot, on which you were instructed to jerk off. There was the tuna sandwich she implied in her note -- you still don't know if it was true or she was just fucking with you -- that she'd made with your own cum. There was the spicy red pepper paste she instructed you to either wear or eat; you opted to wear it, slathering it all over your balls until your cock swelled hard and tears poured from your eyes. There was the butt plug.

In short, Mistress Katia has a very perverse sense of humor, as well as a demented idea of what appropriate relations between men and women are, which is why you love and adore and fear her, and why you pop a hard-on just about every damn time she deigns to amuse herself by manipulating your sexuality.

Which is what happens today: Folded atop the brown paper bag presumably holding your sandwich, nestled next to the liter bottle of water, you find a pair of slutty little pink panties with a note pinned to the front, right up against where your dick will soon reside:

"Here's a nice pair of slutty pink pretty panties for a pretty pink slut. Wear them the rest of the day, Tiffany. You'll be wearing lace all weekend long."

She calls you Tiffany because you told her, about three days into the relationship, that you had no desire to cross-dress, that you didn't have an inner female, an inner slut, that you didn't need an inner girl to be topped by her. She just laughed and said, "Oh, you'll have an inner slut by the time I'm done with you, Tiffany," and has used that name for you ever since. It took you a long time to get used to the cross-dressing, but Mistress Katia's training is not something you're able to resist. Now just the sight of lacy, frilly underthings and you're hard; you're hungry for humiliation, desperate for Mistress Katia to make you put the things on, and observe what a sexy little slut you are.

She's prone to this, your Mistress, prone to the kind of sexual adventure that comes by divine fiat, giving you orders and knowing they'll be obeyed despite extreme discomfort and humiliation.

Your overwhelming desire to please her isn't why you'll obey her, either. That's no fun for her, because it's too easy; you learned early when you were punished hard for being too eager to please. She'd ordered you to lick her shoes and you did without protest; she made you pay for that, and now you know that obeying too easily is as big a mistake as not obeying at all. As Mistress Katia put it once: "The last thing I want is a little bitch: If I wanted a bitch, I'd get some little twink. You're a man, which is why I get so wet making you do what I say."

No, you don't do it because you want to please her; in fact, you don't want to please her at all, you want to displease her so she'll make you please her so she won't punish you for pleasing her without being forced. It's all very complicated, and makes your cock so fucking hard you can't fucking see straight.

But it's not just a matter of disobeying to obey; it's because your cock, already hard, goes aching and tight and practically ready to shoot when you think about what happens when you lie to her. She knows; she always knows. When you lie to Mistress Katia, even over the phone -- especially over the phone -- she knows, immediately, always. You don't know if it's some tone in your voice, some hidden message in the words you choose, but Mistress Katia reads your mind and informs you that you're lying, and punishes you for doing so, even if you're miles apart.

And when Mistress Katia reminds you that she owns you, you feel the leash running from her hand to your balls more acutely than ever, feel how tightly she holds your nuts and your guts and your soul in her grasp, and how it amuses her to toy with them.

Which is why you lie when she calls you at 1:50, because you're already hard and ready to play.

She sighs a musical little laugh. "Have you eaten lunch yet, Tiffany?"

"Yes," you lie. She always gets pissed when you don't eat on time, because it lowers your stamina in the evenings. She wants you ready to fuck when you come home, and if you eat too late you get sleepy. "I'm wearing them," you say, your voice trembling slightly.

She laughs. The sound is cruel. "You're such a bad liar," she says. "You almost make it pointless to punish you for doing it. Almost. Now put those panties on. Put them on right now, Tiffany." She says the name firmly, with impossible cruelty.

Your cock's throbbing, now, as hard as it gets. You say "Yes, Mistress."

"And then eat your lunch. I think you'll find it tasty. Be sure to drink all the water, too. The whole bottle."

She hangs up on you. You get up and lock the office door, pull the blinds, and quickly kick off your shoes, lower your trousers, slide off your jockey shorts and wriggle into the panties, which are thin satin with lace and a padded behind that almost builds your ass into a feminine one. The fact that you're shaved from balls to ankles makes the feel of the lace sliding up your legs even more erotic.

The front of the panties, of course, is not built for a man with a hard-on. It's very hard to tuck yours into the tightly stretched fabric, and you know it will keep popping free. You want to jack off so bad. You could jack off, all right... just haul it out of the panties; you wouldn't even need to haul it out, just let it pop free. Then a few hard strokes would have you shooting on your desk or maybe into your jockey shorts or even into the panties.

But she'd know, of course... she wants you hard and aching when you come home, and she can always tell how much you've thought of her all day, and whether you've jerked off. The punishments in this case would be extraordinary. Your cock pops free. With a trembling hand, you shove it back in your panties and try to stretch them over the top to hold them there. The thin pink fabric darkens at the tip of your cock, which is leaking pre-cum.

You put your slacks back on, lace up your shoes, and stuff your jockeys into your lunch box. You sit down, crack open the bottle of water, take a sip. You open the paper bag, thinking you'll find your sandwich.

Instead, inside the paper bag there's a small Tupperware container of... something. You know what it's going to be, or what it's going to look like, before you even open the container. You read her note:

"Don't you ever wonder what I do all day? I was going to let you go hungry, Tiffany, but you had to lie to me. Eat your lunch. All of it. After all, I do believe in recycling. "

You know what you're going to find, but you still feel a cold wave go through you as you open the container. You know what Mistress Katia does all day: She beats and whips and ass-fucks men all day, which is why you're so impossibly lucky that she still wants to do it to you at night. She also, if they're very, very good, lets them jerk off; if they're incredibly good and it pleases her to do so, she might jerk them off herself, as she's very occasionally done to you. And that's what you're staring into -- maybe -- you can't be sure. There's a container of what looks like gruel, only it might not be gruel. You'll never know until you take a bite.

She's given you a cheap plastic spoon. You obediently take a spoonful of your lunch, feeling your cock swell and throb against your panties. You know the taste from when Mistress Katia lets you cum on her hand, and then feeds it to you. You know the taste well -- too well. This tastes like that. You're sure it's gruel she's somehow flavored to taste like cum... Mistress Katia loves you. She would never make her cherished little slut Tiffany eat the cum of strange men for lunch just to humiliate her at work.

Would she?

You finish your lunch, feeling a strange peace come over you as you wash it down with most of the water. Your cock throbs as you relax. It goes from hard to half-hard, but never quite to soft, as you do paperwork for two hours. You can feel the gruel, or cum, or some combination thereof, warm and swelling in your belly, reminding you of your status as Mistress Katia's slut.

Your bladder, too, begins to swell. You're afraid to get up to use the bathroom, because Mistress Katia has long since forbidden you from ever using a stall; you're only allowed to use a urinal.

Your cell phone rings at 4:30. "I'm wearing them, Mistress," you say, your voice low and meek and as feminine as you can make it.

"And?"

You lower your voice even more. "I'm hard," you say softly. "Mistress."

She laughs again. "I bet you have a piss hard-on, don't you? And you're afraid to use the bathroom at work when you're wearing your pretty pink panties, because I won't let you use a stall like the girl you are. Is that right, Tiffany?"

You writhe in your chair; your nipples feel hard against your cotton-poly shirt; your tie feels tight around your throat.

You say "Yes, Mistress."

"Remember how you lied to me, Tiffany?" she purrs. "You lied to me and I punished you by making you eat strange men's cum for lunch. Or did I?"

"It might have been gruel," you blurt, immediately regretting it.

She laughs softly, obviously very pleased with her game. "Would you like to piss, Tiffany?"

Your belly aches, your hard-on hurting from badly needing both to piss and cum. You say, "Yes, Mistress." You redden. "Please, may I piss? In a stall?"

"No," says Mistress with a small but audible yawn. "I think you'll use the urinals in the basement."

You swallow. "The basement?"

"Do you need a hearing aid? Yes, Tiffany, use the urinal. Unzip your slacks, haul your hard cock out of your panties, and point it at the urinal. Then piss." She laughs. "Of course, you'll have to lose your hard-on first... will that be a problem?"

"I... I can't do that." You're not even sure yourself if you're saying it because it makes you hot to say it, because you know for sure she'll make you, or because you really think you can't.

She just laughs and says musically, "If you can't, you can't." Her voice is smiling. "But I think peeing on the street is going to be a *lot* more conspicuous."

"The street?"

"That's your other choice," she purrs. "Either one's fine with me. Though if I were you, I'd prefer the urinal."

Your voice is lost, now, floating between hunger and surrender, desperately begging for mercy without daring to beg, wishing she didn't know how to fuck with your mind so completely. It's all alive, now, with violent tingles, every inch of your body, especially the parts she fucks or fondles or punishes: ass, asshole, mouth, throat, nipples -- and most of all your cock and balls, which are a mess of stretched and swollen pleasure and agony, your cock soaking panties with pre-cum and your balls tucked up so high and tight with their swiftly growing agony that you think you're going to explode.

"Yes, Mistress," you say, feeling your bladder swollen and pained. She hangs up on you and you obediently get out of your chair, ready to humiliate yourself utterly because she told you that you're going to.

At first you don't know how the fuck you're going to even get up a floor without parading your hard-on in front of everyone in your department, but you manage to get your blazer buttoned in such a way that it only shows a slight lump. You walk quickly and make it to the elevator, and breathe easy until several small groups of people get on. You try to look casual. Instead you sweat and breathe hard, ever more aware of your cock and your balls and your panties.

Everyone disembarks at the lobby, and you continue to the basement. A casual listener might have assumed that Mistress Katia is being kind by allowing you to use the basement pissoir. She's not; Mistress Katia is rarely, if ever, kind. The basement is where the delivery drivers park their vehicles; there are many dozens of them, big burly guys who smell of cologne and sweat and look down on office workers like you. They parade in and out of the bathroom all day long.

The basement is mostly empty, a small mercy. You slip into the men's room and go up to the urinal in the far corner, leaning in close. You unzip your slacks, reach in, and free your straining cock from the slutty pink panties. The front is soaked with pre-cum. You haul your prick out and point it at the urinal, trying to turn your body so the panties, at least, aren't visible from the door in case any truckers walk in.

You strain; you struggle; you try to think of unsexy things but all you can imagine is Katia's voice, rich like chocolate, telling you how you're going to humiliate yourself by eating cum and pissing in a urinal with your cock hanging out of panties soaked with pre-cum. Your cock, if anything, gets harder.

Your bladder swells in agony as you try to piss. You bite your lip. Nothing changes except a slight swell in your cockhead when you strain, and a thick dollop of pre-come slipping free of your slit and dribbling down on to your hand. You can't stop yourself; you bring your hand up to your mouth and lick it off. It reminds you of the taste you can still sense at the back of your throat -- cum, or something that tastes like cum. You ate a whole container of it, Tiffany. You're a slut. Your cock throbs. It bounces there, free, utterly refusing to go soft even a little bit. You fight the urge to stroke it. You've finally decided you're going to; just a few strokes, it'll feel good, you won't tell her, she'll never know. Then you hear the door pulling open.

You've got your blazer closed and you're across the restroom in seconds. Before the two chatting delivery drivers make it in the door,

you're seated in a stall, pants around your ankles, cock jutting up out of the pretty pink panties.

The two guys jaw about football while they sidle up to the urinals and piss. One of them farts loudly. The other one compliments him on it.

You struggle to think about something unsexy -- these two blokes are a good start -- but all you can do is make your cock harder when you strain. The two guys leave without washing their hands, and you're left their panting, you cock in your hand.

Your cell phone rings. You fish it out of your jacket and answer it.

"What do you know?" she purrs. "It works in the basement."

"They have extenders."

She laughs. "So you *are* still there. I guess that means you haven't been able to lose that hard-on."

"You're right, Mistress," you say.

"Well," she sighs. "I guess you're pretty screwed, then. If you can't think of something unsexy, you're going to be stuck down there all day. On the other hand, if all you can think of is my mouth... sliding down your cock... my tongue all over it... mmmm... licking the cum out of you..."

"Mistress," you squeak. "Please don't."

"Mmmmmm... my mouth swirling all over your cock... licking you... tasting you... gliding my lips down to the base and then sucking the cum right out of you..."

You know you can't cum -- you just know it. Your bladder is too full; you're in too much pain; it's too humiliating. besides, you've been

trained to ask for permission every single time, and it's almost never granted. This time, though, you can't stop it. She purrs in your ear as you feel your hand beginning to move.

"All over your fucking cock," she says. "And sucking the cum right out of it."

"Please, Mistress," you gasp. "May I cum?"

"All right," she sighs with a laugh. "This one time."

She says it just in time; if she said "No," you were about to disobey her and face the consequences.

You groan as your cock begins to shoot; you don't even care that it's coating the front of your suit. You shudder all over as you finish cumming; the orgasm is particularly powerful with the pressure from your bladder. It's so powerful it hurts; you let out a pained squeak as the agony explodes through your lower body. Pleasure and pain: Mistress Katia's favorite cocktail.

She laughs a soft chuckle. You let out a soft breath of relief as your cock begins to soften; you breathe hard, point it toward the toilet, and begin to relax. Finally, you're able to piss.

She stops you with a sharp clucking noise before you can let your piss go. A tiny dribble leaks out as she growls "Permission rescinded, Tiffany. You may not piss."

Your eyes go bleary, your breath coming tight as you struggle to keep the piss inside you.

"Didn't I say use the urinal?" she purrs.

"Yes, Mistress," you say, with relief. She's going to let you piss at the urinal; now that you've cum, it won't be too bad. You can do it fast and have your cock tucked back into your cum-soaked panties

before any of the truckers wander in and discover what you're wearing.

She sighs with evident pleasure. "Save it for the urinal at the movies, Tiffany. Meet me at the Blake Street Cinema at 5:30. We'll enjoy a movie, and then maybe we'll talk about letting you piss."

Your throat tightens; you feel dizzy. Blake Street Cinema is the downtown porno theater, famous for its sleazy clientele and rough trade in the bathroom.

"It's Friday night," she says, "so I imagine it'll be pretty lively down there."

Katia chuckles softly at your long silence.

"See you soon, Tiffany."

You clear your throat. "Yes, Mistress," you say.

With a tiny whimper of pain, you stuff your cock back into your panties.

My So-Called Rockstar Boyfriend by Jodi Fowler

In the middle of the night, I awakened to music. It was the harsh viola screech of the Velvet Underground's "Venus in Furs." They were playing my song. It was my ring tone.

I picked up my cell phone and silenced it. I looked at the screen. It was Zach, of course. It was almost 3 a.m.

I let it ring as I found my headset, put the buds in my ears and plugged it in. I got out of bed gingerly, so as not to wake André. I was naked.

I didn't want to talk where I might disturb André, so I went out onto the deck. I didn't bother to put anything on; it was a warm night, and our house faces a canyon; the nearest houses directly in front of the deck are the better part of a mile away. The neighbors on either side are considerably closer, but if any of them wanted to look, let them look.

The call rolled over to voice mail before I got to it. I knew Zach would call back momentarily, and I wasn't about to call him. I propped my arms on the deck railing and did a few stretches, yawning. When Zach didn't call back instantly, I took a moment to point the cell phone camera at my ass and turn the flash on. The bright light blasted the night. It took me about six tries to get an ass shot I was happy with, and then I took one of my boobs, with my face just visible. That one, I got on the first try. A girl's got to know her assets.

When Zach called back, I let it ring five times -- almost my voice mail's roll-over point -- before I answered it.

"Yes," I said flatly.

Zach sounded desperate.

He said, "Baby, I need your help."

I used a mock soothing tone as I asked him, "What do you need, baby? Tell Mama all about it."

Zach could tell I was mad. He gulped. "I'm sorry, darling, did I wake you up?"

I laughed. "No, baby, I was just kicking back at 3 a.m. What time is it for you?"

There was a little bit of a time lag. It gave Zach's pathetic voice a funny warble as he bleated, "It's morning, baby. It's 6 a.m."

Zach was on tour in Georgia, and I was in California -- where we live. My loser boyfriend has a band. You could maybe even say that he's a so-called rockstar. I mean, he's not much to speak of, but his lame little band was moderately famous, and they made enough from their three-record deal and from touring to support it that he could buy this cute little bungalow in the Hollywood Hills.

That's nothing to sneeze at. I really appreciated it when he signed it over to me. No marriage needed. There had been no marriage, no pre-nup, no nothing. There was just Zach's signature on some papers, and his bank accounts and the deed to our house -- *my* house, now -- were all my hot little hand.

Of course, it wasn't quite that simple. But I'll get to that. What's important now is that Zach would not have called me unless he needed something special -- something very, very special.

And even at three in the morning, I was here to provide it.

After all, Zach was my boyfriend. My *loser* boyfriend.

Zach said: "I'm sorry, darling, I wouldn't have called if I didn't really need your help--"

"I know, I said. "And you know better than to call me darling right now."

Zach took a deep breath. He whimpered slightly.

"Yes, Ma'am, of course. Of course. I'm sorry, Ma'am."

"No," I said. "That's not good enough tonight. The other will do nicely."

Zach emitted a pathetic little squeal.

"Mistress," he said. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

I sat down on the chaise lounge.

"That will do, for now. Tell me what's happening."

Zach spilled it. "There's this groupie, see? She's been hanging around the last couple of shows, and...well, see, baby, I invited her back to my hotel room." Zach sounded ready to cry. "Please, Mistress? May I?"

"Please *what?*" I said.

"Please, can I--Mistress, can I--" I could almost *hear* the tears spilling out of his eyes. It made me *hot*.

I spread my legs on the chaise lounge and slid my hand between them. I was still wet from André. It felt *good*.

I fingered my pussy and tasted my fingers. I let Zach hear me, making smacking sounds.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I shouldn't even ask."

"No," I said. "You shouldn't. But now, I want you to. What would you like, Zach?"

"Please, Mistress," Zach said. "May I have sex with this groupie?"

I put my hand back down between my legs and absently fingered myself as I laughed at him.

"You wouldn't be asking," I said, "Unless you already did."

"But Mistress," said Zach. "You know that's impossible."

I laughed at him. "Impossible that you could *properly* fuck her? Yes, of course...and it always was. Even before we started having our little fun."

"It's not fun," Zach said, only remembering himself at the very last moment and blurting out, "Mistress!" just an instant before I chewed his head off.

I decided to let it pass. Zach always hates it when I call what we do "fun." It isn't that he doesn't like it. It's that he doesn't like to *admit* that he likes it.

"It's *lots* of fun for me," I said. "And I'm the one who matters, Zach, remember?"

Zach said miserably, "Yes, Mistress."

"Where is this dumb slut now?"

I could tell Zach bristled from my calling her that. Hell, maybe the loser really had feelings for her!

That made what I was going to do that much sweeter.

"I asked you a question," I said.

"She's sleeping in my bed," he told me. "I'm in my hotel room."

"Then where are you?"

"I'm in the bathroom."

"Send me a picture of her," I told him.

Zach hemmed and hawed a little -- but only a little. A moment later, my phone beeped and I called up the picture.

The photo was taken in a bar -- or maybe the bar of whatever shit club my loser boyfriend's shitty band had played last night. It was a young woman sitting on a barstool. She had a black bob, delicate features, and a slightly upturned nose. She was pale and skinny. She had hoop earrings and a dog collar, a skimpy little tank top and skintight leather pants. She wore boots, but I couldn't really get much of a look at them, since the shot was aimed down from above. The picture was time-stamped last night, about eleven o'clock.

She was cute. She wasn't really that unlike me -- the ten-years-younger model. I felt a sudden rise of my urge to do Zach harm in her eyes. It's never the hot little groupies I hate; I identify with them way too much. It's Zach who gets my anger. He's the one who cheated.

She was hot enough that I wouldn't mind taking her home myself after a night out drinking on Hollywood Boulevard. She was slim and white, the way I like them -- and more importantly, the way Zach likes them. She had a slightly upturned nose and full lips and her eyes were made to look improbably large with the use of dark eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. If you could send her through time and put her in a lineup with me when I first met Zach, I bet you couldn't pick us out of that lineup. Because I would have grabbed

her, shoved her against the wall and stuck my tongue down her throat. And judging from the flirty look on her sexy little face, she'd probably be all over that.

"That's not good enough," I said. "I want a picture of her now, and I want it time-stamped.

"Right now? But she's sleeping."

"I know," I said. "And pull the covers down. But don't wake her up if you can help it. Not yet."

I could tell Zach was thinking about arguing, but he didn't. I listened to him breathing quickly as he nervously went out and snapped a picture of the sleeping girl. He texted it to me.

Yes, she looked hot. She looked *hotter* than she had the night before. She was right where I like women to be: in a hotel room bed, with her head on a pillow. Her makeup was a mess and her earrings were gone, probably on the nightstand. She looked naked under that sheet, which I liked. From the picture, she looked like she was dead asleep. The picture was time stamped just after six in the morning; his phone apparently reset itself to East Coast time.

"I told you to pull the covers down," I said.

"I did," whined Zach in a whisper.

"Sheet, too," I said.

Zach whined a little, but he knew better than to fight me. I heard the soft swishing sound as the sheet came away.

The next picture he sent me was of a very naked girl with her legs slightly apart, rubbing sleep out of her eyes and yawning.

She had a seriously hot body. Some really nice tattoos. Her nipples were pierced, and so were her clit and her labia and her navel. It all came together in a very hot package -- much hotter to me in the pictures from this morning than last night...because last night, she didn't know what she was in for.

Now she did.

I heard the slam of a door on the other side of the line.

I laughed at Zach.

Did she catch you and run away?

Zach said nervously, "She saw me, but I don't think she cared. She didn't try to cover herself. Baby, why did you make me do that?"

"Baby/" I asked.

"Mistress," he corrected. "I'm sorry."

"That's why I made you do it," I said. "Because you don't remember your place. And this girl is going to help you remember it. What's her name?"

Zach gulped. "Zephyr," he said.

Yummy. I love pretentious Goth girls.

"What are you wearing now, Zach?"

"Just my jeans and a T-shirt."

"No panties?" I asked him warningly.

"Of course," He said. "Of course I'm wearing panties."

"Send me a picture, and be quick about it," I told him. "And if it's not time-stamped..."

It was. The picture came fast -- Zach's jeans with their telltale bulge, and the edge of his lace panties pulled up past the blue jean waistband.

Damn, I loved seeing that.

"Open them up," I ordered him. "Unbutton, unzip. Give me a better shot."

Zach obediently unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, then sent me a picture of his bulging panties in the deep V of his blue jeans. They were the very same style of skintight bluejeans he wore on stage. He wore them on his album covers. He wore them in every promotional picture. He wore them to television interviews. And that *bulge* was commented on, famously, in every venue. It had helped make Zach a sex symbol.

In his early career, that bulge was what people thought it was.

For several years now...it's been something else entirely.

"Show me your tube," I said.

"Mistress, please," whined Zach miserably.

"Show me," I ordered him.

Zach pulled his panties down and sent me a picture.

There it was: the device I loved so much. The simple device that had let me take a rockstar's pride, his masculinity, his power, his manhood....

...all because he had called me a groupie.

They called it The Secure Lock™. Built by an outfit in St. Louis, the device was the state of the art for girlfriends like me with cheating loser men in their lives. The device was made of clear plastic, with a few metal fixtures and titanium bands running underneath. It fitted around his cock and balls, secured by a high-tech lock that looked like the thumbprint trigger lock on a handgun.

But this wasn't your typical lock that fastened the Secure Lock. It was remote-activated, with a tiny wireless transceiver deep in the core of the tube. In constant contact with the Secure Lock wireless network, it sent me comforting pings once per minute, informing me that my boyfriend was safe. They all piled up in the Secure Lock app on my phone, and every deviation was logged. When Zach's tour bus went through a tunnel? I knew about it, if I was paying attention, and if I wanted, I could call him and ask him if there were any groupies on the tour bus with him. Sometimes I did that, just to keep him guessing.

On the other hand, when I wanted to forget about Zach, I just quit the app and knew that the Secure Lock system would robodial me with an urgent alert if more than three consecutive pings were missed.

You see, a typical chastity tube would have had a standard-issue padlock and a key that I wore around my neck. With the Secure Lock, that was no longer necessary. If I ever decided to give Zach a break, all I had to do was call the Secure Lock 800 number and punch in a code that only I knew. The device would remotely unlock, and Zach could do whatever he wanted with his sad little wiener.

All it would take was a call from me.

Yeah. Like *that* was going to happen.

In the meantime, Zach wasn't just prevented from fucking...he couldn't even get a hard-on.

If he did, he suffered humiliating pain.

Now, the basic design of the male chastity device has been around a while. Worried wives, suspicious girlfriends and even pay-for-play female Dominants keen on securing the absolute devotion of a money slave have been using these devices for years. It ensures that the masculine organ will stay how and where it belongs -- in his panties, pointing down, soft as his tongue but way less pleasurable to a woman.

Of course, I'm talking about guys like my loser so-called rockstar boyfriend. André, my other boyfriend -- my real lover -- is another matter entirely. Locking André's huge cock up in chastity would be some sort of crime. Zach's, on the other hand...we're all better off without it.

Or, rather, with using his cock as a tool for my amusement, and not in the usual way. I love knowing I have total control over Zach. If you've never realized how much power you have when you control a man's penis...well, let me tell you, its intoxicating.

Absolute power corrupts. And I was already corrupted, so now I'm *really* bad.

Sorry, Zach. Mercy is out of the question. But keep begging. I love to see you humiliate yourself.

#

"How far did you go with Zephyr last night?" I asked him.

Zach admitted miserably, "I ate her out."

"Did she find out about your chastity lock?"

"No," said Zach.

"She didn't try to get you to fuck her? Not even a blowjob?"

"She did," said Zach.

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her that I wanted to be more intimate with her before we took that step," Zach said unhappily. He had used the same line on me, years ago -- only, then, it had been a line. And it had worked; he got me into bed. Now, it was an excuse. It was a smokescreen, so that his little groupie wouldn't know that he was a chastity-locked slave.

"Did you make the girl cum?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. "Twice."

I laughed.

"She must think you're a pretty big stud, then," I said. "Little does she know."

Zach said proudly, "Well, she thinks I give good head." Then, weakly, he added, "I had a very good teacher."

Zach was trying to flatter me, which only made me laugh.

"Put her on the phone," I told him.

"What?" Zach hissed. His voice was filled with horror.

"I said put her on the phone. Let me talk to her."

"She's sleeping!"

"Wake her up!"

"Baby, don't do this, please?"

"That's 'Mistress' don't do this, and maybe you'd prefer it if I sent those hot little pictures I took to the press. I mean, your lame little band isn't much as far as I'm concerned, but I think Rolling Stone would like those pictures."

On the other end of the line, Zach made a strangled squeaking sound.

I twisted the knife: "It might be good for your record sales, don't you think? I really would like a new car -- the new Corvettes are *sweet* this year. I'm so tired of driving last year's model..."

"Please, baby, don't even talk like that--please Mistress!" He added the last part just before I screamed at him, which would have been tragic -- I would have awakened André.

I continued: "And when you get home, we're going to have a very personal talk about what happens when you argue with me. You aren't going to like it very much. Understand?"

I felt the intoxicating thrill of power as I heard the softness in Zach's voice. The wind had gone out of his sails.

He gave an incoherent whine of surrender.

"Now wake your little girlfriend up. I want to talk to her."

Zach said, "Yes, Mistress."

"And no, you may *not* put your cock back in your pants. In fact, leave them open, so she can see your panties *and* your chastity tube."

Zach made a whining sound, but he heard my sharp intake of breath, and said softly, "Yes, Mistress."

There was a minute while Zach whispered in the groupie's ear. He still had his headset on, so I heard everything. He called her "Baby." He called her "Honey." He told her someone wanted to talk to her.

He passed the phone over.

"Hello?" a sleepy voice said.

"Is your name Zephyr?" I asked, my voice friendly.

The girl sounded confused, but then she said "Yes." It sounded like a recent nom-de-guerre, from the way she had to think to remember it when she was sleepy. That was okay...in the world of rock 'n' roll, no one was who they said they were.

"Who is this?" she asked.

I told her who I was, with a bright step to my voice. I wanted to sound friendly, because I had nothing against this girl. On the contrary, I already liked her. I wanted to be her friend, in fact.

Her *close* friend.

I heard her say in a hushed tone, to Zach and not to me, "What the fuck is *that*?"

I laughed. "It sounds like you just saw my boyfriend's chastity tube."

"His *what*?"

I said, "I'm Zach's long-time girlfriend...basically his wife." I said it ruefully, with an apologetic laugh.

"Oh, shit," she said. "Um, listen, I didn't know. He said he was single."

That was a laugh. Did this girl not even read the gossip blogs? He and I had been photographed together in public, numerous times, though I certainly wasn't famous so nobody ever seemed to give a damn. Anyway...I'd already decided not to blame Zephyr.

"Don't worry...I'm not mad, you haven't done anything wrong. He and I have an arrangement, you see...for when he's on the road."

"Okay," said Zephyr.

"Unfortunately, he didn't follow it," I said. "See, he's not even supposed to pleasure girls like you. He enjoys it too much. That device keeps his dick from getting hard, but he still feels good about himself when he eats pussy. He's pretty good at it, isn't he?"

"Listen," said Zephyr testily. "I really didn't know. This is all weird--"

I said, "Look, just bear with me for a few more minutes? I promise, I'll make it worth your while."

"Okay," said the groupie impatiently.

I asked her, "Are you in the market for a job?"

She said, "What the fuck?"

I said, "Let me put it another way. Would you like \$5,000?"

She gave a shocked gasp.

I said, "Zephyr, if you'll give me your email address, I'm going to Paypal you that amount right now. But you have to promise to do something for me. Will you do that?"

I could still hear Zephyr's jaw dropping. From her tone of voice, \$5,000 was all the money in the world to her.

When she didn't answer right away, I said, "And there's lots more where that came from if you decide you like what I ask you to do. Will you do it?"

She said, "It depends what it is," but her tone of voice made it clear that she had already decided she'd do just about anything for that kind of money.

I said, "My husband should have three black suitcases. The smallest one has a top panel. There's something in there I'd like you to get. Can you do that, Zephyr?"

"Is it something illegal?" she asked nervously.

"Not even remotely," I said. "In fact, I bet Zach and you did much more illegal substances last night when he invited you back to his hotel room. But let's not talk about that...just please go and get it, Zephyr?"

"That's all I have to do? For the \$5,000?"

"No, that's just the first step."

She said, "Okay. I'm...um, I'm going to put on the headset, okay?"

"Sure," I said.

"I'm going over to the closet now. Yeah, they're there. The smallest one?"

"Yes. In the top panel. I can tell you and I are going to like each other."

"Okay," said Zephyr nervously.

I heard the sound of a suitcase zipper...and then a shocked gasp.

"Did you find it?"

"It's one of those...strap-on dildo things."

"That's right. Have you used one?"

"I've *seen* them used," said Zephyr. "I've never worn one." She said nervously, "I've had one used...*on* me."

"Yum," I said, smile in my voice. "Where?"

"I work in a...peepshow. In Travis City. We do...you know, sex shows there sometimes." She sounded embarrassed.

"You still work there?" I asked.

She said apologetically, "I'm taking some time off."

"So you probably want that \$5,000, then."

"Yeah," she said. "It would really help." She was starting to get the picture. "What do I have to do for it?" she asked me.

"Not much," I said. "Just fuck my husband in the ass. Have you ever done that to a guy?"

"Um," she said. "Not really. With my, um, with my finger. Just with boyfriends and stuff.

"Well," I said. "This is like that. Only it's strapped to your body. He should take it nice and easy. It's not that big a dildo."

"*Excuse me?*" She sounded stunned, filled with disbelief.

"Believe me," I laughed. "I've used much bigger. I've trained him *hard*. You're just going to give him a gentle little I-love-you-fuck."

Zephyr laughed. "What's that?"

I said, "It means you grudgefuck him hard in the ass. Can you do that?"

"For five thousand dollars?" she asked. I could hear Zach trying to talk to her. She spoke right over him. "Yeah, I think so," she said.

"Good. Can I sweeten the pot a little?" I asked her.

"What, like a tip?" I asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'll Paypal you another five thousand if you put me on speakerphone and take me some pictures on your cell phone of my boyfriend taking it."

Zephyr didn't hear a word of what I said about what she'd had to do. She just heard "Another \$5,000," and that was it.

She sounded like a girl on Christmas. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"You want the money on the table, first?"

"Um," she said, "No, that's okay, I mean...do you want me to hurt him or something?"

"If you want to," I said. "Let's say this. How does an extra thousand for every time you make my boyfriend cry while you're doing it. Up to another five thousand, if you can make him cry five different times."

Now she sounded like she didn't believe me.

"You're *serious*? You want me to hurt him?"

"Pinching his nipples is good for straight-out pain," I said. "Do a lot of that. But when you want to make him cry, just slap him across the face about ten times. It works like a charm."

"I don't believe this," said Zephyr. "You're serious?"

"Give me your address, and I'll send you the money right now. Send me video of him crying, and you'll get your tips."

"And I do it right now," I said.

"That's right. While I'm on speaker phone."

"How do I do speaker phone?"

She was on Zach's phone. "There's a button on his home screen. Can you take the stills on your phone?"

"Sure," she said proudly. "I've got a smartphone."

I gave her my phone number. She sounded like she was jotting it down.

Zephyr sounded like she couldn't believe it. "Whew. Okay!" She gave me her email address. Then she laughed.

"I need to show you something. Can I text you a picture on this thing now?"

I said, "Yes, Ma'am. Please."

She laughed as she took the picture. A moment later, my phone beeped.

Still on the phone with her, I opened the pic and felt my heart soar.

Zach was crying already. He always did that -- crocodile tears were his favorite way to try to get out of a fucking he so richly deserved.

But it wasn't going to work, and he already knew it.

Zephyr was a broke-ass part-time stripper...just like I was. She might or might not like fucking my boyfriend in the ass, but for \$10,000, she'd learn. And once she got a taste of it, Zach would have his road wife. But that would come in a few hours, once she'd humiliated my loser boyfriend.

Correction...for \$11,000. She'd already made him cry once.

Then I'd make my long-term proposal...that, if she needed a job, she travel with him for the rest of the tour. She could name her price...whatever it was, I bet I'd have to double it just to know she wouldn't puss out on me.

I liked that much, much better than going with him myself. I'd rather get my loser boyfriend a road wife than waste my time with those sleazy fucks he plays with.

And when she was finished with the tour? If she played her cards right and made me very, very happy...and Zach very, very, *very* unhappy, then she'd get herself an invitation to come back to California with him and stay a while.

I'd been needing a girlfriend, and Zephyr was *hot*.

Zach would watch me take what he was denied.

I'd make him watch me fuck the girl he couldn't have...night after night for as long as she wanted to stay. And from how interested she sounded on the phone, I bet I wouldn't have to pay her \$5,000 a night to fuck Zach in the ass while she was here.

Zephyr put me on speaker phone and texted me some pictures of her in the strap-on harness. She wore it well. I'd just started to hear the gulping sounds -- Zach sucking Zephyr's strap-on cock -- when André opened the sliding glass door to the patio.

He was standing there, naked, his huge, dark body gorgeous in the moonlight, his glorious cock soft...but not for long.

I was horny. I very badly needed to fuck André's brains out.

His deep voice was sleepy. "Baby, it's almost four. What are you doing out here?"

I looked him up and down. "Getting horny. You up for another round, lover?"

He grinned. He came for me. He put his mouth on mine and his hand down my front. His big fingers caressed my breasts and gently pinched my nipples...and traveled down further, bypassing the wires of the headset to work up into my very wet slit.

By then, Zephyr had started slapping Zach across the face with her cock. Then there was more gulping...on her end and mine. I took André's big dick into my mouth and started sucking him, thrilling to the feel of his huge dick growing stiff in my mouth.

"Who's on the phone?" André asked.

I took his dick out of my mouth. As my tongue still lavishing affection on his cockhead, I looked up and answered him.

"My loser boyfriend," I said. "Mind if I put it on speakerphone?"

Far above me, André grinned.

"Whatever gets you wet, baby."

"You're such a good boyfriend," I said. I opened wide and took his dick down my throat, thrilling to the sound of Zach gulping as I pulled the headset out and hit the speakerphone button. Right there on the balcony.

Zach's moaning sobs echoed over the canyon. I wondered if the neighbors could hear.

I sucked André's cock to the music of my loser so-called rockstar boyfriend moaning and sobbing as my new girlfriend abused him.

I looked up at André as I rubbed his cock all over my face.

I said, "Take me inside and fuck me silly, baby?"

I plugged my phone into the bedroom stereo system and played the call *loud*.

"This Call May Be Monitored for Quality Assurance" by Xavier Acton

Rick's headset clicked, and his computer monitor flashed.

"Hello?" came the voice on the other end of the line. It was a deep, cool female voice. "Hello? Hello?"

"Hello, may I speak to... Ms. Ashley Domin... Doman..."

"Dominica," the woman said coldly. "This is she."

"Ms. Dominica, my name is Rick and I'm calling from the Term Life Insurance Company to tell you about some of the excellent products we have for you. Have you ever considered what will happen to your loved ones if you were to pass on prematurely?"

"How did you get this number?"

"Um... I'm sorry, Ms. Dominica, I don't know that."

"I prefer 'Mistress Dominica.' This number is unlisted."

"Well, Ms. Dominica, if you'll give me a moment, I can tell you about some of our excellent term life insurance products--"

"Telemarketing is very naughty."

Rick paused. "Um... well, Ms. Dominica, I would be happy to tell you about some of our excellent term life insurance products--"

"Telemarketing is very, very, very naughty, Rick. And I told you to call me Mistress."

Rick went to say something but his throat closed up. He finally managed to squeak: "Mistress."

"Very, very naughty. Do you like being naughty, Rick?"

Ms. Dominica's voice was thick, rich, powerful. When she chuckled, it sounded menacing.

"Ms. Dominica, if you'd allow me to take just a moment of your time, I could tell you about some of our excellent term life insurance products--"

"Do you know what I do to little boys who are naughty, Rick? Little boys who telemarket?"

"Ummmmm..."

"Let me tell you what I use this line for, Rick. This is an unlisted number because I advertise it only in certain publications for naughty men. Those men call me and beg me to punish them. And none of them has done anything nearly as naughty as telemarketing."

Rick cleared his throat. "Ms. Dominica--"

"*Mistress* Dominica!" she snapped.

"M-M-Mistress Dominica, we've got some excellent term life insurance products--"

"I have all the insurance I need, Rick," she said. "What I *do* need, however, what I can never get enough of, is naughty little boys to spank."

"You... you really, Ms. Dominica, these really are excellent term life insurance products--"

"You're probably wearing a pair of polyester pants, aren't you? \$21.99 at Sears?"

Actually, they were \$24.99 at J.C. Penney's. Rick didn't say that, though; instead, he just choked a little and gasped out "Excellent term life insurance products."

"A thin little belt? Tightly-whities or boxers?"

"Ummmmm..."

"Boxers, I'm betting. You think they're sexier than tightly-whities, Rick, don't you?"

In fact, Rick was wearing a pair of cotton boxers with little hundred-dollar bills on them. They were a gift from his last girlfriend, who wanted to encourage him to pursue a more lucrative line of work than telemarketing.

"Boxers *are* kind of sexy, Rick. I find boxers *very* sexy."

Rick's finger hung over the "disconnect" button. He could feel his cock stirring in his polyester pants, the head nudging the cotton Franklins.

"Really?" he asked weakly.

"Do you know why I like boxers on my men, Rick?"

"Ummmmm..."

"Because they're easier to pull down. Do you know what I'd do to a naughty telemarketer if I had him here in my dungeon?"

"Ummmmmmm..."

"I'd put you over my knee, Rick. I'd make you take your pants down and I'd put you over my knee. I'd pull down those boxers of yours and I'd run my hands all over your ass. I'd be wearing lingerie, Rick, do you like girls in lingerie? A tight little corset and a garter belt and panties?"

Rick's cock was hard all the way, sticking right through the fly of his boxers and abrading against the polyester. He tried to shift it back in, without much luck.

"I -- um -- term life insurance -- um -- products," Rick stammered.

"You know what I'd feel if you were in my lap, Rick?"

"Term, um, life insurance products..."

"No," said Ms. Dominica. "I wouldn't feel life insurance at all. I'd feel your cock. Getting hard against my thigh. As I ran my hand over your ass. And I'd know you want this, Rick. Because you know telemarketing is very naughty. Is your cock hard now?"

"Ummm..."

"That's a yes, isn't it. You know what I'd do when I felt your cock hard, Rick? Then I'd spank you, Rick. I'd spank your butt. I'd make you squirm in my lap. I'd spank you so hard you'd cry. But your cock would keep on getting harder and harder. Is your cock in your hand, Rick?"

Rick's hand had crept unnoticed down his belly, nearing his cock. He put it back over the "disconnect" button.

"Of course not," he said.

"Put it there," she said. "Rub your cock through your pants. Because if you were here, I'd make you jerk off. Right in my lap, Rick. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Rick glanced around to make sure no one could see into his cubicle. He wrapped his fingers around his cock through the polyester pants and started stroking it.

"Is your cock in your hand, Rick?"

"Yes," he said.

"Yes, Mistress," she told him.

"Y-yes, Mistress."

"Then stroke it. Stroke it while I spank your ass. I want you to stroke it until you come. If you were right here with me, Rick, I'd make you stroke it until you came on my pussy. Do you know what I'd do then, Rick?"

Rick was obeying the Mistress, his hand working up and down on his cock. He was close.

"I'd make you lick it off. I'd make you lick up your own come."

"Oh, Jesus," he whispered.

"Oh, Jesus, Mistress," she growled.

"Oh, Jesus, Mistress," Rick echoed, and his cock exploded. A little grunt escaped his lips and he started to pant as his orgasm tore through him. He felt a wet stain against his fingers, soaking through his polyester pants.

"Did you come good, Rick, you naughty telemarketer?"

"Y-yes, Mistress," he rasped.

"Excellent. You'd be licking your own come off my pussy if you were here right now, wouldn't you, Rick?"

He cleared his throat. "Yes, Mistress."

"I'm going to hang up now, Rick. I want you to think about me every time you jerk off from now on. You will, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Rick choked. "W...would you like me to block you from our directory, Mistress?" He was just trying to be helpful.

"I wouldn't dream of it," she said.

"Thank you for your time," he said. Then, automatically, "I forgot to notify you that this call may be monitored--"

"For your sake," said Mistress Dominica, "I hope not."

Rick glanced behind him and saw his supervisor, Ms. Carron, standing in the entrance to his cubicle, a sour look on her face. She still wore her wireless headset and Rick noticed that she was a little flushed.

"Rick," she said. "Can I see you in my office?"

"Yes, Ms. Carron," Rick said miserably, and went to get up, wondering how he could hide the wet stain in his pants.

"Not now!" Ms. Carron hissed. She leaned close to Rick and he could smell her perfume. "After work," she whispered. "Wait until everyone else has gone home."

Ms. Carron turned and left. Rick shook his head, squinting.

He took a deep breath and put his finger on the "connect" button.

Pearl Necklace by Jolie Joss

We're just finishing up Sunday brunch at the Uptown Plaza when I get the text. As Rick goes on talking, I fish my smartphone out of my purse. My heart pounds as I read it. I go tingly all over. I feel like my temperature has just shot up about ten degrees.

I knew it was a possibility, but I didn't think it would really happen. I've been flirting with him online for months -- three of them, and five days, to be exact. I didn't think he'd actually take me up on my offer of "Anytime, anyplace."

But now that he has, how can I say no?

"Rick, darling," I break in when he gives me half a chance. "I know we talked about spending the day together, but I'm afraid something's come up. I've got to show a property near here for work, all right? You understand, don't you? We can spend time together later."

At first Rick looks crestfallen, then suspicious. When my wicked look confirms his worst suspicions, he looks somewhere between confused, dismayed and about to faint.

"I'll need the car," I tell him. "Be a dear and take a cab home. You've got cab fare, don't you?"

"Well, I--uh--" he sputters, not believing what he's hearing. "Yes, of course. It's just that..." He draws away and looks guilty.

"What, darling?"

"I bought you an anniversary present." He slips the small box out of his pocket and holds it out to me.

I open the package and smile.

"How nice, darling. A pearl necklace. Is that a hint?"

Rick gets flustered.

I wink at him. I stand and let him lift my cascade of red hair and clasp the necklace on me. I break out my compact and purse my lips and admire myself wearing Rick's pearl necklace -- knowing within just a few minutes I'll be wearing someone else's.

I say: "It's so lovely, darling. I'm touched. Now, run alone home. I'll be home when I'm finished." I run my hands along his neck and whisper: "Don't get too worked up on those downloads you like to watch. Save some for me, darling. Will you?"

Rick looks down and scampers away to the cab stand.

Just for the sake of appearances, I get out my parking receipt and stand lackadaisically in line. But lucky for me, the line at the parking window is longer than the line for a cab, so just as I reach the front, I see Rick disappear into the back of a Yellow, and I peel off for the elevator -- leaving a briefly bewildered clerk.

I glance back, once, and spot Rick's eyes glaring from the back of his taxi. Whether he spots me looking back at him, I won't know until after it's occurred, this thing I'm doing.

My betrayal.

And once that's done...everything will be different.

#

Online, I've cheated on him before. In chat rooms, I've gotten pearl necklaces from dozens of men not my husband. In phone calls,

I've been unfaithful more times than I can count.

But not like this. Not in reality. And I never dreamed I could really do it so blatantly, ditching him after a perfectly lovely brunch. Not so carelessly, discarding my husband like a piece of used tissue and moving on to the next shiny cock. Not even caring that he suspects. Not even caring that he knows.

Not even caring that my husband's pearl necklace will soon be sticky with another man's come.

Or, on the contrary -- being *turned on by it*. The very fact of my betrayal making me wet. The very knowledge that he knows getting me so unbelievably aroused that I can't control myself.

The looks of suspicion and confusion on my husband's face making me want to betray him so bad that I can't *not* cheat on him.

Like he's *begging for it*.

I open my phone again. The original text from Dion burns there on my screen: Room 1916. Behind it, a new text blinks.

It's a photo: Dion's cock. Big and thick and glorious, glistening even in this low-resolution photo. What is it about men? They think the cellular phone exists solely to send pictures of engorged genitals back and forth between cheating lovers. And perhaps more importantly, every man seems to think a JPG of his cock makes a woman weak at the knees.

Well, when you meet them online, I suppose there's not that much more they have to work with. And in this case, it was the very blatant nature of Dion's aggressive stance that did make me cream. Wasn't that what I'd liked in all those hours of trading chat messages while I sat casually "working on some property spreadsheets" as Rick and I watched TV, my body turned "just so" to make sure that Rick couldn't glimpse images of Dion's chest, abs, and cock?

Didn't I *beg* Dion to "grab me," "bend me over," "spank me," "pull my hair," "make me your slut"? Didn't I make him promise over and over again that if -- no, not if, *when* -- we met in person, he'd do all that and more? "Whenever, wherever"?

Didn't I beg him to push my boundaries?

And didn't I just "happen" to drop him a text to mention that Rick and I were planning on a nice leisurely Sunday, with brunch at the Uptown Plaza -- which sometimes had very reasonable last-minute Sunday rates, and let you check in at noon if you asked nicely?

I've done all of those things, hoping and praying that it would lead right where it was leading.

I'm sure as hell not backing out now.

I punch in a number and forwarded the jpeg, with a happy face.

#

Dion's left the door ajar. Ample light filters through the white gauze curtains to bathe the room in a gloriously flattering light, so when he's first revealed to me he looks about as good as a man can look.

The he's folded the comforter on the floor. Dion's stretched out nude and gorgeous across the hotel sheets, his dark skin accented by the bleached, starched white cotton. I see that he hasn't exaggerated a thing in our extensive online chats. Twenty-six -- a full ten years younger than me -- he's ripped and cut, with bulky forearms, big shoulders and a broad chest. And his cock? Well... more on that later. His voice is just as delicious as it's been all those long, late dirty talks while Rick was asleep, or pretending to be asleep.

"Hi," says Dion.

"Hello there, beautiful," I sigh.

I put out the "Do Not Disturb" sign and closed the door behind me.

There's no need to introduce ourselves. There's no need for the preliminaries usually engaged in by lovers meeting for the first time. He knows who I am. He knows me as intimately from my pictures as intimately as I know him. He knows far more of me, in fact, than he's seeing now, which is why it's so strange that my hands tremble as I start to undress for him. It always scares me to get naked in front of a man I've never fucked before, no matter how many dirty snapshots of me the guy's seen.

"Don't do that," he says. "Come over here. Let me."

I come to bed. Dion grabs me and pulls me onto him. I drop my purse beside the bed. Before I know it, he's got me pinned under his big, broad, muscular body. I melt into his scent and his heat and the feel of moisture against my skin. He's wet from the shower.

He kisses me, hard. His tongue is insistent. I react instantly to that first touch, and every further touch forces me deeper into his spell. But I'm still scared. In fact, I'm terrified.

I feel the need to talk or something. I feel the need to tell him how nervous I am to be cheating on Rick.

But when I try to pull away, he kisses me harder. He pins me down. He holds my hair. He pulls my hair. His kisses plunge deeper. He violates me with his tongue. When I struggle a little bit more, he turns me over, pins me with his weight, and lifts his big hand up high.

"No talking," he says. "Not till I've fucked you."

Then he spans me, just once, to still me. To *gentle* me. I'm his skittish little mare, and this is how he harnesses me.

It makes me warm all over. It makes my cunt wet.

"Yes, Sir," I say, and spread my legs.

He grabs my hips and lifts them high, forcing my ass into the air. He doesn't take my panties down. He doesn't take my skirt off. He just pulls the skirt up, the panties to the side, and exposes my Sunday-shaved cunt.

Then he fucks me from behind.

Just like that, I'm not a wannabe-adulteress anymore. I'm a real adulteress. Before I even know he's doing me, I'm done. I'm being fucked. He's in me, and I'm cheating.

There's no talk of a condom. All those discussions have been had. All those boundaries have been laid out. He goes into me bareback, his big stranger's cock naked, terrifying and *hot*.

My cunt goes tight around him as he penetrates me. He's hard to take in this position, but I've been working on it. Yoga. Pilates. Deep knee bends. It's been the way I dreamt of Dion taking me since the beginning. "Something about your cock," I told Dion once during a filthy chat, once he showed me his dick. "It makes me want to get fucked in this position," and I sent him a jpeg mined from Rick's extensive porn collection, of a woman taking cock exactly like this. Face down. Ass up. Skirt lifted. Panties yanked to the side. Fully dressed, but fully exposed.

His huge cock stretches me. I'm so wet that I seem to pour juice down over his cock as he slides in, but he still has to shove hard to penetrate me. He fits me like a glove and starts fucking me slowly, holding the crotch of my thin silky panties out of the way. My hands are flat against the hotel bed, my face pushed into the indentation

left by Dion's body. I take him eagerly, ass in the air. I inhale his smell.

My body's a mass of sexual energy. I've been anticipating this for months, ever since the first time I laid eyes on Dion's photo. I've been dreaming of the moment when I would submit to his cock. But he is heavy on top of me, and all I can do is lay there and get fucked. It feels incredible, but I know there's no way I'm going to come. And I don't want to. All I want is to feel every inch of Dion's cock sliding into me over and over again, thrust after thrust, while he licks his thumb and works it up to my buttohole.

He goes slow at first, taking his time and stretching me out without ever quite entering me.

Then he takes me, with one thrust. I gasp as he inserts his thumb. He starts fucking my cunt deeper with his cock, holding his thumb as deep in my ass as he can as my muscles tighten around it. He thrusts his dick all the way into me. Feeling him inside both my holes five minutes after we've first kissed, I realize how deep I've gone into this. I've given myself to a total stranger. He's going to take me how he wishes.

That's when I realize he plans to make me come.

I never asked him if he was right or left handed. It's just not the sort of thing that occurs to one online. I realize now that he's right-handed, obviously, which is why it's his left thumb he's shoved up my ass. It's his right hand that he shoves under me, pressing middle finger to clit and gauging the pressure as I squirm on his cock. He seems to know it instinctively. He starts rubbing as he fucks me. It's as if he's experimenting. He draws out his cock until the thick head nudges my G-spot, then he tips it at just the right angle to get a moan as he increases pressure on my clit. Then he slowly glides down into me, ceasing when the moaning stops. He draws back. He rubs more firmly, more gently, based on how loud my cries get.

Soon it's obvious he's found the spot.

I claw at the sheets. I grab a pillow that smells like him and shove it in my mouth to keep from screaming. I scream anyway. He teases me right to the edge and leaves me there hurting.

Then he pulls it all away, his cock, his thumb and his fingers. His cock and thumb pop out of me. His hand abandons my clit. He backs away from the bed. He just leaves me hanging there, ready to come but not allowed.

"All right," he says. "Now you can undress for me."

I'm red all over, but my face and my tits feel hottest. I drop onto the bed and squirm around like mad tearing off my clothes. The little sundress I've worn wouldn't be hard to get off if I could make my hands work, but I can't. Dion stands by the bed and lets me fumble and struggle. I finally kick the dress away, hurling it into a sodden lump on the floor. I pull off my panties and bra and reach out to him desperately and grab his hands and shove him into the bed.

I don't know why I need to give him head just then. I just need to. Maybe it's because with my severe oral performance anxiety I won't do it if I have to think about it, and right now I'm too crazy with lust to think about anything but pleasuring his cock. I kneel next to the bed and coax his legs apart and go down on him eagerly, wrapping my lips around his dick. I taste my sex. I suck him hungrily, eyes closed, the feel of his big smooth cock feeling very much like Heaven against my tongue and lips and into my throat.

I see a flash and look up. Dion is taking phone cam pics.

I blush a little. I remember that I made him promise me he would. "Something to remember me by," I told him, in one of my very dirty moods.

I keep sucking him, letting him hold my long hair out of the way with one hand while he guides me into a position so he can get shots of his cock, of my face, of my lips parted around his shaft and my tongue swirling around his glistening cockhead. I lower my mouth to his balls and lick those, flashes blinding me over and over again. He punches buttons. I work my way back to his tip in a loving slurp and start making love to the head. More flashes. I know my makeup is ruined but I've never felt hotter. As crazy as it sounds, I've never felt more beautiful.

"Your husband's name is Rick, isn't it?"

I look up at him.

"What?"

Dion holds my hair and positions his cock against my cheek.

"Rick. That's your husband, right?"

I realize he's holding *my* phone, not his.

I smile wanly.

"Oh my God," I say. "You're not--"

"Come on," says Dion brightly, aiming my phone at me. again.
"Smile for the camera. You don't think your husband wants to know how much fun you're having?"

I moan softly, arousal instantly dominating every cell in my body. I've never been this turned on. I feel drunk. I feel confused. I feel as if every conscious thought has been blasted out of my head and replaced with sudden need for Dion's cock, as he humiliates and degrades my beloved husband.

"Let's see some tongue," says Dion.

I obey him. I don't know why, but I do. I'm going crazy with lust. I want his cock everywhere. In me, on me. I want his come all over me. I want his brutal camera to drink in every image of me sucking cock and send it to Rick for him to stare at in disbelief.

I start sucking Dion's huge cock eagerly, wetly, looking up into the periodic flash of the camera. Every now and then, Dion turns the phone around to show me my image with his dick in my mouth -- and to show me the speed-dial he's just thumbed into the phone. He makes me watch as he sends it to Rick. And then he turns it around and takes more pictures.

I've gone delirious. I'm going *crazy*. I want Dion's cock like I've never wanted anything in my life. My pussy drips down my thighs, my mounting arousal fueled by betrayal. It isn't long before Dion has to pull me off his cock, panting, to prevent me from making him pop.

He pulls me up onto the bed.

Dion plants me on my hands and knees. He spansks me. I'm surprised at first, but why didn't I expect it. He knows what this does to me. I've told him a thousand times online, on the phone. He spansks me again, harder. Harder. Still harder. Then the phone cam flashes and he shows me the pic: his big red handprint dark red on my pink pale ass, and Rick's name in speed dial.

Dion sends it. I whimper.

He gets behind me and mounts me. I cry out as he penetrates me. This time I know it won't take his hand to make me come. I'm almost there the second he's inside me. The flash goes off a half dozen times.

He tells me, "Turn around. Face the camera, baby."

I do it. I show him my face, pink with pleasure, while he positions the camera to get a shot of his big cock violating me -- and my face looking into the camera as it does.

He does a hell of a job. He shows me the picture. He shows me Rick's name, just in case after dozens of pictures I've decided to wonder if he'll really do it. I see the MESSAGE SENT icon.

Then Dion fucks my ass.

I hear myself moaning "OhGodOhGodOhGodOhGod," somewhat pathetically, as Dion's huge cock opens me up.

He says, "Oh, Jolie -- that's too good to pass up. Let's share that with Rick, shall we? Let me get one more, and--"

The flash goes off. He grabs my hair and tips my head back and shows it to me: his cock breaching my ass, his dark red palm print still upon my cheek. He sends it to Rick right in front of my face.

Then he hits DIAL.

"OhGodOhGodOhGod," I moan incoherently, unable to conceive of what I'm doing as Dion puts the phone to my face and starts rhythmically working his cock in and out of my ass.

"Darling," moans Rick, desperate. "What are you doing? I've been getting these texts--"

"I'm getting fucked, baby," I moan. "I'm getting fucked in the ass. God, it's so fucking good--baby, I'm sorry, I'm getting fucked by a stranger, I'm cheating on you, I'm cheating on you, I'm betraying you, I'm unfaithful, I'm a bad girl, badbadbadbad--"

And then I come, screaming, my eyes rolling back in my head. My hips start working. I shove myself back and forth on Dion's cock. I feel the weight of his body bearing me down as he orders me to

come harder for him, and I do. I come harder and harder and harder and harder until I'm screaming into the phone as Dion's cock plunges deep into my ass.

Then Dion groans and pulls out, and tips me off the bed and onto my knees. He eases me back and plants his cock over my bare, sweaty tits, over the pearl necklace my husband gave me not an hour before.

As Dion moans loudly in pleasure, I stroke his cock until he shoots all over my anniversary present.

I tell Rick, in case he needs a play-by-play: "He's coming on me, baby, he's fucking coming on my tits. He's coming all over your anniversary present..."

And Rick lets out a long, low groan that tells me he's just shot his load as well.

Dion kills the call so he can send Rick one last picture: my well-spanked cheeks spread wide to display my opened asshole, moist with his spit and my pussy juices.

What is it about men? They love to show off our orifices after they've been fucked. Something about proving "I was here." It never did much for me.

But it did a lot for Rick, I'd find out later.

A lot for Rick. That's the picture he beats off to the most, when I'm not around. Or when I am, sometimes.

For me, it's never the pictures. It's always the way it made me feel.

Dirty. Wrong. Evil. Perverse. Like the worst wife in the world, and the very best, all at the same time.

Because Rick had been begging for it.

I won't say it was an anniversary present, exactly. I knew it was possible that Dion would take me up on my strong suggestion that Sunday would be perfect. We had been trying to coordinate schedules for weeks, ever since we both got our batteries of tests back from the clinic. I even had my own copy, complete with a photo of Dion's ID, as he had one of mine. How's that for the right kind of cheating?

But beyond that, I won't say any of it was planned. I had no idea he'd make me wait to come, for instance, after I'd so thoroughly explained how to get me off. And I had no idea he'd give me what I'd fantasized about more often than anything: a hard fuck from behind before I even got a chance to take my panties off.

But the part about the photos and the phone call, the "exposure" of my cheating and the total humiliation of my hapless husband?

Dion knew all about that, because I'd detailed that filthy fantasy half a dozen times. Only one of a half-dozen possible games me might play when I finally crossed the threshold from online slutwife to *real* slutwife. But definitely my favorite.

I thought Dion might go for it. I kind of *hoped*.

Because Rick had *begged for it*.

Dressing for Business by Gina Hancock

When I get back to my hotel room after spending the whole day on the convention floor, I don't take my clothes off. I need to have all my clothes on when I call my wife. All my dirty, slutty clothes. All my *women's* clothes.

First, though, I want to send her pictures.

I sent her a batch this morning. But I want my wife to see me after I've spent the whole day out. I want her to see the tiredness in my eyes. I want her to see my smudged lipstick and eyeliner. I want her to see my rumpled blouse with my pushed-up new tits half hanging out, where every guy at the convention could see them. I want her to see my hormone-swollen nipples, stiff from arousal, pushing through my silky red blouse.

I take out my cell phone and pose for Tanya in the bright light of the hotel bathroom.

I purse my lips and fluff my hair. I give the camera the half-puckered "blowjob smile" that my wife taught me to make. I get some really sexy shots of myself, with my cell phone held up and aimed down at me, making me look even younger.

I feel my heart soar as I see how sexy and feminine I still look, after a whole day on the convention floor. I don't look as fresh as I did when I left my hotel room at eight in the morning, but I find my rumpled appearance kind of hot...it's sort of the "freshly fucked" look. My blonde hair is a little messed up. My erect nipples tent my red blouse. I've got a run in my nude-colored nylons. My lipstick is a little smudged, and there are faint dark lines around my eyes where my heavy mascara has run.

But I look like a woman...*exactly* like a woman. And even better, with the surgeries Tanya has prescribed for me, I could probably

pass for twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I look like a young, sexy slut. Even down to my hair, which Tanya's been making me grow. It's barely past my collar -- not nearly as long as she would like. Tanya has already told me that she wants her little slave to have hair down to my ass one day. But since I bleached it corn-husk blonde, if I tease it out aggressively, it does look *very* feminine. Much more feminine than wearing a wig.

Part of me still hates that these clothes make me feel sexy, but there's no escaping it, now. A full year into my feminization, these clothes feel far more natural than the men's clothes I wear to work every day. We've kept my feminization secret from my coworkers up until now, but that's going to change once she finds out how well I did today. Knowing I'm going to have to "come out" soon makes me feel overwhelmingly, impossibly sexy. I'll be a woman full-time. Will Tanya even make me date a man? Maybe even get a boyfriend?

I take a long time getting just the right shots of me. I want to be sure to please my Mistress with my photos.

I shoot pics for Tanya of every inch of my outfit. I shoot my skirt hem, I shoot the deep "V" of my cleavage, and I bend over, reach back, and shoot my butt in my snug little skirt. I even spread my legs, put the camera on the ground with the timer, and give my wife a couple of upskirt shots, just for fun. She can see my pink panties with my growing bulge -- tiny for a man, but humiliatingly unfeminine for what I'm becoming.

Even so, I feel intensely sexual. The black skirt is tight and short, high on my thighs. My tomato-red blouse buttons only up to the level of my erect nipples, and shows off the new, swelling tits that are almost B-cups. It excites me and humiliates me to have them out to play; for months, I've been strapping them down for work, a task that gets harder and harder as they grow with each dose of the hormones my wife makes me take.

It thrills me to feel them stretching the fabric of my pink push-up bra. Designed to augment my cleavage, the bra makes me look like I've got B-cups. I remember what my wife promised: If I'm a good girl and show myself off at this convention like she ordered me to, she's going to up my dose. I should have C-cups by Christmas.

"Then Santa can tit-fuck you," Tanya teased me when she said that.

Running my hand over my new tits and feeling them through the silk of my red blouse, I can imagine why Santa would want to. They're perfect and firm, the breasts of a teenager even though I'm almost twenty-eight. My nipples, hard from arousal, poke through the cups of my bra and show plainly through the red material of my blouse. When I touch them, I feel a soft thrumming sensation of pleasure, and they stiffen further. I feel myself stiffening elsewhere, too, under my skirt, right there in my pink, silky panties.

My tiny dick feels incredible as it tents the front of my straight black skirt.

I dial my wife's number, excited.

#

For the first five days of the National Tool & Die Sales convention, I've been attending in my "normal" persona....dressed as a man. I'm a salesman for a small, boutique manufacturer that provides specialized parts for several industries. I make okay commissions, though they've been falling in recent months. I just don't seem to be as aggressive as I used to be.

Nonetheless, this convention has been highly fruitful. I've made a lot of contacts, and I'm sure there will be some lucrative business coming through. But it's a six-day convention, and really only four days is needed for my business. So today, I showed up at the

convention again -- as a woman. I was thrilled to discover that not a single person recognized me.

I did it because Tanya ordered me to. She knew that all of my coworkers had already left the convention, since they don't really need to be here for the last few days. Tanya made me arrange to take a few days off, so I could work the last two days of the convention. "Work" them in an entirely new way.

There are twenty thousand people at this convention. Even though my industry is dominated by males, a female sales rep isn't so out of the ordinary that it would surprise people. But it would get the female sales rep in question -- in this case, me -- a lot of attention from men.

And it's no wonder! These are my "business" clothes, and they're businesslike, all right...if my business were conducted in a brothel. On the sales floor on the sixth and last day of the National Tool Manufacturer's convention, they made me look like a call girl trying to work the hotel. And that wasn't that far from the truth. I had collected many business cards from men who checked me out and chatted me up today, flirting with the men and tucking their cards into my bra.

I gave them my card, too. The web address went to a fake, mocked-up website, and the email forwarded to my personal email. The company I claimed to be from -- C.C. Manufacturing -- did not exist. The cell phone number, however, was real. It was the very number on which I was about to call my wife.

I have no intention of following up with the men on business matters....but if I knew my wife, I might be calling them for other reasons.

So in many ways, I'm closer to being a convention whore, now, than I am to a being a tool & die salesman.

And that's just fine with my wife...and her boyfriend, Darius.

#

She answers quickly, with her lilting, flirtatious tone. A shiver goes through me.

"Hi, honey," I say. ""I'm back in my hotel room. Is now a good time to talk?"

If we were together, I would call her "Mistress" or "Ma'am," of course. But on the phone, I call her "honey" to begin with.

I know if it wasn't a good time, she would just hang up on me. Or she might, if she was feeling kind, make a polite excuse and be gone.

But when I hear the telltale laugh that Tanya gives me, I know it's more than just a good time...it's the *perfect* time.

"It's a great time, Gina. You don't mind if -- mmmmm -- " I hear a slurping sound. "--if I keep doing something?"

I hear the rhythmic sucking sound, more slurping, and a gulping. My little dick stiffens all the way. I whimper in soft humiliation. My nipples ache with arousal.

I know that sound. Tanya's with Darius. She's going down on him. She's giving him a blowjob.

Tanya *loves* to give blowjobs.

I listen to my wife giving her boyfriend sloppy head for about a minute. She doesn't hurry up, and she certainly doesn't try to hide what she's doing.

She doesn't try to be quiet; in fact, she seems to be trying to be extra loud. She must have put her cell phone on speaker, because I

can hear the smacking sounds as she slaps his cock against her cheek.

They sound so different than any other sound, and it makes my little dick throb.

Then I hear gulping for a while -- I know that my wife is deep-throating her boyfriend. She's throat-fucking herself onto his cock.

She's still got her mouth against his cock when she finally takes a break from sucking him so she can answer me. I can tell, because I hear the wet slapping of her tongue against the underside of his shaft.

"Go ahead, Gina," she finally says. "How was your day at the convention?"

Then the sucking and smacking sounds start again. She's going to keep going on, giving Darius head, while I tell her all about what I did today at the convention.

But this is as it should be -- because this is what amuses my Mistress.

"It was wonderful, Ma'am," I say, not even trying to hide either my excitement or my humiliation. Then, my voice rich with promise, I practically purr at her: "I did what you said."

"I know you did," she says, her tongue making slurping sounds against what must be Darius's balls...unless he's actually started *rimming* him. I know each sound intimately, but this sounds like she's licking his balls. "You do everything I say, don't you, Gina?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Gina. It still makes me blush to hear that name. She's used it in private for so long, but it still feels like a tiny hint of deliberate humiliation, the way it did when she started using it. My given name

is Gene, and that's what people call me at work. In private, though, I've been "Gina" since the first time my wife humiliated me...when she caught me beating off into her panties. What was I supposed to do? It had been months since she'd deigned to fuck me at that point.

When she takes a break from sucking Darius's cock again, my wife asks me, "Did you pass?"

I say proudly, "Yes, Mistress."

"You're sure?"

"Yes," I say. "Yes, Mistress. I have a whole valise full of phone numbers." I

Tanya murmurs wetly and happily, lapping at Darius's cock.

"There's a good slut," she says. "How did you like flirting with all those hot men? How did you like being a girl?"

I can't lie to my wife...because she won't believe me, anyway.

I tell her, "I have to tell you the truth, Mistress. It was very *humiliating*."

"Did it make your little clitty hard?" she asks me with amusement.

"No, Mistress. I was good. I made it stay soft."

She laughs softly. "That's just the hormones. You probably *can't* get hard if you want to anymore. Not that you ever really could. You were always so much softer than a real man like Darius."

"I--I'm hard now, Mistress."

"You don't say," she laughs. "Why don't you touch it a little while you tell me what was so humiliating about being dressed as a hot girl

that every guy wanted to fuck?"

I moan softly as I reach under my skirt and put my hand into my panties. To my surprise, it's only about half-hard. I feel incredibly turned on...but I guess the hormones have had their effect. Nonetheless, it feels incredible to finally be able to stroke it. I moan.

Tanya says testily, "I asked you a question, Gina. Why is it humiliating to be a hot slut that every guy wants to fuck?"

I tell my wife, "It was humiliating because they were treating me like a sex object. I was nothing but three holes and a pretty pair of tits to them."

I don't even realize what I've said -- until I hear my wife laughing wickedly,

"Three holes," she says. "Little do they know, you've only got two!"

I feel my face getting hot.

She adds with a rueful laugh, "*So far*, that is. These men want to fuck you because they think you've got a pussy already?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say, wincing at the *already*. It's Tanya's choice, of course, whether to have me cut or not. I know that Andrew would like it if I was. But I can't help but feel some trepidation toward taking that final step.

"Yes," I say nervously. "That's exactly it. They think I've got a pussy, and they..." I shiver. "They want it." I felt a soft glow of pride.

Tanya growls at me sternly, "And that's humiliating?"

"Y--yes," I stammer. "Yes, Mistress."

Now she's openly angry. "What's humiliating about having a pussy, Gina? I've got one, and I'm perfectly proud of it." To Darius, she says flirtatiously, "You like it, too, don't you, baby?" He grunts an affirmative.

"I--I'm sorry, Mistress. It's not humiliating to have a pussy. It just makes me feel...vulnerable."

"That's the point, Gina. You *are* vulnerable. Because all they'd have to do is get you alone, and you'd have their dicks in your mouth inside five minutes, isn't that right?"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

"I do," says Tanya. "And five minutes after that, you'd be begging them to fuck you. Just like you do to Darius."

"But I'm not a real girl," I whine. "I can't get fucked by a stranger. He'd find out that..."

"He'd find out what you are?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Gina laughed. "Is it that you *should* or *shouldn't* have a cock?"

Darius chimed in, giving his opinion in his basso profundo.

"That fine piece of ass should *not* have a cock."

I say, "I -- I guess I shouldn't have one, Mistress."

"Of course you shouldn't," Tanya says. "Darius is always right. Aren't you, dear?"

"Damn straight," growls Darius. "Anyone who sucks my cock as good as Gina does has *got* to be a born sissy."

Tanya adds, "Maybe if you're a good girl, we'll take care of that little problem after you get your year-end bonus."

I gulp. "Yes, Mistress."

"Then you can spread your legs for all sorts of strange men, and they'll never know they just fucked someone who used to be a man. Until then, you'd better remember that it's your job to be *proud* of being a horny little slut. Pussy or no pussy, I want you happy and horny."

I say, "Yes, Mistress."

"Did any of them try to pick you up?" she asks me.

I say proudly, "Almost every man I talked to."

Tanya murmurs her approval.

"I took pictures of each one I met, Mistress. I have their business cards in my valise. And I sent you the pictures."

"Did you?" she says, obviously pleased.

I can feel myself blushing as I say, "I was hoping you could help me decide which one to call."

Tanya says sternly, "Which *one*?"

I gulp.

"Sorry, Mistress. Which, um...which ones?"

"How many cards did you get?"

"Thirty-six," I say.

"All of them staying in town tonight?"

"Most of them," I say nervously. I squeeze my cock firmly and bounce it up and down. It feels amazing, but I already know there's no way I'll be able to cum.

On the other end of the phone, I hear wet noises.

Tanya is going down on Darius again.

I rub my half-soft cock more quickly as I hear him moaning.

Distantly, I hear him say, "Yeah, right there, right there...oh yeah...take it down your throat...all the way down, baby...." Deeper gulping sounds accompany his moans.

Tanya finally comes up for air, and tells me rapturously, "Then call all of them," she says. "Until you get one who can meet you right away."

My eyes go wide. "But -- but Mistress..."

Tanya laughs. "I don't have time to be your dating consultant, Gina. Besides, you should be sucking every cock you meet. You certainly need the practice."

I blurt, "But Darius just said--"

"Forget what he said," Tanya told me. "Darius wouldn't know a good blowjob if it bit him on the ass. Isn't that right, darling?"

Angrily, Darius grunted, "Whatever you say, baby. Just put your mouth on it, baby..."

Tanya hissed, "In a minute." Then, to me, she said, "Gina, start calling. I want you down on your knees with a cock in your mouth,

inside an hour. And I want pictures. Text it to me real-time, or I'll know you're being naughty and not getting laid."

"But Mistress, I--"

"Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Bonus points if he's twice your age," says Tanya with amusement. "Double bonus points if he's twice your age and ugly."

I bristle.

I listen to the loud wet noises of my wife sucking her boyfriend's cock. There are slaps as she smacks his cock against her cheek...slurps as he sucks him up and down, gulps as she takes him down her throat again. Then I hear the telltale swishing sound of her pushing her tits together and sliding his cock between them.

My little cock gets stiffer. It's almost all the way hard, now...which is how I know that, despite my fear, my wife is absolutely right.

I want to meet one of these men. Maybe more than one of them.

Hell, maybe *all* of them.

Darius's blowjob continues for a long time, and I rub my half-hard dick listening to my wife sucking off her boyfriend...the real man who took my place as her lover.

There's another ten minutes of eager sucking sounds and Darius moaning before Tanya says, "Gina? Are you still there?"

Nervously, I say, "Yes, Ma'am."

Tanya says, "What are you waiting for? You've got calls to make."

I take a deep breath. "Yes, Mistress. Thank you Mistress. Good night, Mistress."

Tanya's only answer is a harsh order: "Don't forget to send me the picture, real time, or I'll make you sorry."

Then Tanya moans. I know what's happening; she's mounting Darius, pushing his cock into her.

She ignores my farewell...and someone, probably Darius, kills the connection.

I tuck my half-hard cock back into my panties. I pull down my skirt.

I go to my valise and take out the stack of business cards. Then I go to my laptop and open the folder of pictures.

Bonus points. I want them.

I decide I'll start with the *oldest*.

His name is Russell. I open his picture and dial his number.

Phone Sex by Thomas S. Roche

I stalk the apartment -- back and forth, back and forth like a caged animal, talking to myself, snarling and gnashing my teeth and uttering empty profanities and half-hearted blasphemies, but at least I say them with feeling. I page through meaningless porno mags, searching for the pose which will finally turn my crank. I turn on the television and flip from channel to channel, searching for the faintest hint of frontal nudity. I feel like going out to rent a porn video but fear I would have a nervous breakdown in a little back room surrounded by grinning bimbos laughing at me from the shelves. Instead, I lay there very quiet hoping my downstairs neighbors will start fucking. I look out the window hoping to see someone changing. I page through a tattered copy of Vanity Fair searching desperately for perfume ads.

It's been weeks. It has been fucking weeks. Long hours at work; deadlines; stress; cocktail parties; the obligations of a young, slightly hep and vaguely, um, upwardly mobile social butterfly. I'm beginning to realize why the media seems to think all sex occurs before 20: because it does.

I feel that ache through my body that spells the exquisite pain of arousal. The ache doesn't just reside in my loins; matter of fact, it's barely there at all. It's a trembling in the arms, a quivering in the chest, a tenseness in the throat and neck, a tendency for my hands to resolve themselves into claws and scratch desperately at the carpet while I wail my despair unto creation. I have begun to resemble the unfortunate main character in a Hammer werewolf movie.

When it gets to this point, self-pleasuring isn't enough. It seems that just hauling the damn thing out and having at would almost be an insult to the agonizing quality of the desire flooding my helpless body. It would be like playing Ping-Pong in the Bahamas when I want to be skiing in the High Sierra.

As a matter of fact, in order to dispel this attack of erotic lycanthropy, I must bring myself up the ski lift of lust to a torrid, thundering pinnacle of arousal, hit the slopes doing 45 mph, and slam myself headlong into the stone wall of orgasm. This is not a sport for teenagers.

But none of the usual methods are doing it. Ass-Eating Scumsuckers seems a tawdry, disinterested nightmare of VHS and bad tracking, and its bastard sisters Cunt Lapping Sluts and Whoa! That's Pretty Big! serve only to nauseate me. I squirm on the couch, conjuring elaborate fantasies in my mind. Then I spy the weeks-old copy of the Guardian under the coffee table.

Phone sex.

What I need is a little phone sex.

That's right. Yeah. Give it to me, baby. Make me take it, hot stuff. Phone sex. Fuck yeah. Hell yeah. Phone sex.

I tear off my clothes and cast them unto the wind like a discarded chrysalis. Wearing only my threadbare Calvin Klein's, I page through the weekly newspaper seeking sustenance. Yeah, this seems like a great idea. Except my credit cards are all maxed out, as per usual, so I've gotta pick through the many pages of ads to find a 900-number. They seem to be in relatively short supply -- most of them want V/MC, sometimes V/MC/D/Amex. But the pictures alone, fascinating and repulsive at the same time, are already giving me a hard-on. I squirm and whimper, searching for the right one. Then I spot it. "Bitch Dominatrixes Want to Dominate You, Wimp!" Yeah, that sounds like a great idea. I want bitch dominatrixes to dominate me. Yeah. Fuck yeah. Hell motherfucking yeah.

I dial the number and wait through the interminable warning about how I better hang up if I'm under eighteen. I wonder to myself if any self-respecting twelve-year-old would really hang up upon hearing

that. Well, that's their problem. It seems like I sit on hold forever. Finally the line is answered with a sultry "Hello."

I can't for the life of me imagine what I should say. Finally, "Uh, Hi. I saw your ad," I blurt out.

"Oh," comes the voice, a porn-star voice, a phone-sex voice, inviting and seductive. "Do I have an ad?"

"Uh. . . in the Guardian?"

She sounds incredibly pissed off. "Well you seem to think I have an ad. All right, asshole. Why don't you tell me what that ad says, since you seem to think I'm a phone sex operator, asshole."

"Uh. . . excuse me?"

"Tell me what the fucking ad says, asshole, since you seem to think I work for this company! Tell me, asshole!"

I am so floored I almost can't make sense out of it, and my hard-on is gone. Despite myself, I manage a nervous laugh.

"I think there's been some mistake," I say.

"Yeah, you bet there has," and she hangs up on me.

It's too funny to laugh at, it even kinda hurts. I imagine the 900-number must have patched me through to some housewife in Dubuque. Either that or the operator was possessed of multiple personality disorder.

Well, she was definitely a bitch, all right, as promised.

Shit, that was unpleasant. But I'm still horny as hell.

Do I really want to try this again? My hard-on is long gone. But looking through the lurid ads of bored-looking porn queens and sneering dominas brings it back again.

I dial another number, this one promising "Bitch-queen Mistresses Will Make You Suck Their Cocks!" Yeah, hell yeah. That sounds like a great idea. I want bitch-queen mistresses to make me suck their cocks! The phone is answered right away by a woman with a heavy East Coast accent. Sounds like a Pittsburgh bitch-queen.

"Uh. . . excuse me, what line have I reached?"

"Da Hottest Goils in Town," she tells me. "At least, I sure hope so!" She laughs.

"OK" I say nervously. "Do you do domination?"

"Domination. Yeah. Uh, Just a minute." It sounds like she's covered the phone with her hand, and I hear her shouting to someone. "Maxie! Do we do domination? Oh, sorry, you're on the phone. Shit. Dammit. Well, yeah, it depends on what you want."

I can't hold it back any more. My deepest, darkest secret blurts itself out to this anonymous Pennsylvania phone whore. "I want you and your friends to dominate me and slap me around and fuck me up the ass with your strap-on dildos! And tell me what a slut I am!" It's not actually my deepest darkest secret, but at the time it's the best one I can think of.

My face is turning red even as I stroke my hard cock up and down slowly. I'm painfully aroused, about to come already.

There's a long silence on the other end of the line. "So you want to be dominated," she says matter-of-factly. "Are you into penetration? Do you want to be penetrated?"

I wonder if she heard what I just said. But I can't bring myself to repeat it. "Uh, that would be a yes," I say.

"OK," she says. "I'll tell you what I want you to do. Do you have some supplies there?"

"Supplies?"

"I want you to get some clothespins, string, clothesline, two candles, and matches. OK? Do you have them?"

I don't know how to answer that one. So I say: "Uh. . . sure. I got 'em right here."

"OK, now I want you to take your balls in your hand and wrap the clothesline around them. Wrap them good and tight. Wrap them so tight your balls hurt. Then tie the rope off, sweetie. OK, now I want you to take the clothespins and put them on your nipples. Then thread the string through them and tie the string to the rope around your balls. OK? OK, now I want you to light one of the candles and hold it over your chest. Drip wax all over your chest. Make it hurt, honey. Now hold the candle over your cock and drip wax all over your cock and balls. Drip it all over until your cock and balls are covered with wax, baby. OK, now get the other candle and lick it all over, get it all wet. Now I want you to reach back behind your balls and put the candle up your butt. Shove it into your asshole, sugar. OK, now start stroking your cock. Are you stroking it real good? Beat it off. Whip up that cream. Whip up some of that cream. You love it in the butt. You're a slut. In your butt. You're a butt slut. Whip that cream for me, hot stuff. Whip up that cream for me. Make it all frothy for me. Whip up that cream. Are you whipping up that cream for me, cutie?"

My cock hangs limp in my hand, leaking unhappy pre-cum onto my Calvin Klein's.

The whole thing has taken about fifteen seconds.

"Are you whipping up that cream?"

"Uh. . . sure."

"Are you whipping up that cream?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm whipping up that cream."

"All right. Whip it up for me. Whip up that cream. Beat that cock. Make yourself come. Make yourself shoot that cream for me. Milk that cock. Are you going to come, baby?"

"Yeah -- uhhhhhhnnnnhhnnnh! Uh!" I mutter, disinterested, hopelessly flogging my flaccid dick. "Yeah! Uh! Oh baby!"

"All right, doll. I want you to lap up that cream. Lap it up, now. Did that feel good? Does that mean you're going to call me back real soon?"

"Uh-huh," I yawn.

"All right. You call me back real soon," she says, and hangs up.

Stunned, I sit on the bed and smell the rank odor of my own fleeting arousal. Still holding my soft cock, I snuggle into the flannel sheets. Part of me hopes that my cock will get hard again, but most of me feels a curious peace in my seemingly irrevocable release from that painful arousal. I yawn again, tuck my drizzling cock back into my Calvin Klein's, and roll over. Descending into a warm and luscious dream, I realize I have a smile on my face for the first time in weeks. Eros is a fucking inconsiderate bitch-queen with a sick sense of humor, no doubt about it, but at least s/he's going to let me get some sleep for once.

Chastity Mistresses by Brett Olsen

When I got home from work, my wife was wearing her boots -- and not much else.

I knew what that meant. I was in trouble again.

Whenever Victoria wore her boots, I knew that she was displeased with me. I knew she would do things to me. I knew I would be punished.

She would do things to me that would make me understand my place in the relationship. And my place in the relationship was, increasingly, clearly defined. I was her plaything, and she enjoyed making me suffer.

That wouldn't have been so scary, if I didn't like it so much.

I'd had a full day of fantasizing at work, and I was exceedingly horny. I needed very badly to fuck her. But when I saw those boots, that skimpy dress, and the look on her face, I knew that wasn't going to happen.

I knew I wasn't going to fuck my wife tonight. Instead, I was destined to suffer all night -- and maybe on into the morning.

Victoria looked *sexy*. She could just barely have gone out in public without getting a ticket for indecent exposure -- *just barely*.

The little black dress she wore had spaghetti straps. Her teacup tits were cradled underneath by nothing more than the thinnest sheen of cotton. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. It was also obvious that one of two things was happening. Either it was cold in here -- it wasn't -- or she was very, very happy to see me.

Meaning that my wife was turned on -- and looking forward to hurting me.

Because when Victoria gets turned on...she really takes command.

The neckline of the skimpy dress plunged deep between her breasts, revealing much of her cleavage even though Victoria is not a well-endowed wife. The dress ran smooth and snug down her fit, tight belly and then flared a little. It was decent by perhaps two inches.

In a girl ten years Victoria's junior, the dress would have looked slutty. If I had been such a girl's Daddy, I would have been horrified to see her in it. But on a woman with Victoria's poise and confidence, it didn't look slutty so much as...Dominant.

In her revealing dress, Victoria radiated a blatant and seething sensuality.

The dress made her look terrifyingly *potent*.

But it was the boots that made me tremble. They were knee high boots of black, well-oiled leather, with four-inch heels and heavy soles. I knew them well; I had kissed them before.

When I'd done something very, very bad. I had kissed them and begged for mercy.

Victoria always showed it...but only after she'd made me *earn* that mercy.

Before I even put my briefcase down, I was chilled by Victoria's vicious glare.

She saw me looking at her boots, and sneered in contempt.

"Up here, Ken," she said disgustedly, pointing at her eyes. "Look me in my eyes when you talk to me." Most women would have used the little "joke" to berate men leering at their breasts. In my wife, however, it was even more humiliating, because she knew what the sight of her boots did to me. They affected me far more than her tits.

Speaking of which...those were evident, too, her nipples stiff through the thin fabric of her dress. I finally looked into her eyes...and then I was truly frightened.

Victoria smiled pleasantly.

"How was your day?" she asked.

She said it with rippling contempt, her tone icy, her words crisp.

I gulped. "Um," I said. I didn't know how to respond.

"Well?" she snapped impatiently. She was no longer smiling. "I asked you a question."

"Fine," I blurted.

She smiled again, quite pleasantly. I wanted to sit down, but I felt like I shouldn't.

She asked me: "Did you do anything interesting?"

I opened my mouth to respond, but I didn't say a word -- my voice just stuck in my throat.

I finally put down my briefcase, next to the coffee table.

That's when I noticed the *thing*.

I heard a soft *Ohhh* sound, a pathetic whimper coming out of my mouth as I saw it.

I looked from the "thing" to my wife's cruel blue eyes and back again.

Then back down to her boots...which is how I knew she was serious.

I finally managed to wrench my eyes away from her boots, gave the "thing" on the coffee table one last terrified look, lingering on it.

The "thing" was a chastity tube. I had never worn one; I had never even discussed one with my wife. But I'd spent much of the day discussing just such a device -- by chat and text message -- with someone else.

It was a horrifying device to any man who loves his sexual pleasure. Short and made of see-through plastic, it consisted of a two-part hinged circlet that locked around the wearer's balls, with a hasp to hold a sturdy padlock. Once the device was in place, the wearer's cock was pointed down at a severe angle, the tip of his soft cock almost reaching the open end of the narrow enclosure. That ensured that he could still urinate...as long as he sat down. The angle was humiliating, ensuring as it did that a man would have to urinate like a girl.

But that was nothing compared to how humiliating -- or how painful -- this device would be when the wearer got hard. An erection would guarantee severe pain, since the enclosure for the wearer's cock was less than a quarter the size of, for instance, my erection. A man having this device locked around him would be at the absolute mercy of whoever had the key. He wasn't just restricted from masturbating. He couldn't even get an erection.

And if he did? His own cock would punish him, by inflicting savage discomfort.

For a semi-secret masochist like me, the prospect was terrifying. The harder I got, the more it would hurt. And the more it would hurt, ideally, the less likely I would be to keep my erection. The result was enforced chastity not just in body but in mind.

Or was it? Pain turned me on...sometimes. If I were forced to wear such a device, would I get so aroused by the pain of a partial erection that I couldn't stop myself from getting even harder?

I didn't know. But I did know that Victoria could be accused of bluffing...rarely. That's what I had to hope for. I had to believe she was merely bluffing.

My beautiful, Dominant wife wouldn't lock my dick away even from my own touch...would she?

Would she?

I looked at the device. My cock throbbed. Then I looked into my wife's eyes.

I felt my face getting hot.

She saw the fear in my eyes. She smiled again.

"What's going on here, Victoria?" I asked.

"What's going on," said Victoria coldly, "Is that I asked you if you did anything interesting today."

I gulped. I trembled. I sat down on the across from her.

I said, "Just the usual."

"Anything I should know about?" she asked.

My face was very red, now, and my cock was starting to get hard. My wife knew what it did to me when she treated me like this. It was one of the reasons she felt empowered to take such control. My dick throbbed in my slacks.

Victoria could tell. She always seems to know when I'm hard.

"Um...client meetings, I had lunch at the Garden with Dave and Carl--"

"Any interesting trips to the men's room?"

My heart raced. My jaw dropped. A little squeak escaped my mouth.

I started shaking my head. "Darling, I don't know what you're--"

"Don't call me darling!" she cut me off. "In fact, don't call me anything, other than *Ma'am*. Don't even use my name, or I'll make you sorry. Do you understand, Brett?"

I gulped.

"I asked you a question!" she hissed.

I nodded. "Yes, Ma'am."

Victoria said: "Brett, do you remember what we talked about a few months ago about your masturbation habits?"

I nodded.

She continued, "What we discussed is that masturbation is cheating, Brett."

"I know that," I said. "But I haven't been--"

"Quiet!" hissed Victoria. "Brett, what we discussed is that men have a limited amount of sexual energy, and your using it up without me is a betrayal of our marital vows. Do you remember that, Brett?"

"I think -- I thought -- I mean, that was--"

Victoria's voice rose to a scream. "Yes or no answers, Brett! Do you remember that discussion?"

I nodded and said, "Yes, Ma'am. But I haven't--"

Victoria cut me off: "It's entirely different for women, Brett, and you know that. That's why I can do whatever I want, whenever I want, and still have more than enough sexual energy to fulfill my marital duties."

"Yes, I know that, Ma'am, but--"

She raised her voice to silence me. "But if you sneak into the bathroom and work and pull your little thing out and rub one out into a wad of toilet paper, you're going to end up being unable to satisfy me at night."

"B--but--"

Victoria's voice rose. "Do you disagree with that, Brett?"

I shook my head. "No, honey," I said. "I don't disagree."

She said bitterly, "So you won't say you *do* agree, just that you don't *disagree*."

I shook my head furiously. "Darling, I totally agree, baby, masturbation is cheating -- for men, I mean! That's why I haven't been -- I mean, I swear, I haven't masturbated at all since we had that conversation. Not at all!"

She looked me over with evident revulsion.

She said angrily, "You mean not to orgasm."

My chest seemed to tighten.

I gulped.

I decided to pretend that I was merely agreeing with her -- rather than admitting the truth. The truth was that I masturbated frequently...far *more* frequently than I had before. In fact, I had made eight or ten trips to the restroom that day...just to edge myself further toward orgasm, but never to let myself get there.

But I hadn't done this on my own. I'd done it because I was ordered to.

And not by my wife.

Yes, I am a bad husband...I admitted it. I'd spent the day getting myself very worked up about an anonymous girl I'd been chatting with on the internet, trading explicitly sexual texts and photographs. I'd done this thinking the whole time that it was all right -- because I would save that energy for my wife. I wouldn't cum. I'd just let myself be teased all day long by this stranger.

And then I would come home and fuck Victoria's brains out.

But that was obviously not going to happen. Victoria's boots spelled that out. And even if they hadn't, the bitter look on her face would have told me that I wasn't going to get laid tonight. I'd be lucky if she graced me with a handjob -- after brutally punishing me until I screamed like a girl. That always makes her feel sorry for me.

The very idea of Victoria's rage terrified me. I had to try to play dumb.

So I just nodded quickly. "Yes," I said. "I never cum without you. I save it for you, baby, darling, I save it all for you!"

I was getting desperate. I added in a rush, "I mean, if I do need to touch myself, I just kind of rub and, you know, get myself to the edge -- and bring all that energy home, darling, home to you and then I make love to you...the way a husband should..."

I trailed off, my cock throbbing so hard in my pants that I couldn't concentrate. After a whole day of flogging it secretly, I was ready to explode. I had been looking forward to a nice, tender fuck, long and slow, to service my wife and finally blast my load with all the pent-up tension I'd been savoring all day as I traded pics and text messages with Chastity Mistress...

Victoria said coldly: "I believe I told you to answer me with yes or no questions, darling," said Victoria, her voice having turned pleasant, even as she cut me off.

I nodded.

She said, "You've been sexting at work. Do you want to tell me with whom, and what you talked about?"

I shifted uncomfortably. My cock was it was now stuck quite painfully into my jockeys. It hurt.

I tried to pluck it out of its awkward position, without making show of it -- but Victoria's icy gaze made me keep my hands where they belonged...far away from my cock.

I whined, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Bullshit," she repeated. "You've been sexting at work again. You've been sending pictures of your pathetic little dick to flirty little sluts, and talking dirty to them."

I feigned innocence. "No, Victoria, you're all wrong--"

She stood up, then; she towered over me in those heels. She crossed the ten feet between us in what seemed like an instant, and I cringed on the couch.

"Ma'am" she said. "I told you to address me as Ma'am!"

I moaned, "I'm sorry! Ma'am! Ma'am, I haven't--honey, please, don't--"

She grabbed my throat. Not tight enough to choke me...but tight enough to remind me that she could if she wanted. And tight enough to remind me that I would let her.

She said, "If you call me honey again, I'll make you sorry. Is that clear?"

I whined, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Now tell me about your pathetic jerkoff session. Tell me all about what pictures you sent to this little whore. Tell me about how you cheated on your wife. Or are you going to play dumb again?"

I shook my head furiously.

She released me. She walked across the living room -- her gorgeous ass making my cock surge all over again -- and took her seat.

"I'm waiting," she said.

I spilled it. I had spent the whole day sneaking into the bathroom to jerk off periodically at the command of "Chastity Mistress," a coquettish young Domme whose acquaintance I'd made while hanging out in an online chastity forum.

Chastity Mistress was from New Jersey -- an entire continent away -- and she was unbelievably hot.

I had been playing with her all day -- and for several days before that. I'd been "sexting." She'd been sending me pictures of herself in various stages of undress, as well as of her boots...which were not as sexy as Victoria's, but which still drove me nuts...especially after I'd been working myself up for half the day. In the afternoon, I would have promised Chastity Mistress just about anything to be allowed to make love to her boots.

I told my wife all of that...everything. Or I meant to.

Apparently I forgot a few things.

"What about your asshole," she sneered.

I gulped. I told her about how Chastity Mistress had ordered me to stick my fingers up my asshole after getting them slippery with my pre-cum. There had been a lot of precum.

"I took three fingers, Ma'am," I said shamefully, my face red.

"That's more than you ever took for me," she told me angrily.
"What about your tits?"

Blushing, I admitted everything about what Chastity Mistress had made me do to my tits. She'd made me sneak binder clips up under my dress shirt and wear them underneath while I sat at my desk in my office. They hurt like hell. My nips were still sensitive.

And when one of the women who works in the office came in for a chat with me about one of our shared accounts, Chastity Mistress ordered me by text message to cross my arms across my chest and pop the binder clips off under my shirt. Afterwards, she ridiculed me for having such a hard time keeping a straight face...even though my

female coworker left my office none the wiser to what I'd been experiencing while she was there.

Chastity Mistress then made me go to the men's room down the hall and put those very same binder clips on my dick head while I masturbated for her -- again, almost to orgasm.

When I finally finished my second addendum, Victoria seemed satisfied.

"Anything else you forgot to tell me about?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I don't think so, Ma'am. If there is, I...I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

She looked at me happily.

"I believe you," she said. "And you can call me Chastity Mistress, not Ma'am."

I stared at her, gape-mouthed.

"But...but..."

She said, "Well, I was Chastity Mistress for the second half of the afternoon. That trick with the binder clips, though? That was all Jenna's."

"Jenna? Who's Jenna?"

Victoria gave me a very sad look -- like she pitied me.

Victoria's hand dipped beside her chair. She brought up her cell phone. She dialed.

When the other person answered, Victoria said, "He's here. He's told me everything. Why don't you join us, and we can show him just

how wrong he was to think a horny nineteen-year-old slut could do more for him than his wife can?" She blew a kiss into the phone.

My face was very red. "What is this about?" I asked.

To my shock, the bedroom door opened. I heard footsteps coming down the hallway.

My eyes widened when a very naked girl entered the living room. Well...naked, except for high heels and a dog collar.

She was a little less blonde than her pictures, which had clearly, I realized, been slightly retouched. She was slimmer than I expected, and her tits, which were small, had benefitted from her posture in each of the pictures. Her face was prettier than I thought it would be, and her pussy was shaved more smoothly and with fewer visible red bumps of razor burn than the pictures had seemed to show -- sometimes casually taken pictures can make even very smooth skin look a little distressed.

This girl's skin was perfect, her face pretty, the expression on her face not one of total dominance, but of utter submission. Nonetheless, without question, it was the girl whose pictures had been sent to me by chat, email and cell phone.

Victoria snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor beside her chair. Her happiness radiated through the room as the dog-collared girl knelt and put her blonde head in my wife's lap. Victoria started caressing Jenna's hair in an almost maternal way.

I gulped.

Victoria smiled. "I've been cheating on you, you see. All that energy you were spending at work fantasizing about me? Well, it wasn't enough, darling. You're the one who wanted me to be Dominant...so I decided the most Dominant a woman could be was to take another woman as a slave. It was remarkably easy to find a

horny slut who wanted a Domme to teach her, dear. And it turns out I've got plenty of experience to properly top a woman. Thank you for that, darling."

"Y--you're welcome?" I said nervously.

Victoria caressed her slave's hair. "And then, once I had Jenna here subjugated, well...I decided to test you a little."

She doesn't really live in New Jersey, darling. Not anymore. Not since I paid for her flight out here. Now she lives with us."

"Wh--what?"

Victoria talked over me. "And she doesn't really aspire to be a professional Dominatrix...she already is one. In fact, I sent her out on her first call myself. It was some businessman who wanted to pay her to fuck him in the ass with a strap-on. She said she would do it for \$200, but only if he allowed her to torture his balls first." Victoria laughed. "He agreed...men are all the same. And she enjoyed it, didn't you, Jenna darling? Whoring for your Mistress? Dominating a stranger? Hurting him? Humiliating him?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Jenna with a wolfish smile.

Victoria looked at me with a sneer. "Do you think it's funny that I'm a Madam now, as well as a Mistress?"

"I--I'm sorry--"

"Shh!" snapped Victoria. "You're embarrassing yourself. You see, my little slave here is a bit of a switch, darling. Submissive to women...but loves to hurt men. Isn't that fascinating?"

"Very," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing, darling. You're doing to pay me back for everything you've done. And your jackoff fantasy mistress is going to help you. Isn't that right, Jenna?"

Jenna looked at me with pleasure. "Yes, Mistress."

I felt ashamed. Her naked body was arousing me. The collar around her neck was arousing me still more. And most of all what aroused me was my wife's hand, gently caressing her slave's blonde hair.

Victoria laughed. "Did it feel good to cheat on me, darling? I certainly hope so," she laughed, "Because it's the last fucking time."

I blurted: "Baby, I'm so sorry...I'm so, so sorry..."

"Don't bother," sighed Victoria. "And don't bother apologizing for calling me baby. Jenna will warm you up...and then I'll make you sorry for forgetting to call me Ma'am. And I've got some news for you, darling. That was the last time you'll masturbate at work."

She aimed her gaze at the "thing" on the table.

"Do you know what that is?"

I stammered, "I--I'm not totally sure, but I--"

Victoria cut me off again.

"Bullshit! You know what it is! I was there for half the work day, remember?"

I lowered my gaze.

Victoria continued, "Besides, I've looked at your hard drive. I know what a pervert you are. You pretended having me Dominate you now and then would be enough to keep our marriage healthy. Was it?"

I shook my head, ashamed.

"Fine, darling. You've got what you want. You want to be totally Dominated? Wish granted. You want a bitch for a wife? No problem. Things are about to change, baby. You're never jacking off again without my permission. And you've got your little nineteen-year-old playmate. She's going to practice on you, so she can be the nastiest, cruelest Dominatrix in town. Understand?"

I nodded.

"Stand up and take your clothes off," Victoria ordered me. "And do it slowly -- I want Jenna to see you."

Obediently, Jenna sat up and watched.

"Then you're putting that thing on," smiled my wife. "And she's going to lock it."

I stood. I undressed for my Mistress.

I did it as slowly as I could, with Jenna watching me and licking her lips like a shark.

I'm not much of a strip-teaser, but Victoria made sure I did it right. When I failed to unbutton my shirt slowly enough, or show my chest off properly, or tease Jenna and Victoria with a slow soft bounce to my movements, Victoria snapped her fingers and howled, "Slower! Be sexy, darling. Sexy!"

She made me put my shirt back on -- including the tie -- and then made me do it all over again. Not just once, either; I was halfway through the second time when she made me start from scratch.

When I'd finally strutted and wriggled and danced enough for Victoria's satisfaction, she let me slowly undo my belt, unzip my

pants...and reveal that I was wearing panties.

Jenna and Victoria both knew this...it was Victoria's decree, in fact. I had not wanted to wear them to work...only in bed. But

Even though they both knew I was wearing them, it was deeply humiliating to have to show my two Mistresses that I was wearing panties... especially because they laughed, both of them, pointing at me.

"What a nice hard dick," laughed Victoria. "You've really drooled all over your panties!"

"That's really disgusting!" said Jenna. "Are you a fucking gross pervert, or what?"

I looked down, ashamed. My panties were white and crusty with a day's worth of pre-cum.

I lowered my slacks, my cock throbbing.

"Slower!" yelled Victoria. "And don't forget to dance. I know it's hard without music, darling, but I like hearing your labored breathing as you try to turn me on." She laughed again. "It is difficult, isn't it?"

As I slowly eased my slacks down my thighs, Jenna had something very nasty to say about them. She said, "I think he's got very flabby legs, Mistress. I'd like to make him do deep knee bends. Maybe while I'm riding his face or something?"

That made my wife laugh. "You'll break his back!"

Jenna laughed at that, too. "No better way to train a slave!"

By the time Victoria finally let me strip down to my panties, Victoria was getting turned on by the ritual. She had spread her legs and ordered Jenna's hand up her dress. She wasn't wearing panties,

herself -- that much was evident from the moment she spread her legs. Victoria was flushed and hot, obviously turned on by humiliating me. Jenna began fingering my wife and kissing her thighs while they watched me stand there, humiliated in my panties.

When I tried to take them down, Victoria snapped: "No! Not yet. Just stand there. I want to savor that disgusting cock behind that crusty wall of satin." She laughed, panting with pleasure. "It'll make it that much easier to see you lock it away forever..."

From somewhere, Jenna found a vibrator -- it must have been under Victoria's chair. She brought it up between my wife's thighs and applied it to her clit. Victoria moaned in pleasure, her eyes wide, watching me as I stood there in humiliated degradation.

Victoria came very quickly. She shuddered in her chair, rocking her hips in response to the powerful vibrations.

"Now," she said, breathless from her cum. "Take them off. And put on that chastity tube. I want your thing locked away *now*." Almost absently, she tapped Jenna on the top of her head. "And why don't you get ready, slave?"

Jenna said, "Yes, Mistress." She kissed my wife's thighs quickly, stood up and went into our bedroom.

Victoria looked at me and said irritably, "Well?"

I dropped my stretchy pink panties to my ankles and stepped out of them, putting the moist and crusty garment on the pile with my slacks and my wingtips and the dark-blue silk socks with embroidered clocks on them.

I picked up the chastity tube and considered it. The thing was made of clear acrylic, with the hasp for a padlock at the base. It was designed to go around cock and balls -- but it certainly could not be placed on an erect cock. I looked at Victoria, red-faced.

I tried to fit it over my cock -- it was hopeless.

"I--I--I can't put it on if I'm hard," I stammered.

Victoria said, "Why is that my problem?"

"I...what am I supposed to do?"

"I gave you an order," she said. "Put on that chastity tube. That means lose your fucking boner, darling." She said the word darling with such contempt that there was no chance in hell I was going to lose my boner. "Or else."

I dropped to my knees.

I said, "Please, Ma'am. If I could take care of it...? Then I know I'd be soft."

Victoria's eyes widened.

"Are you *actually* asking me if you can jack off before you get locked away?"

I nodded miserably.

"Don't you even think about it," she said. "Jacking off at work for some horny college girl is one thing. Jacking off when I give you a direct order not to -- how dare you even ask?"

"One last time, Mistress? Please?"

I crawled over to her. She put her legs together, forbidding me the opportunity to kiss her inner thighs or try to go down on her. She did not push me away, however. I put my head in her lap and kissed just the tops of her thighs.

"Just one last time, Mistress. I promise. Let me take care of this hard-on...and then I'll lock myself up. I'll be good for you, Mistress. Forever. Just one last cum for you, please, Mistress?"

Victoria put her hand in my hair and dragged my head out of her lap.

She then put on my forehead and shoved me away, sneering at me with contempt.

"Stand!" she hissed.

I obeyed her. My cock throbbed, standing out at a forty-five degree angle. A string of pre-cum leaked from it to the floor. I reddened, humiliated.

Victoria looked at the hard-on throbbing between my legs.

She smiled and seemed to reconsider.

"All right," she said. "But you can only stroke it with your face in my crotch. You'll make me cum again before you do. You'll do it on my boots, and lick it up when you're done. I want my boots as clean as Jenna's cock is going to be."

I gaped at her in shock.

"You're the one who asked," she sneered. "Enjoy your last orgasm, darling."

She spread her legs, lifting her dress. She patted her lap and nudged her ass forward so her pussy was right at the edge of the chair.

My wife's cunt was gorgeous and smooth. She'd shaved for the occasion.

I lowered my face between her legs and started to lick.

She was ripe and delicious, her juices pungent -- probably from a day spent sexting with me and playing with her slave. As I started servicing her, Victoria tucked her boots under my balls and pushed up hard. My hard-on rubbed against the smooth leather. She jabbed the toes of her boots up harder against my swollen, tortured balls. It made me groan in pain.

Victoria liked that. She squealed in delight.

"We're going to have such fun once you're locked up," she purred. She reached out and placed her hand on Jenna's ass; I realized that Jenna was now standing next to her. Barefoot, she made almost no noise on the hardwood floor. And yet Jenna wasn't naked.

She was wearing a huge strap-on dildo. It glistened. I could smell it from here -- silicone and filth.

"This is the same cock Jenna used to fuck that businessman, darling," said Victoria. "You *did* remember to wash it, didn't you, baby?"

Jenna laughed lightly, tipping her hips forward so I could get a better look at the cock about to fuck me. "I must have forgotten," she said.

Surprised and disgusted, I looked up. My mouth came off of Victoria's cunt. She grabbed my head and forced my face back down into her crotch, her thighs, trapping my face between them.

She clenched hard as I obediently began to lick my wife's clit again.

"We've got the perfect little cock-cleaner," she moaned to Jenna. "As soon as he's finished making me cum again..."

Victoria moaned as I serviced her with my tongue. I licked more quickly with every passing moment. I picked up speed, sensing my wife's mounting pleasure.

Victoria moaned and thrashed in the chair. She clenched her thighs more tightly, almost suffocating me, increasing the pressure periodically to encourage me to lick harder. She groaned and mewled and purred as she got closer.

Soon her tits were out of her low-cut dress and Jenna was caressing them.

My wife rode my face until she came. She let out a cry of orgasm, practically smothering me with her thighs clamped together as the spasms of pleasure went through her.

Then she laughed and opened her legs wide again.

She said, "Come on, loverboy. Put your hand on your cock. Show me how you can shoot....one last time."

Victoria had already cum, but I never stopped licking as I wrapped my hand around my hard dick.

I came almost instantly, shooting my load all over her boots.

I hadn't even finished basking in the afterglow of my final orgasm before both Victoria and Jenna had seized my hair and were pushing me down to my wife's boots.

"Come on, slave. Lick 'em clean."

I obediently let my tongue come out. I licked Victoria's boots all over, tasting the humiliating flavor of my cum -- which I'd previously tasted only on my fingers and Victoria's. She knew how humiliating I found it to taste my own jizz.

But I did it, lapping my cum from the smooth leather while Victoria and Jenna watched and laughed at me.

"He'll make a good little cumslave," Jenna purred.

"Even better once we get you a boyfriend," laughed Victoria.

I shivered in horror, which only made the two of them laugh harder.

I tried to pull away once her boots were clean, but Victoria caught me with the heel of her other boot and forced me back down.

She said, "Darling, I think I like you down there. Perhaps Jenna could do the honors?"

Jenna said excitedly, "With pleasure."

Still barefoot but with her huge cock making slapping noises as she walked -- it must have been slapping against her thighs -- Jenna went to the coffee table. I wanted to look. I wanted to see the thing before it was placed on me.

But there was no hope of that. My wife's boot-heel dug into my shoulders. She forced me down. She made me keep licking her boots...which had already been thoroughly cleaned of my cum.

But she liked me licking, so she kept me there.

Jenna came up behind me.

She said soothingly, "Spread your legs, slave." I obeyed, edging my knees open wide.

Jenna took hold of my balls and tugged them down painfully. I squealed. Jenna and Victoria laughed.

Then Jenna fitted the chastity tube over my cock. She worked my small, cum-slippery dick into the tube and secured the circlet around it.

I felt the hard plastic closing around my organ. I whimpered in fear.

I looked up from my wife's boots. She looked at me and smiled with that very red mouth.

Then she winked at me.

"Say goodbye to your manhood, baby. Say *au revoir* to your orgasms. Or is that *adieu*?"

Victoria was a classy wife; she'd studied French in college. I don't speak the language, but I know that distinction. *Au revoir*, of course, meant "I'll see you later."

Adieu meant, "Goodbye forever."

"Adieu," laughed Jenna.

She slipped the padlock through the hasp and closed it.

I heard an ominous click...just as the head of Jenna's cock began to nuzzle up between my cheeks. Victoria guided my face back up from her boots to her pussy. I obediently started licking her again.

"How does it feel to be locked away forever?" asked my wife, breathless.

I moaned as Jenna took me from behind. And to my shame, that's when my cock began to stiffen.

That's when I learned about the *spikes*. The clear plastic chastity tube had clear plastic spikes -- not as sharp as metal, of course, and

not sharp enough to cut me.

But sharp enough to hurt like hell -- over and above how much it hurt to have my abortive hard-on bent at the midway point.

I howled in pain. Victoria silenced me by closing her thighs tight around my face and placing her boots on my back. She wrestled me into position as my asshole stretched around Jenna's dirty strap-on...and as my cock, tortured by my arousal, spasmed in pain.

"Come on, baby. Tell me how it feels!" Victoria laughed at the squealing sounds I made as she rode my face and humped herself up against me. There was no chance she'd cum now -- just like there was no chance that Jenna would climax from fucking my ass.

They were enjoying themselves with me, not because they wanted sex...but because they enjoyed it. I was pinned between them, my ass forced open, my face buried between my wife's thighs.

And with every stroke of Jenna's cock into my asshole...my pained cock stiffened more, until I was in agony, suspended between these two cruel women.

"What a good little husband," purred my wife. "I hope that one final orgasm was worth it..."

Stuck from behind and writhing in pain as my cock tried to stiffen, I serviced my wife. I had never felt more in love with her.

I eagerly licked my wife's pussy as her new slave fucked my ass.

My married life changed into a new form with every brutal stroke of Jenna's cock...and with every spasm of agony through my abortive hard-on.

I had two chastity Mistresses...and they owned me completely.

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