

# MORNING SISSIES

**Forced Femme Stories of Makeup Chastity and A.M. Humiliation**



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# **MORNING SISSIES**

## **Forced Femme Stories of Wakeup Chastity and A.M. Humiliation**

**Edited by Kylie Cooper & N.T. Morley**

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## **Book Description for Morning Sissies: Forced Femme Stories of Wakeup Chastity and A.M. Humiliation:**

When better to start your new life as a sissy than first thing in the morning? The dominant women in these eleven stories know how to start every morning off right for their men...by dominating them, humiliating them and turning them into girls! From a sizzling encounter with hot sauce and sexual denial at breakfast in a New Orleans restaurant to an intoxicating seduction and sissification by webcam, from a subby hubby ordered to "dress" in the men's room at work and a panty-clad princess teased to the point of agony all weekend long, these eleven tales will get your panties wetter than ever!

With eleven stories and more than 42,000 words of explicit Femdom fiction, *Morning Sissies* is the perfect wake-up call for any Mistress or slave.

"*Morning Sissies*" is an anthology of literary erotic stories intended for an adult audience. It includes explicit depictions of female domination, forced feminization, cuckolding, bisexuality, cheating, male submission, bisexuality, erotic humiliation, semi-public sex, threesomes, erotic sexual denial and more. Please do not sample, buy or read this anthology if you might find such themes or descriptions offensive.

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## Morning Sizzle by Tiffany Gilmour

By the morning of their fourth day in New Orleans, Rachel and Jim had a real rapport going with their waitress, Britney. Goldie's Palace was right down the street from their little hotel in the Quarter. Rachel and Jim had eaten breakfast on Goldie's charmingly decayed patio for three consecutive mornings, leaving Britney a huge tip each time. Rachel had insisted on the big tip, because Britney was twenty and hotter than hell -- eminently fuckable. Rachel had a bit of a crush on her, but that wasn't the real reason she'd grown so obsessed with the younger blonde. What Rachel liked best was that Britney's hot body, pretty face and flirty, seductive manner drove Jim crazy. When Rachel flirted with Britney -- and the hot blonde waitress had shamelessly flirted back, as a matter of course -- Jim watched with humiliated fascination, his arousal building painfully as he pictured his wife locked in carnal congress with the younger woman.

Rachel loved to see her husband squirm.

Based on the hard, deep and painful strap-on fuck Rachel had given him the night before, Jim figured her sadism was on the rise. He imagined that was why his wife opted to unlock his chastity tube for that fourth day on Goldie's patio.

Jim wasn't used to being out of chastity. He'd spent most of the last year locked up. When he was free, his cock felt excruciatingly sensitive, almost more than he could handle. Rachel loved to see that, even if she preferred the security of knowing Jim's little dick was locked away as a matter of course.

To Jim, it was too much to hope for that Rachel might actually want to celebrate their relationship with an after-breakfast fuck. If she did, it probably wouldn't be with her husband. Jim figured unlocking his tube was another way for Rachel to put him on the spot. She'd probably tease him

sexually throughout breakfast, as she'd done on each of the three previous mornings.

Jim didn't know if it would be better or worse to be teased by his wife without the chastity tube. All he knew is, after months of regular chastity with only occasional "releases," he was horny as hell. His cock stiffened at the slightest stimulation. And Britney's hot tits were certainly enough to do it. The blonde waitress might be way too young for Jim -- she turned twenty next month -- but that didn't mean Jim could stop himself from reacting to her half-exposed body. Her rack was to die for, and that tank top she wore wasn't hiding much of it.

Once again, Goldie's patio was empty except for Rachel and Jim. This time, Rachel opted not to sit by the table they'd used on the three previous mornings. That one was deep in the patio, in a place where the morning sun came streaming down through the tangled vines of the fence. A little bit further on, actually *against* the fence, there was a run-down table with an old, decrepit bench seat that Rachel liked better this morning. Britney seemed surprised when Rachel asked if they could sit there, but she shrugged and smiled and fetched them some silverware.

The bench seat meant Rachel and Jim could sit on the same side of the table. That not only gave them both a perfect view of Britney as she came and went with their silverware, coffees, mimosas, and waters.

Between each trip, Rachel told Jim dirty things and asked him provocative questions.

"Isn't she hot?" she purred in his ear as Jim's eyes roved over the "whale tail" Britney's black thong formed just above the back of her low-slung waistband. Thongs were one of Jim's enduring turn-ons; that's why Rachel had switched to them exclusively, when she bothered to wear panties at all.

She continued: "I know you wanna slide your tongue down that whale tail and pull it aside, pull that thong right out of her ass crack and pull those tight shorts down, slide your tongue up in her crack...mmmmmmhhhhhh...." Rachel moaned suggestively, her hand gently exploring her husband's

crotch as he swelled in his cotton slacks. "You want to stick your tongue in her ass, baby, don't you? Just like you do with me. Do you think she likes it that way, baby? Do you think she wants to get rimmed, maybe even get anal? I guess you'd be the perfect first time, baby, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you be the perfect guy for that hot slut to try anal with for her first time, baby? Sweet little cock you've got here, nice and small so it wouldn't be hard to get in there...that tight little hot virgin nineteen-year-old ass..."

Jim tried not to let things get out of control. But Rachel was the one who always ran the fuck nowadays. If she wanted him hard, he'd be hard. Rachel knew how to get him there, and he was erect before he could even think about trying to resist. Her dirty words made his cock hum with pleasure. Her relentless teasing drove him nuts. Rachel knew just how firmly to press on his cock as she outlined it through his pants with the tips of her fingers and sometimes her red-painted fingernails. She knew how to drive her man crazy.

Between stroking his cock, Rachel sometimes reached up and slid her hand down his shirt and into his undershirt to torment his sensitive nipples. Before long, she'd unbuttoned three buttons and teased his nips to full erection.

Britney had full nips, too. On her last trip -- to bring fresh mimosas, since Rachel had already gulped down the first round -- they were on full display, sticking right through the hot waitress's tank top. As Britney approached, Rachel whispered hurriedly into Jim's ear:

"I want you to look at those nipples and imagine me touching them just like I've been touching yours. Then imagine me doing *this* to them."

With that, Rachel seized Jim's left nipple. She twisted and yanked. Jim's mouth popped open and he struggled to stifle a scream. Rachel knew just how to grab them and tweak them so that Jim could hardly contain his reaction. He was in pain.

Rachel's hand withdrew, her red fingernails digging into his flesh as it did. She left four deep furrows of red at the place where his shirt was open

enough to show off the neckline of his white tank top. Jim whimpered pathetically as the waitress approached.

As Britney bent over the table, Jim imagined exactly what Rachel had told him to imagine. His cock was throbbing by the time the perky blonde said "Those orders will be right up!" and left again, wiggling her butt as she walked across the patio.

"Did you imagine it?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, Mistress," Jim said pathetically. He could feel his wife's hand returning to his crotch, stroking his cock through his cotton pants as his discomfort grew.

"Such a good boy," said Rachel. "A very good boy. You've been very, very good for me this whole time, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Jim murmured.

"I think you need a reward," she said. "Don't you?"

"If--if it please you, Mistress."

"I think you deserve a *handjob*. What do you think?"

Jim felt light-headed. It had been weeks since Rachel had given him a handjob. For Jim, the thought of actually getting that blessed gift, a *handjob*, without further delay, was exquisite. Jim was so overcome, he almost couldn't respond.

He finally managed to blurt out: "If it please you, Mistress."

"That isn't what I asked," said Rachel. "I asked if you think you deserve one."

Rachel's eyes were cold.

Jim nervously answered, "Yes, Mistress."

"Would you *like* one?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress. Please. I would like one very much."

"Then take your dick out and we'll see," she said.

Jim's eyes widened. He went to speak. He could not.

"I'm serious. You said you want one. Open your pants, and--"

"*Here?*" asked Jim. "Not right *here*, Mistress..."

"You don't want one?" asked Rachel. "Okay, then. After breakfast, we'll just go back to the hotel and lock your thing up again...let's plan on three months this time..."

"Mistress, please," said Jim. "Please, I would...I'd really like one."

"Then open your pants," Rachel said. "And take your dick out."

"Mistress, how can I--" Jim shot a furtive look at the back door to Goldie's Palace, the only entrance to the patio. "What if she..."

"Please," snapped Rachel impatiently. "Like a pervert like you can't figure that one out?" She smiled cruelly. "Look here! Oh, that's an idea. I'll help you."

For all its trashy charm, Goldie's Palace had elegant cloth napkins of white with threads of gold running through the edges. Rachel picked up Jim's napkin and shook it out. It was a fair size -- big enough to cover his dick, at least.

"If your dick's not out by the time that hot little jailbait slut brings our food, the offer is off. Off the table, I guess you could say." She smiled mildly.

"You're serious?" Jim asked.

"Yes," said Rachel. Jim knew she was.

"She's not jailbait," Jim said bitterly. "She said she turns twenty next month."

"Oh, yes," said Rachel. "You know, the whole time I was in college, I always found sophomore girls give the best head...."

Jim met his wife's glare.

"You're serious?" he asked her nervously.

Rachel's smile was almost beatific. She said pleasantly, "Ask me again and the offer's withdrawn. Do it, or else."

"Yes, Mistress," Jim said miserably. He didn't know whether it should have pleased him or horrified him that he hardly went through any internal struggle. He knew better than to let himself consider what the ramifications of his actions would be. His wife was a thrill-seeker, when it came to sadism and emotional humiliation. The more dangerous something was, the more Rachel liked to make him do it.

Jim watched the door carefully as he unzipped his pants, reached in and pulled down his panties. He always wore panties, now; he hardly even noticed them anymore except on the two or three days a week when Rachel made him wear thongs. Then, the rear strings pulled up the crack of his ass and rubbed against his sensitive butthole all day long. Wearing thongs only a couple of times a week meant that he never got used to the sensation.

"Belt, too," said Rachel. When Jim opened his mouth to protest, Rachel gave him a vicious glare.

Jim obeyed, undoing his belt and positioning it carefully while he draped the napkin over his lap. It was big enough and thick enough that a casual

observer couldn't tell that his pants were open and his dick was out. But his cock felt exquisitely sensitive, rubbing against the rough fabric of the restaurant napkin. His balls felt huge, swollen and full of cum. He needed to cum. If this was his only chance...

"Ask me," said Rachel.

"Please, Mistress. May I have a handjob?"

"Louder," she said.

"Mistress, may I please have a handjob?"

"Louder!" Rachel's voice was sharp. Her eyes sizzled into Jim's reddening face. He felt like he was being burned by her gaze.

"Please, Mistress," Jim said, as loud as he dared. "Please, Mistress, may I have a handjob?"

"Oh!" Rachel said with delight. "Here comes our food!"

Britney had appeared in the doorway and was now walking toward them across the patio. Her hips swayed as she walked. Her nipples were standing out through the cotton of her top, her full cleavage on display in its deep neckline. Jim's face grew hotter as humiliation washed over him. He felt dizzy.

As Jim watched the hot waitress walking toward them, he saw his wife turning toward him. He looked at her. Rachel gave her husband a contemptuous look.

"After we eat, slave, I'll consider it. Meanwhile, leave your dick just like that."

Jim knew better than to argue with his wife.

He said, "Yes, Mistress," and watch the approaching young waitress longingly.

#

Jim felt exquisitely humiliated with his dick very nearly hanging out, pulsing and leaking pre-cum against the rough restaurant napkin. Britney didn't notice -- the napkin effectively covered his junk.

Britney put down their orders: a Denver omelet for Rachel, and a plain egg-white omelet for Jim, with fresh fruit on both plates.

"Can I get you anything else?" asked Britney.

"Yes," smiled Rachel flirtatiously. "I'd like some hot sauce."

Britney immediately brightened, evidently proud -- or maybe just rueful - about the restaurant's selection.

"We've got eleven kinds," she said. "What kind would you like?"

"Well," asked Rachel with a sensuous tone to her voice. "What have you got?"

As Britney started reciting a list of hot sauces, Jim panicked. Rachel loved spicy food, and had certainly been known to put very hot sauce on her breakfast. But she didn't routinely add hot sauce to eggs -- only potatoes. This morning, Rachel had opted for fruit.

The names of a short-dozen hot sauces rattled around in Jim's head as Britney recited the list. There was no doubt about it in Jim's mind: This couldn't be good.

When Britney finished, Rachel asked cheerfully: "Which one's the hottest?"

"The *hottest*?" asked Britney with moderate alarm, either shocked or impressed -- or maybe both. She answered, "It depends on what kind of flavor you want. Do you want a quick, hot burn, or slow but, like, building?"

"Preferably a little of both," said Rachel, her voice like melted chocolate.

"Quick and hot? Definitely Nate's. It's a real quick heat, comes and goes...it's local.... it wins awards. For more of a slow burn, I'd say the Chartres Habanero. It's local, too."

*Obviously*, Jim thought bitterly. *From the name*. Their hotel was just beyond Chartres Street, which locals all pronounced like "charters."

"What the hell?" asked Rachel. "Bring them both."

Britney seemed *really* impressed with that. "You want an order of potatoes or something?"

Rachel shrugged. "What the heck? Why not."

"Okay," said Rachel. "I'll have that right up."

When the waitress left, Jim watched her hot little butt in its tight shorts wiggling across the patio.

He said, "The hot sauce isn't for the potatoes, Mistress. Is it?"

Rachel looked like the cat who ate the canary -- or was *about* to eat it.

"What do you think?" she asked.

#

The potatoes were up quickly; like many restaurants, Goldie's Palace probably grilled up a giant pile of them and left it on the edge of the grill. Jim watched Britney's hot ass and whale-tail thong swaying lusciously as

she drifted away. She had a tramp stamp in the small of her back -- a decorative Celtic knot or something. Jim loved tramp-stamps almost as much as he loved thongs.

"Let's try these out," Rachel said. She shook up the two bottles of hot sauce, showing them off to her husband. Just the sight of them made his eyes water.

The first was called "Nate's Spice Explosion." *Explosion*. Jim didn't like that, much. The label had plenty of lightning bolts and wisps of steam. Rachel shook out a healthy quantity onto a chunk of fried potato and forked it into her mouth.

"Oooh," she said. "That really *is* hot. Quick, hot and nasty. I think you'll like it. Try some!"

She forked up another chunk of potatoes slathered with Nate's Spice Explosion. She fed it to her husband. Jim actually whimpered as the excruciatingly powerful sizzle blasted through his taste buds. Pain seemed to overwhelm his senses. His eyes watered.

"Nice, huh?" Rachel purred. "Now let's try this one...Chartres Habanero Sauce." She showed him the label; it, too, had "red-hot" imagery -- in this case, a fireman's helmet. "TEN-ALARM FLAVOR!" it proudly proclaimed. "DON'T CALL US! CALL 911!"

Jim was still in pain from the Nate's when Rachel fed him a forkful of potato slathered liberally with the Charter's Habanero Sauce. At first, he barely tasted it through the waves of pain rolling through him from the Nate's. When she fed him a second forkful, though, it began to assault him. The third forkful sealed his fate. Jim's mouth burned. Tears formed in his eyes. He reached out for his water.

"That'll only make it worse," teased Rachel, but Jim would not be dissuaded. He guzzled the full glass of water and found out that Rachel was right.

"The hot stuff is oil-based," said Rachel, fearlessly forking a heavily-coated piece of potato between her full, red lips. "The water just spreads it around. Mmmmm, isn't this delicious?"

Rachel's face hardly pinkened. Her eyes did not water. Jim stared in amazement at his wife through his pain-blurred eyes. How could she handle it with such aplomb?

"You're going to love it where I'm going to put it," said Rachel. "You're still hard, aren't you/" Her hand slid into Jim's lap and she found that her husband's cock was, indeed, still erect beneath the shroud of the napkin. She circled her hand around it and jerked it a little. Then she purred into his ear: "As soon as she checks on us." After four days of dining here, Rachel knew the restaurant's habits all too well.

Britney had told the truth about "slow burn." The pain only got worse and worse, as sweat broke out all over Jim's face and body.

Britney checked on them a few minutes later. Rachel was halfway through her omelet. Jim was eating small bites of his plain egg-white mess, still wrestling with the blast of flame that was Chartres Habanero Sauce. The pain was excruciating, but Jim knew that things would soon get worse.

Jim's ears were ringing from the heat as Britney and Rachel casually chatted about how delicious the hot sauces were. He could barely hear them. He barely even saw the hot waitress jiggling her boobs in his wife's direction, her nipples standing out straight. His eyes were blurry with mounting tears as the slow-burn of the Chartres Sauce grew worse with every passing second.

Finally, "Anything else I can get you?" Britney asked, still a little flirtatiously. "More mimosas?" she suggested.

"I think we're good," said Rachel. "Thanks, this is great. We'll be good for a while."

Jim didn't know if Britney got his wife's slightly salacious tone to that last little bit. If she did, she certainly didn't mention it.

But as soon as Britney's fine ass had disappeared into the restaurant, Rachel picked up the bottle of Nate's.

"Pick it up," said Rachel. "Pick up the napkin. Hold it in front of you. Just in case she comes back up..."

"Mistress," Jim began. "Please, I don't think I can--"

Rachel's voice was tight and hard as she cut him off, anticipating his pathetic complain. "You can handle what I say you can handle," she said. "You want a handjob? Well, fine. You're going to get one. Pick up the napkin."

Jim obeyed her, lifting the cloth napkin off of his dick and holding it up to block the view of anyone -- presumably Britney -- coming out of the restaurant.

But no one came. Britney did not come to save Jim from his wife's savage sadism.

Rachel glanced furtively toward the door to the patio, obviously getting off on the semi-public nature of what she was about to do.

She opened the bottle of Nate's. Jim's breath came quick and his eyes ran with tears.

Rachel leaned over. She took hold of Jim's hard cock and held it up straight. She upended the bottle over it. Jim braced himself.

"Damn it," sighed Rachel. "It's one of those stupid drippy-tips. Hit the bottom."

"What?"

"Hit the bottom," Rachel said again. "No, forget it. Just grab your cock. Hold it up for me." Rachel laughed. "We need more than four hands!"

Jim obeyed her, holding his cock up while Rachel took over holding one end of the napkin.

She held the mouth of the Nate's bottle right up against Jim's cockhead. Jim's pisshole glistened with pre-cum.

"Pull back on the head," said Rachel. "Pull down as hard as you can."

Jim obeyed her without thinking about what that meant. It meant his peehole was forced open slightly -- so that when Rachel struck the base of the hot-sauce bottle with the heel of her hand, the thin squirt of hot sauce that erupted from the tip went right down his pisshole.

As promised, the "burn" from Nate's Spice Explosion was quick and intense. Excruciating pain blasted through Jim's body. Instinctively, he tried to let go of his cock, but that only made matters worse; releasing the downward pressure on his shaft only made his pisshole go back to normal, tightening up. The result that more hot sauce made contact with more of Jim's internal flesh. His tear-blurry eyes rolled back in his head. He could not stop his mouth from dropping open in a grotesque expression of agony. He also couldn't stop the high, girly and somewhat pathetic squeal that erupted from his throat.

Rachel was ready for him, though. Before Jim could take his hand off of his cock, she tightened her hand around his and forced it down, pulling his pisshole open again. Having started the flow, the tip of the hot sauce bottle appeared to be more willing to give up its goods. All Rachel had to do to get another squirt down into Jim was to bang the bottle a little on the table and jiggle it.

Another fiery stream blasted into Jim's pisshole. Rachel was rewarded with another girly squeal from her husband. She'd been forced to drop her end of the napkin to grasp her husband's cock, so Jim felt partially exposed -- not that it mattered. No one else was here on the patio, and his crotch was

down below the table. Besides, Jim had far more immediate matters to worry about than the humiliation of being caught at something like this. He was consumed by the pain in his pisshole, feeling the red pepper burn its way down toward his balls, displacing watery pre-cum as it went. Jim wondered briefly if what Rachel said about water would prove to be true of pre-cum and maybe even cum-cum. Could he expect the pain to get worse?

Rachel planned to make sure that he could, regardless of whether cum proved to have the same effect on hot sauce that ice water did.

While her husband suffered under the torrent of quick-and-nasty sensation provided by the fast-burning heat of the Nate's, Rachel dipped her hand into her purse. It came out holding a rubber glove. She snapped the glove on with an expert's grace, then screwed off the top of the Chartres Street Habanero Sauce. She forgot entirely about the napkin, and so did Jim. Jim was too busy rocking back and forth in pain to worry about his pride, and Rachel certainly wasn't going to worry about it. She got off on taking risks like this. How many times since he became his wife's slave had Jim been dominated by her in public? Too many to count, and this wasn't even the worse one. *Yet.*

Jim was so overcome with sensation that he felt like he was spinning in space. Rachel pried his fingers off of his cock to expose it for her next assault. Jim knew better than to fight her. His instincts were honed by a year of deep submission; when Rachel tormented him, Jim responded with shows of submission. In this case, he instinctively parted his knees.

Rachel liked that. She assaulted him with gusto, wielding the new bottle of hot sauce as if it were a holy weapon.

Paradoxically, the next dozen streams of hot sauce actually felt *cool*. The Chartres Street Sauce was a slower-building kind of agony. It poured more easily out of the bottle, which might have struck Jim as a particularly funny kind of joke for the manufacturers to play on tourists. They could put as much as they wanted on their food and think it tasted mild; they wouldn't know how much suffering they were in for until they were halfway through the meal, when the heat reached its peak.

Rachel applied the Chartres Street Sauce liberally. She slathered a mess of the dangerous stuff over her husband's cock, coating it from the head to the base. Then she poured a nice big dollop onto the tip of her rubber-gloved middle finger. Before Jim knew what was happening, Rachel had reached down into his panties and slid her hot-sauce-covered finger back behind her husband's balls. It left a trail of wet, which Jim knew would grow to excruciating hotness, if the sauce's action in his mouth was any indication. But what would trouble him the most was the thrust of his wife's middle finger into his asshole.

Jim squealed as he felt it. Rachel had to lean down and really wrench her arm to get it shoved up there so she could more fully penetrate Jim's asshole with her middle finger. It was a rare experience that saw Rachel only using one finger on her husband's ass. On any given night in the bedroom, she might start with three and go up from there.

But this single finger, slathered with hot sauce, made Jim sit up and take notice. Not at first; it took half a minute or so. By then, Rachel had withdrawn her hand from his panties and wrapped it expertly around his shaft. At this point, Rachel had probably given her husband more handjobs than fucks -- but she rarely took them to completion. She usually stopped just barely short of an orgasm, leaving her husband to stew, suffer and whimper, begging for more. It made his long weeks of enforced chastity that much more entertaining for her.

This time, however, she performed the handjob with a businesslike efficiency. Jim's pisshole still sizzled with Nate's, seemingly all the way down inside his shaft -- almost to his balls. But the outside was now a much bigger problem for him. The thick coating of Chartres Street seemed to envelop him in building agony. Soon the pain was too much for Jim to take without tears rolling out of his eyes and streaming down his cheeks.

Rachel saw them and laughed. As she jerked off her husband, she picked up the napkin that they'd been using to shroud what they were doing. She no longer seemed to care if Britney -- or anyone -- saw their little game.

Rachel dabbed her husband's tears away.

"There, there, slave," she teased him. "Don't waste your tears now. It'll get worse."

And it did. The more gradual burn of the Chartres Street Sauce grew intense in his butt and all over his shaft, while the interior pain of the Nate's flashed and faded away, leaving only a faint echo of the quick and fierce pain at the start.

But the Chartres Street Sauce offered more heat, not less, in the long term. Soon Jim was in more pain than ever. His eyes were rolled back in his head, tears pouring down over his cheeks. His asshole sizzled as intensely as his pisshole, only there was more asshole to suffer -- and the Chartres Street Sauce would last longer, he knew.

"Please, Mistress," he simpered. "I can't take...it...any...more..."

"There, there," purred Rachel. "It'll get worse. And you'll take it, because I say you'll take it."

The pain in Jim's asshole built to a fever pitch, making sweat break out all over his body. And still his wife jerked him, quickening her pace as she forced him toward a humiliatingly painful climax. Jim was still rock-hard and hungry for orgasm, his balls filled with jizz from long weeks of teasing. Rachel knew just how to jerk him off, and she finished him just in time for the Chartres Street Sauce to reach its peak in concert with the humiliatingly painful pleasure of having his balls forcibly emptied.

An instant before Jim erupted, Rachel reached down behind his balls again and pulled up his panties. She yanked the waistband up over the tip of his cock and tightened her hand in a death grip around the satin-shrouded shaft, which grew quickly sticky with hot sauce. Rachel continued to jerk.

Jim moaned and whimpered, shuddering all over in a pathetic show of gratification as his cum erupted from the tip of his cock and soaked the front of his panties. It blasted out the last whispers of the Nate's hot sauce,

cleaning him out. But it also soaked his panties, spreading the remnants of the Chartres Street Sauce around. The pain only grew.

"Good girl," said Rachel blandly. As Jim continued suffering, she went on milking his cock. "All empty?"

"I think so," squeaked Jim.

"Then let's put it away and eat breakfast, shall we?" Rachel zipped up her husband's slacks and left him to buckle his own belt. This, Jim did with shaking hands, feeling his cum-soaked panties lurking just under his fingers, their moisture threatening to bleed through his slacks.

He kept the napkin in his lap.

The pain went on building, but there was nothing Jim could do about it. His asshole felt tight and raw, but the burn pulsed through him with building arousal. Even though he had just climaxed, Jim's cock, balls and asshole felt alive and ready. He was short with breath from being so excited.

"Be brave for me, darling. Act like a real man. Real men don't cry when they squirt in their panties." Rachel winked at her husband.

"Yes, Mistress, Jim said ruefully.

Jim had just finished buckling his slacks when Britney came out to refill the waters. She saw that Jim's face was as red as a lobster, and he was sweating all over.

Rachel exchanged a knowing look with Britney.

"I guess he really likes that hot sauce, huh?" asked the waitress.

Rachel couldn't suppress her laughter.

"You have no idea how right you are," she said.

Jim squirmed in his seat as the young waitress left them alone to finish their breakfast.

## **Filthy Pink Sneakers by Marina Cooper**

The cute doorman gives me an enigmatic look when I say I'm here to see you. I'm not sure if maybe he thinks maybe I'm your daughter. You're not quite old enough for that, I'm not quite young enough -- but we're pretty close. Am I wrong for thinking that's hot? Definitely.

I think it's much more likely this time that the doorman just approves of my skintight and borderline-indecent running shorts and my sports top, which manages to be effectively restrictive without hiding much, least of all my nipples, which have gotten hard and visible on the run. I think "enigmatic," really, means "horny," and I admit it's kind of a turn-on as he looks me over lasciviously; he's cute.

Even so, it's not the look he gives my body that turns me on the most; it's the disapproving stare he lavishes on my filthy, stinking pink sneakers. Five days it's been, and I wonder if he can smell them. But I feel no shame, no worry -- just arousal, because I know why I've been wearing them and I know how my filthy feet are going to get clean.

But I'm not in the mindset to flirt. Plus, I've run five miles, from East 20th to West 65th, in 80 degree weather wearing next to fucking nothing. I'm pumped and worked into a frenzy. My attitude is equal parts thrill at having done it and desire to take it out of your ass.

The cute doorman waves me through, and I take the elevator to your floor. You've left the door open, so I can come in casually and find you sitting there on the Danish Modern divan, smelling of fresh shower. You're wearing pale grey sweats and a white T-shirt, your hair damp. Your cock's already tenting the sweats.

I close the door behind me. "What are you doing?" I snap harshly. "Did you take a shower?"

"Yes, Mis--" you begin to say, but I put up my hand and you stop in mid-word.

"Don't talk to me," I snap as I saunter over to you. "I can't believe you took a fucking shower."

I sneer with disgust, bending over so I can flatten my palm against your cock bulging through your sweats. I caress it gently, then snap my hand down and listen to you gasp in surprise. It gives me a visceral thrill. I flick my fingers against your cock, hitting it through the sweats, smiling as you cringe and squirm. "Pull it down," I purr, and you look up at me apprehensively and then obey, your hands trembling. You pull the waistband of your sweats down past the thick swollen head of your cock; you hesitate, look up at me, and my eyes go wide in anger. You pull the waistband all the way down beneath your balls, and I look it over, smiling and laughing a little. It always gives me such a thrill to see it so hard when I almost haven't done anything.

I flick your cock with my fingernails, watching you squirm, hearing you whimper. My pussy goes wet as I see your distress. I get hotter as I flick your cock harder. I wrap my fingers around it and dig my fingernails in, and that brings a keening moan from you, as I scrape my nails firmly across your sensitive flesh.

I release your cock and laugh, standing up straight. I reach out and grab your face, digging my nails in a little, and spit in your face. Humiliation washes over you as my spittle drips from your face, so I do it again, then smile broadly.

"Do you know how long it's been since I took a shower?" I ask you. You do, because I told you, on the phone before I made the run over, but that doesn't matter because it's part of the ritual. I spit in your face again and tell you "Get your clothes off. First you're going to give me a bath. And then you're getting dirty again, and this time you won't wash it off."

I withdraw and plant myself in the big vinyl armchair, the one I love to sit in when you're servicing me. Normally I'd prefer leather, especially since

it's on your dime, but this armchair has certain advantages. The vinyl material of is virtually indestructible, very important for my purposes; no amount of wetness has so far proven able to damage it. The arms are just cushy enough for my legs to fit over, so I can spread my legs just right while you kneel and your mouth works on me for as long as I want it to, which is where the wetness usually comes from -- your drool and my juices, and occasionally far more than that.

But I won't be spreading my legs for you to eat my pussy this time, because that's not what it's about. This time it's about my feet. That's why it gives me such pleasure to wriggle in the chair, pulling the tight running shorts over my ass and down my legs and over the filthy pink sneakers I've been wearing for five solid days, four nights -- even, two of them, while I was sleeping. And I haven't changed my socks.

I pull the sports halter over my head and lay there sprawled in the recliner, legs spread and filthy feet up on the footrest. I can smell them from here, and it disgusts me. That makes it even more pleasant for me to make you clean them, make you smell and love and caress them with your tongue, because it disgusts me that you want it so bad. So help me, that makes my pussy wet.

Your sweats and T-shirt are on the floor; you come over and stand before me, naked. It's never easy to stay dominant when I see you naked like this; the sight of your body all toned and ripe and ready for pleasure is enough to make me melt. And you look so, so unbelievably fucking handsome when you're ready to be dominated and humiliated like this. It's enough to make a girl want to wrap herself up in your arms.

But then there's your cock sticking out hard and a look of shame and hungry excitement on your face; that makes me feel much more dominant. It makes me want to hurt and humiliate and degrade you, which is, quite honestly, what I'm here for.

You're standing close enough for me to reach out and kick your cock; I'd kick your balls a little just for fun, but that would require me to stretch, and I'd rather get down to business.

I look you up and down, my eyes lingering on your cock. "That won't do," I say. "Get me my dildo. You know the one." You do know the one -- the one with the heavy bulb on it, nice and smooth for working my G-spot. You retrieve it from the bedroom, and present it to me. I snatch it from your hand and cradle it against my thigh while I hook you with my foot and guide you down onto your knees.

I hold out the dildo.

"Get it wet for me," I tell you.

You obediently take the dildo in your mouth; I hold it still at first, then thrust it forward, making you drink deeper of it. I lean forward so I can grab your hair and guide your head up and down onto it. I see your eyes going deep into subspace as you suck cock for me. I laugh.

I pull your head back, withdraw the dildo, lean back in the chair. I cradle the dildo against my naked body and laugh.

"Quite a talented little mouth," I laugh. "I wonder how you're going to do with something really filthy."

Then I stick my foot in your face.

"Make it clean, shower-boy."

"Yes, Mistress," you say, and begin to lick.

There's really not much you can do to clean my filthy sneakers; nothing short of three to five good machine washings is going to stop them from stinking, but that's hardly the point. As you lick, I rub the sneaker, all over your face, watching the hot flush of humiliation as you inhale the scent of my five days without washing, without changing my shoes. Speaking of which, I can smell myself, smell my sex, strong and ripe and eager between my spread legs. I move my foot back and tap your face, with exceeding

gentleness so I don't hurt you but with enough firmness to make you understand that you've just been kicked in the face.

"Not good enough," I say. "Take them off."

You obediently begin to untie my sneaker; as you slip it off of my foot, the smell hits me, mingling with the ripe scent of my sex and the clean scent of your shower. You untie the other sneaker and take it off, and the smell mounts. You're getting visibly excited, your face red and your breathing short. I stick my socked feet in your face and you breathe deep, smelling them.

"Take off my socks, too," I say. "Put one on your cock."

"Yes, Mistress," you say, and peel off my socks. Now the smell is intense, filling your little living room. It turns me on, especially as you slide my stinking sweat sock over your hard cock.

I stick my bare foot in your face and tell you, "Clean."

You begin to lick, and I have to catch my breath. Especially after five days with the same shoes on, every inch of my foot-flesh is ultra-sensitive. They're always sensitive; so much so that I've almost climaxed from having a foot massage. You take one foot in your hands and caress it while you obediently lick the other, your tongue working from toe to toe and then slowly down across the ball of my feet. Having both feet close to your face requires that I keep my legs spread wide, knees cocked over the soft arms of the easy chair. Your thumbs work the ball of my left foot while your tongue caresses the underside of my right. The sensations flood my body as the scents fill my nostrils. I begin to moan.

The dildo is still glistening with your spittle, but even if it wasn't, it would glide into me easily. I ease it down to my pussy and slide it inside, the head of it spreading and stretching me slightly. My eyes practically cross as it goes inside me; the combination of the sensations in my feet and in my pussy are almost too much to take. You service my feet, enthusiastically now, moving from one to the other with your tongue,

always working and caressing with your hands while your mouth services me, overwhelming my naked body with arousal. I can't wait any longer. I slide the dildo deep into me and begin to fuck myself.

I'm close already -- impossibly, unbearably close. It's been five days, you see -- five days since I've come. I'm fucking myself hard, now, as you're working that spot that sends shivers through me. It's just behind the ball of my feet, and massaging it is always guaranteed to make my eyes roll back in my head if they aren't already. Right now they are, but a little extra push never hurts, and it makes me moan as I fuck myself rhythmically, feeling my orgasm approaching.

You concentrate on just the one foot, now, the right, the most sensitive one, because you know your Mistress is going to come. You press firmly on that spot behind the ball as your tongue works the underside of my toes, your breathing deep as you inhale the scent of my feet.

I feel my orgasm coming; it's different than almost any type of orgasm, because inside I feel swollen, full, ready to burst. I can feel the tissue around my G-spot pregnant with wetness. Because it's been five days, you see, five days since I came -- but not since I masturbated. That, I did four or five times a day, the whole time, never letting myself climax. Ever since I trained myself to squirt, I've learned that getting close and backing off, getting close and backing off, made me juicy and swollen and ready to cum inside. It's agony, but it's such pleasure when I let go. And it makes me wet, deep inside, and ready to squirt all over you.

You're about to be drenched, and it'll make that shower you took feel like a spring drizzle.

"Come up here," I snap hoarsely, holding off with great effort. You obey, coming up to my pussy and putting your face close. I'm trembling all over, my naked body almost out of control. I'm going to come any second. I fuck myself steadily, pausing to rub my clit, and then I feel it about to happen.

I want you to get all of it, so I pull the dildo out of my sex and start to rub my clit vigorously to get myself over the edge. It's so good that I have to

really concentrate to prevent my eyes from rolling shut, but I do -- because I want to see you take it. You can't watch, though, because you know you're about to be underwater. You shut your eyes tight and your face takes on a look of rapture in anticipation.

Then I cum.

The first stream drenches your face, soaks your hair, and I see you shivering all over with the heat of it. Pleasure explodes through my body as my come squirts out all over you. Another stream, and another and another as I keep rubbing my clit, and then there's no rubbing necessary, just my orgasm coursing through me as I soak you. When I'm finally empty I can't stop my eyes from shutting. I go limp in the chair and lay there spread and panting, listening to your low moans.

When I finally take a deep breath and open my eyes, I look at your glistening, dripping face, and smile at you.

"Stand up," I tell you. "You've earned your reward."

You obey me, standing before me with your cock hard and sticking out. You've long since lost the sock, and your cock's now slippery and glistening from the juices running down your face and body. They're still dripping onto me as I cock my legs just right to wrap my feet around your cock. I'm not the most talented girl in the world, but when you're this close and ready to come I know I can get you off.

I begin to pump, working 1 foot up and down your cock. It's hard to keep hold of it, lubed as it is by my ejaculate, but I manage it. It's a turn-on watching you tremble all over. I lay there spread and watching you, jerking you off with my feet. Then your head goes back and you climax, shooting hot come over my feet; you're so turned on that it shoots all the way up my legs and mingles with the juice all over my legs.

My feet are both covered in your come as you finish. A look of relief crosses your face.

I start to laugh lightly, with extreme pleasure.

"You got them dirty again," I say, my voice musical.

"Get them clean," I add, but you're already going down onto your knees, and my eyes roll back as your tongue starts caressing my feet again. I guide the dildo between my legs and slide it back into me as I relax into the chair and sigh with pleasure.

From next to us, I can still smell my filthy pink sneakers. I think I'll be wearing them again soon.

## **Sissy Whore by Timber Corbett**

When I wake up in the morning, you're pressed against me, close and warm and very naked. I can feel the curve of your breasts against me, the nipples already hard. You're straddling my thigh and I can feel that you're already wet. I wonder how long you've been awake.

The first thing you say to me is: "Remember what day it is?"

I do remember. It's a Saturday in the middle of winter, and outside the rain is pouring down in great crashing waves, the thunder making the windows rattle every few minutes.

But in case you've forgotten, you remind me: "Today's the day I'm going to make you my sissy whore."

I shiver a little as you say it; there's a cruel smile on your beautiful face. We've both wanted this for a long time, but actually doing it is scary to me. Luckily, I know I don't have any choice. You're in control. You're totally in control.

My cock stirs and you wrap your fingers around my hard-on, smiling.

We get out of bed and you lead me to the shower. You've set out an assortment of products for me in the shower; fruity, girly shampoo, a body wash called Aphrodite, shaving cream in a pink can, feminine after-shave lotion and several disposable razors.

"Don't forget to shave your pussy real close," you tell me, cradling my hard cock in your hand. "I want my little girl's pussy nice and smooth for me." Your arm curves around me and your fingers tickle my ass. "This pussy, too, where I'm going to fuck you. I'll help you shave your ass, little girl. I want your smooth when I fuck you."

My hands are shaking a little from anticipation as I get in the scalding-hot shower and wash myself all over with the body wash, imagining that

I'm drawing its feminine scent deep into my lungs, feeling it transform me. I shave my face the way I do every morning, paying extra attention to make it as smooth as can be. Then I sit down on the edge of the tub and start shaving, lathering my legs all over with the lilac-scented shave cream. I stroke my legs with the razor, long, tender strokes from my ankles to the tops of my calves, then up my thighs to my crotch. I have to change the razor and clean out the screen in the drain several times. I pull my scrotum tight and very carefully shave it smooth, too. Soon my legs and crotch are smooth and pink, my cock standing out straight from a hairless body. When you come back in to check on me, I bend forward in the shower and you pick up the razor.

I breathe hard as you draw the razor over my buttocks, hugging every curve and not cutting me once. When you rinse me off, I can feel the warm water running over my asshole. Your fingers glide over my smooth ass, savoring its vulnerability.

You turn me around and look me up and down.

"Very nice," you tell me, stroking my shaved balls. "You're going to make such a great little whore."

When I'm done with the shower, you lead me into the bedroom and sit me down in a wooden chair in front of your vanity. You've laid out an assortment of makeup, ready to paint my face. You sit in my lap, straddling me. I can smell the heat of your pussy, can feel it nuzzling against my cock, wet and dripping. You lean forward and start to paint me.

Look up. Look down. Close your eyes. Purse your lips. I thought this shade would be perfect for you. It's called cocksucker red. You do know that whores suck cock, don't you? You're going to suck a lot of cock by the time you're through, little girl. Don't be afraid. I'll make sure it's real good for you.

By the time you let me turn around and look at myself in the mirror, I can feel the little pool of juice you've left on my thighs. It matches the

strings of pre-come that glisten from the tip of my cock to my lower belly every time I move. This is turning you on as much as it is me.

I look beautiful. The foundation hides my masculine features and the hint of a beard; the blush accentuates my cheekbones; the eyeliner makes my eyes look big and sleepy and sexy.

And the cocksucker-red lipstick making my lips look full and pouty and ready to be savaged -- the mouth of a whore.

You produce a black pageboy wig from the closet and snug it on over my short hair. You take a moment to nestle my cock between my fingers and then bend down to gently kiss it goodbye. The feel of your tongue swirling around my head almost makes me come, but you know when to stop.

You open your top drawer and take out a skimpy pair of black lace panties, a garter belt and black seamed stockings, and a matching black lace bra. You push me back onto the bed and I put my legs up for you to put the stockings on my smooth-shaved legs. You tell me to stand up and you wrap the garter belt around my slim hips, hitching the garters to my stockings.

"Panties always go on over the garters," you whisper into my ear. "That way you're easier to fuck."

My cock tucks awkwardly into the panties, stretching the lacy satin so that its outline pushes off to the right. You put the bra on me and take a pair of latex forms out of your drawer. They've got sculpted nipples, and they poke through the bra as you adjust them.

"I figured D-cups were good," you say. "I thought you'd want to have nice big tits."

You step back from me and look me up and down. I flush hot as your eyes rove over me in my black wig, makeup, bra, fake tits, panties, garter belt and stockings.

"Mmmm," you moan. "You look good enough to eat. Now let's get you dressed up for company."

"Company?" I ask nervously.

"Yes," you say. "Company. You want to be a whore, right? A whore has tricks."

You get a little black dress out of the closet and I wriggle into it with your help. It's so tight that the sculpted nipples of my breasts show through the fabric quite clearly. It's so short that it hangs just a few inches past the curve of my ass. You can see the outline of my cock tenting the front of the tight dress.

"I'd tuck your cock out of the way," you tell me, "but with you all hard like that it wouldn't be possible. Guess your trick will know what he's getting. Something tells me he won't mind."

"He?" I say nervously.

"Of course," you tell me. "Sissy whores suck cock and eat come. That's what you're going to be doing. Don't give me any argument," you coo, leaning close to me and whispering warmly into my ear. "You've been wanting this forever. I'm sure you'll be real good at it. You're probably a better cocksucker than me, aren't you?"

"I don't know," I say.

"Well, you'll find out," you smile, and plant a barely-there kiss on my lips so as not to mess up my cocksucker's lipstick.

The finishing touch on my outfit are the black pumps with four-inch heels that you take out of a box in the closet. You snuggle them over my feet and I totter nervously on them.

"Do you know what these are called?" you ask as you caress my feet in their open-toed pumps.

I shake my head.

"Please-fuck-me shoes. Isn't that what little sissy whores want?"

I nod, feeling my cock surge in my panties, pressing against the front of the dress.

The doorbell rings.

"Why don't you make our guest comfortable and get him a drink while I get dressed?" you ask. Nervously, I walk to the front door, feeling unsteady in the four-inch heels. The doorbell rings insistently before I make it there.

When I open the door, I feel my heart pound. It's a stranger, a large black man, perhaps six inches taller than me -- even with my four-inch heels -- and heavier by at least 100 pounds. He's big and bulky and muscled, I can see even though he's wearing a dripping black raincoat. He's got a broad smile on his face, an umbrella in one hand and a dozen rain-glistening red roses in the other.

"Hi Corey," he smiles at me. "I'm Dave. I hear you're a real good cocksucker."

I swallow nervously. "Yes," I say. "I think I am. Can I take your coat?"

He comes in, shaking the rain from his coat. I help him off with it, feeling the closeness of his body as I touch him.

"The living room's right through that door," I say as I hang up his coat. "Make yourself at home."

"These are for you," he says, handing me the roses.

"Thank you," I say. "I'll put them in water. Can....can I get you a drink?"

"Scotch, neat," he says.

I go into the kitchen, cut the roses and put them in a vase. I pour him a healthy glass of our best Scotch and take it into the living room.

He's made himself at home, all right, having switched on the TV and started the DVD player. He's watching porn -- a scene of a woman in a black pageboy wig sucking cock.

"Thanks," he says, accepting the drink and sipping it. "Why don't you come sit next to me, Corey?"

Nervously, I sit on the couch next to him. He puts his arm around me and pulls me closer. I feel my cock throbbing as he presses his body close to mine.

"Aren't you a pretty little girl?" he says, running his hands over my stockinged legs and my slender hips. He brings his hand up to my breasts and squeezes, pinching the nipples. "And such a fuckable face," he says, and pushes my head down into his lap. "You're gonna suck my cock real good, aren't you, Corey?"

I feel my throat tightening, my mouth watering slightly as I nod.

I've never sucked cock before, but when I feel the length of his dick pressing hard through his pants, I feel a rush I never expected. I barely know what I'm doing; I feel like I'm being taken over by this cocksucking whore who's appropriated my body. I unfasten his belt and unzip his pants. Then I take his cock out and see that it's uncut. I've never even seen an uncut cock before up close. It's like I'm a virgin all over again. I nudge back the foreskin, smelling the sharp scent of his sweat. I ease the foreskin down, exposing the head, which is a lighter tan color and glistening with his pre-come. I bend forward and begin to suck it.

It's good-sized, long and exceptionally thick, and it tastes sharp and salty and sweaty and aromatic like my own come when you thrust your fingers forcible into my mouth after giving me a handjob.

Not having any experience, I don't know what to do, don't know how to suck cock. I just lick around the head at first. Then I lick down his shaft, over the bunched flesh of his foreskin, licking down to his balls and tongue them gently. When I slide my mouth back up to the head, his honey-colored shaft is stained red with my lipstick. I take his cock into my mouth and begin pumping it in and out, listening to him moan.

"It's true," he said. "You're the best cocksucker I've ever had."

I want to reach down and stroke my cock; it's throbbing against the front of the dress, and when I look down I see a spreading stain of my pre-come. But I don't dare; I want to focus totally on servicing this stranger. I slide down onto my hands and knees in front of him as he spreads his legs. I kneel on the floor and he watches me suck his cock, his eyes flickering up to the blowjob on the TV screen every now and then -- at first. But soon he's only watching me.

"Such a pretty face," he says. "Especially when it's got a cock in it."

I look up at him with my pretty eyes and feel the surge of energy between us as he watches me. I don't even realize you're watching us until you speak.

"What can I say? Corey really knows how to thank a man for bringing flowers."

"She sure does," says Dave. "You've trained this whore right."

I slide Dave's cock out of my mouth and look back at you. You look gorgeous in a pair of skintight PVC pants and a matching zippered bustier. I can see the bulge at the front of the pants -- you're wearing your strap-on. The big one.

"Keep working on the one end," you tell him as you cross the room. "I'll take care of her other end."

Dave puts his hand on the back of my head and pushes me back onto his cock.

I lift my ass in the air as I take Dave's cock back into my mouth. You slip your hands under my dress and pull the panties down to my knees, then over them and off. You spread my legs as you snug the dress over my hips, and I feel your face descending between my shaved cheeks. I gasp as your tongue slides into my asshole, but the sound is muffled by Dave's cock. He's got his hand on the back of my head, telling me he's not going to let me up - he's not going to let me stop sucking his cock, no matter what. That turns me on more than anything, and when you reach down to wrap your fingers around my cock, I know I could come any minute. But you go slow, stroking me gently as your tongue burrows into my ass. I whimper deep in my throat as I take a deep breath and swallow Dave's cock. I hear the faint sound of a zipper and feel a cold drizzle of lube between my cheeks.

Your cockhead nuzzles my asshole as Dave watches. I clutch the base of his shaft with my hand for support as you enter me. I feel my asshole spreading for you, opening up to accept your hard cock. You push it in, holding my hips steady as you take me. My asshole fills with your dick, and I suck Dave's cock even more eagerly.

I hear the vibrator humming deep in your harness, knowing its nuzzled firmly against your clit. You moan loudly as you stroke into me. You go gently at first, but soon you're fucking me violently as you moan. It's almost like you've got a real cock and you're taking your pleasure from my asshole. And that's as close to true as it needs to be. I'm really close myself, the head of your cock hitting just the right place at exactly the right angle. I'm going to come.

But you come first, moaning loudly and pounding me deep as if you're shooting your load deep into my asshole. Dave is next, letting out a big sigh as I clamp my lips around his head. The hot streams of his come taste sharp, a little surprising. But I swallow it all, sucking the come from his red-tinted shaft as you finish coming in my asshole.

"Roll her over," you tell him as you pull out of me, and the two of you push me onto the sofa, getting me onto my back with my head in your lap, so close I can smell my own asshole on the swell of your cock.

Now Dave is between my legs, his mouth wrapped around my cock. I've never had my cock sucked by another man before, and the surprise and shock of it overwhelms me as he takes me into his mouth. Two strokes, three -- and then I shoot, deep inside his mouth, ecstasy exploding through my feminine body.

"Give your little sissy whore a kiss," you tell him, and Dave presses his mouth to mine, letting my come gush into my mouth. Obediently, I swallow as you stroke my hair.

"Good girl," you tell me. "Good little sissy whore."

I close my eyes and drift into pleasure as the thunder outside shakes the house.

## The Weekend Game by Clay Holland

I awaken with my cock hard, my balls feeling swollen and full. Cara is next to me, smelling like heaven.

My dick tents the front of my stretchy pink panties. As my cock has swelled and softened in my tormented sleep, I've leaked pre-cum onto the front of it. It's gotten slightly crusty. The back of the panties is just a string. It crawls up my ass and rubs my asshole. As if I needed a reminder of what it means to lose, that string is always there, reminding me that my ass is hers if I blow it.

I hurt like hell. I want to haul my dick out of my panties, wrap my hand around it and jerk off -- but Cara's body is up against me, and she's a very light sleeper. I know if I try to stroke my cock, she'll wake up.

And I promised her I wouldn't cum.

It's Monday morning. We're on the third day of a three-day weekend, during which Cara and I have been playing one of our "games." This one is her favorite -- her very favorite. Sometimes when she knows we're going to be together for a whole weekend, she gets me to promise I won't cum.

The rules are simple: I won't cum all weekend, and I won't lie to her and try to sneak away and jerk off. She gets to tease and torment me as much as she wants...which includes being able to tell me what to do. And the first thing she always tells me to do -- *always* -- is to put on a pair of her panties.

They never quite fit me; they're always tight. She gets to pick out what pair I wear, and she always gives me a thong. That's mostly what she wears anyway, but she goes out of her way to give me an especially skimpy pair.

Cara then proceeds to spend the whole weekend teasing the living shit out of me, wearing slutty outfits, walking around half-naked and seducing

me into hours-long make-out sessions that end with me blue-balled and throbbing, while she rides my face for extended sessions...then either rub her off myself, or watch her get herself off with a vibrator. When we play this game, Cara gets *hot*. She loves teasing me; she loves denying me even more. When we're playing, she usually has three or more orgasms a day, like she did yesterday...and the day before.

We've done it over two day weekends, and that's bad enough. But when Cara knows she gets to make me wait for three days? She gets that much hornier, that much more urgent, that much more of a bitchy little tease.

I've cheated...but Cara always finds out. There's something in my eyes that says I betrayed her. And the rule is, if I cheat...then she gets to fuck me in the ass.

The first time she strapped on a cock and fucked me, it turned her on almost as much as it did to deny me for three whole days. She loved it. Cara loves winning, and she felt like she'd triumphed over me by teasing me in to cheating.

It was humiliating. But oh, it felt good to shoot my load into that tissue in the bathroom on Sunday afternoon. It was worth it.

But that's not the only rule. If I cheat, she gets to fuck me in the ass as many times as she wants...the whole next week. And every day of that week, I wear her panties to work.

And I can't jerk off until the end of the following weekend...

...and if I cheat then, the cycle repeats.

The days roll over.

I've gone as long as three weeks under Cara's teasing spell...wearing panties to work, ever tempted to sneak a jerk in the men's room. But knowing she'll know if I do.

How she knows, I don't know. But a few repetitions of this exquisite torture, and I learned not to cheat, no matter how badly I wanted to.

This morning, it isn't easy to be good. I need to cum *bad*.

If this was a two-day weekend, then now -- Monday morning -- is when Cara would finally lube up her hands with oil and jerk me off. The rule is that she gets to do it however she wants -- so she always wakes me up early and makes my victory handjob last an hour. By the time I cum, I'm *begging*.

But this is a three-day weekend...which means I've got a whole day still to survive.

Cara is wearing a skimpy nightie, sexy as all hell. It's black lace, see-through around her gorgeous breasts, soft and fitted to the contours of her slim hips. Her smell is all over me. God, I would give anything to fuck her till I come. Anything just to jerk off. Anything except to lose our game. Cara and I are playing to win, and I know if I try to fake it, she'll know. I can't give up this madness. I need this horny power surging through me almost as much as I need the threat of Cara's huge cock in my ass to keep me in line.

I want to come. I have never wanted anything so badly in my life.

That's why I can't.

Because Cara loves it when I deny myself -- when I let *her* deny me. She likes it, which is its own kind of torture. Knowing I can't come makes her hornier than ever.

She gets off on the power, and that makes her the horniest girlfriend in the world. She wants to fuck five times as much.

I moan softly, pathetically, as Cara wakes up.

Her eyes brighten. She looks at me.

She molds her hand to the stretched front of my panties. I grunt as she squeezes my tortured cock.

Cara smiles wickedly.

She purrs, "Good morning, lover!"

#

Yesterday morning -- Sunday -- Cara woke up first. She pulled my panties down and climbed on top of me. She slid my cock into her wet pussy, holding a battery vibrator against her clit as she rode me.

She knew she wouldn't be able to cum before I did, because it would have taken me about half a minute of her riding me. My heightened state of arousal makes me likely to go off like a rocket. And if Cara is the one to get me off, she knows that I get my orgasm for free...cumming doesn't lose me the game.

But she's always been much too good to let that happen.

Sunday, as, she felt my cum approaching, she pulled her pussy off of my cock at the very last minute. She kept me on the very brink. She finished herself off with the vibrator, smiling at my torment.

We spent that day going to antique sales in our neighborhood. Cara decided to wear the tightest, shortest miniskirt she owned, plus a halter top that shows off most of her cleavage and her very hard nipples. She looked like the slut of the universe. She flirted and played with me all day, whispering dirty things in my ear. She was sure to rub up against me every chance she got. We danced around the antiques.

Behind a Queen Anne credenza she pulled me close, grabbed my hand, and shoved it up her skirt.

She wasn't wearing panties. And her pussy was very, very wet.

The feel of it made me hard, which isn't saying much -- everything makes me hard when Cara teases me like that.

Cara held me close and made me finger her for a minute, moaning softly in my ear as my cock throbbed painfully. She reached down into my pants and caressed the front of my dick through my panties. I grunted and whimpered pathetically.

She told me to stop -- then she made me lick my fingers clean.

There were three more antique stores. There was a Queen Anne credenza, or its equivalent, at each one.

We went back to our place and took an afternoon nap. I didn't sleep much. I kept jerking awake from powerful dreams of sex. I was almost convinced that I was going to have the first wet dream I'd experienced since adolescence. Would that be breaking the rules?

I felt confident that Cara would argue it was. And when we play our games, what Cara says goes.

When Cara awakened, she caressed me again, getting me hard in my panties. She guided me between her legs to eat her out -- and then she rolled me onto my back, pulled my panties down, and sucked me -- just a little.

Just enough to torture me.

Her warm, wet mouth felt incredible on my cock, but she knew she couldn't spend much time doing that without getting me off. So she licked down to my balls, and licked me for a very long time. They were so sore that it hurt as her tongue swirled around me. But it also felt good. I moaned, hating it as much as I loved it.

Cara got on her back, spread out wide, and tucked my panties down behind my swollen balls. She guided me up, on top of her and into her.

As I fucked her slowly, she grabbed my hair and held my eyes with hers. Every time I started to get close, she told me to pull out and breathe.

"Breathe deep, Brian," she smiled up at me, spread underneath me, her body obviously hungry, her face and breasts flushed with the same hunger for orgasm that I was experiencing. "You're not going to come."

"Please let me," I whimpered.

She shook her head.

"When you're ready, you can go back inside me. But if you cum, it's on you, baby. If you cum in me, then you lose."

I struggled with it until I finally reached the point where I knew I wouldn't come on first penetration.

Then I went back inside her.

She was close. She started grinding against me, whispering into my ear to hold still, hold still, hold right there. She tucked her hand between us and rubbed at her clit. She rocked and surges against me, shuddering all over. I could feel the spasms of her muscles, trying to milk my cock.

I had to fight not to cum. I couldn't let myself lose. I struggled to resist my urge to just start fucking her wildly -- to screw her until I came. Cara would love that. She'd probably cum herself, all over again.

But I didn't do it. As soon as she was finished, she made eye contact again.

I understood her demand without her saying a word.

With just that look, she banished me from her cunt.

I slid out, my cock dripping, the pain spreading through my balls and up into my body.

She squirmed under me as I began to roll off of her. One leg hooked around my ass, and she held me in place. If anything, her eyes looked more evil than before.

"Just because you can't come doesn't mean I'm finished," she said. "I want to get off again."

She could see my eyes spinning.

"Come on," she said, kissing me. The tip of her tongue teased mine. "Show me how much you love me."

As I went down on her, I could taste my cock along with the flavor of pussy.

Cara loves this; she always gets off easily from me eating her out. And it would have been easy, if my cock hadn't been rubbing against the edge of the bed as I licked her. The back string of my panties rubbed up and down against my asshole, too, which made it even worse. I had to lift my ass to keep my cock from rubbing the mattress as I serviced her. My dick hung out of my panties, dripping. I pushed my ass up high.

"What's the matter?" she asked as she mounted toward orgasm. "Is that you wanting to get fucked in the ass? Are you asking for it, baby?"

I shook my head, but I didn't stop licking.

Cara laughs a little. "Oh, I see. Does your cock hurt?"

I took my mouth off her pussy. "Balls," I grunted. Then I return my tongue to her clit.

"Mmmmmm," she said, her voice deep with her approaching orgasm. "Remember, baby. If you cum, you lose. And you know what that means."

She reached down and squeezed my ass, toying with the string of my panties between my cheeks.

"Good for you, baby. Get used to sticking your ass in the air." She leaned back into the bed and spread her legs, caressing the back of my head as I licked her toward orgasm.

She sighed, "I like having you face-down, ass-up, baby. You'd really better get used to it."

I pulled my panties up over my wet, throbbing cock as I licked Cara faster.

#

Now, it's Monday morning. I have a whole other day to suffer through. Cara sighs as she licks her way down my body, pulls down my panties and takes my cock in her mouth. She sucks it hungrily as I approach a climax.

Cara pulls away. She smacks her lips as her mouth comes off my cock.

"Pre-cum," she says. "Can't take any chances. Get out of bed, honey. Sit in the arm chair."

"What?"

She pulls my panties back over my spit-wet cock. She snaps her fingers and points me toward the arm chair opposite the bed.

Meekly, I get out of bed and take my seat.

Cara gets out her vibrator.

It's not the battery-powered one, this time. It's the big plug-in model that looks like a cross between a baseball bat and a queen's scepter.

The buzzing fills the room as she clenches her legs around the head of the vibe. With her eyes on me, she moans.

Then she opens her legs so I can see everything.

She watches me watching her.

She talks dirty as she does herself. "Baby, you're really on the edge this time. Your big hard fucking cock is throbbing. You really need to cum. Those panties turn you on so much, don't they, you little fucking sissy? Mmmm--uh!" she jerks and arches her back as she rides the vibrator. "But I can't risk it, baby. I can't even risk having your hot mouth between my legs. You'll fuck your little cock against the bed and you'll shoot your load. Or do you *want* to give up, baby? Maybe you want to lose--so I can fuck you in the ass." She pants as she watches me and closes her thighs around her vibe again, mounting toward orgasm.

My hand inches toward my cock. I moan even louder than she does.

She shakes her head

"Don't come," she says. "Don't jerk off or I'll fuck your fucking ass..."

Cara throws back her head. She arches her back and cums loudly, thrusting her hips up to meet the vibrator.

As she does, her eyes are off of me. My hand moves automatically. It molds to the front of my dick, clutching it through the stretchy pink panties.

I'm on my second stroke when Cara catches me.

She smiles and switches off the vibe.

"You gonna do it, baby? You gonna give me your ass? Spend the rest of the week wearing panties? Do this again next weekend?"

My hand stops.

I struggle with the orgasm that's blooming inside me.

With a hungry look from Cara, I let go of my cock and grip the arm of the chair.

She looks satisfied. She tosses the vibe into the top drawer of the night stand.

She says, "Isn't it good to start each day with an orgasm? It's healthy." Then she laughs. "Then again, some of us like to be sick. Don't you agree, baby?"

I nod and tell her miserably, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Let's go share a shower," she smiles.

My pair of pink bikini bottoms is waiting for me in the shower, finally dry from yesterday's shower.

Cara makes me wear them and watch as she spends a *lot* of time with the shower massager. It's going to be a very long Monday.

## **She Calls Me at Work by Julian Booth**

Angela calls me at work to ask if I've been a good little slut so far today. She asks me, "Are you still wearing your panties for me?"

My heart quickens to hear her talking like that to me.

Lowering my voice so no one will hear me through the open door of my office, I speak in my girliest tones. "Yes," I tell her. "That's exactly right."

"Are you afraid to say it out loud?" she croons. "Or is someone there in your office with you?"

"My door is open," I say breathlessly.

"What a naughty little whore," says Angela. "Talking to her Mistress with her office door open."

"Yes," I tell her, my voice trembling. "She certainly is."

"Such an exhibitionist slut," she laughs lightly. "Does that make your horny little sissy clit hard, Julie?"

My dick's getting stiff, all right; in fact, it's almost risen to full erection, tenting my plain grey pleated slacks. Angela can always do that to me--zero to boner in nothing flat.

"Yes it is," I tell her. "That's exactly how it is."

"Then why don't you open your pants and touch it a little?" she purrs.

I look nervously at the open door. It's near lunchtime, and many of my coworkers are gone. The outside office is nearly empty. I always eat lunch at my desk, of course, since Angela always packs it for me.

I could lie and tell her I'm busy. I could claim that I've got a meeting, or that there's someone in my office. But Angela always seems to know when I'm lying to her. She usually takes it out on me later.

Besides, I don't *want* to lie to her. I want to be a good little girl for my wife. I want her to tell me exactly what to do. If she decides to make me take my cock out right here in my office, with the door open, well, then, Mistress knows best.

I know Angela won't say that. The last thing my wife wants is to jeopardize that fat income that allows her to buy all the fun toys she uses on me every night. She would never tell me to jack off at work with my office door open. Probably.

But it makes my sissy stick get even harder in my panties and my dress slacks to know that she *could*.

So I say, "May I close the door to my office, Mistress?"

"If you must," she says irritably. "But do it quickly. Your Mistress is horny."

"Yes, Mistress," I say. I get up and kick the door closed. There's no lock.

I sit back down at my desk. I unbuckle my belt; I unzip my pants. I pull down my pink panties and take out my cock. It's hard as a rock. My balls feel swollen and tight from the weeks of tease and denial my wife has been subjecting me to.

"Is it out yet, Julie?" Angela asks impatiently.

"Yes, Mistress," I tell her, wrapping my hand around my cock. "This slave's little cock is out. It's in my hand, Mistress."

"Oh," laughs Angela. "Is *that* what it is? I always thought it was a clit! If it *is* a cock, we'd better call Guinness!"

Her sarcastic voice, rich and sonorous, caresses my ear drums through the tiny buds of my headset. I was listening to rhythmic, sensuous music on my cell phone. It only seems right to have it replaced by Angela's voice.

"Yes, of course," I say. "Absolutely."

"Come on," she mocks. "Don't play that game. I want to hear you talk dirty, Julie. I heard you close your door. I know you can talk. So say it for me, you little sick little pervert. Say, 'Yes, Mistress, I am wearing panties for you, and it makes my little sissy clit very hard.'"

I whimper a little into the phone as I stroke my cock underneath my desk. Pleasure pulses through me. I moan softly.

Angela's voice turns from flirty to vicious.

"That's an order, Julie! Say it! Or else! And no whispering." Her voice grows rich and seductive as she adds, "Say it just like a girl would."

"I can't," I tell her. "People might hear."

"Didn't you close your door?" she laughs. "Don't you already have your cock in your hand?"

"That's one thing," I say. "I've got the door closed. Even if someone came in, my hand is under the desk. No one can see it from the doorway. But my walls are so...thin. Natalie next door can hear *everything*. And Kurt one office over..."

"Then you'll just have to send me a picture, won't you?"

I gulp. "M-M-M-Mistress," I stammer. "A picture? I can't send you a picture."

"Oh, yes, you can," she says. "Come on, Julie, send me a picture of your wee-wee in the panties your big bad bitch of a wife made you wear to work today. "

I'm breathing hard because I'm very turned on. I'm getting more and more aroused, stroking my cock under the desk. The soft, silky caress of the panties has been a burden throughout the morning. I've popped numerous boners, and my panties are soaked. It turns me on to feel how wet they are against my palm as more precum leaks from my cock. After weeks of torturous tease and denial, my cock tends to leak a much greater volume of precum than it ever has before. It turns me on so much to have wet little slut panties.

"I want a picture of your sissy boner," purrs Angela. "Or I swear, Julie, tonight I'll whip your nuts so hard you'll be singing soprano."

I whimper. I struggle and squirm in my office chair. I try to think of an excuse, but my mind's not really functioning. I stammer over a few half-excuses:

"What if I send it to the wrong person? I hate having pictures of myself flying around in email."

Angela answers with a peal of laughter.

"Don't give me that," she says. "Since when is any of that your decision? Besides, you're just dying to unzip those pants and show off your little hard-on. You still don't believe it's as small as all that, do you?"

I moan softly, "Mistress, this slave knows her sissy stick is very, very small. That's why she needs to be feminized."

"Oh, so now you can talk dirty, Julie?"

"Yes, Mistress," I answer, hoping I've distracted her from the idea of the photo.

"Then say something dirty for me," says Angela. "Nice and loud, in your girl voice. Don't whisper. Then we'll see whether I still want a picture."

Trembling, I try to make my voice as feminine as I can. I have to lower it and make it all breathy to do so. But I try to give it as much volume as I can--enough to make it quake a bit. The walls are thin around here, but I think maybe with everyone out at lunch, I'm safe. Or am I?

Not knowing makes my little cock throb in my hand. It drools on my fingers.

I say in a girly voice, but with normal volume, "This little slut is sorry, Mistress. This horny whore forgot herself. This little thing in her hand is not a cock at all. It's a sissy clit."

"And what does she do with it?" sighed Angela happily.

I say, "This slave keeps her sissy stick tucked away in her panties until her Mistress tells her to take it out and rub it."

"Very good, Julie. I'm very impressed. Now send me that picture I asked for." She laughed nastily. "I wasn't really asking, but you know that."

"Mistress, *please*," I whimper. "I talked dirty for you, just like you asked."

"But you pissed me off first, Julie. Now I want a picture. Come on, Julie, don't pretend you don't like being on camera. Remember how hot you got when I made you dress up and pose for me a few weekends ago? That little sissy thing got nice and hard the moment I pointed that camera at you. You remember that, don't you?"

Her mocking, teasing voice always gets me going. I can't stop my hand from working up and down on my cock. She's really getting off on torturing me here at work. She's always loved to expose me in public--or threaten to expose me in public.

And, being trapped at my desk, I can't really do anything about it. Or maybe I could, but maybe I don't want to.

"Do you remember what a hot little porn model you made for me, Julie? With your lipstick and that hot blonde wig and that lingerie? We got some really hot pictures. Maybe if I messaged you a few of them?"

A second passes, with me breathing hard in the headset while I hear Angela punching buttons. An instant later, my phone beeps. I've got a text message. I switch screens. Two attached photos. The first one has me in panties, a garter belt and a sexy, slutty peignoir--all of it pink. My face is framed with a cute little platinum-blond pageboy wig, and my face is caked in makeup. My lips are formed into the kind of pucker that says "stick a dick in my mouth."

In the second picture, I *do* have a dick in my mouth. Angela's dick, strapped to her naked body with a black leather harness. It's huge and mocha-colored and very realistic.

"I remember," I say as she laughs at me.

"Do you like those pictures?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Do you like them so much you'd like me to post them online?" she asks.

"N-no," I beg.

"Then you'd better send me some more," she says. "Let's say...two of them. Send me one with your clit bulging out of your panties. And send me one with your sissy stick in your panties...but with your hand wrapped around it. Or should I go ahead and share these pictures with all my friends...and maybe with the whole wide world?"

I tremble, "No, please, Mistress. I'll show you. But...I'm going to go to the men's room first, to get some privacy." I stammer: "Is--is that all right?"

"No, Julie," she says. "I want you sitting at your desk, just like I ordered. Show me your clit in your panties...then show me how good you look

jerk off. Do it *now*."

"Yes, Mistress," I breathe. I tuck my cock back into my panties. Holding my cell phone in both hands, switch from the photo viewer to the camera. I snap a photograph of my cock bulging through my panties. In front, they're soaked with pre-cum and almost see-through. I send the first picture to Angela. Then I wrap my right hand around my cock. It's easy with the thin and moist fabric of the panties. It's clingy. It sticks to my flesh. It's easy to pull down my cock so that it shows even more clearly through the see-through material. And it's easy to wrap my hand around my dick.

Working the cell phone camera with my left, I take another pic and send it away to my wife. A few seconds later, she makes an approving sound.

"These are very nice, Julie. You've got a very nice little sissy clit. You're lucky it's not any bigger. If it was, then it would be a very small cock. But as it is, we're talking Clitty City. Otherwise, how could I feminize you so easily?"

"Yes, Mistress," I pant.

"You're really turned on, aren't you? Your sissy clit is very, very hard?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say. "My sissy clit is hard. It's very hard for you, in my panties. My slutty pink sissy whore panties..."

I stroke my cock, quickly. I'm aroused to the point of completely losing control. I'm not sure I'm going to be able to stop myself in time if I keep stroking my cock. But I *can't* stop. In the phone, I hear Angela moaning loudly in pleasure herself. In the background is the familiar buzzing sound of Angela's favorite vibrator.

"Are you rubbing your clit?" she asks breathlessly.

"Yes, Mistress," I whimper.

"Don't let your thing squirt," she says. "If you do, I'll make those little nuts of yours *scream* tonight..."

Angela cums before I do. She moans louder than ever. Her moan turns into a shriek as the buzzy humming sound of her vibrator becomes suddenly muted. She's probably closing her thighs tight around the tennis-ball head of the vibe as she cums. She does the same thing to my head when I'm eating her out. She especially likes to ride my face hard when I'm "dressed." She always gets so rough and so dominant when I'm being a girl for her.

I intend to stop stroking my cock before it shoots--really, I do. But hearing my wife cum so hard and so loud and so long is more than I can handle. I just can't stop myself.

My panties are still pulled over the head of my dick, with my hand wrapped around it. White-hot pleasure starts to pulse through my body. I see stars. I moan. I try to hold back, but I can't.

My cry of pleasure sounds girly. It's loud--humiliatingly loud. For an instant, I don't care who hears me. But then, I realize what I've done, and I pull my hand away at the very last minute.

It's too late to do anything except spoil my illicit orgasm. Cum explodes from my cock, even as the pleasure dissipates. The front of my panties are soaked.

The white-hot pleasure only lasted a moment, but the spasms seem to go on for a good long time. There's so much cum! My panties seem to turn into a sodden rag.

"Poor baby," sighs Angela. "You just squirted, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I tell her, shame in my voice. "But I pulled back at the last second." I blurt, "I still...*squirted*, Mistress. But I didn't really cum."

Angela laughs sadistically, "You ruined your own orgasm?"

"Kinda," I tell her. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Sorry for cumming or sorry for spoiling it?"

I don't yet know if Angela will really punish me for cumming. She sounds warm and sleepy with the afterglow of her own powerful orgasm. Maybe she'll show a little mercy?

"I don't know, Mistress," I say.

She laughs. "It's your balls you should be sorry for," she tells me. "They're going to get a beating tonight. Next time, you'll think twice about milking that clit to a creamy finish, won't you?"

I'm well acquainted with Angela's ball-beatings. I tremble to anticipate it.

I say, "Yes, Mistress. This slave will think twice next time she considers milking her sissy clit."

Angela yawns. "Time for my afternoon nap," she says. "I wanna be nice and rested for my workout tonight. I bet it'll be just like working out on the speed bag!"

I whimper in fear. Angela cackles viciously.

She disconnects.

I tuck my spent cock away in my very wet panties. I stuff tissues down the front of it to keep the wetness from soaking through. I zip up. I hear people coming back from lunch.

I get up from my chair, and limp awkwardly across the office. I open my office door, thinking about what a long night I'll have when I go home. Knowing Angela, I'll be squirming all night.

I go back to my desk and start working.



## Two-Day Air by Meredith Marshall

Ben got the package from Baroness Jasmine by two-day air, signature required. It's a good thing he was there to receive it. Ben worked at home as a freelance coder, so he was usually around. But he might not have been. If he'd stepped out to go to the gym or the coffee shop or the laundromat or the grocery store, he might have missed it. He might have had to wait until tomorrow. That would most certainly not have pleased his Mistress.

It was a medium-sized box with TEXT ME BEFORE OPENING written in permanent marker across the top, just above the label that bore the return address of Baroness Jasmine's mail drop; the sender's phone number was the Baroness's cell phone.

It was a standard stipulation of their contract that Ben must wear panties whenever he talked or texted with Baroness Jasmine. When he cammed for her, he must go even further. Ben was already wearing panties; he was usually wearing panties lately, except when he was nude. He had answered the door wearing sweats and a tank top, which is how he dressed when he was working. Underneath the sweats, though, he wore a cute little hot-pink thong, fringed with lace, clingy in front, where it molded to his quickly stiffening cock. Just holding the package got him erect. He reached down past the waistband of his grey sweats and into his panties and shifted his cock. He felt mildly guilty at touching it; it was another of Mistress's provisions that he never touch his cock without asking her first, not even to piss. He decided maybe he would keep this transgression to himself. What Baroness Jasmine didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

Ben went back to his computer and "sat" in the ergonomic kneeling chair that Baroness Jasmine "strongly suggested" he purchase, so he could kneel all day long for her, while working to earn money so he could pay her to hurt him. She was two thousand miles away, but that didn't stop Ben from feeling the tight leash of Baroness Jasmine on his balls. His nuts felt

swollen and full. They had spoken by phone twice this week and he had cummed for her three times. Every time, she made him "edge" himself almost to the "point of no return," but she'd made him pull back every time. Not once had she let him cum. In fact, it had been more than three weeks since Ben drained his balls. He had a case of blue balls that made him feel crazy.

He "sat" in his kneeling chair, wiggling his shaved butt against the seat and savoring the feel of the padding against his knees. His cell phone was plugged into his desktop computer, charging and transferring files. He'd been moving over some of the hard-pounding, rhythmic dance music, laced through with mind-control memes, that Baroness Jasmine had "strongly suggested" he listen to when he exercised. He was in the process of obeying, transferring the files to his smartphone, even though he preferred rock 'n' roll. What he preferred was not at issue. What mattered was what his Mistress decreed.

It was just after ten in the morning. Baroness Jasmine was three hours ahead of Ben. She was a late riser, but this was late enough. It would be okay to text her now.

Ben cancelled the MP3 transfer and picked up his smartphone. On his computer, he went to her website and double-checked the fee for a text message. The "tribute" page listed:

"Text message (pigslave to Mistress) \$10. Up to 500 characters."

Ben switched to the "tributes" page and entered \$10 into the box. He was already logged in; his account information was hers to control. Ben clicked the PAY TRIBUTE button. Only when he got a CONFIRM message did he text Mistress Jasmine.

He texted her: "this one received Your package, Mistress. this one thanks You."

Ben tried to go back to working, but he couldn't concentrate. His denied cock kept swelling and shrinking, swelling and shrinking, seemingly on a

one-or-two-minute cycle. When it softened, it would drizzle pre-cum into his panties. It itched. He wanted to scratch it. He wanted to stroke it. He wanted to jerk it off, blowing his load all over himself. He'd been denied so long, he would probably blast cum all over his face.

Ben's cock was in its fully-soft mode when he got the text back from Baroness Jasmine.

It went quickly hard as he read: "30-minute Audience in 10 minutes. Prepare fully."

Ben did not respond by text; if he had, naturally, he would have owed Baroness Jasmine another \$10. Instead, he quickly switched to the Rates page on her website and found the listing: "30-minute audience, Owner initiated, \$50." He switched to the Tributes page and entered \$60. Then he paused, his cursor hovering over the "PAY TRIBUTE" button. A \$10 tip might insult her. Ben backed up and entered \$80. Perhaps a \$30 tip would inspire his Mistress to give him permission to cum on camera for him.

He clicked "PAY TRIBUTE." As soon as he got the "CONFIRM" message, he sprang into action. "Preparing fully" for an Audience with Baroness Jasmine was quite an undertaking; he'd really have to wiggle his ass to get ready in half an hour. He took off his tank top and sweats. He ran his hand down his thighs and his calves. He was slightly prickly -- just slightly, but that was enough. He put his hand in his panties, careful not to touch his cock, and caressed his balls. They were slightly prickly too. Ben took off his panties and hurried, naked, into the bathroom.

He turned on the shower, hot. As hot as he could stand. While the water warmed up, he went to the sink and checked his face, close-up in the mirror. He had just shaved at 7 a.m., but he gave his cheeks and chin a quick once-over with his electric razor just to make sure. Afterwards, his face felt even more baby-smooth than before.

He climbed into the shower and lathered up -- legs, butt, and balls. He shaved as quickly as he dared. It was easier shaving his nuts when they were all full and hard like that; it was considerably easier, also, when he

was rock-hard like this. His shaft didn't have any hair, which was good, since he wasn't permitted to touch it.

Ben checked his chest, too, but he'd run a razor over that at 7 a.m. when he'd gotten up and started work. His "titties" were nice and smooth, the thick silver rings through them standing out straight and hard with arousal.

Ben got out of the shower, toweled dry, and checked the time. He had to rush. He went to his vanity -- another piece of furniture that Baroness Jasmine had "strongly suggested" he buy -- and sat down to do his makeup.

He did his makeup as quickly as he could, layering on rouge and eyeliner, mascara and lipstick. He hoped he wouldn't have to go out later; this much makeup could be a real bitch to get off. He also teased out his hair; it was getting long. With just a little spritz, it looked girly.

Ben checked the time again, feeling his heart race as the appointed moment approached. He put his garter belt on, the cherry-red one, and slid matching red stockings up his legs. They had sexy seams up the back. He put his red panties on over his garters. He had to wiggle to get them on, his cock was so hard and the panties were so tight. The T-back crawled right up his ass, tugging between his shaved ass cheeks and rubbing against his sensitive butthole. It was so much more sensitive now than it used to be, with all Baroness Jasmine had made him do for her.

Ben put his red peek-a-boo bra on, A-cup, not bothering to stuff it. It wasn't required even for a "full preparation." In fact, Baroness Jasmine preferred to be able to see the bright silver rings that she'd had her slave put in his nipples; they would be fully visible through the peek-a-boo openings in the front of the bra cups.

Ben stepped into his red pumps with six-inch stilettos. He still hadn't learned to walk in them very well; he tottered as he walked.

The last thing Ben put on was his collar -- the red one. He buckled it around his neck and went into his office to meet Baroness Jasmine.

Ben's office was the second bedroom of his little apartment. In the back, there was a small, curtained area he and Baroness Jasmine called the Chapel. It was curtained so he could keep the area hidden from anyone who visited, if anyone did. The curtain was black and the area was dark. It was about six feet by six feet, the dimensions of a cage or a glory hole booth or something.

Ben grabbed the package from his desk and his laptop from a nearby shelf. He took his phone with him, just to make sure he received any texts Baroness Jasmine sent. The laptop was already running. Inside the Chapel, he set his laptop on the Altar, which had started life as a little black Ikea table at crotch-height. It was empty except for an Ethernet cable and a plug that led to the large speakers under the Altar. Ben plugged his laptop in to ensure an uninterrupted signal for his Mistress and crystal-clear audio for him. He knelt on the red, silk-cased pillow he kept in front of the Altar.

Ben was already logged into Baroness Jasmine's website on his laptop as well as his desktop. He only had to type in his tribute ID and enter the "cumslave" room.

Ben breathed a sigh of relief. His phone said that Mistress's text had come in just 29 minutes earlier. He had really moved his ass. He felt proud.

He checked that the laptop's onboard webcam provided a good view for Baroness Jasmine. He angled his laptop just so. He spread his legs wide and put his hands on his thighs, right where the red lace tops of his stockings were gripped by his hastily-clasped garters. Ben breathed deeply and evenly, waiting.

He waited a minute...another. Another. Another. His eyes drifted around the Altar, taking nervous stock of the items that Mistress required him to keep there for use whenever she required it. There were tit clamps. Clothespins. A twelve-inch ruler. A short, heavy plastic rod. A red paddle. A bottle of lube. A "pocket pussy," in a flashlight-style case. A bottle of hot sauce. Two butt plugs and several dildos, of increasing size from Damned Big to Fucking Enormous. The butt plugs were pink and huge. The dildos were all brown, the smallest of them -- nine inches and thick -- the lightest-

brown in color. The largest -- fourteen and even thicker -- was a much deeper brown. All three of them were exquisitely realistic, with fully articulated balls, sculpted cockheads and visible ridges formed by convincingly anatomical veins.

There was also a very large and very sharp combat knife. It was this that Ben planned to use to open the package when he was given permission to do so. But his Mistress had made him do other things with it -- scary things. Things that made his hard dick throb in his panties.

He was already forming a wet spot at the tip. Ben continued to wait. As he did, his dick softened. Precum leaked out and drizzled into his red panties. He waited some more. He thought about work he had to get done by the end of the day. But it wasn't his place to worry about anything other than worshipping his Mistress, when he was in The Chapel.

Ben waited and waited. A whole seventeen minutes passed before his Mistress's webcam flared to life.

Ben's heart quickened as he saw that the beautiful Baroness Jasmine was naked except for her boots. Knee-high black ones, shiny and beautiful. She sat in her "camthrone," legs spread and pussy on display. Ben stared at the smooth-shaved pink slit of her pussy and *drooled*. But he *really* drooled when he looked at her boots: they were brand new. *Brand* new. He'd never seen her in such shiny boots. They were glorious. They had perhaps three-inch heels. They zipped up the sides. They looked relatively comfortable. They were considerably more feminine and elegant than the ones she'd usually worn for their Audiences.

Ben was overcome by the sight of her in those boots. His eyes could not decide if they wanted to drink in the sight of her body or of those gorgeous new boots. He saw his Mistress fully naked. Her body was gorgeous. *She* was gorgeous. She was nothing that he could ever hope to be or hope to fuck. She was nothing he could even hope to worship without having to pay for the privilege. Ben's eyes flickered over her full, beautiful tits, her slender hips, the glittering rings in her navel and clit and pussy, the tattoos on her belly and thighs.

"Hello, pig," she purred. Her low, sensuous voice crackled through the speakers. "Do you like my new boots?"

"Yes, Mistress." said Ben breathlessly, in his girliest voice. "They're gorgeous. I love them. I'd worship them, Mistress, if I were there with you."

Baroness Jasmine sneered. "You think I would *let you*?" she asked. "You'd have to *beg*. Would you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said. His cock had grown fully hard again. It stretched through his panties, the head almost peeking out over the waistband. The tip was wet with pre-cum. It left a wet streak down the front of his panties. "Yes, Mistress, yes, i would beg you to worship your new boots."

"How *much* would you beg, pig?"

Ben's heart raced. He knew what that meant. He did a quick calculation in his mind. How much had he gotten for this last coding job? He parsed numbers. He added them up. He subtracted. He thought about rent, food, utilities.

"If i may, Mistress?" asked Ben. In his mind, the "i" was always small.

"You may," said Baroness Jasmine.

Ben might have thought bitterly about how he was spending time from his half-hour to perform administrative tasks related to payment. Wouldn't it have been easier if Baroness Jasmine had just quoted him a price and then let him pay it all at once? He'd already paid the Audience Tribute, and tipped her an extra \$30! How the hell much should he give her *now*, for the privilege of *not* being able to lick her boots, because she was two thousand miles away?

Ben leaned over, minimized the cam window, switched to the Tributes page on Baroness Jasmine's website. He typed \$50 in. His cock throbbed.

He did some quick calculations. No, no...he could afford it. And he really, really, *really* needed to cum.

He typed in \$100. He hit PAY TRIBUTE. He returned to the cam window, slid back into a kneeling position, legs spread, hands flat on his thighs.

On Baroness Jasmine's end, something chimed. She had a wireless mouse on the arm of her camthrone. She clicked it and checked something, apparently on a screen just off camera.

"Awwww," said Baroness Jasmine. "What a sweet little faggot you are. Yes, you can lick them, slave."

On her end, the camera was placed very low, so that Ben's view was even more angled than it would have been if he'd been kneeling before her in the flesh. After all, Ben was on the tall side. Even when he was kneeling, his eyes were far higher than the camera. The psychological effect was considerable; it made this physically very tall man feel like a much shorter one -- like a petite little slut. Like a girl.

The camera's low placement made it easy for Baroness Jasmine to do what she did. She crossed her legs, hiding her pussy from Ben's ravenous eyes -- but bringing one of her gorgeous boots closer to the camera -- closer, closer.

Then everything vanished. It all went dark. Ben knew what had happened. She had done this before. Baroness Jasmine had pushed the sole of her boot up against her cam. But Ben knew that she could still see him, through *his* cam, right there in the center at the top of his laptop screen.

She required his *tribute*. He fumed, bitterly, thinking about how this wasn't what he had in mind when he said he would worship her boots. It was like getting a starving man to pay you for a seven-course meal, then *showing* him a picture of a hamburger and six moldy French fries.

Worse, these boots were fresh and new. With the bottom of one pressed up close to the cam, Ben's screen was filled with nothing but the faint ridges that formed the Vibram sole. He didn't even get the benefit he'd gotten with Baroness Jasmine's *old* boots, those filthy black leather ones with the lower heels, where he'd been able to see the worn-away patches, the many variations in texture that had resulted from wear. More importantly, when she pulled this trick -- money for "boot worship" -- he'd been able to see the filth that accumulated in the cracks, since Baroness Jasmine's old boots were her favorites, and she often wore them out of the house. Sometimes she even went so far as to tell Ben about all the nasty things she'd done while wearing them. How she went into porn shops and entered the porn booths and sucked giant black cocks in glory holes. How she stood there in puddles of cum. Sometimes, when Baroness Jasmine was in a nasty mood, she would tell him some truly filthy things about what she did in her boots to make them so filthy.

Now, there was nothing but darkness and faintly-ridged Vibram. Nonetheless, Ben knew the boot worship wasn't optional.

He bent forward over the Altar and started licking his laptop screen.

To his further shame, the humiliating ritual was almost as hot for him as it would have been to worship his Mistress's boots in person. Something about the degrading ritual of having to cough up his money to lick his own laptop screen was so intensely dehumanizing that Ben felt his cock throb in response to the taste and the feel of the screen against his wet tongue. He would never have thought that a laptop screen would have a taste to it -- but it did.

He licked Baroness Jasmine's boots in long, humiliating strokes over his laptop screen. With the placement of the webcam, he knew she could not see anything more than the scattered curtain of his hair, teased-out into something that looked like a brushfire. That didn't stop him from putting his all into the "worship," swirling his tongue around and alternating short-long and soft-heavy strokes, almost as if he were kissing a pair of bare feet -- or her pussy.

Someday, Ben thought, maybe Mistress would let him do that. She would point the camera between her legs and...how much, he wondered bitterly, would she expect him to pay her for that?

Ben's laptop was expensive, of course -- he always bought expensive computer equipment. That's why he always used screen protectors -- thin plastic sheets of adhesive that went over the place where he kissed, licked and suckled. . He'd definitely have to change this one. His heavy coat of lipstick left hot red kisses in multiple places on his screen. He drooled so much it ran everywhere. When he saw rivulets starting to head down the screen for the keyboard, Ben quickly lowered his face and dabbed them up with his cheeks. That left a faint, grimy smear of rouge across the lower part of the screen -- but his keyboard stayed more or less pristine.

After three or four minutes of "worship," Baroness Jasmine laughed and said: "Good, faggot. Here, have some more." She swapped her boots out, moving one foot -- the left, he thought, though he always felt mildly dyslexic when watching someone on webcam who was watching him on webcam -- aside and replacing it with the other. As she did, Ben got an exquisite glimpse of his Mistress's body. She had one hand down between her legs, one finger working up and down in her slit. Ben realized his Mistress was rubbing herself as he worshipped her boots.

Ben felt a faint surge of pride and pleasure at that, thinking he'd pleased his Mistress enough with his worship that she had to touch her wet pussy. Then he saw that she had a tablet computer in her left hand. She was reading something, or looking at pictures. She completely ignored him. She wouldn't even have noticed if he hadn't been licking her at all.

But Ben only got a quick glimpse of Baroness Jasmine's naked body and her complete disinterest as she masturbated to dirty pictures or whatever. Then the sole of her other boot was up against the cam, and Ben leaned forward to worship again.

This time he did it even better. Some tripwire had been tugged in his brain, and he felt more deeply submissive than ever. It had hurt him deeply, seeing that Baroness Jasmine didn't even give a fuck about him enough to

watch him worship her boots. It sent a throbbing pain through his guts and deep into his balls. He felt tears in his makeup-heavy eyes.

He worshipped this boot with a new kind of fervor. Some part of his crazy brain thought if he did a good enough job, well, perhaps she would favor him. She might know. She would know he'd done better than before. She would know that Ben had really put his all into worshipping the soles of her gorgeous new boots.

But *how* would she know? She wasn't even watching. Ben supposed she might have been capturing the footage for later playback, as he often did when she gave him permission; it pleased Baroness Jasmine to let him jack off to footage of their previous sessions, or of the semi-nude pictures of her that he'd purchased, or to her voice in her more explicit MP3s, as long as he swore not to cum. Naturally, if he wanted to "edge" himself, he had to send a \$10 tribute every time he did, and to ask permission by text message first. Which made \$20 total, because even that text message cost him money, like every text he sent his Mistress.

Yeah, Baroness Jasmine *might* be capturing this footage and playing it back later... but Ben sincerely doubted it. And why would it matter? The camera was too close. She couldn't see what he was doing. She certainly couldn't know how elegantly his tongue was swirling around the ridged surface of her shiny new Vibram soles. She'd never know it, and probably wouldn't have cared if she did. She didn't *want* his tongue on her in person. He'd offered her numerous times to fly out to see her so he could pay her an exorbitant fee -- everything he could afford -- for in-person domination. She'd just laughed and told him to punch his balls for presuming she *wanted* his in-person domination.

*This* was what she wanted from him. This was *all* she wanted from him. And Ben gave it to her, because...he didn't know why. He just did.

"That's enough, slave," Baroness Jasmine said. She removed her foot from the cam. Ben hoped she had a lens-protector up on her side, like he had a screen-protector. He was sure that she did. Nonetheless, the thin plastic film that covered his film was now soiled, marred with the red

lipstick-marks, smeared rouge and mascara and eyeliner, and his spittle. There was a lot of the latter. Ben felt a soft, deep sense of panic as he wondered if he might have drooled enough to actually damage the screen. He didn't know how much drooling that would have to be. His heart raced. He'd really gotten into it -- even more than last time. And why not? These were *glorious* boots. He wished he could see his spit on them, see how shiny he'd made them, but he couldn't. Instead, his reward for long and humiliating minutes of boot-worship was nothing more than a fudged-up screen, and the attendant blur that now covered his view of his Mistress's naked body.

Still, she was gorgeous. In some ways even *more* beautiful than she'd been before he had slimed up his screen. There was something deliciously wrong about viewing his Mistress, naked, through the film of his spit and his makeup. Maybe some tears in there, too; his eyes were sure watering. He could feel the mascara, all gloppy. Surely it was just because he was bent so far over. Surely. He wished he'd been able to show her how high in the air he'd thrust his butt up there, how cute it was, now, with its super-smooth shave job and the hot cherry-red thong tugging up into his asshole.

Ben checked the clock. They were twenty-nine minutes into their session. If Baroness Jasmine had chosen to be a *real* bitch, she would have cut the feed in one minute, even though *she* was the one who'd arrived seventeen minutes late.

But she did not. Instead, she leaned back in her throne so she could spread her legs wider. She reached down with one booted foot and nudged the cam slightly, giving Ben an even more exquisite view of her shaved and pierced sex.

"Do you want your reward, slave?" asked Baroness Jasmine. "For worshipping my boots so humbly?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said, voice low and husky but soft, sexy, girly. "Please, Mistress. If it should please You...."

"You've already got it, dumbshit. Open it."

Ben bristled slightly at hearing himself called a "dumbshit." He could handle her calling him "faggot," because he found that so much hotter than "sissy," which seemed to be Baroness Jasmine's default. Somehow, she'd picked up on that, and altered her behavior. In Jasmine's Barony, only the insults were customized. But "dumbshit" implied he was stupid. "Faggot" was hotter than "sissy" for some reason, because it was so much nastier. He liked it even though he had less than no interest in cock -- unless you counted Baroness Jasmine's. But Ben was a very smart guy. It always hurt to be called stupid, no matter who called him that.

Then again, wasn't that the point? And it *had* been pretty stupid to space on the package. He'd been so wrapped up in worshipping his Mistress's boots that he'd forgotten all about it.

"Yes, Mistress," said Ben. "May I use Your knife?" Everything in The Chapel was Jasmine's. Each of the three dildos were "Your cock," or "Your Cock" in chat or text. The punishment tools were Hers, as well; it was always Jasmine punishing Ben, in theory, even though she just made him punish himself.

"I don't care what you use, slave. Just open it."

Ben seized the big combat knife and cut into the cardboard shell of the package. It wasn't easy with the giant knife; a razor would have been simpler. But the knife was very sharp -- Baroness Jasmine made him sharpen it regularly -- and soon he had the package open.

Ben's makeup-rimmed eyes widened. His messy-lipsticked mouth opened wide in an "O" of surprise. He gasped. He gulped.

Inside the package were a pair of black boots. He recognized them instantly. They were Baroness Jasmine's old boots...her *old* ones. They were the boots she'd worn in their first session, all those many months ago, and many times since then. They were the boots she sometimes told him she wore to suck black dick in glory holes. They were the boots she walked the

street in. They were the boots her other slaves worshipped. "And the *good* slaves," Baroness Jasmine had told Ben once, "get to fuck them."

When Ben was allowed to orgasm, he never got to do anything *like* "fuck" her "boots." That would have entailed humping his webcam, he guessed. He'd always supposed that Baroness Jasmine's "good slaves" were the ones she saw in person -- although Jasmine had always been very vague about that. She'd told him she worked in a dungeon. She told him she did see in-person clients. But just who and where and for how much, and what exactly she let them do to her boots or the rest of her -- Baroness Jasmine had always either skillfully dodged those questions, or told Ben to beat his butt or balls just for asking.

He had previously received well-used pairs of Baroness Jasmine's panties, but he'd never dreamed in a million years she would send him her favorite boots. These were *precious*.

The boots were zipped in an industrial-strength plastic bag. Ben couldn't smell them -- not yet -- though he badly wanted to. Ben knew from Baroness Jasmine's "Alternate Tributes" page on her website that she wore a size 5. The boots were, therefore, narrow and rather petite. They had pointy toes with silver tips, and diamond-shaped heels of three or perhaps almost four inches. They had elegant soles, with the arches smooth and pristine since only the balls and toes touched the ground when she walked.

They were nearly knee-high on Baroness Jasmine. They felt heavy in his hands despite their relative small size. He could feel even through the heavy plastic bag that the leather was brittle with age.

"What do you think of them?" Baroness Jasmine asked, her voice crackling through the subwoofer. Ben could see that she'd leaned way forward, putting her red-painted mouth right up against the microphone. The smile on her face was infectious.

Ben couldn't help smiling, too.

"This one loves them, Mistress," he said. "They're gorgeous."

"Stop that!" she snapped. "I hate that 'this one' shit. You're a person, not a thing. You're my *property*, faggot, but you're still a person. That's why it's such wicked fun to degrade you. You need it, you know."

"Yes, I do, Mistress."

"You *want* it, not that it matters. What you want *doesn't* matter."

"No, Mistress."

"What I want *does*, faggot, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Mistress." Ben's eyes kept flickering from the sight of his Mistress, booted and nude on the screen, legs spread and pussy-lips parted, sex pink and red from how hard she'd been rubbing herself. With her leaning forward like that, Ben could see that her pussy was slightly open -- she'd had her fingers inside of her. She'd been fucking herself while he worshipped her boots.

He knew she was undoubtedly turned on not by his worship, but by whatever she'd been reading on her tablet. Dirty pictures? Filthy stories? Emails from slaves? Ben didn't know, and he didn't dare ask. Baroness Jasmine assuredly wouldn't have told him if he *had* dared.

"What I want, *now*," said Baroness Jasmine. "What I demand...is for you to unzip those boots and worship them. Right here, right now. And our half-hour's almost up, slave. Pay me before you continue."

Ben felt so drunk from the feeling of Jasmine's boots in his hands that he didn't even think twice. There were no more calculations, other than the quick one that told him that yes, he still had money in his account. If required, he probably would have emptied it. With a murmured, "Yes, Mistress," in his girliest voice, he switched over to Jasmine's "Tributes" page. Another half-hour? Ben didn't even ask. Was this one initiated by her, or by him? He typed in \$50, then thought better of it. His balls throbbed with pain and denial. He gave her a \$30 tip. Another \$80. How much had he

given his Mistress today -- on a *work day*? When he hadn't planned for it? His brain was so fried from erotic excitement and sexual need that he couldn't possibly add up a damned thing. But he did know it was something approaching \$300.

Ben didn't care. He had Baroness Jasmine's boots -- her real boots -- right there, right in front of him. He was thrilled. He knew they were real, too; he had seen these boots so many times, right up against the cam, while he worshipped them, or further away, planted firm on the floor while she masturbated to visions of Ben hurting himself for her. If she came, there was always a "surcharge." His cums were free...if she ever allowed them.

Ben clicked "PAY TRIBUTE." Baroness Jasmine put her slim hand on her wireless mouse. She clicked. She peered off to the side, checking her balance. She smiled when she saw it.

"That's why I love you, faggot," Baroness Jasmine said. "Such a big tipper. That's why you got them first. Open that bag, faggot, and worship my boots. Get up close, here...let me see every lick. Don't forget to smell them."

*Love*. The word sent a lightning bolt through Ben's body, straight from the back of his throat -- where she sometimes made him choke down the smallest of the brown cocks that he "served" for her -- to his balls, which were swollen and blue, and his asshole, which she so often made him stretch wide on cam for her, around the exquisitely anatomical shafts that she "raped" him with. It was all fun and games; Jasmine didn't "rape" him -- how could she? -- any more than she "loved" him -- how could she do that, either?

But the word still made Ben feel drunk.

He said, "Yes, Mistress." His voice sounded girlier than ever. "I love you, too, Mistress."

Jasmine let out a guttural laugh.

"Whatever, fag. You think I care?"

Ben's face grew hot. "No, Mistress." Tears formed in his eyes.

Jasmine snapped impatiently: "Holy fuck! What's the holdup? Get a move on, faggot!"

Spurred into action, Ben still moved slowly, reverently, as he unzipped the heavy plastic. He took out the boots.

He placed them on the altar, in front of his laptop. He made sure they were just far enough apart that the cam on his laptop could see between them.

"Down," Baroness Jasmine said. "Move it down." He knew that she meant the webcam. He tipped his laptop screen forward, angling the onboard cam down at the boots. That also gave him a better view of her as he lowered himself to the altar, parting his messy red lips as he pressed his face up to the cracked leather surface of one of the boots.

He *wanted* a good view, because Baroness Jasmine had brought out some toys. She had her vibrator in her hand -- the big plug-in model that almost always got her off. And that wasn't all. Tucked against her hip was a *cock*. She'd slipped it behind her spread thigh to wait for its chance to fuck her. She lifted her knees over the arms of her camthrone and started to rub her cunt, holding her vibe in reserve. Baroness Jasmine moaned. She hadn't even bothered to switch her vibe on, but she already sounded like she was going to cum. And Ben knew from extensive experience that the big high-powered vibrating monster Baroness Jasmine held in her hand would *always* make her cum.

Ben felt a quick sense of panic; he'd really been blowing his wad for her today! The thought of an orgasm "surcharge" on top of the rest of it scared him a little. But he knew he shouldn't let himself pull back now, when Baroness Jasmine had chosen to grant him such an honor.

He rubbed his face against the dry, cracked leather boot. He started by kissing them reverently. He took deep breaths as he kissed them. Oh, lord, he could *smell* her. He moaned softly. He started licking. The leather felt rough beneath his wet licks. He pushed down the tongue of the boot and buried his face inside it. He drew a deep breath. He felt high. The leather mingled with the scent of Mistress Jasmine's feet. There was something more in there, though -- deeper, muskier.

As he worshipped, Baroness Jasmine's sensuous voice purred its way out of Ben's speakers and into his hungry ears.

"I *slept in them* for you," she said. "I wore them all day and all night. I wore those fucking things for a whole week, faggot. Does that make your dick hard?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Ben, breathing deep of her foot-scent and licking the leather. It tasted dirty all over, tangy in places, musky and moldy in others. He licked and sucked against the leather, leaving lipstick kisses on it as his Mistress moaned louder.

"Then pull it out, faggot. Pull that sick little faggot-stick out of your panties." She liked to call it a "faggot-stick" because she'd originally called it a "sissy-stick," -- but "faggot" always got a more humiliated reaction out of Ben. "Jack it off for me faggot. No! Show it to me first."

Ben did as Baroness Jasmine said, raising himself into an upright position and pulling his red panties down. He started to jack his cock slowly, agonizingly, gripping it hard but trying desperately not to pump too quickly. If he did, he would squirt -- and then there would be hell to pay. "Unlawful discharge" carried with it an enormous "surcharge." He would empty his bank account if that happened. He'd made it this far without ever squirting a load out contrary to Baroness Jasmine's orders -- at least, not when she could see it. He didn't want to lose it now.

Baroness jasmine switched on her vibe and let it replace her hand on her clit. That hand, now glistening visibly pussy-wet on Ben's screen, dug into the arm of Jasmine's camthrone as she pushed the vibrator up to her clit.

"Good girl," she purred. "Good faggot. Just keep on jerking it while you worship my boots. Show me how much you love me."

*Love.* Again, Ben felt his skin goose-bumping at the word.

Pins and needles seemed to ripple down his body. He bent down low and worshipped his Mistress's boots, smelling them in deep, intimate slurps of air as he lapped at the boots from toe to heel and then under the arches. He felt the granular filth that always accumulated on Baroness Jasmine's soles. Would she tell him, today, about how she had worn them to crouch in a porn shop video booth, sucking black cocks that some strangers shoved through a glory hole?

No. There was no story -- nothing but moans from his Mistress. Jasmine's cries rose to a high pitch, and she screamed out, "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Show me your dick, faggot! Show me your dick, show me how your fag dick is drooling..."

Ben obeyed, getting upright and bringing one of Jasmine's old boots with him so he could shove it in his face and worship it while he showed her the glistening tip of his cock. He squeezed and stroked it. More cum leaked out. He felt like he could cum any second. He was very close.

"Edge yourself, faggot. Right to the edge. Get your little bitch cock to the edge, and then tell me. *Quickly*. I wanna cum when you get there. Right when you get there. Don't you dare cum. I won't tell you what shit I'll do to you if you cum, faggot...do it! Edge yourself!"

"Yes, Mistress! I'm doing it, Mistress!" Ben squealed like a girl as he pumped his hard cock, pumping his hips as if he were fucking an imaginary hole -- or as if, transformed into a girl, he was fucking *himself* onto an imaginary cock. He felt himself mounting closer and closer to orgasm, quickly.

"How long, you bitch? Get there *now*! I'm tired of waiting!" Jasmine's voice was husky, her abusive words sounding all the more forceful because she was serious. Ben could tell that his Mistress needed and, more importantly, *wanted* her orgasm. This spurred him to pump his cock faster.

"Just a few seconds, Mistress. Just a few seconds -- oh, fuck, almost there--!"

"Rub it on my boot, faggot. When you get there, milk it out. Milk it out and rub it on my boot."

"Yes, Mistress." Ben clutched the boot to his cock. His eyes rolled back. He was almost there...right on the edge.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," he said, his moans progressively turning to sobs. He had stopped moving. He gripped his cock tightly. "There!" he cried out. His balls spasmed painfully. The muscles inside his pubic sling contracted. He squeezed his dick. Milky droplets of his cum leaked out; there was even a tiny spurt. He smeared it across the front of his Mistress's boot, turning his body slightly to the side so she could see his dick dribbling.

"That's it, faggot. Rub it all over my boot. Just rub it in. Don't you dare lick it...."

The pain pulsed through Ben's balls. He swayed. He felt dizzy. He could barely stay on his knees. He rubbed his dickhead against the cracked leather.

He heard her moaning wildly. "Cumming--!" That was all she said; then she howled out a series of wild screams as her orgasm ripped through her naked body.

Ben rubbed the drooling tip of his cock against the old leather boot as he watched his Mistress cum. She came hard, screaming at the top of her lungs as she pumped her hips rhythmically against her vibrator. It must have taken her two long minutes to climax.

But she wasn't finished.

"Again!" she snapped. "The other boot! Again!" Without even taking a break, Jasmine pressed the vibe harder to her clit and began to pump her hips.

Groaning, Ben began stroking his cock with excruciating slowness. He returned the first boot -- right or left? He didn't even know -- to the Altar, and seized the other. He pressed it against his dickhead and stroked his cock slowly, making sure Baroness Jasmine could see it. Every few strokes, he had to reach down and pull hard on his balls to keep himself from cumming. His swollen, denied blue balls hurt like *hell*. It hurt even worse when he got the bright idea to jam the sharp heel of his Mistress's boot into his nuts to forcibly stretch them down. The pain was excruciating, but Jasmine liked it.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, faggot. Shove it in. Just like I'm standing on your nuts, faggot. Dig in that heel. Make it hurt, bitch. Oh, I love when it hurts..."

Jasmine's eyes remained wide on the screen, which created a slightly eerie experience since she wasn't looking at Ben -- that is, she wasn't looking at the webcam, but at Ben's image on her screen. Still, he knew she was watching him, and he knew that it pleased her. She switched off her vibrator, set it aside. She fumbled for the huge cock tucked into a corner of the camthrone just behind her naked hip. Her hand trembled as she lifted her shiny new boots onto the seat of the camthrone and fumbled the cock into place. Ben saw that it was a deep chocolate color, but not quite as long as the smallest dick she made him fuck -- the lighter-brown one, sort of a café-au-lait color. But then, Baroness Jasmine was a much smaller person than Ben. The nine-inch dick looked *enormous*.

She sat down on it urgently, jerking and swaying as the giant shaft stretched her cunt. Jasmine crouched on the camthrone, bracing herself on the arms. She tucked the heels of her new boots against the flared base of the giant cock and started to fuck herself up and down on it violently. She cried out as she mounted closer. Ben could hear her cries growing louder. His Mistress was about to orgasm for a second time.

He groaned, desperately tensing his muscles all over -- his arm so he could keep pumping his cock but do it as slowly as possible, his asshole and pubic sling so he could fight off the onrushing orgasm, his throat because that was his natural response when tightening his asshole, his mouth because he had it open wide in an "O" of distress and dismay, small pathetic squeals of girly pleasure and pain -- he couldn't even tell the difference anymore -- eeeeeek-ing their way out of him while he struggled to hold himself back from the brink of an orgasm.

He'd wanted to cum for *weeks*. Baroness Jasmine had teased him, taunted him, made him wait. Ben felt desperate. He realized with humiliated horror that his eyes were running. Tears? He didn't even know anymore. He could feel the mascara-thick rivers forming on his cheeks. He could taste the salt of his tears and the bitter of the mascara. A sob wracked his body.

"You wanna cum, faggot? Huh? You wanna cum when I do?"

Ben didn't know how to answer. This could be a trap. He cried, "If it please you, Mistress!" He realized he sounded just like a girl: like a wussy little girl. Like a deeply submissive girly-girl, eager to please...

"Then you fuck my boot, faggot. Shove your dick in that think, just like a pocket pussy. I don't care which one, faggot. *Do it!* Cum for me, bitch!"

Ben couldn't believe what he'd heard. His Mistress had given him permission to cum. He reversed the position of Jasmine's boot. He took a brief break to kiss it before he lowered it back down to his cock. He'd been rubbing his dickhead against the toe, drooling pre-cum all over it. It was shiny. He smelled his pre-cum and Jasmine's boot. Musky, sweaty, filthy. The smell of her foot-sweat, the smell of the street. The smell of whatever cum-spattered fuck-booth she'd worn these boots in when she'd crouched down and sucked big black dicks through a glory hole...

*If* she had. Ben knew she could have been lying. Telling him stories to get him to fork over cash. But then again, did it really matter? Her stories were as real as they needed to be, and Ben was holding her boot in his face, kissing it.

"I said fuck it, faggot! I said fuck my boot! Do it!" Jasmine had retrieved her vibe and kept fucking herself on the giant dildo while she pressed the head of the buzzing vibrator to her clit.

"Yes, Mistress," Ben gasped. He lowered the boot and shoved his dick into it -- almost like it was a pocket pussy, just like his Mistress said. The dry leather rubbed his dick raw as he squeezed it tight and started to jerk it.

It didn't take long. Ben was *so* ready. He'd needed this cum for too long. His eyes rolled back in his head. He squealed like a girl as his dick erupted, pouring jizz into Jasmine's boot. He kept pumping it. She didn't order him to pull back. She didn't try to ruin his orgasm. She just let him cum.

And then she came. She howled like a banshee. She screamed at the top of her lungs. She came *hard*. Ben only saw a little of it, because he was seeing stars and then his eyes were all blurry from mascara tears. His eyes

stung. The little he did see, though, was a glorious sight. Jasmine was poised there, her boots on the throne, the heels holding the flange of the dildo down flat so she could fuck herself onto it. Fuckin' A, what kind of *yoga* did this woman do?

When she finished cumming, Jasmine slumped into the camthrone with her legs spread wide. The giant dildo slid out of her, leaving a wet trail. It oozed its way to the edge of the camthrone's leather seat...and disappeared off-camera. Ben heard a wet thunk.

"Show me," she said.

Ben held the boot up to show Jasmine the huge load of slime he'd just blasted down into it.

"Mmmmm," he said. "I know a faggot who's really going to love that. Lives in Kansas City."

Ben blinked. He drew the boot back. "Wait....Mistress, *what?*"

Jasmine's face and tits were flushed with orgasmic pleasure. She leaned forward and smiled at the camera.

"Check the box, slave. It's got a -- well, you'll find out." She laughed and slumped back in the camthrone, cackling wickedly.

Ben grabbed the box and tipped it upwards. A packing slip fell out.

The return address was his. It was pre-addressed to a mail drop in Kansas City. The recipient's name was "Jason Fields." Ben didn't recognize it, nor did he know anyone in Kansas City.

"Did you really think that I love you so much I would give you my boots without charging you?" Jasmine laughed. "There'll be a rental fee, of course. We can negotiate that later."

*Negotiate*, thought Ben with a hint of bitterness.

"We'll talk rental price *after* you give me what I really want. You see, Jason -- or *Jessica*, as I like to call her when she gets all dressed up and cams for me -- is a *serious* foot freak. Not like you, bitch. You need your boots dirty, but he needs them *really* dirty. And I think it's time he learned to worship when they're not just *dirty* dirty, but when they've been *made* dirty by my other fuckslaves. Slaves like you, *bitch*."

Ben blinked at the screen. Jasmine laughed happily.

"It's going to be a long week for you, faggot. You're going to fuck those boots *plenty*. You get to plan on having a *lot* of orgasms this week. I want every last one squirted *in* or *on* my old boots. And then you'll send them on to Jessica. Understand?"

Ben gulped said, "Yes, Mistress."

"This week," Jasmine reiterated, "*Every* load goes where it belongs. Right where I want it. Right in my boots."

"Yes, Mistress," Ben said. "I promise -- *every* load."

"Good girl." Jasmine blew Ben a kiss. "See you tonight, then? Jessica really needs a *filthy* pair, so there's no time to waste. Let's say...six o'clock?"

Ben said miserably, "I'm sorry, Mistress. This slave doesn't have any more money."

Jasmine sounded like she thought that was the funniest thing she'd ever heard.

"Tell you what," she purred happily. "I'll give you a credit line. There'll be interest, of course, but...for now, you just sign on when I tell you to sign on. We'll talk tribute later."

Ben felt light-headed. "Yes, Mistress," he said.

"See you tonight," Jasmine said. "For another foot-fuck. This time, I'll make you spit on them, too. Really spit. It makes cum smell that much stronger."

Ben just stared at the slimy, aromatic boots.

Jasmine said brightly, "Au revoir, slave! See you at six."

"Yes, Mistress."

Jasmine blew Ben a kiss, and the screen went dark.

Ben went back to work with his panties on.

## **Dressed for Dinner by Justin Dempsey**

My wife came to visit me at my office this morning. We didn't have lunch plans or anything; she just dropped by unannounced. In fact, I was a little surprised to see her, and slightly disappointed that I couldn't move my meetings around and have lunch with her, as there's a great little Italian place I've been dying to try out.

"But there's just no way," I told her. "I'm meeting clients who are in from out of town."

"Oh, no problem, don't worry about it." Sitting across my desk from me, Juliet tossed her dark hair all flirty and coy and smiled at me in this knowing manner. She looked amazing. Every married man has to face the certain knowledge that as a marriage matures, familiarity breeds both contempt and contentment. You see your wife every day, and she's no longer the hot piece of ass you would have given your left nut to fuck when you were in college. But if you're lucky enough to have a wife like mine, there are still some days you look at her and go, "Damn."

This was one of those days. Juliet looked amazing. Her skin was clear and rosy; she'd recently gotten her hair cut into a short, severe bob that looked hip enough to shave ten years off her age with the extra inches, especially since she'd had it dyed black at the same time, banishing those few strands of grey she so hated. I didn't really mind them, but I had to admit that the Louise Brooks cut made her look younger. So did the loose, revealing dress she wore; in fact, it was a little bit shameless. It wasn't tight or slutty; she just wore it casually enough and held her body easily enough to show off the side of her black bra through its loose, wide arm holes, the strap where the scoop neck hung off one shoulder, the lacy décolletage in deep red and purple, floral over see-through lace, where the neckline plunged far lower than it should have on a woman of a dignified thirty-five. But with a body like Juliet's there's nothing less dignified in showing it off, especially when your husband sits across his big oak desk, staring at you and drooling.

"You look amazing," I said.

She tossed her hair a little, pursing her very red lips as if she were annoyed by my compliment. She had a new shade of lipstick on, red as molten lava. Her lips looked decidedly plumper with that bright shade coating them, and I must say that my wife's mouth looked very kissable, but also slightly intimidating. It was the shade of lipstick worn by supermodels, whores, back seat debutantes and porn stars, not technical writers. And the way she pursed her lips with dissatisfaction was even more disturbing. It was like she'd seen my compliment coming...as if she'd expected it.

In fact, my wife seemed slightly peeved.

Having your wife pissed off at you is every married man's terror. I have been mercifully spared from it most of the time, because Juliet is an exceedingly agreeable woman. She goes with the flow. She's really not a high-maintenance wife.

But there was no doubting one piece of married man's wisdom:

The day you tell your wife she's gorgeous and she doesn't give a damn, you're screwed.

Sometimes I thought that sparkle she gets in her eyes when I tell her she's gorgeous is about the only real power I have. Without it, I was a eunuch.

But she didn't seem the least bit interested. The comment was her due, and my delivery, it seemed, was insufficient. My wife found me wanting.

She said sharply, "Do I?"

The question mark at the end sounding acerbic. It was as if she were challenging me to prove she was gorgeous.

If she wanted me to elaborate, I could certainly do that. With the dress and the new makeup and her recently changed hair, there was a *hell* of a lot

to compliment her on.

"Yes," I said. "You look *gorgeous*. That dress is..."

She smiled tartly, and I turned a little red.

"Are you mad about something?" I asked her.

Juliet looked at me as if she were mildly amused.

She had a wide-eyed, credulous expression on her face.

"No, darling, why?"

"You seem a little...pissed."

She laughed lightly, almost contemptuously.

"Darling, what would I be pissed about?"

I turned very, very red.

"I don't know," I shrugged. "That old laptop?"

Juliet sighed and smiled softly.

"That's just boy stuff," she said.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Darling, you know I have a healthy sex drive."

You wouldn't know it if you don't know Juliet, but that kind of statement is just fucking *weird*. My wife is a girly-girl, yes -- she's all lingerie, pearls and *My Little Pony*. She can be feminine as hell without the slightest effort - - and as for feminine wiles? She's got 'em in *surplus*.

But if there's one thing she doesn't have, it's the kind of other-worldly aloofness she was displaying. She was talking like Mia Farrow in *The Great Gatsby*, for fuck's sake.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" I asked her.

She sighed and gave me a tight smile. "It means it's not that big a deal," she said. "Unless it is."

"It's not," I said. Then I stammered, "Unless it is."

Juliet and I basically don't argue that much, but when we do, she can play the bitch like no one's business.

"Looking at other women isn't -- I mean, I still want to look at you. You're really not mad, I hope?" I gulped.

"No, darling. Why would I be mad? I have the perfect husband. Or, at least, I will."

I snapped, "What is that supposed to mean?"

She smiled mildly. "Nothing at all, darling. I just mean you've really been improving yourself. Every day you get a little better." She smirked. "And today is going to be no exception."

I glared at her for a minute. She gave me nothing.

I finally said, "I don't know what you're pissed at me about, but I'm going to let it go. I love you."

She did not say it back. Instead, she told me:

"Oh, I almost forgot! You got a package!"

"At the house?"

"Uh-huh."

"Who from?"

"I don't know," she said, a little sarcastically. "There's no return address."

She handed it over; it was a letter-sized padded paper envelope that bulged. My name and address were hand-written on the front.

Whatever was in there was big enough I should have remembered ordering it. From time to time, I misplace computer cords and order new ones on eBay, but I didn't remember doing so. And this was considerably larger than a computer cord. More like the size of a hardback book or something.

Juliet was looking at me with less than no expression on her face. She looked deliberately bland, like she thought I'd done something very wrong.

"What?" I asked her.

"Nothing," she said. She leaned over my big oak desk. Her feet left the ground as she reached for me, touching her very red lips to my cheek. Tottering on her hips and bent over my desk, she kicked her feet up -- she had *very* high heels.

Her lips touched my flesh; they were very slightly sticky with lipstick. I smelled her. She smelled very good...I mean *very* good.

I tried to grab her, to kiss her; her lips hovered millimeters from mine for a second, just out of reach -- then she slipped away, leaving only her lush, spicy, unfamiliar scent behind.

I might be exaggerating slightly if I say that this was the first time in fifteen years that my wife would not let me kiss her. But if I put it that way, you'll get the point. The emotional blow was like a mallet to the chest.

But I resisted the panic. She was hard to read today; her not wanting to kiss me was the least of my worries.

"Are those new shoes?" I asked her.

She put one foot up on the chair by my desk, so I could see it. Her dress was short, I realized, and lifting her foot up like that made it almost indecent. She had been working out; her legs looked *amazing*. They were shrouded in nude-colored stockings with seams up the back. Juliet rarely wore stockings. The shoes were black and shiny, strap-pumps with four-inch heels. Juliet rarely wore heels that high -- three inches usually did it for her, even for weddings and funerals.

But then, Juliet had been dressing up a lot lately. Maybe the shoes were just another symbol of her re-inventing herself.

They were motherfucking *hot*.

I gulped.

Juliet said casually, "These things? No, not at all. I've always had them. In the back of my closet, you know." She fixed me with a suggestive glare. "I think someone forgot I had them."

She moved her body forward and back, showing off her foot, twisting her leg a little to let me see her shoe from all angles. Her skirt came up a little bit, and I saw that her stockings weren't stay-ups or pantyhose. They clipped to garters under the loose but short skirt.

I was starting to get the picture.

I asked her weakly, "New perfume, too?"

She bent forward, over my desk again, letting me get a good whiff. It was only lightly floral, its bouquet mostly dominated by spicy and woody notes. It did something to my brain stem.

"Why," she asked. "Do you like it?"

I gulped and nodded.

"Maybe I'll let you wear some yourself, later."

My skin began to goosebump. If you know Juliet, then you know her sense of humor, and that was the sort of thing she might say as a joke. But she didn't say it as a joke; she said it with cold, quiet menace.

"You're sure you're not mad at me?" I asked her.

"Not at all, dear. See you tonight?"

"Yeah," I said, and opened my mouth to say something -- but she cut me off.

"Be home by six?" she asked.

I had been about to say I planned to work late, and might not be home until eight.

I didn't. I took a deep breath; I nodded.

"Absolutely," I said.

My wife blew me a kiss, turned on her very high heel, and left me in a cloud of her perfume. As she walked away, I watched her ass in that very short skirt; it looked *good*. Don't get me wrong; it always looks good. But this time...

She shut the door to my office without being asked.

I regarded the package on my desk. There was indeed no return address. What's more, there wasn't any postage. There were no marks from a courier service; the envelope wasn't dirty, like it had been through the mail. It was clean, like it had just been purchased...say, like maybe at the little mom-

and-pop office supply store in the basement of the Downtown Mall a few blocks over.

You know the one. The first floor has huge picture windows with mannequins dressed up by several of their high-end tenants: *Sweet Silk*, *Princess*, *Bonne Femme*. It's not exactly family-friendly, but then, the Financial District rarely has kids. And those borderline obscene mannequin displays do tempt the businessmen in to buy presents for their wives.

Or, in some cases, the wives in to buy presents for their businessmen.

I fished out my letter opener, slit the package. I glanced at the door to my office. Nervously, I dropped the package into my lap before I peeled back the paper.

Inside was a black bra with baby-pink flowers embroidered at the tops of the lacy cups, matching panties and a garter belt, plus a fresh pair of black seamed stockings, sealed in the package.

Everything smelled like her.

It wasn't any perfume I recognized, nor had she worn it before. I know all of Juliet's scents; she's got maybe five of them. She never overdoes it, but you can always smell her if you get close. This was a new one. The panties and bra and stockings and garter belt were very faintly draped in it.

A note was penned in Juliet's hand, purple ink on pink paper, everything draped in her scent:

"J--See you at six. Don't forget to dress for dinner. And that phrase you're looking for is 'Yes, dear.' -- J"

Good old Juliet. She was lucky to have me. No other man in the world would understand her sense of humor.

Except I knew she wasn't joking.

#

It wasn't like it was totally out of left field. Juliet was thirty-five, the age when a woman who's not having kids often re-evaluates her life. Some months ago, she'd re-evaluated it and decided to turn over a new leaf. A longtime technical writer, Juliet had left her staff position to take a contracting job so she could start working from home. Since I worked in the Financial District and tended to be gone long hours, that gave her time at home to cultivate her other interests. She'd started working out. She'd taken up reading on a variety of esoteric subjects. She'd snooped around on the hard drive of my old laptop.

It's not like I'd lied to her. I'd always been pervy -- *we'd* always been pervy. She and I had played a little...well, more than a little, back in the day. But it had been a long marriage and a long adult life and after fifteen years, you settle into routines. It had been a good five years since I'd even pulled her hair; six or maybe eight since I'd spanked her. I probably hadn't tied her up in a decade.

From the start, I think I downplayed how much I like the idea of dominant women. I'd never really done anything like that; I knew how to tie, how to spank, but I'd never dated a woman who really wanted to take charge. I'd barely dated *anyone* before I got together with Juliet, and that was fifteen years ago.

It was a pretty filthy hard drive. I'll go so far as to say that a wife making her husband a present of panties and a bra would probably have been the least hardcore thing in those folders marked PRIVATE.

And no, I'm not pissed at her. Fifteen years on, a wife should respect her husband's privacy. But what should he expect? Leave a laptop in the back of the closet for a year, and an orderly wife is likely to dig around a little. I won't go so far as to say that snooping is endemic to the female character. Like I said, I really don't have that much sexual experience with anyone other than Juliet, and virtually no relationship experience at all. I can't say

whether any other wife would snoop in those circumstances, or do what Juliet did when she found out her husband was hiding something from her.

But I will go so far as to say that I think I kinda asked for it.

Juliet loves me. We get along great. As, I'm sure, with any relationship, we do bicker now and then. There's a sharp word or two traded sometimes, either from me or from her. But ultimately, we get along. Like I said, we really don't fight that much, and it's not because I'm henpecked. It's because we're both pretty reasonable, and something in our natures makes us understand who needs to be in charge at any given moment. I'm not like other guys I know; I don't have to spend my time placating Juliet in order to preserve domestic tranquility.

But "Yes, Dear" was about to become a regular part of my vocabulary.

#

I'm still not one of those rich sons of bitches. My office doesn't have a private bathroom, so I changed in a stall.

After my lunch with clients -- I'll admit, I was a little distracted -- I made my move.

I packed the envelope in my gym bag, so in the very unlikely case that I was caught, I'd have plausible deniability of a sort. "Oh, I was just changing in to my gym clothes." If there was a fire drill in the middle of it or someone accidentally busted into the stall, just how humiliated I would be sort of depended on just what stage of the process they found me in. Standing there in a bra and panties, stockings and a garter belt would more or less spell it out to anyone who discovered me. It's not like it's illegal or anything. It wouldn't exactly ruin my career. But holy shit, I would hate to have that conversation in the break room. Or worse yet, *not* have that conversation. If someone caught me changing into lingerie at work, there would be a lot of knowing smirks in my co-workers' futures.

But then, I didn't plan to get caught.

I went four floors down, where I knew there were three empty suites, so the men's room would probably be mostly abandoned. I picked the stall on the far end -- the one with the changing table, somewhat inexplicably in an office building. I laid out my wife's purchases, my heart pounding, every little creak or twitter of the pipes making me jump. I took deep breaths of that sickly combination of masculine urine and chemical deodorizer. I caressed the soft silk.

There's something really *nasty* about changing into lingerie in a men's room. The silky panties and bra smelled like Juliet's new scent -- woody, spicy, intoxicating.

My cock was hard when I slid the panties on over them. The hair on my legs felt itchy as I slid the stockings up them. My coarse hair tended to clump together.

I wondered if Juliet would make me shave my legs. Tonight, tomorrow, this weekend...how far would my transformation go?"

I fastened the lacy tops of the black lace stockings to the garters. I pulled on the bra -- A-cups. Everything fit me perfectly. The bra sat tight against my tits; Juliet had talked me into wearing one of my heavier all-cotton dress shirts she'd bought me for Christmas. The bra wouldn't show through.

When I was "dressed," with the lingerie on and my shirt, slacks, coat, tie and wingtips over it, I had to close my eyes and breathe deep to lose my hard-on.

I went back to my office and called her at home.

She didn't answer.

I texted her on her cell:

"Yes, Dear."

She texted me back a moment later: "What's up?"

I thumbed back: "I tried you at home."

She responded: "Still out shopping. :-)"

My skin goosebumped. I gulped.

I thought about what she might be shopping for.

I texted: "For what?"

"Things," she responded. ":-)."

Fuckin' A, did she have to keep *doing* that? I hate emoticons. Worse, she should know it scares the shit out of any reasonable man when a dominant woman smiles at him and he's not sure what the fuck she's smiling about.

"Things for dinner?" I texted.

"In a manner of speaking," she answered. ":-)."

My heart raced at jackhammer pace. I thumbed quickly, so I wouldn't lose my nerve:

"I'm dressed for it."

There was a long stretch of nothing, during which I stared at the screen with my breath coming quick, my heart going crazy.

She really took her time answering. I think she was seriously enjoying making me wait. I was just about to text her to ask if she was still there, when I got her response.

"No," she texted. "Darling, you're only dressed for appetizers."

That was the last thing I heard from Juliet for two hours.

At four, she texted me asking my shirt size.

Juliet and I have been married for fifteen years. She knows my shirt size.

In case you're wondering, it's 17-35.

Seventeen being the *collar*.

She just wanted me to know she was buying one.

#

I spent the rest of the afternoon in deliciously tormented agony.

The scent on the lingerie was faint, but I could just barely detect it if I opened the sleeve of my dress shirt and put my nose to it. I migrated up from my bra and down my arm and hit my nostrils like a jolt of electricity.

My cock went from hard to soft then back to hard, then back to soft.... depending on how successfully I suppressed my thoughts of Juliet.

My prick became erect so many times that afternoon that my panties were soaked by 3 p.m.

I could feel the cool, sticky residue of a dozen dribbles of pre-cum soaking the front and the bottom. Each descent from erect to flaccid left a moisture trail, and often my cock would end up pointing down. When it stiffened again, the *glans* would rub against the soft silk fabric.

And don't even get me started on my nipples.

Periodically, as my dick got hard in the hollow under my desk, my face would redden; I'd have to breathe slow and deep to resist the urge to slip

into the men's room for a quick stroke I knew Juliet wouldn't be happy about that.

I got almost nothing done all afternoon. I had to crank the air conditioning up in my office just to keep myself from sweating like a pig.

I just about went crazy thinking about walking in the front door of our house and...what? What would Juliet do?

What was my wife going to do to me tonight?

I left work early and walked to the train station because I didn't feel like taking the shuttle. Every step jostled the tip of my business against the smooth, silky fabric. In the back, the panties rode up. They tugged their way deep into my softly furry ass-crack; I could feel the fabric rubbing gently against my asshole as I walked.

Was my new, mean wife going to do something there, too?

I had never done that. Not even a little. Maybe in private. Just a little bit.

Wherever Juliet had been "shopping for dinner," it was probably in the City. Maybe five or six blocks South and West from my office. There's a strip of them right there near Folsom Street. *Leather King*, *Mister L*, *Fancy Slick*. That was where my wife had bought me my collar.

Or maybe she just dropped by Pet Palace.

#

I daydreamed on the train ride: Juliet's eyes, cold and cruel; her perfect mouth, delicious and unkissable. I shifted in my seat, feeling the tug of the panties up between my ass cheeks. I loosened my tie and undid one button and tugged my collar open just enough that I could catch a whiff of that new, spicy scent she'd

I retrieved my car in the commuter lot and drove home slowly, carefully, deliberately, resisting the urge to speed.

Juliet was waiting for me...her gorgeous lips off limits for the first time in fifteen years of marriage. Her perfect tits, her full hips, her round ass, her irresistible cunt...it was all shrouded in mystery, now, where as recently as this morning I felt as if I knew everything there was to know about her. A vast enigma now spread herself on my wedding bed, naked but veiled. Forbidden.

My wife was finally out of my league. Maybe she always had been.

My heart pounded; my dick throbbed.

I drove cautiously, watching desperately for side traffic indulging in California Stops and jackass drivers texting. It was the first day of the rest of my marriage. This was not a good day to die.

#

I fumbled the keys out of my slacks, feeling my fingertips graze the side of my panties through my pocket. I let myself into our house.

The lights were down low. I didn't turn them up. I almost had to, to read the note she'd left me -- purple ink on pink paper. My eyes didn't want to settle down in the dim light; I could barely focus.

But they finally adjusted.

"J--Dinner's on the table," the note said. "Upstairs."

There it was again; that goddamned emoticon.

":-) --J"

There was no question at all what she meant. It's not a big house. There's no upstairs dining room. In fact, there's no table at all upstairs -- unless you count nightstands.

Or unless you count the bed.

As I mounted the stairs, I undid my tie. I shrugged off my jacket. Unbuttoned my dress shirt. I kicked off my shoes, fumbled my belt open, unzipped my slacks. I left everything in a path from the first floor to the second...like a trail of bread crumbs, waiting to show me the way home. Or not.

I wondered, desperately, how much of my hard drive she'd looked at. It was a very old laptop -- more than a year. I racked my brains to remember. What had I been jacking it to, in secret, twelve months ago? What fantasy had I pulled my pud to, those nights when my wife went to bed an hour or two before I did?

Whatever it was, Juliet was about to deliver it.

I reached the top of the stairs, naked except for my bra, my panties, my garter belt and stockings.

I had to tug the panties out of my ass crack.

The bedroom door was ajar just a bit. In front of the door was a pair of black shoes. They matched the black patent strap-pumps I had admired on Juliet -- but these were in my size.

A heavy black leather collar perched atop them.

I buckled it on. I went across the hall and sat down on the toilet to put on the pumps.

The toilet seat felt cold on my ass. The panties augmented the sensation, calling attention to themselves by transmitting the coolness of the seat. In fact, it was overall a little chilly up here; my nipples stiffened against the

bra, tormenting me as they'd been doing all afternoon. The collar around my throat felt heavy, too, reminding me of just how serious this was. My cock began hardening.

By the time I finally got the high-heeled strap pumps buckled, I was fully erect and my nipples were tingling.

I made a god-awful racket walking across the hall in those shoes; the heels clacked against the hardwood. I felt dizzy, uncertain, unstable.

I opened the door and found my wife ready for me -- more ready than she'd ever been.

Or maybe she was *always* like this, and I just needed a slap upside the head to see it.

#

She was glorious on the bed: nude, spread, severe. Her tight, Louise Brooks hair scattered just the right amount over the pillow. She wore nothing but her heels, the stiletto heels very far apart as she lay and caressed herself. She was shaved. Her hand worked in and out of her slit. Her other hand pinched at her nipples.

Next to her on the bed, she had laid out a flogger, a cane, a riding crop. Black clothespins spilled from a black satin bag on my pillow -- my side of the bed. Her nightstand had been cleared of its lamp and its clock and its phone charger. On it was a black towel with a box of latex gloves, a bottle of lube, and what appeared to be a harness and a very large dildo.

"Ready for dinner?" she asked.

I shut the bedroom door behind me and got on my knees.

## Butt Plug by Brett Olsen

I was all ready for work when Savannah stopped me in my tracks by the front door. She had an evil look on her face.

"Hi, darling," I said, nervously.

Savannah just looked me up and down, with her eyes growing narrow and a vicious smile crossing her very red lips.

I knew that look. She had something nasty in mind for me today. Savannah had just tumbled out of bed; she wore a sexy, filmy, almost see-through nightie. Her hair was messed up from the long night of lovemaking we'd enjoyed last night. There had been much sensual pleasure and many orgasms. Mind you, I hadn't been the one to have any of those orgasms or any of that sensual pleasure. But Savannah had plenty of both, and I'd had no choice but to provide them.

"What's up?" I whimpered, pathetically, my fear of her obvious in my voice.

A little ripple of pleasure went through my wife's barely-clad body to hear my quavering voice. She laughed.

"Darling," she said. "Come in the bedroom with me. I've got something I want you to take to work with you."

I gulped. "Um," I said. "I'm going to be late..."

"It'll just take a moment," she said with a slightly harsher tone. "I don't plan to take my time, Brett." Her face blossomed in a happy, flirtatious smile as she came in closer, embracing me. "I'm going to just shove it in."

"Oh, God," I whimpered, trembling all over.

Savannah laughed. "That's 'Oh, Goddess,'" she said, caressing my face. "And yes, I am your Goddess. Now come to the bedroom with me and drop your pants. I won't ask nicely again."

I took a deep breath. "Yes, Mistress," I said.

My wife led me by the hand. She took me into the master bedroom. The bed was messy; she'd just gotten out of it. I knew if I threw myself onto it, I'd smell her scent; it would be sweet torture. After the long night of pleasure I'd given her--while getting none of my own--I could barely stand the thought of making love to her again. But making love wasn't what Savannah had in mind.

She wanted to make sure that I remembered her.

I knew how my wife's mind works. She knew it was going to be a long day at work for me. I would have many things competing for my attention. She didn't like the idea of my mind wandering. She wanted my submission to my Goddess to remain first and foremost in my mind.

That's why there was a gigantic butt plug set out on the messy bed. Next to it was a small tube of lube.

"Drop 'em," she ordered. "And bend over."

I knew better than to argue. My hands shaking, I unfastened my thin dress belt and unbuttoned and unzipped my plain grey work slacks.

I let my slacks drop to my ankles, fully exposing the pearly-pink panties I wore.

The front of the panties showed the prominent bulge of the hard plastic chastity tube that was padlocked on my cock.

Impatient, Savannah grabbed my hair and bent me over the edge of the four-poster bed. She jammed her knee up in my crotch and used her bare

foot to kick my legs apart as wide as the lowered pants would let them go.

My wife spanked each cheek of my smooth-shaved ass three times. The panties were skimpy in back, leaving my shaved half-moons exposed.

"When I say drop 'em and bend over," she hissed, "I mean *now*. Panties, too!"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimpered. I lowered my panties, squirming on the edge of the high mattress.

Savannah picked up the butt plug. It was enormous. Unlike a traditional butt plug, this one had a long, relatively narrow probe in front with a very realistic sculpted cockhead. The whole thing was of a sepia colored silicone. The cockhead was sculpted to look like an uncut dick with an only partially retracted foreskin. The detail was exquisite; the tip of the cock even had a sculpted pisshole.

Down past the cockhead, there was a couple of inches of shaft; then the "cock" flared into an extremely wide cylinder, more of a traditional butt plug shape. The main thing that made this part of it different than a typical butt plug--beside its extreme girth--was the texture. Like the "cockhead," the silicone had been given the texture of skin, even down to the sculpted veins that stood out prominently. I knew from experience these would add "texture" to the sensation of being violated by this enormous toy.

Savannah pressed the butt plug into my face. I knew what she wanted. Obediently, I gave it a reverent kiss.

"Good girl," she teased me, giving me a sneer the way she does whenever she calls me a "girl." She knows how much it humiliates me. But she also knows that it makes my little cock stir within the tight chastity tube she keeps me in.

I watched and whimpered in fear as Savannah squeezed a tiny dollop of lube onto the very tip of the cock. Then she hawked, pursed her lips and added her spit.

"I was going to use more lube," she told me. "But you've irritated me by being such a wimp." With her free hand, she spanked my shaved ass again. "Put your ass in the air and open wide, sissy."

I knew what "open wide" meant. She wanted me to participate in my own violation. She always does. And I always know better than to refuse or to argue -- or even to hesitate. She's taught me a thousand times over what happens if I do.

Bent over the edge of the bed, I reached back and parted my shaved cheeks for my wife.

The "cock" didn't go in easy. On the contrary, Savannah had to wrestle it back and forth, forcing it deeper while I squirmed and squealed. A few times, she grew annoyed with my struggles and spanked me again. My shaved ass was getting very red.

She finally relented and added a tiny bit more lube. When even that didn't prove enough to get the head of the cock into my ass, Savannah leaned over, hawked and spat again. Finally, she gave a gargantuan shove and I felt my asshole surrendering.

I let out a great shuddering moan as the cockhead violated me. I felt stuffed full; I felt sure I couldn't possibly take any more. But I knew there was still a whole shaft to be forced inside me. And this wasn't any shaft; it was made to stay in me all day long. The shaft grew wider as it was inserted. At the widest point, I felt sure, it would prove almost impossible for me to take.

Savannah begged to differ. She worked the plug back and forth, forcing it deeper as she expanded my asshole with each rough thrust. She found my hole uncooperative, but my wife knows just how wide my tight sissy asshole can get with the proper "motivation."

She continued to work the plug back and forth, adding lube and spit when she had to, while my squeals and whines grew in volume. Finally, she had

to put her whole body into it, leaning heavily onto my body with her thigh pressed up tight against the base of the plug.

I let out a gasp as the giant thing finally popped into me. My eyes wide, I couldn't believe it. I uttered a strangling sound as Savannah laughed.

"Good girl! I didn't think I'd get it in there! I was about to give up."

I felt a wave of humiliation as I realized that if my unwilling ass had just resisted a little more, I might have been sent off to work without this degrading toy shoved inside me.

But that was water under the bridge. There was no way this thing was coming out--not without an awful lot of help. I knew there was no way Savannah would make that effort until tonight, when I came home from work. This thing was staying put.

Savannah worked the base of the plug up between my cheeks to make sure it was seated properly. It was contoured so that it nestled easily in the curve of my ass cheeks. Even my wide-spread hole couldn't have taken the wide base, but it would not give me a visible bulge. And that was a good thing; my face would be red enough all day without it. A bulging rear would be an even more humiliating shape than the constant bulge of my chastity tube distending the front of my pants.

But this plug was exquisitely designed. The base of it fit my ass-cheeks perfectly, almost like it was made for me. Had Savannah had this thing custom-designed just for me? If so, she might have gone a little easy on how wide she made it.

"All right," she said. Her voice was rich with pleasure. "Pull up your panties, sissy."

It was all I could do to lift myself into an erect position. My hands trembling, I pulled up my panties. The rear of them just covered the small, smooth extrusion of the base of the butt plug. The front of them bulged with the hard plastic shape of my chastity tube.

Worst of all, I felt a throbbing pain as my cock struggled to get hard in its padlocked plastic prison. It was prevented from doing so. But the feeling of tightness made me even more acutely aroused, and more powerfully humiliated than ever before.

"There," smiled Savannah, kissing me on the cheek and patting the front of my chastity tubes. "Now, you'll remember me. All day long, sissy."

"Yes, Mistress," I whined.

Savannah flicked her fingernails against my hard plastic tube through my panties.

"Hope you don't try to get a hard-on." She laughed. "I know what a pervert you are. Try to be good, will you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said miserably.

I pulled my slacks up. I zipped up and buckled my belt. I found that I could only walk with an agonizing slowness that made my wife laugh. As I tried to get my bearings, I heard the squeaking of the bed as my wife climbed onto it. I heard the buzzing of her vibrator. It was joined a moment later by a wet sound.

When I paused at the bedroom door, I looked back and saw that my wife had spread her legs wide. She had fetched another plug from the nightstand—more of a dildo, really. This one was the same shape as the one in my ass, but it was no more than half of my plug's size.

As my wife masturbated with the vibrator, she was working the butt plug up her ass. She hadn't gotten anything more of the tip in there; she was obviously having some difficulty getting it deeper. But, unlike me, my wife was just as obviously enjoying herself.

Sarah laughed as I looked at her, betrayal and desperation in my eyes.

"I'll be thinking of you, Sissy," Sarah said, breathless as she fucked herself with the tip of the butt plug. "I know you won't be able to help thinking of me! Now get going, or you'll be late."

"Yes, Mistress," I said. My wife began moaning in pleasure as I left.

I waddled down the hallway, finally able to pick up speed as I got used to the huge plug up my ass. Sarah's moans grew louder, mingled with the sound of the vibrator.

As I reached the front door, I heard a high-pitched squeal and then a long series of powerful moans. I stood there with my hand on the doorknob and listened; her moans lowered to a pathetic series of whining sounds, then rose again, quickly, to the sound of a screaming orgasm.

She'd finally gotten it in. The fullness in her ass had propelled her to her climax. I knew Sarah's plug might be smaller than mine, but we shared this intimate moment. It was her way of telling me she loved me.

I knew I would think of her all day long. The bus ride I had before me would be agony; the jostling of the bus would jab the huge plug deeper up my ass, sending spasms through my insides. Sitting at my desk all day would be torturous; my cock would try to swell in its tube. I would spend the day in a heightened sense of humiliated ecstasy. I would be crazed by the time I got home.

Enduring this sensual agony was the price of being with Savannah. I would wear this butt plug inside me all day the same way I wore my chastity tube: with pride.

It seemed impossible that I would make it through the day without going nuts.

But I *had* to survive the day, and obey her. It was my way of telling my wife I loved her. I am a lucky man. I do not choose my method of my devotion. Savannah chooses it for me. She is my Goddess; this is the form of devotion she requires.

I glowed with both humiliation and pride as I thought of my Goddess.

Proudly, I waddled to the bus stop.

## Restricted Duties by Justin Maddox

Michelle wakes me up. It's early in the morning, and light streams through the windows. She snuggles her naked body against mine, caressing my balls with her hand while she kisses me just behind the jawline. Her tongue trails wetly up to my earlobe I draw swiftly to attention and she wraps her fingers around my shaft, gently stroking me.

I'm horny as hell; my balls feel swollen and unspent. I feel desperate.

Michelle points at the window with the hand that's not stroking me.

"Look," she whispers into my ear. "It's dawn. We've got a whole day for me to play with you." Her tongue goes back to caressing my neck; her hand does even more wonderful things to my stiff cock.

Last night is fuzzy, so I don't remember. "Yes," I sigh, relaxing into the rhythmic stroke of her hand. She teases me with her tongue. I say, "It's beautiful. That's a beautiful sunrise. Let's fuck."

"No," she says. "Naughty boy!" She positively purrs as she says, "You're on Restricted Duties, remember?"

The term doesn't penetrate my brain. I'm much too sleepy. I just lie there, feeling like I'm getting the handjob of my life.

I do understand that it's Saturday, which means I've got a lot of sex to look forward to. On Saturdays, Michelle and I often fuck all day...sometimes three or four times, plus naked cuddling in between. Today, my stomach is already rumbling, so I know I want to go out for breakfast. But it's dawn, so there's plenty of time before I'll need to get up and shower. There's plenty of time for Michelle to give me a long, delicious HJ. There's plenty of time for her to suck me, if she wants, and maybe for us to fuck, too. We do that on many weekend mornings before an eight or nine o'clock breakfast. We both have a *very* high sex drive.

And Michelle is *very* kinky.

As I stretch out, relaxing in the sensations of her hand, I remember our conversation from last night. I was a little drunk, a little crazy with lust, a little hungry for her. Before I came inside her, she asked me something...she wanted me to do something for her...

....But I forget all about it as I let her caress my cock and my balls. It feels so fucking good to have her hands all over me, teasing me. It feels so fucking good to be the object of her affection. She could do anything to me, and I'd love it.

Saturday is when Michelle and I usually experiment. That's when we try our wild variations in bed -- and out of bed. Saturday is when we sometimes play with whips, chains, bondage, and even public sex. I'm usually the bottom, because I have a very high pain tolerance. I won't go so far as to say that I like it, but I like what it does to Michelle. I can tolerate a whipping -- and I'm always rewarded with a fantastic fuck. She likes to be in charge. And while I'm not exactly a masochist -- I barely even consider myself a submissive -- I like to have her in charge. Even when she does things to me that hurt like hell.

She likes it even more than I do. A *lot* more. She's been pushing me to be *more* submissive...to let her control more of my life. She's talked to me about giving her power outside the bedroom. She really, really wants that.

And I love her, very much. So I let her do what she wants to me. Even when it hurts, emotionally or physically.

But I'm not thinking about that as I stretch out there in bed. I'm thinking about how good her hand feels caressing my balls.

She brings her hand up to her mouth and spits on it three times in rapid succession.

When she puts her hand back down on my cock, it's slippery. The sensation has changed utterly. I sigh in pleasure. It feels incredible. She caresses my cock, up and down in a squeezing motion, paying particular attention to the head. Now that her hand is slicked-up with spit, the sensations are amazing. I moan happily and lift my hips to meet her thrusts.

Maybe, I think, I won't even *need* a blowjob. Michelle loves to suck cock -- but her handjobs are tops. Give her some lube and an hour, and she can really make me crazy. She can have me begging to cum. She can make me forget all about how good her mouth is, or how tight her cunt is. She's the handjob queen of the world.

And she really likes to make me wait. She loves to tease me.

Right now, her skilled hand isn't teasing, though. Slippery, it's working my cockhead swiftly, bringing me quickly toward orgasm. It's almost like she's in a rush. She wants me to shoot my load all over my belly -- or all over her hand, or both.

Or maybe she'll do that thing that I love so much -- maybe she'll get down there and rest her head on my stomach, and aim my cock at her pretty face.

Michelle loves to jerk me off on her face -- and I love it even more. That's why she likes it so much -- because seeing my hot load dripping off her face makes me go crazy. She's even been known to let me snap pictures -- and sometimes she sends them to me at work when she's feeling very naughty, just to get me that much more eager to make good time driving home at the end of the day.

She gets me going so good and hard that she could stroke me off with just a little bit more stimulation -- and she knows it. I relax into the sensations, ready to cum for her -- but then all of a sudden, she stops stroking my cockhead and moves down to my shaft. Her hand stops working. She starts kissing my nipples, holding my cock tightly while I relax there, on the very edge of climax. I let her take total control. She draws circles around my nipples with her tongue. She kisses her way down

my body. She licks at my belly button and holds my cock in position as she approaches it with her mouth, leaving a trail of drool. Her tongue slides out and gives me the tiniest flicker -- right on the *glans*, my most sensitive spot. I moan and arch my back. She pushes me down against the bed and uses her weight to pin me so I can't shove my cock into her grasp.

Her breath is warm on my cock as she says sternly:

"I asked you a question."

This is her Dominant voice, but I don't respond to it properly.

"HMMMM?" I say.

I haven't forgotten entirely....but nothing seems to matter except the pleasure of Michelle caressing my cock. With all that pleasure, I was unaware of anything. I didn't realize she was fucking with me.

She says: "That's what that sunrise means." Her breath teases me like her hand, like her thumb, like her lips, which just graze my cockhead as she speaks.

"Restricted Duties?" I ask her playfully, flirtatiously.

Her lips wrap around my cockhead. They slide down my shaft. Her hot mouth engulfs me.

Still dull in somnolent heaven, I relax into the pleasure and feel her take my cock down her throat as effortlessly as she swallows her vitamins.

Her hand makes its way under my ass, gently caressing as she swallows me.

Now I'm *really* close -- just moments from cumming down her throat. My ass leaves the bed as I lift myself toward her, like an offering. I'm right on the edge.

I think to myself, *Wait, what...Restricted Duties?*

Then it all comes back to me...exactly at the moment that Michelle stops me dead in my tracks.

#

It was last night. I finally remember.

"You know what would be hot?" She purred in my ear. "If you let me order you on Restricted Duties. Give me a whole day where you can't cum. And I get to tease you all I want."

She was riding me at the time, my cock deep inside her. But she had made me promise to hold myself still, so I couldn't fuck myself up into her.

She'd been going at it for half an hour, and I was in heaven watching her, heaven feeling the slow thrust of her cunt up and down on my cock. And yet, she wouldn't let me cum. She had cum twice, but she kept on denying me. And I loved it. All she would have to have done was to fuck me a little faster, to keep going a little longer on one of her steady strings of hard pumps, pushing my cock deep into her.

All she'd have to do is decide to make me cum, and I would cum.

I felt completely in her power. And Michelle could tell. She purred in my ear and rode me ever more slowly, forcing me to hold back. Whenever I tried to fuck my way up into her, she would dig her fingernails into me and growl harshly in my ear, "Stop, baby...*stop*. Who's in control here?"

"You're in control, Mistress." I was whining by the fifth or sixth time I said it. By the tenth time, I was practically sobbing...broken. I whined, "Please let me cum?"

She said, "Wouldn't that be hot?"

"Wouldn't what be hot?" I moaned.

"What I just said, baby. Don't you listen to me? I can't let you cum if you don't listen to me..."

I didn't want to argue. I just wanted to cum. "Whatever you want, Mistress," I moaned.

She whispered to me that she was only holding me back because she desperately wanted to cum a third time.

"Please, baby? I wanna ride your cock to a third orgasm. And then I wanna do what we talked about. Can I?"

My mind swirling crazily, I said, "Of course."

"Mmmm," she purred. "Good. You'll like being on Restricted Duties."

"Wait," I said. "What?"

She shut me up with a few quick thrusts of her body. My cock exploded in pleasure -- but still I didn't cum. I was starting to go numb.

"I said, you're on Restricted Duties," she told me, leaning over and plucking her vibrator from the nightstand without ever letting her pussy leave my cock. She worked the vibe between our joined bodies and pressed the tip to her clit.

I felt the vibrations start -- far more intense for her, clearly, than for me. All I could feel was a dull buzz in my balls.

Michelle moaned, surging against me. My hips started to rise, and she bit me. I yelped. She growled, "Hold still, baby. I'm not done riding you. Just one more time for me...then you can cum..."

I moaned. She rode me slowly -- excruciatingly. I felt her pussy tightening as she rubbed the vibrator up and down on her clit. The

vibrations traveled through her and through me to the shaft of my cock. I had to struggle not to fuck myself up against her.

She explained as she rode me: "We'll do it tomorrow, baby. As soon as the sun comes up, you're on Restricted Duties. You don't get to cum. Not until I say so, baby. And I won't say so."

"When do I cum, then?" I asked.

She moaned uncontrollably as she started to ride me faster. She shuddered, her naked body sweaty against mine. She undulated hungrily, and I moaned as I came closer to my orgasm -- but never quite reached it.

She did, however -- she came hard, so I could feel the spasms of her pussy clenching tight around my cock. She moaned very loudly into my ear...almost deafening me. And yet she held tight against me, pushing my cock all the way up into her so she could feel the pressure and the fullness in her cunt -- without ever thrusting.

When she finished cumming, she let out a sigh of pleasure.

"Never," she said. "Wow," she added. "That was a good one."

"What do you mean never?" I asked.

She pulled herself off of me suddenly. The sudden surge of stimulation on my cock made my back arch. My eyes shut tight, and I howled.

I looked at her. "Why did you stop? You want me to do you from behind?"

She smiled and put her head on my chest.

"Just go to sleep, baby."

I said, "I still need to cum!"

She said, "Shhhhh, baby. You're on Restricted Duties. You said yes, baby. You *consented*." She said the word with a hint of sarcasm. "I'll make it all up to you in the morning," she added.

I said, "You mean it?"

"I mean that I'll make it up to you," she said. She smiled. "If you go to sleep right now like a good little boy." She reached down and intercepted my hand moving down toward my cock.

"Without cumming," she said.

"I don't think I can sleep without cumming," I whined.

"Try," she told me, holding my hand at bay. She pressed it flat against my chest. "Please, baby? Be a good boy for me? I'll make it up to you in the morning..."

"You'll make me cum?"

She laughed lightly.

"Go to sleep, baby. Just try to go to sleep?"

I was harder than I'd ever been; my balls hurt like hell. But there was a deep sense of peace in that smile on Michelle's face. It made me happy to please her.

Finally, I relaxed into Michelle's embrace.

It was remarkably easy to fall asleep.

#

The morning. The light bright. My balls, swollen, my cock ready to explode, as Michelle's mouth glides up and down on it.

And Michelle denies me again.

My cock pops out of her mouth; she comes up, panting and drooling. She lets her lips trail up the shaft. They leave the head wet. She leaves behind a string of spittle that crackles as I look down at her, drunk with happiness at how gorgeous she looks sucking my cock.

She smiles at me, pats my balls and gets out of bed.

I stare at her in disbelief.

She stretches in the sunlight from the window. Her hair has that freshly-fucked look that is so fucking sexy on Michelle -- or any woman. Her lips are red and full from being clamped so tight on my shaft. They're also probably red because I kissed her hard -- with lots of teeth -- so many times through last night's fuck-session. It was something like two in the morning when I finally spilled my seed inside her. She drops her hand to her smooth shaved cunt...as if to remind me.

She slips her fingers up inside herself. She moans softly, then brings her fingers to her mouth. She sucks them, making a yummy sound.

She trails one hand down her body, caressing one nipple that stand out hard, like the other, from a teacup-sized tit.

Michelle glances at my cock with a combination wink-sneer, and walks toward the bathroom.

She says, "Happy hard-on, Baby."

"What the fuck?" I say, bitterly. My hand goes to my cock. Michelle certainly isn't above teasing me mercilessly, but this time I'm just too close - I can't stand it. I start to stroke it. Three, maybe five strokes, possibly ten, that's all it would take, and I'll shoot my load all over my stomach. Fuck, with how hot she's gotten me, I'll probably hit myself in the eye.

"Brian!" She says my name viciously, as if it's an insult.

I'm close -- another stroke or two --

"*Brian!*" This time Michelle screams my name, snapping her fingers. Like I'm a very, very, *very* bad child -- or a dog.

"Brian, get your hand off your *fucking* cock. *Now! Get it off!*"

She's screaming. She startles me. She's so angry I'm genuinely scared. I take my hand away obediently, letting it rest on my stomach.

Then it hits me.

Cock Lock.

I gulp. "I thought you were kidding," I say meekly. "I mean, wasn't that just, you know...us talking dirty?"

"*Brian!* God damn it, Brian!" Her tone of voice is even angrier than before. She snaps her fingers and points at my hand.

"What?" I ask her.

"*Your hand!*" she says. "Move it further. *Further!* Put it flat on the bed, Brian, or so help me God--"

I obey her, putting my hand flat on the bed.

"Other hand!" She points at my left hand. "*Flat! Now!*"

"Now," she says. "I'm going to go take my shower. And when I come out, if you've moved either of your hands so much as a fragment of an inch, you're calling in sick to work today -- and I'm leaving you tied to the bed. And Brian?"

I stare at her dumbly. "What?" I ask testily.

"Brian, if you jerk off while I'm showering?"

She gives me a hard, vicious smile.

"Then I win. And I get to--"

She laughs and shows me her fingers, wiggling them. Then she makes a fist.

I gulp.

She takes one last look at me -- memorizing my position on the bed.

"Don't move *at all*," she tells me. "Not one inch."

My bladder throbs painfully. "But I have to pee?"

"You'll pee when I tell you to pee!" she snaps. "And Brian, Brian, I hope you don't think you can rub one out and clean up and I'll never know."

I look at her miserably. She's gorgeous, naked like that, her hair all messed up, her red lips covered in drool.

"No," I say miserably. I can't, and I know it. Michelle has a mystical ability to tell when I've stroked off. She can even tell when I sneak one at work -- even if I do it in the morning. I can stroke it in the men's room at nine, and when I get home at six all it takes is a little caress of my balls...and Michelle says, "Milked it this morning, huh?"

It's something something about my responses. If I could understand it, I'd be the smartest man alive. But as it is, trying to outsmart Michelle when it comes to jerking off is the worst idea there is.

"Then don't even consider it," she says. "I'll make you sorry." Her face turns from angry to bright. "Let's have brunch at Madeline's, shall we?" Then she gives my cock a stern look and makes a "No-no" gesture with one finger.

She goes in to take her shower.

I lay there in agony, my balls throbbing, my bladder full, making it hard not to clench my muscles -- which I'm afraid will bring me off. And that would be terrible. I know Michelle is serious when she says she'll make me sorry if I blow my load.

After all, I promised her.

I thought it was just a little dirty-talking game last night, but...that's all forgotten, now. I know it was real, and I know that disappointing Michelle will get me a serious punishment.

Should I safeword? No...I know better than that. There are no safewords with Michelle. Remember, I still have to live with the woman. If I disappoint her in bed...I'll be sorry.

I whine in pain.

Stretched out on the bed with my cock and balls hurting and my hands down flat, I wonder how long this will last.

Two hours? Three?

Certainly it can't last past lunch.

I feel that sudden intense high that comes from surrendering to Michelle. She seems to be winning our argument about whether I would surrender to her outside the bedroom.

I feel my mouth twisting up into a smile, even though I don't really want it to. If she sees me smiling...

...she'll know how intensely erotic I find this. She'll know how much she's turning me on. She'll know how much I want this...

I reach down, tug at my balls, massage them. I squeeze. I pull them down.

My hard-on gradually descends. I take a deep breath. I feel a powerful charge, a heady excitement.

Grinning, I get out of bed and go in to join Michelle in the shower. It's going to be a very, very long Saturday.

## Early Girl and the Cherokee Purple by N.T. Morley

Grace's tomatoes? In-fucking-*credible*. And her fig's not too bad either, if you know what I mean. But it's those fucking tomatoes that I always remember, because with gap-toothed Grace, you had to work so hard to get that fig that the getting there became not half the fun, but the *only* fun.

That's right: she's one of *those*.

When you're with Grace, you beg for each slice, but to tell you the truth... it's the first batch of those tomatoes that I relish in my memory, because with Grace, true Grace, getting there is what you learn to crave. And the Early Girl, and the Cherokee Purple -- well, I've got a fondness for them, now, and I say "Ma'am" when I eat them.

I think you'll come to understand.

That is, if you're a gourmand...

#

For what it's worth, gap-toothed Grace isn't one of those saucy little tarts who does something because you *want* her to do it. She's too old and too smooth for that. Rumor had it she had once been a pay-to-play Domme, perhaps by way of a lark or perhaps to pay her expenses during law school. In the scene, speculation about Grace is such a common sport that rumors outnumber facts.

Grace is an older woman, now, in her late forties (want to speculate about her exact age? Prepare to get slapped!), successful as hell (care to guess how much she makes each year? Plan to get spanked!), divorced (plan to ask questions about her former husband? Expect a flogging!) and, by just about anyone's reckoning, hot enough to be able to pluck like cherry

tomatoes -- I shit you not -- absolutely any person in the local BDSM scene she cared to waste her time on.

It's not a big scene, I'll admit -- San Francisco is supposed to be, but it's not when you get right down to it. Still, I'm not just talking the straight boys; we're easy. Mostly, you can slap us around by snapping your fingers and pointing toward a phone booth. But conjuring the kind of rumor-filled legend that Grace had in the scene requires the exuding of raw sexuality that could floor every man in a room -- and she had that in spades. And it's not like she's one of those bitches who stands on ceremony; on the contrary, "Goddess Grace" was used less often to describe her than "Gap-toothed Grace," which had started as a joking moniker, but she loved it. Perhaps she knew how gap-toothed women inexplicably entrance submissive boys -- especially since that Sookie Stackhouse bitch showed up to lay the groundwork.

In short, Grace is a bad-ass. She can walk into a gay bar on Folsom Street sweats and a tank top and walk out with a trail of Kinsey 6's who just never thought they'd find a woman so attractive. Pay to play Domme? The very idea of some loser like me paying Grace Ziegler \$200 to wiggle her tits and smack his balls (let alone feed him tomatoes) is about as absurd as absurd can get. The idea that men will spend huge amounts of money on their first dates with her, just because she told them to, is equally absurd -- but a demonstrated fact.

Grace has the wherewithal to indulge every pleasure she craves, from raising heirloom tomatoes in her garden to making submissive men do her housework and thank her for the privilege.

That's what all the panties were about.

She had a whole collection of them. If I'd had my druthers I would have been wearing leather shorts and big black combat boots, same as every damn play party I've been to since I first decided I was kinky.

But Grace is not a top like that. She doesn't give you what you want. Grace is not the type to run down a checklist and say, *You like tomatoes?*

*Great, I like tomatoes, let's do tomatoes together. Or to ask you, And how would you like to be dressed when I violate your ass? or If I whip you till you sob hysterically, would you then like to be held or should I tell you you're a filthy crybaby?" or Please rate each insult on a hotness scale of nada to mucho: you are a wimp, you are a wuss, you are inadequately endowed, you are a latent homosexual...*

No, Grace gives you what *she* wants, and if she finds out what *you* want - - Lord have mercy! Watch out. She'll fuck you with it, somehow, someway. When you are in service to Grace Ziegler, Esq, aka Goddess Grace, for an hour or a week or presumably a lifetime, you do *not* top from the bottom... or, at least, not for very long. She'd sussed me out, I'd say, a buffed-out mid-thirties pretty-boy clomping his way through every play party behind the façade of ultra-maleness: muscles and leather, big boots and tight leather shorts, butch beyond words even if the legs of the shorts might be padlocked or my pierced dick might be hanging out of them and affixed to a leash held by some twenty-three-ish chippie with more Foucault quotes than horse sense, fresh from Stanford and Yvette Crème's Tuesday-night *How to Dominate Men* seminar at Give Her a Hand! on Valencia Street.

I knew from rumor and innuendo that Grace thought the leather shorts and boots made me look hot.

I knew from experience, *however*, that she thought it made me cocky.

That's why, on our first date, I was mopping her floor at eleven o'clock on a Saturday wearing a black bra, garter belt, sheer seamed stockings, high heels and panties three sizes too small for me, or at least too small for my cock. This wasn't exactly a "typical" first date for Grace, from what I understood -- but then, nothing was ever typical for her, and there *was* no "typical," since Grace had a lot of first dates and a reasonable number of second, third and fourth ones -- but few beyond that, by her choice. One gentleman I'd known her to fancy confided in me that for their initial assignation he'd been allowed to take her to Saveur Cher in North Beach for a meal that set him back more than his car, then rent a high-priced hotel where she revealed she'd packed her purse with...well, a gentleman never tells, at least not the rude tales another gentleman has told him about a lady,

but I had it on good authority the gentleman walked funny for a week and had something of a smile on his face. Another guy I know discovered, upon meeting Grace at the only remaining porno theater in southern Sonoma County, that Grace carried a 50,000-volt stun gun and tit clamps -- and knew this *perfect little spot north of Pt. Reyes* where the flash and zap of the stun gun in the back seat of the guy's Jaguar would delight the overlook's nightly crew of gay male spectators, shark-like in their predatory circling and fervent in their masturbations. A third was allowed to take Grace lingerie shopping and then rent them a room at the Beaumont only to discover that the lingerie wasn't for her, and neither was the flexible cane she had tucked into her knee-high boot. First dates with Grace were legendary.

With me? I guess Grace wanted her goddamn kitchen cleaned by a hairy muscle boy in lingerie while she gardened merrily singing *Heart of Glass*, *I Will Survive*, *Pop Musik*. I finished the dishes, sink, counters, table, stove and windowsills while she gardened and sang joyously just outside the window; as I mopped the floor I braced myself for *Video Killed the Radio Star*, but before she could render it she came drifting in from the garden half-revealed in a flowy cotton tie-die skirt and orange halter top, clutching tomatoes of varying sizes to her bare, smooth belly and tits, her absence of a bra or underwear almost as obvious as the fresh Sonoma soil she saw fit to track across my immaculate linoleum.

I gave a soft moan of dismay.

"Eat this," she purred with pleasure as I gazed sadly down at her loamy footprints, like a trace of bubbles bleeding in her stead.

"What, Ma'am?" I asked miserably.

Her gaze turned hard for an instant.

"I said *eat!*" she snapped, and popped a cherry tomato into my mouth. The furry green stem stayed bloody on her fingers, pinched out between thumb and fore by her short but sharp fingernails. Dirt traced the edges of her nails, but the tomato tasted clean.

"I washed it in the garden hose," she said with evident derision, as if to add, *You prissy little wuss*. (Though, to be fair, I would have eaten dirt if she'd instructed me to.) "It's a Coyote."

I bit. The cherry tomato exploded in my mouth, rich musky flavor spooging across my tongue.

"Wow," I said, eyeing her footprints on the floor. "That's amazing."

"Amazing?" she gasped, dumfounded. "It's incredible."

"I mean incredible," I said defensively. "Ma'am."

"Are you for real?" she gasped in horrified shock.

"Mmmm, it's good," I said unconvincingly.

"It's a Coyote, you tasteless pansy!"

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am?"

"A goddamn Coyote," she cried.

"Yes, of course, Ma'am."

"Good God, don't they teach you boys anything? Coyote. It's the *variety*. It's from Mexico."

"You don't say," I murmured, still chewing bits of pulped tomato flesh. "Ma'am."

She looked at me suspiciously.

"You don't know a thing about heirloom tomatoes, do you?"

"Sorry, Ma'am."

"Well, that's about to change."

*Oh no she di-n't*, I thought despairingly.

My dick strained painfully against black lace.

"Here," she said, seizing planting a tomato on the freshly-scrubbed marble cutting board. "Try this one." She grabbed a paring knife from a magnetic strip near the sink and sliced one tomato thinly along its waxy edge. She bisected another of a different shape and yellower color; she wedged a third, pared the skin off a fourth and half-diced a fifth. Each slice made a sharp brittle *snack!* sound as it met the marble board.

"Haven't gotten around to sharpening the knives yet, have you, *Jen*?"

She looked me up and down disapprovingly. I reddened, acutely aware of how silly I looked in lingerie, a look not really assisted by the healthy dose of body hair that found the broad, see-through lace of the panties, garter belt and bra to be an invitation to poke through unattractively. Big tufts sprouted through the lace and looked...well, *Holy fuck*, I thought. *I look like a choad. But then, that's the idea, isn't it?*

My dick stiffened slightly.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. That wasn't on the list until after the floor, Ma'am."

"Oh, I'm not complaining, *Jen*." She said the name with relish -- it was her chosen-on-the-fly female version of my name, Jim, which she used to further humiliate me. "I'm not complaining at all, *Jenny*. I didn't expect decent housework, anyway, from a man who lets a woman he barely knows cram him into lingerie. Do you think that's abnormal?"

My dick stiffened further. "Yes, Ma'am, probably," I said miserably.

"Rightly so," she sighed. "And I don't mind about the knives. It's just that I'd *hate* to have to *use* your fucking *hard-on* to slice up that *lunch* I

promised you," she singsonged with relish. "which I think I could *certainly* fucking do since it's *hard enough* to cut fucking *diamonds* right now, *Jen* -- isn't it, *Jenny*?" She said the chick-name she'd assigned me with savage cruelty; she knew it turned my stomach.

And, well, yeah...made my dick hard. It jutted humiliatingly over the top of the waistband.

"I'd almost think you like being dressed up like a little slut, you little fucking whore."

I told the truth: "I don't, Ma'am."

"I think you do," she said. "Is there something you'd like to tell me, Jen?"

I said nervously, "You look very beautiful this morning, Ma'am."

She held up a slice of tomato and beamed.

"Yes," she purred. "I do, don't I?" She held up a slice of tomato. "You know what this is?"

"It's a Black Krim -- from the Crimean peninsula."

"Yes, of course, Ma'am."

Her eyes narrowed at me. "Part of Ukraine?"

"Wonderful," I said tentatively. "I'm sure it's wonderful."

She sighed.

"You know, *Jen*, I almost think you don't care about my tomatoes."

"I...I do, Ma'am," I said unconvincingly. "It's just..."

"Just what?" she growled.

"I'm not a big fan of tomatoes."

It hit her like a sledgehammer. She looked wounded. She looked stunned.

Then she looked mad.

Her hand moved quickly to shove the slice of tomato in my mouth. Caught off guard, I wasn't entirely receptive to her thrust, and the slick, smooth slice had barely made it an inch into my mouth, leaving the barest hint of its musky, tangy taste, before Grace's expression changed.

She withdrew the tomato and planted her hand firmly on my cheek -- not a slap, more like a grab. She crushed the tomato slice to the rough surface of my freshly-shorn cheek. She squeezed my face hard and got her bare leg hooked around mine. Her fingers drew fast down my face and to my throat, slimy tomato crushed against my carotid as she executed some freaked-out kind of Jackie Chan shit that would have made many a haughty twenty-year-old Domme working her way through a Berkeley Sociology degree absolutely soil her \$150 PVC boyshorts in envy.

I landed on the oak kitchen chair so hard it groaned. Grace came down on top of me, legs spread, see-through cotton hippy skirt gathering. One hand still rested on my throat, though lightly, mashed tomato pulp leaking down her fingers. The other grabbed at my hair and, finding no purchase -- buzz-cut since age twenty, sorry -- seized my nose.

I froze; she pinched; her face flared briefly with fury that would have made Hercules piss himself.

Then she smiled, brightly, disarmingly, gorgeously. She flashed her capped-looking teeth, famous in the scene for their perfection with that single boy-obsessing flaw: *the gap*. Had Grace, a divorced attorney with plenty of money but her often-self-ascribed legendary Ashkenazi thrift, gotten a cut-rate cap job from some aesthetic dentist who either couldn't be bothered to fix the millimeter chasm? Men I knew, in murmured speculations in the locker room at the Alcazar and the Nutcracker, had

whispered the story that a Beverly Hills cosmetic dentist, did it for free in return for dental domination with the agreement that she wouldn't make him fix the gap; how else to explain Grace's expertise in dentistry, displayed in her convincing performance during that still-whispered-about dental scene with her Dirt Worm Randall at *Lady Blaine's Christmas Paine*, circa 2008?

Her perfect teeth were glazed slightly with tomato, one listening seed perched to each side of the gap.

She kissed me so hard I melted, and she never let go of my nose. I tasted musk, tang, sharp salty bite. Her tongue forced its way deep into me; I responded by kissing back obediently even though I was lost in a panic. There is almost no way one can get kissed like that, nose pinched, and not panic a little, but Grace was not an edge-play top. She's just *in charge*, whatever it takes. She didn't want to scare me; she wanted me to pay the fuck attention.

My dick strained against the panties, bent at a ruthless angle. It stiffened more as I felt it stabbing savagely against lace; it wasn't so much the pain as the humiliation. What kind of sadistic bitch takes a man who works out two hours a day and packs him into girly little fag-panties? Heat coursed through me; *fuck*, Grace was a bitch! I think I was falling the fuck in love with her. I could feel her smooth thighs against my hairy hips, string panties tugged tight into my hipbones as they rubbed. She had pulled her hippy skirt up to her waist and exposed her sex, which was smoother than tomato skin and grazed my lace-clad cock as she undulated up and down. Her tits were practically falling out of her halter; her nipples poked through the tight fabric, rubbing my chest.

Her mouth came away and I gasped, sucking air desperately; a glistening string of spit snapped between us. She smiled.

"God, you are a great fucking kisser for a thirty-year-old. You know that?"

"I'm thirty-two," I said.

She laughed musically.

"Oh," she said. "Then you suck. I told you to *taste this*."

She shoved her fingers into my mouth -- the fingers of her right hand, late around my throat and smeared with pulp. They were glazed with the taste of her tomato.

I licked obediently, tasting deep musk and sharp high *umami*. I caressed her slim fingers with my lips and tongue, until the edges of her sharp short nails teased at my gag reflex. She moaned softly. She didn't seem to have washed her hands in the garden hose; I could taste the dull deep flavor of dirt, whether actually on her fingers or under her fingernails, I didn't know. My face reddened with humiliation and my cock throbbed painfully.

"You've got a great tongue," she said. "Do you know how to use it?"

"I'm told I do, Ma'am," I said.

"I'll be the judge of that," she scoffed. "Here, eat this."

As I'd obediently slurped at her fingers, she'd reached out with her other hand and grabbed the next slice of tomato. I parted my lips obediently as she held it just out of reach. I let my tongue extrude, dancing millimeters from the precious fruit of Graces garden.

It was so close I had to cross my eyes to see it; this one was a deep purple-brown, goo-covered seeds dangling from the interior ridges.

"You're really not a fan of tomatoes?" she said, disbelieving.

I thought about it; the musky taste of her last tomato, lapped in gloppy mash off her fingers, still filled the back of my mouth. It made my throat feel thick. It kind of tasted like cunt. The cherry tomato had burst in my mouth and its flavor gone by before I knew it; this one, it lingered. I don't know how to explain it. I'd never liked tomatoes before.

"I like these," I said.

"Don't fucking patronize me," she growled. "I'll make you sorry."

"No, really," I chirped; I was going to say something else, groping after words like "savory" and "delicious" in my head, but she shoved the fresh tomato slice in my mouth, silencing me.

This one burst across my tongue with a sugar-sweet smoothness; the taste swelled and sizzled against the top of my mouth as I chewed. It was fruitlike in its wetness; it juiced down my throat. It didn't taste at all like the sick, bland tomatoes I was used to getting on diner salads and fast-food burgers; it tasted like some precious sweet part of a woman's body I had never had cause to lick.

I licked it now, running the tip of my tongue up under my teeth and along the roof of my mouth, savoring the pulp, lapping after the elusive, exquisite taste. I didn't dare compliment her verbally; her face still bore the disbelieving scowl that told me she was as insecure about her tomatoes as she was secure about everything else. I kept my mouth shut, swallowed, and said "Thank you."

My face must have shown that I genuinely liked it. That was what made men line up to drink Grace Ziegler's bathwater; she could tell what you were thinking. She just *knew*.

"Kumato, bitch," she said, beaming happily. "Club variety. Restricted distribution. You've got to join a secret society to get the seeds. That--" her smile widened and she giggled, girlish "--or fist a greenhouse grower's *ass*." She grinned and her voice took on an innocent quality. "Those Napa farmer boys are so easy to flip. They're all 'I'm a top, I'm a top,' until you get a little Riesling into them, and then it's like, 'Oh, Goddess Grace, make me your bitch.' Not like you city boys. You're whores to begin with. Oh, and -- you're welcome, *Jen*."

Just in case I'd forgotten where I was and what I was doing, she laughed cheerfully and ran her tomato-wet fingers down my back; she snapped my bra strap. I jumped in shock; it was like suddenly being the victim of a bitchy crew of mean girls, which didn't do much to lessen my hard-on.

Her hand came around my body and caressed my throat. My dick was bent half-back in its black lace prison; it throbbed and hurt and ached and craved her sex, which was maybe an inch and a half away. She'd pulled her see-through cotton hippy skirt up so high her pussy was revealed. She had not seen fit to shower that morning, and the soft aroma of her sex wafted up to me, mingling with tomato from her fingers as she caressed my face and gazed, insouciant, into my eyes.

"Early girl," she growled, and shoved another slice in my mouth before I knew what was happening. "Dry farmed," she purred, leaning forward and grazing my cock with her sex. I gasped and whimpered slightly as she rubbed her lips in a serpentine path along the lace, from the tormented tip of my cock to the panty-forced bend. Just a twitch, just a tweak would have freed my cock -- and ended my agony. But Grace was not offering, and I didn't dare touch my cock in her presence without asking or, more accurately, begging, and by all expectations being denied.

So she rode me in the chair, nuzzling my cock through the lace with her clit, and moaning softly -- and I chewed. And gulped. And savored.

This one was sharp and bright, less musky than the others, full of savory flavor but decidedly more tomato-like.

"Early girl?" I said brightly, my mouth full. "Ma'am?"

"God, you are fucking hung," she sighed into my ear. My cock strained harder against the lace. "But you're not much of a liar, are you?"

"I like it," I lied.

"Patronizing little cunt," she said.

"No, really -- it's delicious," I panted back, unable to keep the vaguely placating tone out of my voice. I could feel her moisture collecting on the lace, soaking through, cooling gently on my cock. Bent like that, my tock tightened the too-small panties, which were at best a size-three -- considerably smaller than the size-seven, at least, I'd be expected to wear. Don't ask how I know. What's important is that not only did the painful cycle of my hardening-softening cock make my cock hurt more with every half-a-stiffie; it pulled the satin tight against my balls and shoved them up into my body. I already had a week's worth of blue balls -- it was my habit to save up everything I could for precious treasures like a date with Goddess Grace. But this tight-cinched pair of panties made it feel like a month, and every time my dick stiffened slightly it felt like time inside my balls had stretched another week of throbbing denial.

"Such a good fucking cock," she nuzzled my ear, her breath warm as she gently traced the outline of my J-shaped dick with her ever-moister sex. "Katia said you can *last*. Can you fucking *last* with that big manly cock of yours, *Jen*? Can you last long enough to satisfy me?"

I whimpered desperately, struggling underneath her.

"Not if you keep doing that," I bleated.

She threw back her head, her golden-highlighted hair, streaked with silver, fluttering over her shoulders, streaming so far down her back it grazed my thighs. She laughed.

She pulled her body away -- just an inch, or an inch and a half, a great yawning gap of pain between my cockhead and her sex.

She said innocently: "Then I'll stop doing that," she said. "'Cause I demand satisfaction. Ready for dessert?"

I nodded fervently, unable to find my voice.

Grace's sticky fingers materialized before my mouth, holding a glistening slash of bluish purple, the color of bruise, with gloppy off-green gel

quivering seed-festooned in the fruit's interior chambers.

"One more delicious bite," she mewled. "For Goddess Grace?"

She smiled wide, her gap-tooth making her look just insane enough that I gasped and nodded desperately, my cockhead abrading itself against the black lace.

"Cherokee purple," she sighed. "Like your nuts?"

"They're more, like, blue," I said in the instant before she stuffed the slice into my mouth.

Grace tittered delightedly.

"Oh, we'll see about that," she said.

As I chewed, Grace's tomato-wet hands glided smoothly down my body, leaving traces of gooey seeded glaze on the liberal dusting of fur that covered my chest and belly.

She wedged her slender fingers into my panties, yanking the waistband away; my cock popped free and stiffened fully, as she wrapped the fingers of one hand around the shaft and, with the other, reached deep in my too-tight black panties and seized my nuts, which would have crawled up in my body by now if they hadn't been so swollen by cruel denial that no amount of shoving by Frederick's could have stuffed them there.

Grace gripped my cock, grabbed my balls and *squeezed*.

This was my favorite; the Cherokee Purple, I mean. It burst through my mouth with a rich earthy flavor, pulsing sharp and acidic down my throat. As it did, Grace squeezed my balls more tightly, forcing them down and circling the swollen orbs with her slender thumb and forefinger. She cinched her other hand ever more tightly around my shaft, pumping with agonizing, squeezing more firmly with every stroke, until I cried out both in

the pain of being squeezed much too tightly -- and the sudden realization that without further preliminary, I was going to cum.

"I'm going to--" I cried out, and Grace leaned forward sighing *Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!* into my mouth, a whisper from kissing me. I smelled her deep tomato breath and heard her laughter.

"If you think I don't know that," she breathed, "you must think I'm stupid."

I let out a groan as my climax built deep-hard within me, threatening to explode; I tried to hold back; I tried to *last*, for Goddess Grace, but there was no fucking hope of that.

At the very last instant, the fucking *microsecond* release exploded through me, Grace stopped every motion except three. She squeezed my balls still more tightly -- to the point of explosive agony. She locked her other hand around my shaft -- pinching tightly, as if I'd be locked in a vise.

And she fitted her thumb across my tip, holding firm in an airtight seal that meant, as my cock burst with pleasure, I felt none of it.

Shudders went through me; my throat seemed to close up. I felt waves of surging despair as agony pulsed through my body; I'd been denied.

Having ruined my orgasm, Grace smiled brightly. She waited till the last spasms of my unpleasant climax twitched their way through my lace-clad body. Then she drew her cock-hand away; her fingers were glazed with cum that leaked out of my cockhead.

She squeezed my balls tighter than ever and shoved her cum-glazed fingers into my mouth. The taste of my own cum mingled, humiliatingly, with the fruit of Grace's garden.

I licked obediently.

Grace sighed and laughed happily as I serviced her fingers, my face reddening from the humiliating taste of my own cum.

"Now that we've got *that* icky thing out of the way...I think you'll last plenty long for me -- won't you, *Jen*?"

I reddened deeper. Jen released my balls and reached over to seize a tomato slice as I licked my cum from her fingers. She munched happily on the Cherokee Purple, then on the Early Girl as I kept licking until I was told otherwise. Which would prove to be a theme in the next seven hours, with breaks, of course, for fucking, and a trip from the bed to the couch when she discovered I'd never seen *The Night Porter*.

I *would* last, I knew. Because my cock, having been so denied by the ruined orgasm, went easily -- if sorely -- from half-hard to stiff again at the sound of that embarrassing name, and the taste of my embarrassing cum, and the sight of Grace's gorgeous face smiling at me, cruel lips glazed with pink and seeded. I would last longer than I ever had, till my tongue had swelled like my balls and my cock had felt Grace's climax tight around it a trio of times -- just that afternoon, you understand, before she let me take her to dinner at Épicé et Coûteux.

Since then, it's been too many times to count, and I tend the garden now. But that's another story, one without black lace. When I'm gardening, Grace prefers me in a sundress.

And for the record, in case you're wondering: I fucking hate tomatoes. Or at least, I hated them before I knew Grace. Now...let's say, they and I have an *understanding*. They keep tasting just a little bit like Grace's cunt, and I'll keep eating them eagerly for as long as she feeds them to me.

Her kisses tasted of Early Girl and cum.

"Let's go to bed," Grace said.

## The Fruit of Satan's Loins by Thomas S. Roche

My story concerns the following *dramatis personae*: Whisper, Lise, and Satan. Satan really isn't critical to the story, when you get right down to it, plus which, she's a chick. I know it's kind of weird. You might read something like that in *The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*, but what the fuck, would you figure she'd show up in your apartment wearing a patent-leather corset and a strap-on dildo?

Anyway, it's just a story.

Seems that Whisper is a guy, something of a gayboy. Well, really, it's hard to tell anymore, but the cat *was* gay, once, or considered himself thus, and used to play around a lot with leather and stuff. Nowadays, he might call himself bi, he might call himself queer; it kind of depends on who he's talking to and what kind of benefits he'd get from being any one thing. His old friends from Folsom and Castro would call him Straight Bait, and as a matter of fact they do it quite frequently, though it's said sort of affectionately. They've all met Lise and most have to admit she's the coolest thing ever, a number of them have even commented on her porcelain skin and waiflike beauty, and how the whole package is accented by her undeniably hip-n-stylish urban *accoutrement*. But despite all that, she's a *girl*, for God's sake.

So lately Whisper says "bi" but occasionally he thinks of himself as a queen with a girlfriend. Though he's never really said so, he thinks it's a load of bullshit to lay your eggs, so to speak, in any one basket, so to speak. But he earned his boytoy merit badge over and over again in plenty of dark skanky bars and well-furnished Ashbury Heights apartments. So it really doesn't matter, so much, that lately he's doing a chick. But that is, after all, where Lise comes in, which gets our whole story started.

Lise is a chick, a straight girl, something of a fag hag, which is how she got into Whisper. She actually gave him his name, which has been changed

to protect the innocent. It was for a masquerade party once where Whisper dressed as a ghost and Lise, laughingly, gave him his new name. They didn't use it much until they went to bed together years later, when Lise resurrected it as something erotic and vaguely goth to call him in bed. It's just hard for Lise to keep a straight face and call someone by his real name when she's got him sprawled out on the four-poster bed with leather-and-sheepskin restraints buckled about his delicate limbs, telling him "eat my pussy, bitch" and the like.

Whisper had always liked it with whips and chains, but shit, when you're into boys that ain't necessarily such a big deal. Matter of fact, Whisper got kind of tired of leather guys twice his age saying "suck my dick, Youngster" and "Son, swallow this" and "Boy, I told you to eat my jock" and all -- he's practically thirty, for Christ's sake. Plus which, he just got kind of burned out from a bit too much fucking, a few too many friends fucked by friends fucked by friends, and then became vaguely curious about other options, and sort of opted out of the whole game for a little while. And that's why he called up his old friend Lise, who had just gotten dumped by a rock musician with dirty underwear and a Rollins Band tat, and figured since she'd hit the bottom of the barrel with straight guys she might as well do it with Whisper, who she'd always kind of had a thing for. The only negative was that at least part of the attraction for Lise was a sort of voyeuristic desire to see guys get it on together, which she has never been able to tell Whisper, and probably couldn't say without turning bright red. But anyway, she soon found that the chemistry between Whisper and herself was more than enough to sustain a heavy interest.

Things were pretty hot and hunky when she first got into Whisper's pants. She had never thought a guy could be so into his dick, but then, it fucking figures, don't you think? And something about that cock-obsession made Whisper an incredible lover, liberated from the self-conscious prick-identification and somewhat uncomfortable pussy-seeking behavior Lise had run across so many times in bed. Plus, Whisper was simply a whole fucking lot cooler than most of the greaseballs Lise had been doing for the last couple of years. On top of all this, Whisper went nuts over her just because it was a different trip than he'd ever been into. It took him weeks to be able to go down on her without laughing or getting queasy. That kind of

eroded her self-esteem, but he kept saying he really wanted to do it, it was just kind of a head trip for him. But gradually Whisper lost his reservations and found that he loved the smell, the taste, the feel of Lise on top of him, that the texture of her flesh, the taste of her body, so different from that of a guy, yet beautifully somehow the same, got him started like few things had for the last couple of years.

So Whisper, he's still a bottom at heart, still a leatherman. He's still, primarily, interested in getting treated like dirt, reamed till he screams, and called all sorts of nasty things, but he just can't deal with the down-n-dirty mustachioed Folsom esthetic anymore. So he broaches the subject to Lise, who is a little reticent but figures what the hell, he's already got all the equipment, and she's got a pair of twelve-buckled pointy-toed boots that'll do.

This is all after he's finally gotten O.K. at going down on Lise, and she's finally starting to learn all the fabulous things that a gay man can teach a straight woman about cocksucking. Whisper has a burning desire, he can't figure out why, to get tied up and forced to eat Lise's pussy and then have her fuck him up the ass with a strap-on dildo. He really can't figure this one out, since he always thought the strap-on (exclusive of its Sapphic uses, of course, which are really none of his concern) was strictly for straight guys who wanted it in the ass but were too homophobic to go to bed with another guy. Go figure. Now it's all he thinks about, he wakes up dreaming of Lise with a strap-on and an evil grin, towering over him, wearing patent-leather and a fourteen-inch black silicon prick, laughing cruelly and saying "suck my cock, Youngster" or "eat this, Boy!" He really can't quite figure it out, but he imagines it must have something to do with the perverted desire he's always had to fuck straight boys. Or maybe it's just that a chick with a strap-on could theoretically be hung with a silicon dong that made the most well-endowed guy look like Peter Peanut. Whatever the reason, he can't get the image out of his head.

Whisper broaches the subject to Lise in a quiet fashion.

"You know, if you wanted to drop by Good Vibes, I'd loan you my AmEx...."

"They don't take AmEx," says Lise.

"Oh." End, unfortunately, of conversation.

It goes on like that for a few weeks, with Whisper waking up with a raging hard-on, his limbs weak and his head spinning (presumably for lack of blood), and Lise gurgling contentedly as she reaches down and discovers the woody in question, and lowers herself under the covers with an unlubed Trojan to practice her new skills upon her tutor, with only the vague impression that this wasn't what the teacher had in mind. Just the same, she's getting pretty good at it. Whisper cries out and comes his early-morning come while visions of Lise with a bullwhip and a foot-long schlong flicker unbidden across the movie screen in his head.

Nights, she spreads him like succulent marmalade on the down comforter of her four-poster bed, teasing him with feathers, roughhousing his cock a little, slapping his thighs with an 18" ruler, and then with a desperate whimper lowering herself on his face, performing a one-handed plastic wrap juggling act. Now that she is topping him, Whisper learns very fast, and Lise never fails to get off, twisting on his tongue as it seethes in and out of her silken folds. The novelty has worn off, he has to admit, but Whisper still likes it.

By now, Lise has started using the name "Whisper" for her partner, to keep herself from laughing at critical moments. He, in fine creative form, has come up with the term "Doña" to address her, since he could never say "mistress" and keep a straight face, let alone a hard-on. It's a Portuguese title of respect he found in the Thesaurus, and conjures up all sorts of romantic European images for him.

Whisper inches closer and closer to mentioning his desire for her cock to his Doña Lise. He can't figure out what his hang-up is, since he took it up the ass for ten or twelve years without any significant guilt. It has to be something about the sheer perversion of a gay boy getting fucked by a straight chick with a strap-on. Whisper begins to understand. But he

doesn't quite do it until one night he awakens at six a.m. from the following dream:

Satan has entered Lise's apartment, which is usually where they fuck since Whisper lives with a roommate. Lise and Whisper are sprawled atop the down comforter, fucking, while Satan cracks her whip at the foot of the bed, getting their attention. Lise is astonished that Satan is a chick, but it doesn't surprise Whisper at all. As a matter of fact, he kind of expected it. Satan has started laughing evilly.

Satan is a six and a half foot tall bitch-queen with enormous tits, wearing a patent-leather bustier and a strap-on dildo the size of the Empire State Building. The tip of each breast is capped by a razor-sharp spike. The head of the dildo bounces suggestively in the cleft of Satan's cleavage. Her shiny boots come to her knees, and three whips of various denominations hang from her wide leather belt. She has milkwhite flesh that displays an assortment of veins down the underside of her throat, and jet black hair that cascades like silk over her shoulders and almost hides the white horns jutting out of her skull at rakish angles; she wears black lips to match her hair, white fangs visible under the cruel twist of her upper lip, curled as it is in disdain. Her eyes glow demonically, which only serves to give Whisper a hard-on.

She addresses him with his submissive name. "For a small price, Whisper, you may feel the pleasure of your mistress' cock shoving its way up your ass! That price --" Satan cracks her whip demonstratively -- "YOUR SOUL!"

There's no time to haggle.

Whisper finds himself moaning as Lise snuggles up behind him and he discovers that she has grown a cock. Not just any cock, mind you, but a flesh-and-blood cock twelve inches long and the diameter of a soft-drink can, dripping come from the wide-open tip. Whisper hears his Doña laughing cruelly as she parts his cheeks and fits the thick head of her cock into his tight ass. Whisper seeks to pull away, and discovers that he has been tied by black silk scarves to the head and footboards of the bed, and

that his Calvin Kleins, in which he normally sleeps, are nowhere to be found. It is then that Lise leans over and sinks her teeth into the soft flesh at the base of Whisper's jaw. Along with her cock, she has grown fangs to match Satan's. Satan stands there laughing as Whisper moans and squirms helplessly, feeling his ass-cheeks part around the enormous tree-trunk prick of his mistress. Lise is unlike her normal top-persona; she has taken on something of Satan's personality.

"That's right, slut," clucks Satan. "Give yourself over to the domination of the feminine. Surrender to the newborn matriarchy, queerboy! Let this bitch ream you like you've never been reamed!"

Whisper is unable to reply, for Satan has circled the bed and grabbed onto his head and shoved her enormous cock down his throat, all the way. Whisper feels the pair of cocks invading his very being, thrusting right through to his guts, tearing him up inside. Lise is cooing into his ear, plundering his sweet ass, whispering how good she's going to treat him, while Satan fucks his face and tells him what a good little boy he's going to be. She and Lise will pierce his nipples and cock, put a leash on him, tattoo their names into his flesh, one on each asscheek. They will lead him around the house on all fours, causing him to service them alternately with his mouth and his cock. They will take him down to Folsom Street and show him off, on his knees between two women, and all his friends will ridicule him as he pleasures Lise and Satan up against the pool table.

"Please Satan, no...." moans Whisper repeatedly.

Lise is cackling insanely, pounding her hips back and forth and giving Whisper an ass-fucking like he's never received before. She cries out as her cock begins to spurt. Whisper's ass is suddenly flooded with thick jizz, more of it than he's ever experienced, spurting out and spraying all over him, mixing with his shit to splatter across Lise's slight breasts. Satan has yanked her dick out of Whisper's face and is jerking herself off, spewing a like amount of come all over his face and shoulders and chest, rubbing it into his hair, spurting streams of semen over Lise's face as well, where she anoints herself with the fruit of Satan's loins. Deliciously, Lise rubs the

mixture over her breasts and slickers it across Whisper's back. Satan cracks her whip, once, and is gone.

Whisper lays there tangled among Lise's rose-scented sheets, unable to figure out quite what is happening, aware only of the hot mouth on his prick. He has not yet ejaculated, and his need is at its height. He feels Lise's shoulder-length hair scattered about his crotch, feels the tightness of the condom around his prick, feels the squeeze of her throat around the head. Whisper begins to moan.

Coming out of his dream, he looks around for Satan, and even thinks he glimpses her, there, just behind the door, or maybe that's her reflected in the mirror, out on the fire escape, in the dresser drawer. Then he grits his teeth for a second as Lise kneads his balls, and his cock spasms its warm fluid into her mouth, filling the condom in a second. Lise laughs delightedly, sighing as she jerks Whisper off for the last few strokes, then settles her cheek down contentedly against his latex-clad cock.

"You kept calling me 'Satan,'" says Lise, happily. "That really got me wet. I guess it's the Catholic school thing."

Whisper shakes his head, bewildered, and actually takes another look around the room before replying.

"Yeah," he says. "I guess it's the Catholic school thing."

Today is Sunday.

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