

PANTY LOCK

FEMDOM STORIES OF
CHASTITY
& FORCED
FEMINIZATION



Deception
Press



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Femdom Stories of Chastity and Forced Feminization

Edited by Kylie Cooper and N.T. Morley

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Panty Lock is an explicit erotic female-dominant, male-submissive collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including female domination, male submission, enforced chastity, genital bondage, forced feminization, strap-on sex, oral sex, anal sex, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, group sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Panty Lock: Femdom Stories of Chastity and Forced Feminization

Enjoy a septet of stiff stories about feminized husbands, boyfriends and slaves who find their little cocks locked up for their Mistresses' pleasure. The sadistic women in these tales enjoy teasing and taunting their chastity-locked slaves, extracting succulent pleas for mercy that only make them hotter, wetter, and more determined to make their playthings suffer!

A wife makes her panty-wearing hubby the special guest at a strip club game of tease-and-denial, hosted by her and her girlfriend...

A husband attends a local dungeon's "foot party" with his wife... but must wait until some lucky stranger has coughed up the cash to make a gooey deposit on his wife's boots before he gets to worship them with her mouth...

When her husband gets fired, a wife takes up new work at the sleaziest strip joint in town, where a little extra cash will get you far more than a lap-dance. She delights in telling her tormented, chasty-locked hubby about all the hot guys she dances for, while she makes him service her at the end of every shift...

On her "third date" with a new guy, a sadistic wife makes an interesting discovery. Her cross-dressing husband is watching her make out with her new beau on the couch. She calls the chastity-locked sissy over to humiliate him in front of her date, then satisfies her oral impulses, sliding into second base while her husband's butt is still warm from a spanking...

A college boy thinks he's the luckiest guy in town when he scores a room in a live-work space with two hot strippers, only to find that things are more complicated than they seem. One roommate has her eyes on making the submissive guy her live-in, full-time oral-service chastity slave... and the other roommate happens to be her jealous ex-lover, intent on sabotaging their new relationship!

After extracting a promise from her submissive husband that he won't masturbate, a wife sets up surveillance cameras in strategic locations all over the house, resulting in some very explicit footage to torment him with, while she gives him the cock-torture torment he's been needing and the strap-on fucking of his life!

A male slave scores a date with the hottest, easiest girl in his circle of friends... only to find that his months as a chastity slave for his Mistress make it impossible for him to "perform" in the usual way. Lucky for his date, orally improvising is another matter entirely...

These seven stories will spike your fever and tempt you into new flights of fantasy. Thrill to the click of a padlock shutting... the hiss of a whip through the air... the laugh of a cruel and dominant women! Prepare yourself for *Panty Lock*...

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"Let's Get You a Lap Dance" first appeared in *Hard Stop*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used with permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Let's Get You a Lap Dance by Kendra Simms

"I wonder if it's true what they say?" I mused aloud, caressing Brian's ear. "About strippers loving it when women come in as customers. You think?"

"Oh, it's *definitely* true," said Trish emphatically, her hand up my husband's shirt, playing with his nipples. "They go *crazy*. You can get more mileage as a woman than our poor little boyfriend here would *ever* get as a man...."

"*Your* boyfriend," I purred. "My husband. Isn't that right, darling?"

Brian grunted; he tried to squirm, but Trish and I were both half-on-top of him, pinning him down to the back seat of the cab.

While she played with her nipples, Trish had slid her knee up between his legs and rammed it up against the hard plastic rig that secured his cock and balls.

His balls were full and solid, days into their denial, and his cock was trying *very* hard to become erect. It was stopped by a clear plastic tube that forced it down at a painful angle whenever it reached half-erection.

That put more pressure on his balls, since each time his cock expanded to fill the available space and then some, Trish and I would notice -- and go at him harder.

We'd tease him -- like we were teasing him now. With our hands on his crotch, his face, his nipples. And with our *words* -- we'd tease him verbally.

"Or is that *wrong*, baby?" I breathed warm and sexy into his ear, while I reached down to feel the firm bulge of plastic and metal in his suit pants, where his cock should be. "Is it *wrong* to call Trish your girlfriend, since, I

mean, isn't it, like, the *definition* of a girlfriend that the very least she does is fuck a guy? Or I mean, if she's, like a total prude, at least, like...give him blowjobs?"

Trish knew how to act on cue; she dropped her knee down into the footwell of the cab, so an instant after I said "blowjobs," her face was up against Brian's stomach, her tongue tracing a path wetly across just beneath his navel.

Brian moaned in pain as his cock tried to get hard.

I breathed warmly into Brian's face: "And she doesn't give you blowjobs, does she, baby? She and I don't even let you cum, any more. Isn't that right?"

Brian wriggled in his seat. Trish and I laughed happily.

If the cab driver was bothered by this display, he didn't show it. He was talking the whole time on his cell phone, on top of having the ten-o'clock news at deafening volume on the radio.

Trish and I normally try to be discrete when we're topping Brian -- but now, there just wasn't any reason for it. We were as shameless as we knew how to be. In fact, Trish had Brian's pants undone and had pulled down the pair of pink panties we'd made him wear. She was running her tongue all over the edges of his chastity tube and had Brian whimpering for mercy as I kissed him.

We'd been teasing him long before the driver pulled up in front of the strip club, which was when Trish put Brian's locked-up cock away in record time, tucking him back in his pink panties, zipping up his suit pants, buckling his belt.

The driver told us the amount with an accent so heavy I couldn't understand him. Luckily, the display on the dash told us how much the ride was.

"Pay the man, darling," I purred in my husband's ear. "And don't forget to tip. He's not the only one you'll be tipping tonight."

Brian obeyed me, taking out his wallet, fishing out a twenty and two ones to leave a five-dollar tip. It was one of those reasonably classy clubs, so a doorman had already opened Trish's door. She got out, and I was left alone in the back of the cab for a moment with Brian.

I kissed him, feeling the heat in his mouth and his tongue. I looked in his eyes and for an instant I saw real fear -- real anger at being so humiliated.

Then, with a beautiful twinkle in his eyes and a tiny twist to his mouth that hinted at a smile, I saw the perverted glee that came from being treated like this.

My heart had skipped a beat there. Now it pounded, with excitement.

I kissed the side of his neck and said, "Come on, lover. Let's go get you a lap dance."

#

It was a *yummy* club inside -- one of those high-class places where every last girl is beautiful. Since I'd put Brian in chastity -- with Trish's assistance, of course -- I'd been more turned on to women than ever. More importantly, I had the confidence not to be threatened by the desperate way that Brian looked at each mostly-naked woman that passed him as Trish and I led him to a booth.

"Do you like her, darling?" I asked him as one slim blonde dancer walked by, swaying on her high heeled shoes. "How about her?" A brunette, with very large breasts walked by and gave Brian a flirty up-and-down look. "What about that one, baby, she's so young!" Another blonde went by, slimmer than the first but stacked, her hair in pigtails and her outfit a kinky take on the schoolgirl uniform. She had a plaid micro-mini on her very slim hips and a matching plaid G-string visible underneath them. Her halter was

white and her breasts spilled out. She wore a skinny black tie hanging between them.

Brian definitely liked her. We made our way to a booth with red velvet seats and a low black linoleum table. We sat him down with Trish on one side of Brian, me on the other.

"Spread your legs, darling," I told him.

When he hesitated, Trish reached up under his shirt and tweaked his nipple. Brian gave a little squeal and obeyed me while Trish and I laughed softly at his distress.

Having his legs spread meant that his hard-encased cock bulged out like a boner. It was intensely humiliating for him...I could tell that by the reddening of his face and the way his eyes dropped to the floor in shame.

I grabbed his longish hair and pulled it. "Darling, we're at a strip club. It's polite to look at the girls. Look up there, darling. Look at that one on the stage! Is she cute, baby, do you think she's sexy?"

Struggling to keep his cock from getting hard, Brian didn't want to look.

He did, though, when Trish joined in, pinching his nipples even harder. In the shadows of the booth, we could get away with this kind of treatment...we were patrons, just like him. And the dancers seemed to know that a girl-girl-guy threesome was likely to drop more money on lap dances than even a single guy would.

And they were right. We also planned to drink more -- that's why we'd gotten a cab.

A cute little college-age Latina girl showed up, wearing the uniform of the cocktail waitresses -- little black skirt, bikini top and high heels.

"Can I get you folks a drink?"

"How about a nice tall glass of you?" laughed Trish flirtatiously. "Sorry, that's cheesy."

Trish laughed some more, while the cocktail waitress flirted back and Brian tried to look down. "What are your specials?" asked Trish, and I knew what she was thinking. She wanted the waitress to stay as long as possible - - because Brian loves Latina girls. And she also knew that he was probably worried about whether he was allowed to look at a waitress the same way he looked at a stripper.

I whispered in Brian's ear, "Look at her tits, baby. It's okay to ogle her. Look at them. They're really hanging out of her top, aren't they?"

Brian nodded miserably.

"And for you, Ma'am?"

"Oooh," I said. "I like it when you call me Ma'am. I'll have a champagne, and he'll have a bloody Mary."

Brian bristled. He hates bloody marys.

Trish and I laughed about that as the dancers lingered around our booth, waiting till we had our drinks to come up and offer us a lap dance.

While we waited, I made Brian look at the stage, and asked him again how sexy he found the girl up there.

He answered with a soft moan of pain as his cock fought against the tightness of his chastity tube.

The dancer on the stage couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty -- quite a bit younger than me, and much younger than Brian. She was skinny and Goth, with close-cropped brunette hair and a sprinkling of tattoos. She had piercings, which she flashed when she tugged her G-string out of the way to receive a tip from a patron at the edge of the stage.

"That's naughty, baby. I don't think she's supposed to do that. Do you think she's one of those bad, bad girls? The kind who will suck your dick in the VIP room if you let her..." I laughed. "If you had a dick to suck, that is...instead of that useless lump of locked-down plastic."

"Hell," said Trish. "I'd suck his dick. If he wasn't such a chastity whore. I know he loves being teased and denied. That's what I like about him. You're such a good friend for sharing."

"Oh, it's my pleasure," I said, leaning across Brian to put my face in close proximity to Trish's.

We teased each other, taking a long, slow dance right in front of Brian's face. We made lots of lingering, hungry eye contact before we finally kissed.

I leaned *hard* on Brian's bulge as Trish and I started making out. I felt her up, too, there in the shadows of the booth. I even grabbed Brian's hand and planted them on her tits. He tried to pull his hand away, but I held his hand there.

"Come on, baby. Feel her tits." He did. "Aren't they nice?" Brian nodded. "Don't you wish she'd let you suck them?"

Brian moaned in pain.

A dancer appeared. "Hi, I'm Scarlett. Can I offer you a lap dance?"

Scarlett was a particularly cute little redhead. She was petite and stacked and wore an emerald-green bikini, through which I could see her nipples.

Brian tried not to look. I told him, "Come on, baby, look at this beautiful girl. She wants to give you a lap dance. Don't you want one?"

Brian answered with a pathetic little squeal.

Trish and I laughed at the redhead. Brian *loves* redheads. Trish and I are both brunettes, but it was no secret how hot Brian thinks creamy-skinned red-haired college girls were.

Scarlett looked Brian up and down flirtatiously -- then she looked at Trish and me. Her eyes went wide as she realized what was happening -- we were topping him. She liked that.

"Well," said Trish. "If he doesn't, I do. Can we share one?"

Scarlett said, "We don't normally do that, but...for two women, that's all right."

"Can my husband watch?"

Scarlett said that was more than fine.

We told Brian to pay the girl, counting out twenties until Trish and I felt the girl had been adequately compensated for what she was about to give us -- and more importantly, to give Brian. It was \$120, which made Scarlett's eyes get huge.

We pushed Brian over to the edge of the booth and made him sit on his hands -- just like Trish and I were supposed to do. But when Scarlett started writhing and dancing all over us, moving from one lap to the next, rubbing her pretty ass up against Trish and me, she "forgot" to remind us to keep our hands down. She let us caress her belly and slide our hands down onto her hips while she rode us. She arched her back and leaned way back and brushed her lips against my neck, and actually kissed Trish, while I gently caressed her thigh.

She lost her green bikini top and reached over to drape it in Brian's face. He accepted it, and desperately sniffed it. He gave a weak little moan.

Scarlett reversed her stance and straddled Trish, making out with her. It was nothing too obvious, but their lips definitely met...and Scarlett didn't back away when Trish's tongue slid into her mouth.

Then she gave me the very same treatment. I was flushed and wet by the time she was finished.

"Darling, you've got to try this girl," I said to Brian. "You like redheads, don't you?"

Brian trembled in shame and excitement. I could see his bulge in his slacks, as he sat with his legs spread as I'd ordered him to do.

"Come on, darling. Pay the girl for another lap dance. You don't mind, to you?"

Scarlett didn't. Brian forked over another hundred dollars, while a pretty blonde with very large tits -- fake, of course -- and the black-haired Goth girl from the stage came by.

Trish motioned them to us. Both girls came over, excited.

"If you'll do both of us," said Trish, "You can do three people for the price of four."

The blonde wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. She did some math in her head and said, "Oh!" Both girls agreed.

We made Brian pull his tortured face out from between Scarlett's tits in order to pay the blonde and the Goth girl.

They were named Candi and Amarantha. They crawled all over Trish and me and drove both of us wild. We were both dripping wet by the time Scarlett finished Brian's dance, leaving him humiliated and red-faced. The front of his pants looked moist -- surely from her pussy, which she'd rubbed against his hard chastity tube. He was so desperate for relief that he had actually guzzled two-thirds of his bloody Mary...a drink he despises.

I drank the rest of it as we sent Candi and Amarantha over to torment Brian. Meanwhile, Trish and I made out in the booth, watching them,

getting off on Brian's pain.

He clearly had to fight not to get hard, but it wasn't working very well. His discomfort increased as the two girls draped their breasts in his face and made him sit on his hands whenever he forgot his place and reached for them.

He got nowhere near as much attention as we did...but both dancers knew what was happening. Clearly, he wasn't the first chastity slave whose wife had brought him in to this club.

By the time Candi and Amarantha were finished with him, Brian's eyes were red and wide; his hips worked furiously as his tormented face stayed twisted in obvious pain.

Trish and I were flushed and hungry for each other.

I decided we'd tormented my husband enough for now.

We snuggled up against Brian.

Trish whispered, "We're going to take you home, now, darling."

"And then we're both going to fuck you."

Brian's eyes went wide. He moaned. He couldn't believe his luck.

I laughed and kissed Trish in front of him.

"Of course," she said, "You'll be wearing a strap-on..."

Brian's eyes rolled back in his head as we laughed at his pain.

Trish and I took turns kissing Brian as the bouncer summoned us a cab.

He squirmed more and more with each moment of his torture. Trish and I got more and more turned on by his distress.

Trish and I smiled at each other eagerly. Brian was going to have a very long night...

"Foot Party" first appeared in *Foot Chase*, edited by N.T. Morley. Deception Press, 2014. Copyright © 2014 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

Foot Party by Brett Olsen

There are more than a hundred men at the foot worship party, so it's not all that conspicuous that I don't buy "time" with any of the seven beautiful Dommies seated on a short row of thrones. I paid my entry fee and got my two tokens, just like everyone else. That would get me the right to deliver kisses to the feet of two different Dommies -- if I cared to. But I don't care to. I just want to watch. I want to watch Mistress Vanessa. Alone among the seven Dommies, she's my muse.

Other men feel differently. Each of the seven women has her devotees, just like the Seven Heavens. Mistresses Tiffany, Nicole, Sabrina, Serena, Cheyenne and Chelsea, all enjoy their followers. And of course, so does Mistress Vanessa. But Vanessa is the one I'm obsessed with.

I stand there and watch her, intoxicated by every move she makes. I get drunk on her presence. I tingle every time she treats a client with disdain, or demands a tip from him before letting him do more than merely kiss her feet. The tokens provide you with the opportunity to kiss, but even licking requires a gratuity.

All of these seven women are gorgeous in their own way, but Mistress Vanessa does something special to me. Seeing the men lining up to worship Vanessa, my heart races. I feel pulsing sensations of jealousy. I can't believe she's letting all these men do that, when I'm right here... watching.

Vanessa, you see, is my wife. That I *also* worship at her feet -- never for free, mind you, but always with exchange of valuable goods and/or favors -- is merely a quirk of romance. That she whores her tootsies out to the highest bidder at public parties is her way of cuckolding me. It makes my cock hard. How could it not?

None of the women are naked. All wear fetish clothing, but some have worn skirts and have gone without panties. They keep their thighs together until a worshipper provides a high enough tip. Then those knees slowly

migrate apart for a few seconds, maybe a minute, while the lucky boy worships her boots. He gets a beaver shot while he worships. For the appropriate tribute, he gets to look but not touch.

Not Vanessa, though. No one but me gets a beaver shot... and I'll never get one here. Vanessa is decked out in latex, packed into skintight hot pants that hug her so tight we can see more than we probably would if she *was* naked. Her tits stand out firm through the body-molding lines of her shiny black latex top. It's sleeveless, but she wears elbow-length gloves. Her stockings are not latex but sheer with lace bands at the tops. The rubber hot pants have attached rubber garters, which clip to the lace bands fetchingly.

Then there are her *shoes*. They're the most delectable thing about her outfit.

Mistress Vanessa wears a hot pair of black patent leather open-toed shoes with very high heels. They're improbably high, in fact, and very, very skinny. I know from experience that Vanessa has a hard time walking steadily on such high stiletto heels... but she won't have to walk in them. She just has to sit there and get worshipped.

And I *watch* her get worshipped, loving her more with every man's tongue I see caressing her feet.

I can't touch my cock. That's one of the rules. If you're watching, you're not allowed to touch yourself. If you do, even through your pants, you'll be asked to leave by one of the burly monitors watching us clients like hawks.

If you *do* want to jack it -- as many of the customers do, sometimes desperately -- your only option is to fork over cash.

Once you pay for a session of kisses -- whether with one of your tokens or cash, if you've already expended those tokens -- you're permitted to ask permission of one of the Dommies to haul out your cock. If you ask, you'll be expected to offer additional tribute.

If the Domme you are worshipping grants permission, you're permitted to take out your cock and masturbate. You have to do it right there in front of her, naturally. The second you rise from your subservient position on your knees in front of your chosen Domme, any permission she granted is rescinded. Your permission to jack it is only valid in the magical bubble directly in front of her. It is also rescindable at any time, if you should do anything ill-advised like kiss her above the knee.

There are tissues by each of the thrones. If your chosen Domme tells you to jack it but forbids you permission to cum on her feet, you will be expected to squirt in a wad of tissue. In that case, dripping is highly inadvisable. If you *do* wish to cum on her feet, she may allow you to beg for the privilege. Be prepared to offer more cash, naturally... *lots* more cash. Cumming on a woman's feet is a privilege granted only to the most generous among us. It is understandable; getting her tootsies covered in a stranger's jizz is not for every woman. It costs her valuable time off the worship floor; she has to get up and go wash her feet off in the Dommies-only ladies' room nearby. Enough times around with such a ritual, and a girl's feet get chapped. Her shoes may even be damaged.

And Vanessa does love her shoes... almost as much as I love them.

That's probably why Mistress Vanessa does not offer that privilege for most of the evening. Even though a dozen men have offered her feet kisses, no man has yet induced her to let him jack off on her feet. So far only one man has jacked it, but he was a cheapskate. He paid for the privilege, but he didn't beg for permission to jizz on her shoes. He just grunted and came in his tissues. The second he was finished, Mistress Vanessa waved him away. He went quietly, shame-faced.

Mistress Vanessa knows that I'm watching her. She smiles at me between clients. A key dangles between her tits, kissing her cleavage like men have been kissing her feet. She keeps that key with her, always, on a chain around her neck. While I watch her, blushing, she toys with the key.

There are enough men here that Vanessa sees a steady business through midnight. The cash box on the small table beside her is full, as is the wine

glass next to it. All tips are cash, and not monitored by the house. Vanessa's got quite a collection in there. Crisp bills... crumpled bills, some of them moist. She's allowed some clients to slip her tributes into the lace bands at the tops of her stockings... just like a stripper. Mostly, though, they're only allowed to hold them up in their lips, whereupon she plucks the tribute away and stuffs it into her box, along with the tokens.

Mistress Vanessa collects a whole lot of tokens and a whole lot of tips. So do the other girls. There are many men here, lots of them eager to spend. None of the women are left bored. For Mistress Vanessa, there is a line for most of the evening.

I can't hear her exchanges with the clients who worship her. Several men jack into tissues for her, but no man gets the privilege to cum on her feet.

Not until well after midnight.

Then, I see one man drop to his knees before he crawls up to her.

I've seen him go through various lines several times; he's long since used both of his tokens. Now, he pays for his kisses in cash. Vanessa takes his tribute and drops it in her cash box.

After he kisses her feet, reverently, he looks up and speaks to her softly. She leans forward and slaps him across the face. He gets flustered. He apologizes. He dips his hand into his pocket. It comes out with cash.

He holds it up. He counts out bills, still red-faced. Maybe more so. He looks up at her meekly, reading her expression. Vanessa's red lips are twisted in a disgusted frown until he's counted out two... three... four bills.

Then she smiles.

I see her lips form the words, "Of course, slave. Go right ahead." She leans forward and caresses his face. The tribute is gone; I don't even see where it goes. Her hand trails its way down his button-front shirt. She

undoes a button and says something to him. Her foot comes up quickly. She jams it into his bulging crotch. She says something else.

The man trembles. The Vanessa's toes rub the front of his swelling cock. She leans back and thrusts her heel into his balls. The man cries out softly.

Vanessa looks at him pointedly, her quirky smile a sly invitation.

The man's hand dips back into his pocket. It comes out holding several more bills. I can't see what bills they are, but Vanessa can... obviously. From the way she reacts, she approves of their denomination and number.

She plucks the tribute away. It goes in her box. She waves at him dismissively. She turns away and sips her wine as the man bends forward and starts to worship her feet.

He kisses her feet reverently at first, covering them from her red-painted toes to her sharp stiletto heels. Then he goes back for a second round, licking them all over. Vanessa gives him no feedback; she just looks down at him in contempt, sipping her wine while he abases himself.

Finally, she barks a command. The stranger rolls on his back wordlessly and begins to fellate her stiletto heels. She holds her feet up and trades off sliding them into his mouth. With his head tipped back, it's a straight shot. She thrusts her heels into his mouth in rhythmic abandon, as if her heels were cocks.

That arouses him greatly. His pants bulge as his cock stiffens to full erection. He tries to touch himself through his pants. Vanessa barks a command at him. He puts his hands flat on the floor while she heel-fucks his mouth. He sucks her high heels obediently.

Vanessa takes her time, taking obvious pleasure in fucking the man's mouth with her heels. Sometimes she slides both of them in her mouth; other times, she sips her wine as if not paying attention as she makes him fellate just one foot at a time.

Finally, she draws her feet back from her face, puts her feet and her knees together, and says to him loudly:

"All right. It's time. Get it over quickly, worm."

I've never seen a man be so thankful at being called "worm." He rolls onto his knees, unzips his pants, takes out his small but very hard cock. He starts to jerk off. Vanessa does not watch him. He gazes up at her, red-faced and loving, while he pumps his dick with his tightly-clenched hand.

It doesn't take long. He groans and arches his back. He grips his cock down near the base with just two fingers and a thumb, aiming the tip at my wife's high-heeled shoes.

The streams of his jizz glisten in the soft dungeon lighting. There's a lot of it. He leaves my wife's pretty feet shiny with his cum.

When he's done, my wife waves him off. He scampers away in a waddle, still on his knees. He tucks his small cock away as he goes.

Normally, Mistress Vanessa would do what the other girls do when they grant a customer permission to soil her feet. She would get up and rush to the ladies' room.

But Vanessa does not. She just waits there, smiling. She scans the room, taking her time. Finally, her gaze settles on me.

I know what she wants. Nervously, I close on her. My cock is already rock-hard in my slacks.

I ask: "May I approach, Mistress?"

She narrows her eyes, looks at her glistening feet.

"Now?" she asks. "My feet are so dirty. I think I should watch them first, pervert." She laughs. "Unless you don't want that."

Then she no longer laughs; she just sneers.

She says: "Oh, I get it, pervert. *You want it.* You're some kind of cum-worm, aren't you?" She utters a breathy sound of disgust.

"Approach," she says. "Perv."

She puts her and out. I drop to my knees and crawl to her. I hand over my two tokens.

"One kiss on each foot," she says sharply. "That's all."

I gulp. I say, "This slave would be privileged to worship your feet, Mistress."

She strokes my face. "It'll cost you."

I reach into my pocket. My hand comes out holding a roll of bills.

There's no discretion about trading money here. Why should there be? It's expected... *required*. The girls are encouraged to make a show about taking the money. Far from being perceived as crass, it's considered appropriate. It emboldens other men to cough up more dough. If there's one thing that opens a man's wallet faster than open legs, it's closed ones. And closed legs worshipped by men with big rolls of cash inspire men to show that their own rolls are larger.

I count out two bills... three, four, five... more. I lose count, watching her eyes as they drink in the scene impassively. She allows me to count without counting... but I know *she's* counting. It's an art, knowing how much to extort from a pervert like me. Vanessa already controls my bank account, through means even more nefarious. I know I should not care how much she makes me pay to worship her feet when they're shiny with another man's cum. But I do. So does she. It gives her pleasure to make me pay top dollar, in front of a hundred other perverts and an assortment of Dommies.

She finally smiles and plucks the bills from my hand.

She says: "They're all gooey, pervert. You like that?"

I gulp, my eyes watering. I nod. I know what she wants. She knows what I need.

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

The corners of her lips curve up slightly. "Go ahead. But you'd better get every drop.

I lower my face to her feet. I smell the other man's sperm. My stomach churns; my throat closes.

I have to force myself to open my mouth. I must conquer my revulsion to get my tongue out.

But after I start to lick delicately, it becomes easier. I go gently at first, worshipping her cum-covered feet. Once Vanessa laughs at me, I find it easier still.

She says: "You're really a sick little cum-loving pervert, aren't you? Your wife must lock up your thing, huh?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Stop, slave. Look up at me. Let me see what a good little chastity cumwhore you are."

I lift my wet mouth from her feet, even though there's a lot of cum still left to lick.

I look up at Vanessa obediently, my cheeks, chin and lips glazed with another man's cum.

"Your wife has that pathetic thing in your pants under lock and key?" She toys with the key that dangles in her cleavage.

"Yes, Mistress," I say. "She locks it down tight, Goddess."

Vanessa sneers. "She's a smart girl."

"Very smart, Mistress. The smartest."

Vanessa knows damned well that my wife locks up my thing... because she herself padlocked the chastity tube on my dick just before she and I left for the party in separate cars. She wants to keep up appearances. I'm just another client, coughing up cash and begging to worship her cummy feet. That not only enforces my servitude... it encourages other men to pay her for the pleasure.

Vanessa smirks at me, asking: "Is she smarter than me?"

I blush. I can't laugh, but I have to fight the urge, despite the warm eddies of degradation flowing through my body and mind... perhaps in the dammed-up river of cum that feels like it swells my balls so full that it backs all the way up into my brainstem. I can barely think.

I finally answer:

"*As* smart," I guess. "

"But she keeps you locked-up full-time?" she asks.

I nod quickly.

"Then she *is* smarter than me," my wife gloats. "A full-time chastity bitch of a husband is far more pleasing than some pervert jizz-worm writhing on the floor begging for a taste of my cummy shoes. I mean, with sick fucks like you, I'm not much more than a dirty whore offering sloppy seconds. Wouldn't you agree, slave?"

"No, Mistress," I say. "You're a Goddess."

"Nice try, but your wife is still smarter than I am. She's the real Goddess."

"Yes, Mistress," I say. "I agree."

"Take it out," she barks. "Show me how good that cunt locked you up."

"Yes, Mistress," I say, trembling.

I unbuckle my belt and unbutton my slacks. I unzip them and pull them down, revealing my pale yellow panties. They bulge in the front. The chastity tube distends my tight panties to the breaking point.

Vanessa jabs her stiletto heel into the hard plastic of my tube, kicking it so hard the sharp tip of her stiletto almost tears my panties. I stand firm, kneeling with knees spread while my wife laughs.

She jerks her chin toward the cash box and smiles.

"And for that price, I was going to let you shoot your load on top of his. But since you're a chastity slave, I guess all you can do is clean up. Isn't that right, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

"Then finish what you started slave, and crawl away like the vermin you are."

I shiver all over. I bend down and press my face to her feet. I kiss reverently at first, several kisses, feeling the remnants of jizz from the last man who paid tribute.

The smell makes my sinuses sting.

I steel myself for the taste.

I say, "Thank you, Mistress."

Vanessa smiles at me happily.

"You are *very* welcome, slave. Now make yourself useful, cum-vacuum. Lick that stuff up."

"Yes, Mistress," I say.

I start to lick.

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Lunch Shift by Cinnamon Weiss

When Zach lost his job, Julie decided to make good on her threat to start working as a stripper. Zach didn't even try to talk him out of it. Julie laughingly took that as proof of what a sick pervert cuckold he was. It wasn't that Zach couldn't stop her from rubbing her naked body all over strange men. It wasn't even that he didn't have a problem with it. It was that Zach *wanted* his wife to show off to strangers, and rub up against them, and even grind her butt against them until she basically jerked them off with her firm, perfect butt. The thought of it would have made Zach pop a boner -- if he'd been permitted boners anymore. He was not. The best he could do was to dream.

The audition was easy. Julie had been a dance major in college and could dance with the best of them, in any style from jazz to classical to modern to rumba to exotic. For her audition at the Paradise Palace, Julie combined a little bit of all of those into a style most appropriately described as "slutty." The managers at the Paradise Palace loved it. What's more, the customers loved it. Julie was soon bringing home more than Zach had ever made at his office job. Having always worn the pants in the relationship, Julie told her husband that this seemed a natural state of affairs, given the direction their marriage had been heading. Zach was forbidden from working outside the home. It became his task to keep the apartment immaculate -- and to do it wearing lingerie.

Zach had little choice but to accept his new life as a stripper's sissy.

#

This state of affairs seemed a natural progression of what had gone before. By the time he lost his job, Zach had been extremely submissive to Julie for more than a year. He had begged her to try dominating him in bed for almost two years before that. It had taken quite some time for Zach to convince Julie to try it; even calling it "swinging" instead of cuckolding

hadn't seemed to help, at first. But once Julie decided to try fucking another man in front of her husband, she was addicted.

Julie had picked up a stranger at a local bar, brought him home and fucked him in their bedroom while Zach was tied up in the closet, his little cock locked into a clear plastic chastity tube. That first time, Zach had been thrilled to enact his longtime fantasy, even if he couldn't have the pleasure of a boner or an orgasm while his wife fucked around on him. Afterwards, he was even more thrilled to eat his wife out, tasking the ripe humiliation of another man's seed leaking from his wife's body; naturally, she had fucked the stranger bareback. He gave Julie several orgasms that night with his skilled tongue, showing more enthusiasm for oral sex than he had ever shown before. But Zach was hardly as enthusiastic when Julie informed him she intended to keep his chastity tube locked.

The die had been cast. Zach could not turn back the clock. He had always fantasized about going full-time, but could he learn to accept it?

Zach *did* learn to accept his new life as a cuckold -- because he could hardly do otherwise. Now that she'd been with another man, Julie wasn't taking "no" for an answer. She made it a point to find some new stranger to fuck -- usually in a local bar -- every two weeks or so. Zach made it a point to watch obediently when he was permitted to do so, to "fluff" his wife before her trips out to cruse, and to clean her up afterwards. In a year, she had fucked twenty men. She kept none of their phone numbers; if they told her their names, she quickly forgot them.

As such things naturally do, it grew from a simple cuckolding relationship to one of complete female dominance. It seemed only natural, now, that Julie should become the breadwinner. It seemed even *more* appropriate that she should do earn their keep by showing her body to strange men on stage -- and rubbing herself up against them, giving lap dances and sometimes more.

With her tanned, toned body and extensive training in dance, Julie was popular at the Paradise Palace, which had a reputation as the best-paying strip club in town, even if it did have some unsavory rumors surrounding it.

But like all the girls, Julie still had to start on the lunch shift for a probationary period. At that time of day, the money was not quite as good as it was working later in the evenings, when the men were drunker and freer with their money. But Julie liked working the lunch shift. As she often told Zach, the men were handsome. They were well-dressed. They were mostly businessmen from the nearby financial district, wearing classy suits and acting like gentlemen. She liked to tease them and toy with them, just like she did with her husband. As she liked to remind Zach, however, there was a major difference between what she did with him and what she did with her customers. For \$20, she would sit on a guy's lap and fit her firm, toned butt around his hard cock, working it up into her crack. Then she would jiggle and writhe till he shot his load in his pants. Twenty dollars; that's all it took to possess her in a way that Zach never would again. Julie took pleasure in telling Zach how many men she had pleased that day, recalling details about how each one smelled, sounded, and felt against her. In the shadows of the club, she could please four or five men in an hour, sometimes more. A four-hour lunch shift, 11-2, could see Zach's wife working her butt up and down against twenty hard cocks.

"And I like it better than I ever liked fucking you, baby," Julie was quite fond of telling Zach. His distress grew with every filthy story his wife told him about her work. His anxiety mounted as Julie grew bolder, pushing the rules of the club while its welcome shadows shrouded her.

Working the lunch shift meant Julie had evenings to relax at home, often smoking pot since she no longer drank beer -- too many calories -- and sometimes watching porn. Whether stoned or straight, Julie would also hone her striptease skills on her husband. She would tie Zach tightly and dance for him, teasing and taunting her husband while his small cock tried to stiffen in its spiked hard plastic prison. The result was agonizingly painful for Zach, but that only made Julie wetter. Luckily, her obedient husband had an ever-ready tongue. All it took was a hard tug to his leash, and Zach's face would be down between Julie's legs. Many evenings, she would even make *him* tease *her*, letting Zach's tongue bring her right to the edge of an orgasm and then pulling back, "edging" herself so she wouldn't lose her motivation to keep practicing. Usually home by four in the

afternoon, Julie could lap-dance her husband torturously for eight or ten hours without ever letting herself cum. When she finally sat on his face and demanded he service her quickly, she would abuse him with gusto, smothering him, scratching and slapping his balls, raking her fingernails up and down his fishnet-clad thighs. Julie could sometimes cum three times on Zach's tongue. When she was finally finished face-fucking her sissy husband, she would fall asleep in his arms. Zach's cock would throb and pulse, his balls swelling with unspent seed, while he fell into an exhausted sleep as well.

Julie's dance skills improved quickly. Even better, she learned how to tease with greater skill. Her tips grew from \$200 to \$300 a shift. There was the promise of making still more once Julie had put in her required six months of probation. Then, she could be reassigned to the night shift. There, she might make twice as much money, working anywhere from four to eight hours in the evenings and early mornings.

But Julie loved the lunch shift. She loved having the evenings to abuse her sissy. When the time came, she'd have a hard time giving the lunch shift up. In the meantime, though, she milked it for all it was worth...just like she milked her husband.

#

Julie loved dancing for strangers and rubbing up against them. She knew how to tease them and tempt them and offer them pleasures untold with her eyes and her mouth and her whispered filth and the sweet undulations of her body.

What's more, Julie had formed a fixation on telling her husband her filthiest work stories. Every afternoon when she came home from the lunch shift, she would be so hot, sweaty and aroused that she would strip naked and sprawl on the couch, propping her high heels on the coffee table. She never took a shower after work; she preferred to let her husband smell the club on her, its scent a mixture of perfume and cigarettes, pot and cologne, her sweat and other men's musk.

Julie would sit on the couch, making Zach count her money. She would have him kneel before her and count out every sweaty, wrinkled bill, starting with the \$1 bills and continuing up to the fives, tens and twenties.

Twenties were common...sometimes she'd bring home ten or fifteen or twenty or twenty-five of them. With each \$20 bill Zach counted out, Julie would lean in close and moan in his ear, telling him the story of just what she had to do to earn it.

Most of Julie's \$20 tips came from sitting in a customer's lap and jiggling her firm butt on his hard cock till he shot his load in his pants. Sometimes she would tease Zach that one man or another had gotten as much sex from her as Zach ever had. This was a cruel snipe aimed at Zach's humiliating tendency, in the old days -- back when Julie let him fuck her -- to get so turned on that he'd cum very quickly, often as soon as he put his cock inside his wife, but sometimes even *before* he put it there. More than once, he had left his load of slime sprayed across his wife's thighs. Julie used this to tease and humiliate her husband. She would say things like:

"This one was just like you, darling. He came quickly. He didn't even need to put it inside me to squirt. I didn't even have to give him a handjob. He blew his load right away, just like you, just from rubbing up against me. He didn't even ask me to jerk him off. He didn't even need a handjob. He was cute, though. I would have given him one... if he'd asked. I wonder what he would have paid me for that? I'm guessing fifty, darling. Do you think my HJs are worth that? Fifty dollars? I bet you'd pay me a lot more than that, after how long I've had you locked up, darling, wouldn't you?" Julie would laugh and continue as Zach whimpered, feeling the pain of his forcibly held cock. "I bet you would have really liked to watch me jerk off a customer, huh? That's dirtier than anything I've ever done, isn't it? That's not just being a stripper anymore. That's being a *prostitute*. Would you like to see your wife become a whore, you sick sissy pervert?"

Zach would always say miserably, "Yes, Mistress," squirming in pain as his cock tried to stiffen.

Julie would laugh, take another hit, and tell her husband the day was probably coming.

"Being married to you has destroyed all myself respect," she said. "Don't you worry, sissy. It probably won't be long. One day soon, I'll turn into a real whore. I won't be able to help myself."

"Yes, Mistress," Zach would say as his cock throbbed in pain.

#

It wasn't a random fantasy that made Julie tease Zach by asking how much he thought men would pay for a handjob from her. She'd been thinking about that a lot, lately. Some of the girls did that, sometimes. If you knew how to play the game, you could get away with it.

Julie knew it was only a matter of time till she tried it.

#

Although Julie only worked three to four hours a day on the lunch shift, she found that interacting with all those hot men at the club meant she no longer wanted to fuck around on Zach. She'd started to tire of the biweekly routine of regular pickups and semi-anonymous sex. After she started at the Paradise Palace, she found herself without the desire to meet strangers, like she'd done before. She went without hookups for a good three months. She preferred to save up her sexual energy for the club, or to spend it on Zach. Her husband's "training" grew more intense with every passing week. The more men Julie danced for at the club, the more worked up she got. When she came home, the more men she'd spread for and lap-danced, the more eager she was to strap on a big cock and buttfuck her husband, or ride his face hard till he almost passed out.

Julie was so immersed in her double life that she barely realized how horny she was becoming. As she'd always been fond of telling her husband, "A girl needs cock." Rubbing her butt up against it till it squirted wasn't the same as touching it, tasting it, putting it inside her.

Julie drifted easily between the world of the club and the pleasantly manageable sissy torture chamber their one-bedroom apartment had become. But Julie's need for sex -- *real* sex -- was returning. She could tell that something was changing inside her. Her life as a stripper with a sissy slave housewife had become not just a tease for Zach. It was also a kind of tease-and-denial for Julie. No matter how many orgasms she had on her husband's tongue or on her vibrator, or even -- occasionally -- while touching herself in a customer's lap, Julie could not reach the intense level of thrill and release she'd experienced when she spread wide and took a total stranger's cock inside her, bareback.

Something inside Julie told her just taking a night off and going out for a pickup simply wouldn't be enough. Fucking strangers had always been simple and easy for her. But her hunger for risk had grown since she'd started stripping. Julie had become inured to the danger. She spent her days rubbing up against men whose names she would never bother to ask, and wouldn't remember for long if they volunteered them.

To get the thrill she craved, Julie was going to have to go further.

Giving a handjob for money would just be the start.

#

One Thursday, it happened.

Julie came home a little bit earlier than usual, just before 3:00 in the afternoon. She looked flushed and excited. She kept her hand thrust in her overcoat pocket.

Zach greeted her at the door, as usual. He was wearing his black panties, a black garter belt and black fishnet stockings. He had his wife's bong all packed and a diet soda on ice.

Julie brushed both out of the way. She took out her roll and dumped it on the coffee table.

She slipped off her overcoat. She had not changed her clothes from her shift. She wore a plaid micro-miniskirt, pulled up a little to reveal a white G-string underneath. She had white stockings on, along with white high-heeled boots that rose to her knees. They were cheap; their plastic surfaces shimmered. Julie's push-up bra was also white. Her tits spilled out, her hard nipples on display. A white blouse was tied up under her ample tits, none of its buttons fastened. She had glitter on her tits, belly, and thighs. She stank of perfume, liquor, cigarettes, pot, and most importantly *men*.

Julie took out her roll and tossed it on the living room floor, which was immaculate from the vacuuming Zach had just given it.

Julie sat on the couch and put her boots on the coffee table.

She smiled, slightly out of breath. She nodded at the roll.

"Count it," she told Zach.

Zach did. He knelt and picked up the roll. He counted out the \$1 bills and piled them up. Then he counted the fives, then the tens, a few twenties. This time, Julie didn't say a word; she just watched her husband. She didn't give her any details of how she'd earned the twenties.

She waited until Zach had made it to the middle of the sweaty, wrinkled pile.

She waited till he counted out the one \$50 bill in the center.

The second Zach counted out the fifty, he *knew*. He stared at it for a moment, turning pale. He looked at his wife. Her legs were slightly spread. She was touching herself through her white panties, her plaid skirt pulled up.

Zach gulped. He stared at his wife. She smiled like the cat who ate the canary.

"I think you know what's coming, sissy," she teased him.

"I--I do, Mistress?" Zach asked, trying to sound innocent.

"Uh-huh," she said. "You know what that \$50 bill means. You know where it came from."

Zach asked meekly: "Did you...*earn* this, Mistress?"

Julie laughed. "Oh, yes," she said. "I earned it, baby. I earned it in spades. Would you like to hear the story?"

Zach whimpered in humiliation as his swelling cock jabbed into the spikes of his chastity tube.

He said: "If it please you to tell it, Mistress."

"Oh, it pleases me to tell it," Julie said, her voice like melted chocolate. "I'll tell you the whole story. If you really think you're ready to hear it. I mean, do you really *want* to hear about how your loving wife became a whore today?"

Zach's cock pulsed and sizzled in pain as it tried to stiffen in its padlocked, spiked prison.

He murmured: "If it please you to--"

"Yes, if it please me to tell it, slave. What a sick pervert. You can't even tell me you're dying to hear it. You won't even admit that it turns you on, makes your tiny little thing hard to be married to a fucking *prostitute*. Can you, pervert?"

Zach's voice trembled. "It--it does turn me on," he said.

"So, you admit it," laughed Julie. "Well, then, I guess I can tell you the story. Then again...what is there to tell? We both knew it was destined to happen, baby. Didn't we?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"I've been a little crazy in the head, you know. I mean, I've been getting the hang of this now job, so I haven't been dating." She laughed. "Dating. How funny to call it that! I mean I haven't been fucking around on you. I haven't been letting other men cum inside me and making you lick it all out of me. Have I, slave?"

"No, Mistress."

"I've just been dancing and chilling, dancing and chilling. It's gotten crazy. I went too long without fucking around, darling. I guess I got hungry for cock. Besides, this guy was really cute."

Julie described how she'd been grinding against this guy in the shadows of one of the Paradise Palace's booths, where such things as handjobs -- and occasionally more -- could sometimes be gotten away with.

"I was lap-dancing him, and his dick was real hard; I could feel it against my thigh when I rubbed up against it. The song was 'Cherry Pie,' totally stupid but oh, it's so hot to dance to. Especially when I'm dressed like this. She swept her hand over her exquisite body in the perverted version of a school uniform. "I mean, what guy *isn't* a pervert for a girl wearing this? Anyway, this guy was so hot and I was so wet, and we were right there in this booth without anyone nearby so we weren't being watched, not by Jay the bouncer or Mike the owner or anyone, and he offered me \$50 for a 'little bit more,' I asked him what he meant. He told me he wanted a handjob. What was I supposed to do darling, turn him down? He was *hot*. He had this really nice pinstriped suit, and he had all this money...The \$50 bill was just *hanging* there, right in my face...and I *wanted* it, baby. I wanted his cock. I wanted to jerk him off. And I knew my sissy would have *wanted* me to jerk him off, wouldn't you, pervert?"

"Yes, Mistress," Zach said breathlessly.

Julie continued: "He was so big, baby. It was so, so easy. I just sat in his lap and spread my legs so I blocked the view from the bouncer's station. I had to make him sit on his hands, naturally. But I didn't sit on my hands." She laughed.

Julie said: "I unzipped his pants, and I took out his cock, and....I jerked him off, baby. He came all over my hand." She was caressing Zach's face with her right hand, and Zach looked at her hand as she held it up and wiggled it in front of his face. She said: "I didn't wash it afterwards, baby. I saved it for you. Go ahead. Suck on my fingers."

Zach whimpered and recoiled, but Julie knew how to control her husband. She shoved three fingers between Zach's plump, lipstick-red lips and thrust them into his mouth, deep. Zach tasted a musky, dirty flavor. There was dried cum on his wife's hands.

Zach knew better than to resist. He had eaten cum from inside his wife before...why was it dirtier to lick it, old and musky, off of her fingers? He already knew the answer; it was dirtier because she had given that handjob *for money*. But Zach didn't get to decide whether he only cleaned up for free fucks, or for *all* fucks. Julie had already decided for him.

"His dick was so big, baby. I don't know, eight or nine inches. It felt so good in my hand, baby. Suck harder, slave...that's it, back of the throat. Don't let me choke you, darling, or I'll decide you need a session of facefuck training. I'll get the strap-on out, darling. Don't think I won't. That's better, darling. Drool on it. Lick it all up. Can you taste him? That's a good girl. Anyway, where was I, darling. Oh, that's right...Mmmmmmmmm, oh, yes, I was talking about how big his dick was. It felt so good in my hand, baby...it made me so wet. It felt so incredible to feel how heavy and thick it was. It felt so good to jerk him off and not even know his name. It's been so long since I had a real man, baby. This guy even *smelled* good. I got so wet, darling, I swear, I was sitting there in his lap jerking off his dick...and I had this crazy thought. I wanted to slide myself up on him, just put it in me, baby. Bareback. Would that have been

wicked, or what? Fifty dollars for a bareback fuck? Thank God I didn't, baby...I could have been fired. But it got me thinking. How much do you think men would pay to fuck me?"

Zach couldn't answer; Julie had shoved all four fingers into his mouth and was gagging him with the tips of her sharp fingernails. Zach kept licking and sucking, even though it made his stomach churn to think about how his wife had just jerked a stranger off with this hand.

"That musky flavor," Julie purred. "Can you taste it? That's him. That's his cum." She kept rhythmically shoving her fingers well to the back of Zach's throat, making him gag and choke. Although Zach's gag reflex had been thoroughly subjugated by frequent strap-on fucks at both ends, his wife's fingernails were sharp and he couldn't exactly deep-throat them. Zach couldn't help gagging.

To ensure he didn't pull away, Julie tangled her left hand up in her husband's hair. She pulled it. She rubbed her naked body up against him, feeling him shiver and squirm as his cock tried to stiffen. She pinned him down to the sofa and worked her hips sensuously, grinding her wet, naked, immaculately-waxed pussy against his clear plastic chastity tube. He could feel her dripping on him. Her juices ran down over his chastity tube and onto his smooth-shaved thighs.

Julie rubbed her slit against Zach's tube, moaning warmly in his ear as she choked him and pulled his hair.

"Keep sucking, baby. Keep sucking. Can you taste him?"

Zach managed to mumble an affirmative.

"Good girl," said Julie. "I want you to taste him. *I* wanted to taste him, but I saved it for you. I was going to lick my hand clean after I jerked him off and he came all over me, but I didn't, baby. I decided, you need it even more than I did. I thought to myself, 'Go ahead. Let the little sissy bitch remember what a real man's cum tastes like. See how cute little Zacharina likes the taste of a guy who paid his wife \$50 for a quick HJ.' I figured,

since my sweet little sissy bitch will *never* again get another handjob from me, he may as well find out what it tastes like for another man, huh? Stop that! Keep licking!" She tightened her grip on his hair as Zach, overcome with the pain in his swelling dick and his long-denied balls, tried to turn his head.

Julie hissed: "No, don't turn away, bitch, you're going to lick it and like it. I swear, if you don't lick my hand clean, I'll make you sorry. I've gone too easy on you the last few weeks, bitch. I can do things with that strap-on that you'd never dream can be done to an ass or a face or a throat...do you want that, baby? Do you want me to get mean?"

"No, Mistress," Zach whimpered, drooling around his wife's hand.

"Then keep sucking my fingers, slut. Keep licking the hand that just jerked a stranger off. It was like not even an hour ago, baby. One hour ago, and my hand was wrapped around that handsome stranger's big...hard...thick...drooling...*cock*. I jerked him off, and he came all over me, baby. If I did that to you, you know what would happen?"

"No, Mistress," Zach mumbled around Julie's thrusting fingers.

"You'd get *cocky*," she said bitterly. "You'd get mouthy and cocky and lazy. I prefer to keep you just where I want you...on your knees, desperate. Isn't that what you always wanted, baby? A Mistress of your very own? A real *bitch*?" She laughed. "Or is it that you're the bitch, you fucking little sissy whore?"

"Yes, Mistress, yes, I'm the bitch," whimpered Zach, lapping at Julie's palm. "I'm your bitch, Mistress." He could no longer taste the remains of the stranger's dried cum; it was long gone. But he kept licking anyway, because Julie hadn't told him to stop.

"That's it, baby...that's it, just lick it all up. Let yourself want it. Admit that you need to taste real man's cum on my hand...in my mouth...in my pussy. Just let it happen. There's nothing you can do to stop me, baby. I'm going to jerk off more customers. Tomorrow. It's *so* worth the risk, for how

hot it is. I mean, fifty fucking dollars is nothing to sneeze at, but that's not why I'm going to do it, baby. I'm going to do it because why wouldn't I? I love cock...*real* cock. I'm going to jack off as many strangers as I can get away with, from now on, baby. I bet you wish you could watch, don't you?"

Zach still fancied he could taste the stranger's sharp, musky jizz on his wife's hand. He knew it had to be his imagination, but it made his throat close up and his eyes water. Tears ran down his cheeks, black with mascara.

Julie pulled back her hand. Spittle ran from it.

She pulled Zach's hair. "Don't you, slut? Don't you wish you could watch me jerk strangers off for money?"

Zach's big, blue eyes ran with tears.

He was surprised at his answer. It just spilled effortlessly from his plump, lipsticked lips. HE didn't even think about it.

He said, "Yes, Mistress. Please, let me watch?"

Julie's own pretty eyes widened. She started to laugh.

"Aw, darling. You're so sweet. Do you really mean that?" Do you want to see me become a whore?"

Zach was no longer sure; his response, this time, didn't spill quite so easily from his red lips.

But he said it anyway: "Yes, Mistress. Please let me watch you become a whore."

Julie laughed again. She hugged Zach, rubbing her naked body against him as he whimpered in pain. His cock was still trying to harden, producing pain as his head and shaft dug into the spikes on the inside of his chastity tube. That only made Julie hug him tighter.

She whispered warmly in his ear:

"I'll tell you what, sissy. I'll give you a chance to earn it. What you need to do is to satisfy me. I'm so fucking horny after jacking that guy's gorgeous cock off. So you get to take me into the bedroom and give me the very best oral you can, for as long as I want it. Until I'm good and satisfied. Can you do that for me, baby?"

"Yes, Mistress," gasped Zach.

"Good girl," said Julie. "You do that, and I'll think about inviting you to my work tomorrow. You'll have to wear a disguise," she added with a chirping laugh. "You know there's a rule against boyfriends or husbands. But that's why I've got all that makeup, right?"

Zach's eyes widened.

Julie laughed.

"Take me to bed, slave."

"Yes, Mistress," Zach said.

He lowered himself from the couch to the floor. On his hands and knees, he began to crawl toward the bedroom.

Julie watched him with a smile on her face. She took pleasure at seeing her sissy crawl.

Julie decided she could allow herself one beer. She grabbed one from the refrigerator and followed her husband into the bedroom.

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Third Date by Elise Le Roux

Suzette relaxed into the soft leather sofa, feeling Josh's hands caressing her body through her clothes.

His kisses were deep and aggressive tonight, his touch more insistent and expectant than on their previous two dates. Josh plainly expected to get lucky tonight. His hands wandered all over her body, gradually taking greater liberties. Suzette allowed him to do so, responding positively to each increasingly sexual touch.

Still, Josh did not go too quickly. He did not want to go any further than was comfortable for Suzette. What a gentleman!

They'd been making out for some time when Josh passed the sacred under-the-shirt barrier. Suzette was wearing a very tight, very provocative sweater -- one that practically begged to be lifted, her fine tits exposed. The Wonder Bra she was wearing certainly didn't hurt, making her cleavage that much more visible. But Josh still went slow. He looked in her eyes first, sliding his right hand up under the bottom of her tight sweater as if to ask if he could go deeper.

She gave him a coy but accepting look that said she wanted it; maybe she even wanted *more*. Maybe she wanted to feel his hands on her tits. They were ample C-cups, pushed up and together by the bra, half-revealed in the deep V-neck of her sweater. Josh had been eyeing them with obvious lust all evening. In fact, he'd been admiring her tits since before he asked her out. They were two of Suzette's best features, and everyone knew it -- her most of all. She showed them off shamelessly. Finally getting to touch them, Josh thought, would be divine.

Josh's hand worked up deep into Suzette's tight sweater, cupping her left breast. He tugged down the lacy cup of her bra and found her pleasure-hardened nipple. He caressed it.

Josh went back to kissing Suzette as his skilled fingers teased first one hard nipple, then the other. She responded with a soft moan, arching her back, pushing her tits up toward Josh.

It didn't take long. Soon, Suzette's sweater was pulled up to her neck, exposing her tits. Her lacy white bra cups hung down, her full, round orbs spilling out of them.

Josh lowered his head, his mouth close to her nipples, but he looked up and into Suzette's pretty blue eyes again, before he went any further.

She smiled at him coyly again. It was a flirty little smile that she'd made a habit of giving him; it implied she was shy on the surface, but very slutty underneath. She had reacted to his touch on her tits in a way that left to doubt in his mind what she wanted. No doubt about it; tonight he was going to get lucky.

Josh dipped his face lower. He made contact. He wrapped his lips around one of Suzette's hard, sensitive nipples. He sucked one, then the other. Suzette moaned.

Josh plainly had some skills. His quick tongue flickered quickly across Suzette's nips as Josh traded off from tit to tit, sucking them hard and even biting a little.

Suzette encouraged him, arching her back more, thrusting her tits up as if offering them to Josh. She moaned in pleasure, seething in rhythmic, suggestive thrusts that made Josh's cock harden all the way as he sucked her. Suzette cradled Josh's head affectionately in her arms as he suckled.

Taking a cue from Suzette's eager response, Josh unfastened the front clasp of Suzette's bra.

She didn't stop him. He slid her bra cups back and down. She still had her sweater on, and the bra hung half-useless from her shoulders, but she was topless for all practical purposes. Josh felt like he'd reached a turning point. He was going to get laid.

He kissed, sucked and caressed Suzette's lovely tits, getting a little rougher with each passing moment. Suzette responded with mounting excitement.

"Oh, fuck, that feels so good," she moaned. "Be rough with them. I like it when guys are rough."

"Yeah? You like that? You want more?"

"You know I do," Suzette said coyly, flirtatiously.

Suzette felt Josh's skilled fingers tickling her flat, hard belly, caressing his way from the mounds of her tits down across the hollow of her pierced navel and then below, to the fly of her jeans. They were low-cut jeans, so tight on Suzette's lean body that they had very nearly strained the boundaries of decency when they'd been out in public together. But now they weren't out in public, and Josh wanted in to those jeans.

Josh looked into Suzette's eyes as his fingers toyed with the button; she looked shy all of a sudden.

Looking up at Josh with wide, innocent eyes, Suzette bit her lip nervously. The gesture managed to be, at once, both provocatively flirtatious and anxiously virtuous.

Josh spoke softly, in a calm, seductive voice.

"I know you're in a special...*situation*," he said.

Suzette laughed, as if embarrassed. "That's putting it mildly," she said, her face reddening.

"You'll stop me if I'm going too fast?"

"You're not going too fast," Suzette said breathlessly.

"But if I do," he said tenderly. "If I do go too far or too fast, I want you to stop me, baby. It's okay to slow me down. I only want to go as far as you wanna go tonight."

But Josh opened her jeans as he said it, his hand sliding down into Suzette's pants even as he promised her he would not go too fast.

Suzette let him.

Josh's hand travelled down, very slowly, breaching the deep "V" formed by the open fly of Suzette's skintight jeans. He got his fingertips under the very low front of the flimsy, pale-yellow thong.

The thong was a seriously sexy garment. Even a gentleman like Josh had to admit that it was unlikely a woman who wore something like this on a date wasn't planning on getting laid.

Suzette's jeans were very low-cut, too -- low enough that Josh had practically drooled all night on her, every time she'd wiggle his butt in her face and he'd get a flash of her "whale tail" and, sometimes, her pert crack beyond. Now that he got her pants open and saw what she wore underneath, Josh decided this thong was far skimpier than any garment pretending to be panties had any right to be. Which was just how he liked it.

He slid his hand down into Suzette's panties and started to finger her. One finger only, to start with -- the middle. Suzette was so tight even that felt real snug.

Suzette's eyes widened as he penetrated her. She seemed to be playing reluctant, but she didn't stop him. She just looked into his eyes the whole time, in a romantic way, a way that said, "I'm not sure if we should go this far... but I like it."

That made Josh's dick so hard he couldn't fucking stand it.

Suzette's hands seemed to float in the air at her sides, nervously, almost like she was thinking of maybe stopping him.

But she didn't.

The weird thing was, Suzette's feigned reluctance turned Josh on even more, to see her acting all reluctant.

Given what he knew about her, it made Josh nervous to push so far on their third date... but oh, it was worth it. Every cue she gave Josh seemed to indicate it was time. He was going to get lucky. This was the night he'd get laid.

He kept fingering her. Suzette not only didn't stop him; she grew more excited as he caressed her slit. She was already impossibly wet, and Josh could feel her moistening further even as her nervousness grew more evident. Was he going too far? Suzette's lubricating pussy seemed to imply he was not, even while her hands hovered, unsure, as if waiting to intervene.

"Only as far as you want to go," he said, pushing his middle finger up in her. How the hell was it that a girl like Suzette was so tight?

Suzette moaned, her eyes crossing slightly as his fingers entered her pussy.

While he fingered her cunt, Suzette kept looking up into Josh's eyes. She kept biting her lip. She kept rocking her hips very gently against him, pushing her pussy up onto his hand. She did it with mounting urgency.

Very soon, her ass was raised off of the couch, pushed deliciously into the air. Suzette's pubis rubbed firmly onto Josh's hand. He was in her cunt deep, then, with two fingers, and she pumped her hips more urgently with each thrust.

With an invitation like that, how could Josh resist?

Josh looked deep into Suzette's nervous eyes and said firmly but softly, "Only as far as you wanna go tonight, baby."

But he was sliding a second finger into her as he said it.

Suzette liked that. She grinded against him.

Suzette's pussy was so tight that Josh could barely even get two fingers into her. But he managed it, and Suzette seemed to like it.

Her pussy felt incredible against Josh's hand. She was shaved, not just trimmed, but full-on *shaved*, smooth, so smooth Josh thought she was maybe even waxed. It was a full Brazilian, no landing strip or anything.

Her pussy lips were full, swollen with lust; the smooth slit between them was as wet as it gets. She was slippery and responsive when Josh fingered her. She left fragrant juice not only on his fingers but in beads that ran down onto his hand.

As she rocked herself onto his fingers, pumping her hips in time with Josh's explorations, Suzette let her hand press the front of Josh's jeans; they were looser than hers, but his cock still stretched them. Hard for long, agonizing minutes, now, Josh relished the touch of Suzette's eager hand around the outline of his giant member. But he got something he liked even more, then: the shock and dismay in Suzette's pretty blue eyes as she felt just how big it really was.

As she groped Josh's dick, her dismay slowly gave way to eager excitement, perhaps tinged with fear. Her hands moved with mounting sureness as she undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants and unzipped them. She reached in, tugged down the waistband of Josh's boxer briefs, and took out his cock with a soft cry of wonder.

Josh had dozens of clever one-liners for this cherished moment; he'd been with enough girls to know that a little levity eased their anxiety about what was to come. He was about to lay one on hot little Suzette when she shut him up by shoving him back into a sitting position and leaning down into his lap.

Once she had seen it and felt it, Suzette couldn't let her lips get there soon enough. Her lips, wet and soft from the kissing, now wrapped around Josh's dick and started bobbing. When she'd pushed him back, his hand had come out of her jeans and her panties; he smelled the delicious aroma that lingered on his fingers as Suzette used her right hand to stroke his lower shaft, her mouth to worship his head, and her left hand to urgently pull her jeans down to her knees. The panties were stretched between her thighs, wet from excitement, when Suzette's warm throat pressed against the full tip of Josh's erection; she gagged as she tried to deep-throat. Far from dissuaded, Suzette came up for air, worshipped him with both hands and her mouth for a while, and then tried again. This time she gagged far more, getting his cock no more than an inch or so down her throat. Josh's eyes rolled back in his head as she tried again and again, seemingly loving the effort, maybe even loving the choking and gagging. When he slid his hand into her long dark hair, Suzette came up and hovered above his cock, drooling and panting.

She whimpered eagerly: "Pull my hair. Pull it hard. Pull my hair. Spank my ass." Suzette wiggled her butt in the air, looking so fetching with her skintight jeans around her knees that Josh's cock gave a surge.

Josh was surprised. This was a turnaround. He hesitated.

"I said spank my hot little slutty fuckin' ass," moaned Suzette urgently. "Pull my hair. Slap my face. Fuckin' abuse me, Daddy."

Daddy? Josh moved tentatively, sliding his hand into her hair, pulling it.

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. Her mouth worked against his cock. "Spank my ass!" It was hard to make out her words with her mouth full of cock, but Josh didn't need an engraved invitation. He reached down, grabbing her ass and swatting at it while Suzette opened wide and took his cock in her mouth.

"Harder!" she gurgled, the word barely discernable through the slurping sound of her sucking his cock. Her hot, wet mouth engulfed him and she started to give him some of the most amazing head he had ever gotten. Josh

moaned in pleasure, reaching down her back to spank her ass. He couldn't really get a good angle, but every time he swatted Suzette's perfect round butt, she wiggled it fetchingly and sucked his cock ever more eagerly.

"Oh, yeah," she said when she came up for air a little. "Harder! Pull my hair, Daddy. Pull my hair, spank my ass! Make me your bad girl!"

Josh pulled her hair and spanked her ass, finding that the harder he did both of those, the better she sucked his cock. Damn! She was really getting into it! Suzette was one pervy little cunt! He tried to hit her ass harder, but it wasn't easy in this position. He ended up not spanking her nearly as hard as he could have -- or would have liked to. Even so, the harder he managed to smack her, the more she liked it.

"If I may, Sir?" came a feminine voice from the darkness.

"Holy shit!" shrieked Josh. "What the fuck?"

A maid in a lacy black uniform stepped into the soft band of moonlight that spilled from the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Sir. Did I startle you?"

"What do you think?" barked Josh.

"I'm very sorry, Sir. I was just going to make a suggestion... if that is okay?"

Josh heard Suzette laughing. He felt her vocal cords thrumming against his cock. Her face was still in his crotch. She didn't look up from his dick.

Josh had been so engrossed in getting his cock sucked that he hadn't noticed the maid. It was Suzette's husband Carl, whom he'd met before their first date. On that particular night, Carl had been dressed in a white garter belt, thong, white fishnet stockings and high heels, plus a white dog collar around his throat and a white bridal veil -- because it was Suzette and Josh's first date.

"It's like I'm a virgin," Suzette had explained to Josh, then, saying, "That's why I dressed him like this."

That first date, Josh hadn't been invited in. Instead, they'd made out for almost an hour in his car. Suzette had said, "I like to take things a little slow... is that all right?"

Josh had said that was far more than all right. In fact he liked it. He liked the tender game Suzette played, making like she was a virgin or just one of those "good girls."

And she played the role well, despite being married -- and, by all accounts -- being *extremely* far from a virgin. Nonetheless, she was hella convincing. On their second date, they had made out some more, but Josh hadn't even gotten a handjob. All she'd let him have was a feel of her tits, and even then, it was only through her sweater. Suzette had said shyly, "Maybe next time I'll invite you up to get...closer."

And here they were: Third date, and Josh and Suzette were making out on the couch. The last thing Josh had expected was for Suzette's pervert faggot sissy husband to tiptoe into the room and start making suggestions.

Josh figured that's what he got for letting Suzette turn the lights down low, right? Josh usually made it a policy to fuck with the lights on -- and this seemed like an even better reason than the usual.

Carl was done up like a French maid -- or, more accurately, a cheap stripper in a French maid uniform that probably cost about six times what she would have charged a customer for a blowjob in a VIP booth. Which wasn't saying much.

Nonetheless, Josh appreciated both the uniform and the sissy. Carl had a very lean body, shaved smooth all over. His face was smooth, too, and made up with heavy, slutty whore-makeup. He may have been a guy, but those red lips looked positively fuckable. Any "maid" dusting chess pieces looking

like that wouldn't have gone more than five minutes without getting bent over *hard*.

Cara. That was his name as a girl. Suzette said she always called him Cara; she said he wasn't Carl. Not anymore -- not anywhere, she said, but work and stuff.

Josh thought he looked more like Cara than Carl. He liked that.

The maid's dress was so short that Josh could see the bulge in the sissy's see-through black panties from this angle. It wasn't his cock that was bulging; that thing *couldn't* bulge, from what Suzette had told Josh by email, online, after he'd answered her personal ad but before they'd even met.

Suzette kept it locked up, because that's how she maintained "control." And no wonder! Josh realized the sick little perv had been lurking in the shadows of the darkened living room, watching his wife get it on with him.

Carl repeated: "I wanted to make a suggestion, Sir. If I may?"

Suzette didn't stop what she was doing. She just went on sucking Josh's dick as Carl -- *Cara* -- talked.

The sissy was holding a long, supple, flat piece of polished red wood. She held it out for Josh.

"It's a spanking stick," Carl said. "I doubt you can reach, at that angle. Not very easily, Sir. Not while she sucks your dick. But my Mistress says that she wants her hair pulled and wants you to spank her ass. Perhaps this will prove useful in doing just that?"

Josh looked at Carl in disbelief. He looked at the spanking stick, but didn't reach up to get it. Instead, he just noted with some interest that the sissy wore black lace fingerless gloves and had her nails painted red. They were pretty hands, with the gloves on; there were no telltale knuckles or

ridged lines to indicate Cara had once been a man -- still was, from some perspectives...

But Suzette called the shots around here, and she said Carl was Cara, and Cara was a girl. She didn't get fucked except by strap-on, and she didn't get what Josh was getting now -- *ever*. She gave it, though -- not to guys, Suzette said, at least not *yet*, but to Suzette's own hard, strap-on cock.

Carl/Cara didn't even get to jerk off. That's why Cara's little thing was locked up inside those tight white panties under that slutty French maid's uniform. And that's why Cara was handing a spanking stick to Josh to give Suzette's ass the spanking she was begging for, while his dick was in Suzette's mouth.

But Suzette took interest and reached up before Josh could get the stick. She snatched the stick out of Cara's hand.

A cruel laugh erupted from Suzette's spit-and-precum-wet mouth.

"Were you watching from the dark, cunt?"

"I was--here, Mistress. I wasn't watching."

"You were watching. You were so close you could smell it."

"I heard some things," said Cara. "I did hear, you know... I heard you kissing and... that sound you were making down... down below. On his dick, Mistress. But I didn't watch, Mistress. I was looking at my feet."

"Looking at your *dick*, more like!" Suzette cradled Josh's cock with obvious admiration. "What do you think? Does it compete with Josh's?"

Cara whimpered and trembled. He sounded genuinely sad while he said: "No, Mistress."

"No, Mistress, *what*?" hissed Suzette furiously.

Cara's added to his answer hurriedly: "No, Mistress, this slave's tiny dick doesn't compete with Josh's. You're clearly dating a real man, Mistress. If you go all the way with him, Mistress -- if you choose to go all the way with him -- I am sure Josh will fuck you just right, Mistress." His eyes lingered longingly over Josh's spit-covered cock. "With his big, hard, beautiful cock, Mistress. So much bigger than this slave's pathetic worm."

Suzette hadn't really been listening; the second she'd hissed her last question, she'd gone back to sucking Josh's dick, making obscene slurping noises and obviously enjoying herself. Josh's cock popped from Suzette's mouth.

She looked up at Josh and spoke more softly, playfully, almost shyly. She turned coquettish, nervous, unsure of herself.

She said breathlessly: "But, sissy, it's only our third date. I don't even know if I should be going *this* far. I mean... you think I should go all the way with him?"

Cara squealed and whimpered: "If it please you--"

Suzette's voice turned on a dime and went back to its cruel, savage, dominant, almost brutal bark.

"What the fuck, Cara, do you think I'm some kind of *slut*!?" she snapped.

"No, Mistress, I just--"

"I barely know Josh!" she hissed. "Do you think I fuck guys I barely know? You think I'm a slutwife, like in those sick disgusting things you jerk off to online?"

"No, no, Mistress," chirped Cara, his hips grinding more suggestively as he watched his wife's lips once again grazing the underside of Josh's big cock.

Suzette did not put it back in her mouth, though; instead, she looked up at Josh nervously and returned to her sensuous, shy, flirtatious, virginal voice. She said:

"What about you, Josh? Do you think I'd be a big *slut* if I went all the way with you?"

Josh said: "No, not at all, baby. Don't even think that. I'm just loving the ride, baby. Loving getting to know you. We can take it slow, if you want, baby... I only want to go as far as you do. As far as you want, baby, only as far as you want."

"Mmmmm, but would I be a slut if I *wanted* to go all the way?" purred Suzette, her lips working up and down Josh's shaft while she spoke, her tongue flickered out and grazing his shaft's tender underside with each syllable. She licked down and started to tongue Josh's balls.

"No, not at all, baby. I feel like I know you. If you feel it's right, baby...oh, fuck, ohhhhh fuck, that feels good."

He heard a squeal from Cara. He saw the sissy's hand drop down to his crotch, pushing the very short maid's skirt out of the way. Cara began rubbing his crotch through his panties.

Josh didn't blame the sick little fucker. Hell, was going crazy himself, not just from the feel of Suzette's obviously skilled tongue on his balls, but from the heat of Suzette's breath against his dick whenever she said abusive things to her hot little bitch husband. He loved every second of this teasing blowjob, but what's more, he loved the way she was working her sissy.

What a hot little fucking faggot "Cara" was! The way he was done up, with all of that lace and that makeup and everything, Josh almost thought the bitch looked like a *real* girl.

He wasn't the least bit gay or anything... but he'd tap that. No doubt about it. He'd tap the hell out of that sissy ass. It would be way down on his list, though, well below Suzette's unbelievably tight, wet and oh-so-ready

pussy... and *well* below her eager mouth, which was going to town on Josh's balls.

Josh watched Cara's hand working up and down in his panties. He got a hard, hot, unexpected thrill from saying:

"Is your bitch allowed to jack off?"

Suzette's mouth came away from Josh's balls. She turned her head just in time to catch Cara whipping his hand out of his panties.

"You little bitch!" she howled. "Slap your face!"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara whined. There was a sharp slap as he obeyed her.

"Again!" she screamed. And, "Again!" when he'd done it. And, "Three times, *fast!* Harder!" after that.

Cara obeyed her again and again, slapping himself until the tears spilled from his heavily-painted eyes. They ran black down his face, dark with mascara, standing out on the sissy's smooth, pretty, rouged cheeks.

A soft sob escaped the sissy's red-painted lips.

Damn, Josh thought. With that lipstick she's wearing, that is one fuckable mouth. No doubt I would tap that. No doubt at all.

Still angry, Suzette was breathing hard. As she yelled at her husband, she'd slumped forward a little, pushing her face against Josh's balls. Her head moved slightly, her fine blonde hair caressing his dick as she growled at her husband:

"Now put your hands up! Back your head, slave! I want to see those fingers laced together, and don't you dare take them down till I give you permission."

"Yes, Mistress," said Cara through his tears. He laced his fingers together at the back of his head, just beneath the black, lacy hat that was probably bobby-pinned to his long, bleach-blonde hair.

Suzette watched him. Her face was still in Josh's crotch; she still had one hand down there, gently caressing his shaft. Josh had not softened; he was hard as a rock. If anything, he was harder than ever, from seeing and hearing his "shy" little Suzette abuse her sissy husband.

Suzette's voice softened, but only slightly this time.

She said: "That's more like it, faggot." She moved her head aside and gripped Josh's cock, showing it to her husband.

"I bet you're just *drooling* for it, you sick sissy pervert. Aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara whimpered pathetically.

His makeup-slathered eyelids were blinking furiously in humiliation. His blue eyes glistened in the half-light. More tears drizzled, black and heavy, down his pink cheeks. But the sissy's hips still worked slowly back and forth, dry-humping the air. He showed his sexual hunger as plainly as Suzette had when Josh had been fingering her.

"That's why you came in, sissy, isn't it?" Suzette said. "That's why you didn't announce yourself."

"I was bringing the spanking stick," Cara whined. Josh had completely forgotten about it. He hoisted it and brought it down toward Suzette's ass. She looked up at him in shock, her mouth dropping open -- then she put her ass up and wiggled it back and forth.

"Only as far as you wanna go," Josh said. "Is this okay?"

Suzette's "virgin voice" was back. She giggled and said flirtatiously: "I asked you to spank me, didn't I?"

"yes, you sure did," said Josh, and he brought down the spanking stick, right on Suzette's upthrust cheeks.

Suzette squealed and wiggled. Josh gave her another smack with the stick while she writhed in his lap, rubbing her face against Josh's cock.

She kept talking to Cara accusingly: "You were so close you could smell us, you pervert. You *wanted* to smell us. Just like you sniff my fucking panties, you sick deviant. Did you get a good whiff?"

Cara said: "Yes, Mistress. I can smell you *now*."

Suzette said innocently: "Oh, you can smell my hot pussy, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara said.

Suzette laughed cruelly. "Hear, get a better sniff, pervert." She got up from the couch and reached out for Cara's crotch.

Josh watched in surprise as Cara tried to back away. Suzette got hold of the sissy's denial-swollen balls before Cara could get very far.

Suzette dragged Cara by the balls. She forced him over to the couch.

She said: "Oh, no you don't, bitch. You don't get away now! Just when things are getting good? No, no, slave, you're going to get what you want. That's what marriage is about, isn't it? You wanna get close to the action? You wanna be close enough to smell my date's ball, before I even fuck him? You wanna get up close and personal as I suck his big cock? Then you've gotta earn the right, sissy!"

Suzette snatched the spanking stick out of Josh's hand. She brandished it.

"Bend over, bitch," she snarled. "Turn around, bend over, shut your eyes and grab your ankles!"

Cara obeyed miserably. He turned around and bent over, legs spread. The fishnet stockings looked hot on those slim, smooth-shaved legs, Josh thought. The short skirt rode up and put Cara's swollen balls on display. Secured to the distended orbs was a small, oblong cylinder of clear plastic.

Josh thought, *So that's what a chastity-locked dick looks like. She said she locked the bitch down, but damn! I would not want to be this poor sissy cunt right now! She must be hurting...*

The sissy's hard little dick seemed to be swelling painfully in the chastity tube. He heard a whimper escape the sissy's pretty red mouth.

Josh's cock throbbed as he thought about the poor sissy's plight. He could see right up that short maid's uniform, glimpsing the sissy's pink asshole where the black see-through thong had tugged its way to the side.

First chance I get, Cara thought. I'm tapping that. So hard the hot little bitch's eyes will roll back. What's that thing up a guy's ass? The prostate. Yeah, I'm hitting that. I'll hit it so hard the hot slut's voice will go up an octave... permanently.

Suzette pulled her jeans up. They were so fucking tight that she really had to wiggle that butt to get them up all the way, along with her lemon-yellow thong.

Josh didn't even mind that his date had broken their clinch. He didn't care that she was putting her sweet cunt away, just when things had been getting good. Suzette didn't button or zip, anyway... and neither did Josh, naturally; he just sat there on the couch with his spit-covered dick in his hand, watching the action. All things being equal, Suzette was going to give it up nice and sweet tonight. They'd go all the way, all right.

And if not? No problem. Josh genuinely didn't want to go any further than Suzette wanted to go. After all, from just the few sucks he'd gotten so far, the hot little blonde piece of ass gave the best head Josh had ever received. He wouldn't mind one damn bit if she felt that third dates were for blowjobs after all. If she wasn't a big enough slut to put out tonight, well...

Josh was more than fine with that. He would get to see some sissy ass beaten, and that sounded almost as good as a night in Suzette's arms... and between her legs.

Cara bent over so far he could place his black-lace-gloved hands on his knees. He did not bend his knees. His hot little ass was up high in the air. His hips began to form circles, pumping in obvious agony. That sad little thing of his really was trying to stiffen, Josh figured. The hot little bitch was more turned on than he looked.

Josh watched eagerly. This was gonna be good.

"Further!" hissed Suzette, testing the spanking stick by swishing it through the air. "Bend over further! And I said grab your fucking ankles, not your knees! Grab your ankles, fatty!"

Cara was anything but fat; he could not have been much more than a hundred and twenty pounds. But Suzette quite clearly knew how to make Cara's little dick harden. That's why Cara kept working that butt in the air as if he was in serious pain. Because he was. Josh liked that.

There was another whimper of agony, and a softly-whined, "Yes, Mistress" as Cara spread his legs wider, with difficulty. He tottered.

The black-lace-gloved hands slid their way down the fishnet-stockinged legs to wrap around Cara's ankles. It wasn't an easy position, especially not with those six-inch spiked heels on. The sissy's shoes were patent leather and had heavy straps around the ankles, fitted with padlocks. Those shoes didn't come off until Suzette decided she wanted them off -- just like the locked tube on Cara's little cock.

Suzette spanked her sissy's shaved ass with her hand experimentally. She began to feel Cara up with quick, rough gropes. She squeezed the sissy's cheeks and raked Cara's sensitive thighs with her fingernails. Cara responded with soft, feminine grunts.

Suzette pinched the sissy's shaved ass-flesh and twisted it painfully, hissing: "Is this what you call a tight ass? You're getting flabby! Have you even been doing your squats, cunt?"

Cara squealed: "I have, Mistress. I promise I have!"

"Bullshit!" Suzette screamed. "Didn't I tell you to shut your eyes, bitch? I can see you in the wall mirror! Open your eyes one more time and I'll shove this stick up your ass!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," whimpered Cara. "I'll keep my eyes closed, Mistress!" Josh saw black mascara tears dribbling onto the politely pale suburban carpet of Cara and Suzette's living room. That shit would be a *bitch* to clean up. Josh was glad it wasn't his problem.

Suzette's hand rose and fell without warning, spanking Cara's shaved ass viciously with the spanking stick. Cara squirmed and howled in pain. He almost lost his balance. Josh's cock throbbed.

Suzette gave the sissy perhaps a dozen strokes. She was panting, as much from her evident anger as from the exertion of spanking her sissy.

Out of breath, she howled at Cara: "From now on, sissy, no more suggestions, got it? Josh here's a real man! He knows how to abuse a hot fuckin' slut like me! He doesn't need some sissy faggot's help to give a cheating wife a proper spanking while she sucks his dick... do you, Josh?" Her voice had softened quickly on that last little bit. She turned toward Josh and batted her eyelashes.

Josh stared blankly for a few seconds, unsure what to say.

Finally, he went for it: "Nah, I don't think I need a faggot sissy's advice on how to spank his wife, Cara. I think I got this one covered." Inspiration surged in him, and he added "In fact, I'll tell you what. If I need help spanking the shit out of your wife and then fucking her brains out, I'll call a few friends."

Suzette's eyes widened. Her pretty mouth opened wide in an expression of shock, then twisted into a smile.

She said brightly, in her flirtatious voice: "Oh! You'd do that, you bad man?"

"Why?" sneered Josh. "Is that too far?"

Suzette had to struggle to suppress her laughter.

"Maybe for a third date," she purred. "But, later... I mean... if you really wanna... I mean, once we really know each other, you know?" Suzette finally laughed "I had no fucking idea you were such a kinky guy."

"Oh, yeah," Josh said, eyeing the sissy's hot ass. "I'm full of surprises."

Suzette's voice was softer, shyer, more innocent-sounding than ever: "Well, if we get to that point, Josh... if our *relationship* gets to the point where we want to... *explore*... then, I mean, if we fall in love... and I love you... and stuff... then if I really love you... I'd have to let you pimp me to your friends, wouldn't I?"

"That's what love is, baby," Josh said, his eyes roaming freely between Cara's ass and Suzette's hot little body.

"Just promise me you'll never pass me around to my sissy faggot pervert husband, Daddy. Promise?"

"I promise," he said.

"Did you hear that, Cara?" asked Suzette. "Josh said he's going to pass me around. He's gonna get me to fuck his friends. Did you hear what I told him? Ill fuck anyone other than you, Cara. Isn't that right, Josh? Isn't that who you'll pimp me to? *Everyone*, except this -- little -- piece -- of -- shit!"

With each word of that last little bit, Suzette smacked her sissy with the spanking stick.

Breathless with excitement, Josh agreed: "*Anyone* other than Cara here. Even another strap-on-dicksucking faggot would probably do better than you at acting like a real man."

"Did you hear that, bitch?" Suzette spanked Cara again. "He's going to make me fuck faggots. *Real man* faggots, thought, not little sissy fucking cunts like you!"

Josh continued: "Hell, your wife's probably gonna turn into a lesbian before she ever fucks you again."

Suzette laughed: "Oh, yeah, he's so fucking right! I mean, I've never had pussy -- *real* pussy, not *this* gross little hole--" Suzette reached down and fingered Cara's tight asshole without warning. "But *real* pussy, to lick and suck, plus some strap-on cock...." His voice was deep and rich with arousal. "Maybe Josh has a girlfriend he wants to bring over!"

Josh couldn't suppress the soft expression of surprise that escaped his lips in response to that: "*Whoa*." It took him a second to compose himself. "Um, yeah. Yeah, yeah, for sure." He mouthed silently at Suzette: "Really?"

Suzette shot Josh a hungry look and blew him a kiss.

Then, to Cara, she snapped: "Stay there, sissy! Stay there until I tell you to move! If I see your eyes opening even just a slit, I swear, bitch, I'm gonna make you walk funny for *days*..."

"Yes, Mistress!" mewled Cara.

The sissy remained there, bent over full with her hands on her ankles, her ass pointed right at Josh as Suzette climbed onto the couch.

She kissed Josh eagerly on the lips, her wet, supple tongue pushing into his mouth.

When their kiss finally broke, she whispered -- so quietly Josh thought that Cara probably couldn't hear it -- "Is this too much?"

Josh shook his head slowly, grinning. He gave her a thumbs-up.

Suzette liked that. She responded just as Josh hoped she would. She kissed him again, dropped the spanking stick, and began to kiss down to his cock. A moment later, Suzette's hot, wet mouth engulfed it. Josh threw his head back and felt his eyes rolling deep in his head as Suzette opened wide and swallowed him -- all the way down to her base. She was a deep-throat fanatic, and started to pump herself onto his cock in wet, tight, hard thrusts.

She came up for air and lavished affection on Josh's cock, first on the underside of his shaft, then on his balls. She licked up to his head again, teasing his glans for a moment before looking up at him, bright blue eyes flashing, and said:

"Cum in my mouth, Daddy?"

Josh didn't have to say "yes." In fact, he could hardly have said "no." Suzette knew the routine better than any two-dollar street whore! Her lips cinched tight around Josh's upper shaft; her had closed around the lower. She started pumping urgently, eyes turned up toward him, staying wide open even as she sucked him. Her bright blue eyes filled with tears from the repeated thrusting of his cockhead against the back of her throat, activating her gag reflex -- but that only fueled Suzette's eagerness, making her suck him even harder. Black tears rolled down her cheeks, matching those cried by her husband.

Suzette didn't shy back from making slurping sounds; this was the noisiest blowjob Josh had ever gotten. He knew why, too; Cara was still clutching his ankles, bent over all the way with his ass in the air, his cute little asshole winking from under the maid's uniform as if beckoning to Josh. *Yeah, goddamn it*, he thought. *First chance I get.*

Suzette knew what she was doing, and she'd decided what she wanted: a mouthful of cream. Josh couldn't have held back if he'd wanted to.

It didn't take long. Josh's groan filled the living room. Pleasure erupted inside him. His cock erupted in Suzette's eager mouth. He squirted great streams of hot jizz into her; she cupped her tongue to catch it. When she came up off of his cock, she still had it. She showed it to him, opening her ruined red mouth wide, not quite able to smile but not quite able to *not* smile.

Josh reached out and slapped Cara's ass. Cara squealed but didn't move. Josh growled: "Turn around, sissy! Your wife has something to show you."

Suzette's eyes brightened with something like love. Cara obeyed Josh, straightening and turning around. He moaned softly as Suzette looked up, showing him the mouthful of cream she'd just sucked out of Josh.

Suzette closed her mouth, swallowed, and opened again. She stuck out her clean tongue and showed it to Josh and to Cara. She looked quite pleased with herself.

She crawled up into Josh's lap. She did not try to kiss him on the mouth, even though Josh would have been basically fine with that. Instead, Suzette nuzzled his neck, purring softly:

"I'm sorry, baby. I know we talked about going... you know... *all the way*... I know we talked about doing that... and I want to, but... I want it to be... *special*. Is this okay? Is it okay what I did?"

"Babe, it's more than okay," Josh said. "I gotta be up for work in the morning, anyway." He caressed Suzette's bare tits and said: "When it happens, baby... we'll make it special."

"So special," sighed Suzette. She carefully put Josh's cock back into his shorts and then zipped and buckled his pants. She even buckled his belt for him. She was damned good at this. Josh wondered how many guy's cocks she'd sucked since she'd gotten married. A hell of a lot, from how smoothly and easily she handled his equipment.

Josh did not mind that one damned bit. He wasn't clutch. Far from it. In fact, he didn't mind sharing... with Cara, or whoever. The fact that Cara didn't get anything close to what he just got only made the sharing more pleasurable for Josh, on every level.

After Josh and Suzette cuddled a little more, Josh got up from the couch. Suzette made Cara get Josh his coat. She saw him to the door.

Suzette finally kissed him then, open-mouthed and deep, her tongue tasting of Josh's cum. He didn't mind it all that much.

"You know what?" she said. "I think maybe I'll strap on--*you know*." She gave Josh a wicked yet innocent smirk. "You know, to *practice*." She shot a glance over her shoulder, at Cara -- who was watching their tender goodbye. Suzette clarified: "I don't mean--I'm not going to strap-on fuck *you* or anything -- God, that's perverted! I'd never do that. Not a guy like you..." She bit her lip flirtatiously. "But I mean, you know...really big cocks slamming in to really tight holes...stretching them out...I can get used to that, and it doesn't have to be *my* hole..." Her hand cupped the front of Josh's pants, caressing him. "*For now*."

"Sounds good, baby," Josh said. "You practice real good on that sissy of yours. When it happens..." He slid his hand up between Suzette's legs and rubbed her pussy through her jeans. "It's gonna be right."

"When it happens," she purred. "Next time, or... whenever. Whenever it feels like it's time."

"You got that right," said Josh. He gave Suzette one last deep, tender kiss, and went out the front door.

The night air felt good. Josh lingered for a few seconds on the front porch of the house. From beyond the door, he heard Suzette's voice turning from the soft-loving-gentle she'd just used with him, back to the strident howl that he used with her husband.

She screamed: "Get your clothes off, cunt! I want you face-down, ass-up on the bed by the time I get my cock on! I'll fuck your bitch hole all night! I'll make you scream..."

Josh grinned in the darkness, thinking of Suzette's hot pussy and Cara's tight ass.

Oh, yeah, he thought. I'll tap both of those. First chance I get.

He drove home fast. When he got there, he had to jerk off -- *twice*.

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Fighting Roommates by Kylie Cooper

Ashley already had my ass in a sling when Amber came home early from work and caught us. And when I say "ass in a sling," I mean that quite literally.

You see, my roommate Ashley had just done a very thorough job of tying me into the black leather sling that adorned the big, open space of our live-work loft on Jimenez Street. She had my ankles buckled into padded black leather restraints and affixed to the sling's chains very high up and very far apart, so that I was basically helpless to keep her from having her way with my ass. My wrists were secured in a neutral position just above my head, my elbows slightly bent so that I could stay there for a while. And believe me, when Ashley gets going with that strap-on, she expects you to stay there for a while. And "a while" could mean anything from twenty hard, ass-fucking minutes to more than an hour. Either way, I was staying there until Ashley decided I wasn't.

Speaking of Ashley's strap-on, she was wearing it already and looked hot as hell. Her tanned and toned athlete's body was naked except for the harness and her favorite knee-high dominatrix boots. Her blonde hair was rumpled and her pretty face was without makeup; she had just woken up half an hour ago and roused me from bed, having decided she wanted to fuck me in the ass. I was not consulted on this matter, and I knew better than to argue. The cock was the same pale-tan color as Ashley's flesh; at a glance, I might have thought she was really some improbable androgyne, possessed of a hot pair of fake D-cup tits and a giant cock with which she was prepared to bugger me.

And when I say "giant," I mean *giant*. That thing was huge; it was over twelve inches and very thick, with detailed contours to the cockhead and dramatically realistic veins all down the shaft. The silicone monster had a big pair of balls that hung down below Ashley's harness, lending an even more realistic look to her strap-on genitals. I had taken that dick before, but

it wasn't easy; even my well-trained asshole resisted intrusions of such magnitude. Nonetheless, I knew Ashley. I had no doubt she'd make sure that thing entered me, whether or not my asshole -- or me -- liked it.

Even my complaints would be kept to a minimum, since I could barely make a sound. I was securely gagged, and not just by some simple ball gag. Nope: Ashley had forced my mouth open and strapped in a second big cock, equally realistic and just as thick, but considerably shorter. It was long enough to fill my mouth thoroughly, though; even a scream would be muffled down to a barely-audible groan. The black leather strap was buckled tightly at the back of my head.

Around my throat was a second strap, this one a black leather dog collar, one that padlocked rather than buckled -- but Ashley hadn't put there. The collar belonged to Amber; she had padlocked it on me two weeks ago, right after she'd hit on me, hard, and told me she was going to fuck me in the ass. Since then, it had only been off when I showered with her. She even made me wear it in public.

But that collar wasn't the only thing Amber locked on my body the night she first fucked me. In fact, that was the *only* time she'd fucked me. Now that she'd "claimed" me, she wanted to make sure I didn't fuck around on her. Over my protests, she'd locked a chastity tube on my virgin cock. Hell, I'd never even been with a woman before! But Amber had been more concerned about me cheating on her than about the fact that I protested every time she wrestled me down and shoved her huge strap-on cock up my butt. I'd learned to take it without too much complaint...hell, it even kinda felt good sometimes, after I got past the initial pain and humiliation of the extreme stretching. Sometimes my little dick even tried to stiffen in its chastity tube, and I had to breathe through the pain of that, too, just relaxing around Amber's giant cock as she rutted into me savagely.

So, yeah, I guess I'd learned to relax; I'd learned to take it. I even liked to pretend that Amber was *really* my girlfriend, instead of...I guess my *Mistress*. I did everything she asked, hoping she'd finally give it up to me some day, maybe just out of pity. It broke my heart that Amber wouldn't even consider letting *me* fuck *her*, just as a mercy-fuck, at least once, so I

wouldn't be a virgin anymore. Hell, it had only been two weeks, I guess; maybe she'd come around and I'd finally get my dick wet.

Of course, Amber would have to unlock it first.

As with the collar and the strap-on and the clamps on my nipples and the face-slapping and spitting and scratching and spanking and all of that, Amber told me she was "practicing" for her change in career -- from "wrestling stripper" at infamous The Crystal Club into well-paid pro-Domme. She just needed to practice, so that's why there was a sling in the middle of the room. And that's why, as the pair's roommate, I had found myself the victim of Amber's "practice."

And now Ashley, ever jealous, had decided to put the screws to me, as well. I tried to protest that Amber considered me her property now, but Ashley had just laughed. All I could think, as I struggled there, spread, in the sling, was "*I hope Amber doesn't catch us...*"

"I've never fucked a boy's ass before," Ashley purred happily as she closed in my spread, exposed hole. "Girls, yes, but...I think a boy must be tighter. Don't you think?" She laughed. "Oh, yeah, I forgot. Amber told me you're a virgin. You haven't fucked a girl yet." She cackled. "Or a guy, either...you haven't fucked ass, have you? But Amber says you *take it up the ass* like a good little bitch. She says you take it like a faggot, but you squeal just like a girl."

My eyes grew big as I watched Ashley closing in on me, guiding her giant cockhead up to my hole.

"You gonna squeal like a girl for me?" Ashley asked. "I hear you squealing for Amber every night. I get wet in my bed all alone. I touch myself. It's kind of embarrassing. I mean, you're such a loser. I can't imagine why she fucks you. I mean, I know she says that she's straight and all, but I *love* her. Can't she see that? Why did she choose you over me?"

I attempted to shrug. My eyes zeroed in on the glistening cockhead as it approached me.

"That's why I want to find out what the fuck she could possibly see in you. I think it's how cute you look when she violates your ass. Does it hurt real bad? Is it real humiliating when Amber rams it up in you, good and hard?"

Desperately, I nodded, grunting behind the cock-gag. I hoped my obvious nervousness would make her go easy on me. That was stupid of me.

"Good," said Ashley angrily. "I'm glad she hurts you. Men deserve it. I'm going to give it to you even harder than she does. I'm gonna shove it up your ass so hard it's gonna go all the way through you. Get ready to feel it in your *throat*, slut."

I whimpered in fear. The size of the dick, I was used to. But some nights Amber gave me a very rough fucking, and other nights it was sweet and romantic. Much can be changed by depth of penetration, not to mention angle. And when Amber was very turned on for feeling pissed at me -- she could be mercurial and moody -- that's when I expected her hips to pump wildly, pounding and slamming into me so hard that sometimes tears rolled down my cheeks.

But Ashley's cock didn't make it into me just yet. Just as she started to rub it against my hole, I heard the sound of the front door. Keys jangled in it. Ashley was so focused on my impending buggery that she didn't even hear the door until after the door had opened and slammed.

Amber stood there gaping at us in shock.

Ashley and Amber's live-work space is built so the front door opens on the main open area -- which included the leather sex sling. There was no way to disguise what was happening -- no way to hide what was about to happen. When the door slammed, Ashley turned and gasped.

"Oh! Hi, Amber. I was just...practicing?"

Amber was so shocked that she just stood there for a moment. She wore a tight white halter and tighter white yoga pants with pink stripes down the sides. She wore flip-flops on her feet and a full load of stripper-makeup on her face. Her hair was done perfectly. She even wore a dog collar.

I knew instinctively what had happened. I don't know if Ashley figured it out, but it should have been obvious from the squeals she'd heard Amber wrench out of me the night before in celebration of our "anniversary." She'd fucked me so hard she'd given herself a string of bruises across her pubic bone. I'd noticed them just before I'd dropped off to an exhausted sleep.

The Crystal Club is considered a high-class joint. I knew the floor manager "inspected" each girl after she was undressed for her shift, to make sure she didn't have any trashy hickeys, bruises or track marks that might cast a shadow over the club's reputation. Clearly, Amber had stripped down and made herself up, even done her hair -- and then been "inspected" and sent home for being bruised. She was "damaged goods," as far as the club was concerned.

I knew that wouldn't make Amber happy. That seemed obvious from the angry look on her face in the split-second before she took in what was happening. Before she'd even seen me in the sling and her roommate "cocked up" and about to fuck me, Amber had been pissed off as hell. If none of this had happened, Amber would still probably have marched right into her bedroom and strapped on her cock to work out her anger on my tight ass. She would have pounded me at least as good as she did the previous night.

But now, things were different. Amber wasn't just going to be angry about her missed shift at The Crystal Club.

Now, she had *plenty* to be mad about -- at both me and Ashley.

Amber's beautiful face turned in an instant to a mask of rage. She didn't wait for an explanation. She came at Ashley in a rush, leaving her flip-flops behind. She impacted her roommate with a bestial scream, slamming her down to the ground right in the middle of the big open area. Amber pinned

Ashley down and started slapping her viciously across the face and tits, raking Ashley's flesh with her fingernails.

Amber screamed: "Take my boyfriend, huh? Wanna fuck my boyfriend, bitch? Is that what you want?"

"Amber, stop it! I was just--" Ashley's plea was cut off by a hard punch across her face. That got her mad. All of a sudden, Ashley transformed from a pleading best friend to a vicious combatant.

Ashley got her hands free. They began to flail. She clawed at Amber viciously. Amber recoiled from the slash of her roommate's nails across her tits; in an instant, her tight white halter was ripped halfway open and her tits were hanging out. Ashley's knee came up hard and quick into the small of Amber's back. It threw Amber off balance. Amber was stunned, giving Ashley the advantage for a moment. Ashley flipped Amber over her; Amber pivoted and managed to land on her hands and knees, rather than on her back, which would have knocked the wind out of her. But her position wasn't as much of an advantage as she thought, because Ashley moved fast. Ashley came in hard and fast behind Amber, ramming her knee in between her stunned roommate's opened legs. Ashley's knee connected with Amber's crotch, and Amber let out a high-pitched squeal that rivaled any humiliating sounds of buggery I'd emitted the night before.

I knew what had happened. Ashley's knee had connected with Amber's bruised pelvis. Served her right! She'd given herself those bruises from fucking me so hard the night before! Amber was so stunned that Ashley was able to grab hold of her hair and give her another two or three knee-jabs, hard in the crotch, before Amber rallied and tried to surge forward out of her roommate's grasp.

Amber's try was unsuccessful. Ashley came down on top of Amber and slammed her knee into Amber's butt. She flattened Amber, forcing her into a spread-eagled position on the cheap, thin carpet. Amber was helpless for a moment. Ashley pulled Amber's hair hard, making Amber scream. With her knee at Amber's tailbone, Ashley started to punch Amber's ass hard. Amber howled in pain.

"You knew I had a crush on him!" Ashley hissed. "And you fucked his brains out and made sure I could hear it! Who's the bitch now, bitch?"

I watched in amazement as Ashley lit into Amber with vicious punches to the ass and arms -- but her dominance wouldn't last. Amber emitted a great, desperate sob, howling, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry Ash, I love you, I love you, please don't hate me!"

Ashley was so stunned by Amber's sudden admission that she paused. She also lost her balance.

That's all it took. Amber was up and on her in an instant, twisting around and grabbing Ashley's hair as viciously as Ashley had grabbed hers. Amber's knee came up, this time, slamming into Ashley's crotch. Unfortunately for Amber, Ashley was still wearing the strap-on, with its silicone balls. That meant there was padding. Ashley barely reacted to the knee-blow that would have flattened another woman.

To Amber's credit, she recovered quickly. She switched tactics, pinning Ashley's thighs with her knees and going for Ashley's tits with her free hand. She raked Ashley's mounds, leaving red trails of agony across their surface; then she grabbed Ashley's nipple and twisted. Ashley shrieked. While Amber twisted harder, Ashley flailed at Amber's upper half; a moment later, the halter was hanging in shreds, and Amber's tits were out, raked with red marks from Ashley's nails.

"I was lying, bitch! I don't love you! I never did! I'm straight! You give good head, bitch, that's why I cum for you! You fucked my boyfriend? I'll fuck *you*!"

I wanted to cry out that Ashley hadn't actually fucked me yet, but of course I couldn't. I was still gagged with the massive cock Ashley had shoved into my mouth to silence my screams. It effectively silenced me, all right -- which only meant that the shrieks and screams, curses and accusations of the two women echoed through the open space with a deafening intensity.

I struggled in my bonds, whimpering. I had a front-row seat to the battle of the century...but what happened when one of them won? Would they have worked out their anger on each other? Or would I end up getting the worst of it?

They went at each other viciously. They pulled hair and slashed with their nails. Amber used Ashley's strap-on cock as a handhold to flip Ashley over so Amber could get partially up and kick Ashley's butt viciously with her bare foot. If she'd been wearing the kind of high, heavy boots Ashley was, the blow would have been truly punishing; as it was, it certainly didn't look easy to take. Ashley yowled in pain and recoiled from each butt-kick, but she managed to recover. A moment later, she squirmed out of Amber's grasp and got hold of her hair. Amber made it all the way to her feet and then felt herself slammed herself into the carpet, face-down, ass-up. Ashley's claws had ripped Amber's yoga pants open; strips of them dangled from gaps down her thighs and calves that revealed Amber's creamy, tan flesh.

Pinning Amber again, Ashley used her roommate's tactics against her. Ashley got up on one booted foot and kicked her in the crotch with the other. The heavy boot made an impact, all right. Amber's scream was deafening.

A few more hard kicks and the battle seemed all but over. Amber broke into sobs, tears flowing from her previously cruel, cold eyes. Her heavy makeup was already smeared; now, mascara ran in black rivers down her cheeks.

There was a set of heavy hemp ropes near the sling; Amber had been practicing her knots on me last night before she took me to bed.

Ashley reached out and grabbed the hemp ropes. She pinned Amber down with her boot on the prone stripper's tailbone. Amber cried out in pain. Ashley uncoiled the ropes and went to work. Apparently, she didn't need any practice tying ropes. With an expert's grace, she forced Amber's wrists up behind her and circled them with the ropes, tying Amber securely forearm-over-forearm. Then Ashley ran a single hemp rope up and bound it

to Amber's long blonde hair, forcing the prone girl to arch her back and shove her ass up high in the air. Once it was tied off securely, the rope ensured that Amber could not mount an effective resistance anymore.

Ashley left Amber bound on the floor as she rose and went to the toy chest. I could see Amber wriggling on the ground, trying to get free, but her struggles were weak. By the time Ashley returned, it was clear they were about to get even weaker.

One of Amber's favorite bondage toys -- I'd been bound in it repeatedly -- was the "spreader bar." This adjustable metal rod with attached shackles had been used to force my legs open wide, making me keep them spread while Amber bent me over and fucked me from behind. The bar was adjusted for my legs -- and I'm considerably taller than Amber. Ashley didn't seem to care about that. She quickly circled her roommate's ankles with the padded shackles, locking them in and forcing Amber to keep her legs spread improbably wide.

Then Ashley grabbed Amber by her hair and her wrists. She dragged Amber her feet and pushed her toward me.

"You're so in love with him?" snarled Ashley. "fine. You can suck his cock. And I'll tell you what, Amber. I'll keep my hands off him. I'll just fuck *you*."

Amber whimpered: "Ash, what I said -- I'm sorry. I *do* love you. I was just mad. I'm sorry. I love you, baby, you have to know I would never hurt you--"

"Shut it!" screamed Ashley, smacking Amber on the ass. She bent Amber over and shoved her face into my crotch. Amber looked up at me through eyes blurry with black mascara tears. I've never seen a woman look so humiliated. Was this really the bitch who had grudgefucked my ass last night until she had a line of bruises from hip to hip? Some celebration! And what did she think that would do to my sensitive asshole?

Amber was about to find out. Ashley pressed her body up tight behind her roommate's and reached around Amber to get hold of the key that dangled from a silver chain in Amber's cleavage. It turned Amber on to wear it to work -- and everywhere else. It had somehow survived the epic battle, and Ashley now put it to good use. It was the use I'd been begging Amber for.

Ashley fitted the key into my padlock. I heard the lock go *snap*. I felt the cool air as my chastity tube came open. Ashley took it off of me and tossed it over her shoulder.

Ashley grabbed Amber's hair and shoved her face into my balls. Amber whimpered in disgust. Ashley answered the whimper with a knee to Amber's crotch. Then she reached down and raked Amber's but with her fingernails. I heard Amber's yoga pants ripping.

"Suck his balls! See what a bitch you are? See how swollen you've made them?"

After that punishing blow to the pussy, Amber didn't resist anymore. She started licking my balls, even if it made her gag and retch audibly. The model of chastity tube I'd been locked in was made so that water runs through it; I could still pee and rinse myself off in the shower every morning, but things still had gotten pretty ripe in there. With my cock and balls freed, the pungent, musky smell wafted up from my crotch. The taste must have been even worse.

But Amber sucked my balls anyway. How could she not? Ashley had a grip on her hair, and kept ramming her knee in Amber's crotch just to punctuate every command.

Ashley had to kick Amber exceptionally hard to get her to obey the next order.

Ashley said: "Now lick his hole. See how wide you fucked it? You really hurt the poor little bitch. Eat him out. Soothe it."

Amber whimpered in humiliation and defeat. She tried to resist, but Ashley pulled her hair and kneed her a few more times. It took five or six knee-jabs before Amber finally let Ashley push her face down till her mouth was against my asshole.

A surprised groan came from behind my cock-shaped gag as I felt Amber's tongue up my ass. My cock had been quickly swelling in response to the stimulation on my balls, and now it got all the way hard in an instant.

"Good girl. Eat out your boyfriend, bitch. Lick his ass. You're going to find out just how he felt last night. I'm going to help you."

Amber's tongue came away from my ass. She squealed: "No, please, Ash, I'm really sorry, I--"

"Shut up!" howled Ashley, delivering another punishing blow to her roommate's crotch. "Just keep eating that ass. Lick it as good as you lick my pussy. You'll be eating me out a lot more, Amber. I think you'll like that."

"Okay, Ash," Amber said breathlessly. "I'll do that. But don't make me--ow!"

Another knee-jab silenced Amber. Her tongue went back up my ass. I started to moan. My cock throbbed with two weeks of denial. My balls ached with two weeks of built-up cum.

I heard ripping. Ashley tore at Amber's white yoga pants. They came away in shreds. Little pieces of them still clung to Amber's lower body, but I could tell Amber's crotch was exposed.

Ashley positioned herself behind her roommate and guided the head of the strap-on to Amber's hole.

"Please, Ash, please don't--" began Amber.

"Silence, slave," Ashley growled. "What, you don't want to fuck me because you're straight, baby?"

"Yes," Amber gasped. "I mean...no, I guess...I just...that one's so big..."

"I know," said Ashley. "I could hear your little bitch squealing all night. I came so hard touching myself to that beautiful sound. But you know what? This time I want to hear it from you. Get your tongue up his ass!"

Ashley held Amber's face down between my cheeks, almost smothering her, as she guided the dickhead up to Amber's asshole. The cock had been covered with lube before Amber got home -- but it had surely gone tacky or rubbed off as the two women fought. Ashley didn't add any more lube; she gave it to Amber dry.

Amber let out a squeal of dismay as she felt her tight asshole being violated. Ashley's hips surged forward, slamming the dick all the way into Amber. She kept both hands on Amber's head, alternately pulling her hair and shoving her face harder into my crack. Sensation flooded my body as Amber ate me out with more enthusiasm, perhaps accepting the idea that Ashley was in charge.

Behind her, Ashley began to fuck Amber rhythmically. Her hips rammed the giant cock into her buttocks. Amber surrendered to the sensation, letting her asshole open wide for every thrust. I could see her face transforming gradually from anger, humiliation and defeat to soft, slow, building surrender. It was the same look she got when she rode my face hard, almost smothering me as she guided me in rhythmically stimulating her clit with my tongue. She got that look when she was ready to cum.

The orgasm erupted out of Amber in a slow-building moan that rose to a groan, then a gasp, then a shriek, then a scream. Amber had always been a screamer, her four or five orgasms a night always accompanied by a deafening series of moans, groans and howls. This one, though, was louder than all the rest put together. I could see Ashley's happy, cruel face, taking deep satisfaction in making her roommate cum with explosive force.

"Tell me you love me," said Ashley. "And mean it."

"I love you, Ash."

"*Mistress*," growled Ashley. "Call me Mistress."

"I love you, Mistress," said Amber, her voice hoarse from her screaming orgasm. Without being told, she returned to licking my ass, now eating me out with obvious enthusiasm. Her tongue got so far up my ass that I squealed myself, but nothing more than a faint, muffled sound escaped the cock-gag. My eyes rolled back in my head; the sensations were incredible.

"Tell me you'll do everything I say from now on."

"I'll do everything you say, Mistress. Everything." Amber's words sounded wet, as she slurped and lapped at my asshole.

"Tell me whatever's yours is mine."

Amber said meekly, "Whatever's mine is yours, Mistress."

"Tell me I can fuck your boyfriend if I want."

Amber gasped. Her tongue stopped moving.

"Say it!" Ashley grabbed Amber's hair and pulled, slamming her back onto that giant cock.

Amber moaned in defeat: "You can fuck my boyfriend if you want, Mistress."

I looked down between my legs and saw a wicked look of excitement on her face. Part of me believed that she actually *wanted* to say it.

Ashley pulled Amber away. She forced her roommate into a standing position and force-walked her around to my side.

"Don't mind if I do," said Ashley, bending Amber over so her shoulders were on the edge of the sling and her face was on my belly. Her blonde hair

scattered all over my chest. I could smell the cheap stripper perfume she always wore at work. The smell choked me.

Amber whined in humiliation. Ashley reached up to the chain assembly that supported the sling, and lowered the leather apparatus two shuddering steps. When she was finished, I was at just the right height for Ashley, with her high-heeled boots, to stand in front of with my cock pointed right at her snatch.

She did not bother to take off her harness. She just pulled it to the side, leaving her huge dick dangling down in front of her, rubbing against my leg sometimes after Ashley lifted her high-heeled boot up onto my thigh and planted it there.

So situated, Ashley guided my cock up to her pussy. She went bareback, rubbing it up and down in her slit.

"Make sure you see everything, baby," Ashley said. "I want to know if you need me to move. You know, to give you a better view of me taking your boyfriend's virginity."

"Yes, Mistress," said Amber, her voice thick with humiliation.

Amber was forced to watch from less than a foot away. She stared right at my cock and at Ashley's pussy while Ashley prepared to take my virginity.

"I know you were looking forward to breaking him in yourself," Ashley said. "That stupid Mistress act you played with him didn't fool anybody. I know you've got feelings for him, you romantic *cunt*." She hissed the word *cunt* and laughed cruelly to see Ashley recoil slightly from it.

Ashley said with delight: "It feels good to steal this from you, *bitch*. This way, I'll always be his first..."

With that, Ashley brought herself down on my cock. I groaned in pleasure as her tight cunt engulfed me. I'd never experienced such an exquisite sensation. She was much tighter than I expected -- but then again,

who did I have to compare her to? The only part of me that had been in a woman was my tongue. It had been shoved into Amber's pussy quite a bit in the last two weeks, and almost as often up her ass, as she forced me to rim her.

"Oh, yeah, that feels good. Doesn't that feel good, bitch?" She was talking to me, looking over her shoulder as she rode me, and I nodded fervently. It did feel good; it felt incredible. I was getting a rush of excitement from losing my virginity. This had to be the strangest circumstances to ever lose it, but I didn't care...it still felt incredible.

And I'd been with *both* my hot stripper roommates, now. Maybe not in the way I'd anticipated when I'd signed that lease, but...what did I care?

"He won't last long," Ashley said as she bounced her ass up and down in my lap. "It's been...thirty seconds? I'm guessing ten more. We'll have to train him to last. What's that, slave?" Ashley looked over her shoulder again and watched me. "What's that? Does that feel good?"

From behind the cock-gag, a strangled yell erupted. I was about to cum.

"Inside me? As if!" laughed Ashley, pulling herself off of me at the last second. She moved quickly, twirling around and grabbing her roommate's hair. Ashley forced Amber's face close to my cock as she jerked me off quickly.

I came, howling. My head was tipped up at just the right angle so that I could see the hot blasts of cum exploding over Amber's face. Amber recoiled in disgust, but Ashley's hand was tangled up tight in her hair. She held Amber down there and made her take every last drop of hot seed on her face.

"You built it up by teasing him, Amber," said Ashley. "It's only right you get to enjoy it."

"Yes, Mistress," Amber said softly, submissively.

Ashley wiped my softening cock off with Amber's blonde hair. She dragged Amber off to me and shoved her to her knees.

A moment later, Amber had Ashley's dick in her mouth. She was sucking it eagerly, even though it had just come out of Amber's own ass. There was no hint of

Then she said, "I'll tell you what, Amber. I'm going to give you a chance to show me you're not really mad. I'm going to take you to bed and let you taste your boyfriend's cock on my hole. *After* I wash your mouth out with soap for saying those bad things about me." She laughed. "And for putting your tongue where it doesn't belong. After all, you're a lesbian now, aren't you?"

Amber glanced furtively at me, my semen dripping humiliatingly off her face.

"Yes, Mistress," she said to Ashley.

Ashley smiled at me. "She always is for a while after I beat her ass. Don't worry, slave. She'll want some boy-ass before long. But I think, for now, it'll be just me and her. You're quite comfortable?"

I just stared, wide-eyed, gape-mouthed.

"Good," Ashley said. "Come on, bitch. Let's go make love."

Ashley dragged Amber to her feet, forced her arm up behind her back and force-walked the defeated stripper toward Amber's bedroom.

She left the door open. I guess she *wanted* me to hear. I guess I belonged to Ashley, now, and maybe so did Amber. Ashley wanted Amber to be forced to "perform" for me.

At first, I was surprised Ashley decided they would fuck in Amber's bed.

But once I heard Amber's moans of pain, the swish of the whips, and the sounds of leather-on-flesh, I understood. Planning on "transitioning" to being a Pro Domme, Amber was the one with a dozen hard pain-toys...from clamps and clips to whips and paddles.

I heard Amber crying out in pain and submission as she suffered under an onslaught from every cruel toy she'd "tried out" on me in the last two weeks.

Ashley seemed to know what she was doing. She brought Amber to tears three times, in a crescendo of cries and howls and moans and whimpers. Then, after a very long time, Ashley coaxed a "Yes, Mistress," out of Amber when she demanded to know if my girlfriend wanted to be fucked.

Ashley made Amber beg for it. Then she sent Amber out to the bathroom, to wash the strap-on.

I was still in the sling. Amber had to pass me. She still had nipple-clamps on her nipples, and clothespins on her cunt-lips. I've never seen such humiliation in a woman's face.

As Amber went into the bathroom, I saw that Amber's pretty ass was bright red. There were hand-marks on it, and deep welts from a paddle or stick. There were whip-marks on her back.

A minute later, Amber came out of the bathroom holding the freshly-scrubbed dildo.

She couldn't resist looking at me. I saw the cold fire in her eyes. Humiliation, excitement, arousal, surrender. And yes, resentment. She wanted to hurt me even more than before.

With a smirk, Amber blew me a kiss. I shivered to see it. I knew I'd get mine.

But now it was Amber's turn to get fucked. Ashley had won for the moment. Amber was cowed. She would let her roommate do what she

wanted.

Ashley strapped on that hole-stretching monster and gave it to Amber *good*. They fucked all afternoon and into the evening. I'd never heard Amber scream so loud as she did the first two or three times she came.

Then Ashley took off the strap-on and, from what I could hear, sat on Amber's face for an hour or two. I heard the muffled sounds of Amber trying to breathe, while Ashley laughed at her struggles and kept slapping her, ordering Amber to "try harder" to make Ashley cum.

Eventually, after a struggle, Amber complied. When it came to eating pussy, I guess Amber knew what she was doing. Before long, Ashley started cumming.

They fucked all afternoon, and into the evening. My limbs became cramped, but I didn't care. I was in heaven. I got to listen to the very loud sex in Amber's room, my little dick stiffening as I savored every delicious moan.

They were *both* screamers, as it turned out.

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Wedding Night Reward by Sonia Palmer

Evan says he's been a "good little girl" for me, all month long. I've said that I believe him, and that he's going to get his reward. Only that last part is true, though. Only the part about Evan getting what he deserves. He's going to get it, all right. But it won't be what he expects.

He's expecting me to fuck him -- something I haven't done, and won't do unless he goes a whole month without jerking off.

He says that he did. He said he was good this month. And I've said I believe him, but I know better. He's pretending to be my innocent little virgin bride, but he's really a slut.

That's why I'm not going to fuck him tonight. Instead, he'll have to bleed for me. I'm going to teach him what happens to sluts who pretend to be virgins. And he'll learn to thank me for teaching him things like I'll teach him tonight.

When I deny Evan, it's not because I hate him. And when I finally decide to fuck him again, it won't be because I love him and want him to be happy. I know that being happy, for Evan, requires the very stern hand of a Goddess like me. He *needs* to be denied. And he's shown that he needs it more than ever. I wanted to find out how far he could be trusted.

Not very far, as it turns out. Tonight, it's time for Evan to get his reward for being a little lying sissy. He's going to find out what happens to whores who lie to their Daddies and tell them they're still virgins. Evan isn't innocent. He just pretends to be.

That's why I tell him that tonight, I want him in white. I've got it all picked out for him, and I show him the lingerie: white G-string, white garter belt, white stockings with lace-tops and seams up the back. I've even got a white push-up bra for him, made to turn A-cups into B-cups, though Evan doesn't have anything like A-cups...yet.

"You're going to be just like a bride for me," I tell him. "I even got you a garter and veil." Evan's eyes widen when he sees the veil. It's like a translucent white invitation for the groom to pull it aside and have his way with his pretty bride's face. "You've been such a good girl all month, I'm going to treat you just like an innocent little virgin, I tell him." Evan likes that; he loves the idea of being an innocent little virgin, horny to experience sex for the first time and get her cherry popped. I tease him mercilessly as I dress him for his "wedding night."

"I'm going to break you in right, Yvonne," I tell him, using the name I sometimes tease him with when I feminize him. "I'm going to pop your cherry so good, you'll never feel innocent again..."

His cock is already hard, ready for the handjob I've promised him if he's a "good girl" all month. His cock is prepared for it, that much is obvious; the tip already glistens with pre-cum. I tease his balls, feeling how swollen and hard they are. But they aren't as big as I'd expect if he really had been a good girl.

I hold up a bright silver cock ring and smile at my husband.

"Here, darling. This is your wedding ring. To have and to hold. I may now kiss the bride."

As I slide the cock ring down his shaft, I give him a taste of what he thinks is to come. I let my tongue flicker across his *glans* -- just enough to tease him and make him go wild. When the silver cock-ring is down at the bottom of his shaft, I force his balls through it, taking pleasure in how he shudders with pain when each ball pops through. The ring's settled on his body, now, clutching him tight at the base of his cock with his swollen balls hanging free.

I smile up at him. "With this ring, I thee wed," I tell him. Evan's cock throbs. It drools pre-cum.

I dress Evan up in the stockings and G-string and garter belt. His cock is harder than ever before. It bulges the G-string. He's going to get his reward, all right. He'll get a wedding night reward, and he'll never know what hit him.

I do his hair, teasing his blonde mane out until it looks nothing like a virgin's. Evan is going to be the sluttiest bride on the planet -- but isn't that appropriate, with what a "good girl" he's been all month for me?

I make up his face, painting his eyes with "something blue," his lashes with heavy black mascara. I want them to run when I make him cry. I tease him the whole time as I paint his eyes and his cheeks, telling him what a hot slut he's going to be once I've "broken him in." "I'm going to pop you right, baby. You'll be the perfect whore once I take your virginity.

I plump his lips with dark liner and paint them bright with moist red lipstick. I put a layer of gloss just to make them shiny. He doesn't look like a virgin anymore. On the contrary, his mouth looks positively fuckable. If there's ever been an invitation for cock, it's Evan's mouth with that lipstick on. Any bride who wore a pout like that would get herself blow-banged at the reception before her hubby even got a chance at her.

But then, that's the kind of "bride" Evan is. He's a big slut inside. Just like he's that kind of "good girl" for me. He just thinks I don't know.

Only when I've got his face pretty and painted, his blonde hair done perfectly, do I put on his veil. Evan looks gorgeous behind the ephemeral fabric.

I tell him: "You know what this veil represents, Yvonne?" I can see in his bright eyes that he doesn't know. In a few things, I guess, Evan really is innocent.

I lean in close and breathe warmly in his ear as I tell him: "Your *hymen*. I'm going to pop it, baby. I'm going to pop your cherry and make you bleed, my sweet little innocent virgin. You'll never be innocent again. Daddy's going to pop your cherry on our wedding bed. I'll rip this veil open and

make you a woman. I'll make you a slut. You're going to be *my* slut, Yvonne. Happy wedding night."

Evan shivers to hear that. He loves this hit. My pervert husband really loves to hear all about what an innocent little virgin he is. He loves even more hearing how hard I'm going to be on him. But he still thinks I'm a fool. He still thinks I believe that he was a good girl for me. He's going to find out what it really means to have your cherry popped. He's going to know what it's like to really shed blood for your "Daddy."

I drop down to my knees and put on Evan's shoes -- white high-heeled pumps. As he totters on them, I slide his traditional garter up his long, smooth, shapely leg. It's white and red. I tell him: "These are your colors tonight, baby. White for your innocence. Red for the blood you'll shed when I pop your little cherry. Are you ready for it, baby?"

"Yes, Mistress," Evan purrs hungrily. "Yes, Daddy," he adds, more breathlessly.

I stand up and walk to the nightstand. "Then come here and get the most important part of your ensemble," I tell him. I hold up a dog collar. Evan's eyes widen. His lips tremble. He drops to his knees and crawls to me. He's probably bagging his brand-new stockings. I don't care. He looks so hot crawling across the floor to me, veiled and done up in hot white wedding-night lingerie. I'm so wet I can hardly stand it.

I lift the veil just enough to buckle the slave collar around Evan's throat. Then I buckle a leash on him and lead him to the "wedding bed."

In reality, it's just our bed, our regular bed, except that almost a year ago we sprang for a new frame -- a "special" frame. It's a bondage bed, its four heavy posts featuring tie-downs and its overhead beams strong enough to support a man's weight. That'll come in handy later, when Evan realizes I know all about what a "good girl" he's been.

I don't bother to dress up, myself. There's no tuxedo for me. All I want are my favorite boots -- knee-high and pointy, with medium heels, pointy

enough to jab into Evan's balls if I feel like it, but low enough that I feel sturdy when I stand. I'm otherwise naked. I spread Evan out on our "wedding bed" and hook his leash to the bedframe. I tie him spread-eagle, padded restraints securing his wrists to the headboard and his ankles to the foot posts. What he doesn't realize is that I've got a plan for how to adjust them later, when it's time for my naughty hubby to lose his virginity; that's why I run ropes through the D-rings of his ankle restraints. Evan is too busy squirming and struggling, delighting at his "innocence" as I prepare him to be taken for the first time.

I lift the veil further this time. I force Evan's painted mouth open and shove in a ball gag. I secure the strap tightly around his head. I takes some time crawling all over him, teasing him with my body and testing how securely he's tied.

Once I'm satisfied with the shackles, I get up. I leave him there, squirming, and take my time doing what I've been planning all along. I can tell Evan's starting to worry. That's why I gagged him.

I round the bed and go to the cabinet where we keep our bedroom TV. It's a big one, sixty inches -- all the better to watch porn on, right? Its video inputs are wirelessly connected to the laptop I've left hibernating beside the vanity table.

I wake it up. I call up the video file I edited earlier, from the footage I gathered all month while my husband was being a "good girl."

I start the file. I get the TV remote and join my husband on the bed. I can tell Evan's realized something's amiss. His "wedding night" isn't going to go as planned.

The fear in his eyes makes me wet.

"Don't worry, darling," I tell him with unreserved sadism. "You can still be my bride. And you really are blushing. You just shouldn't pretend to be innocent."

I point the remote and hit the ON button.

The video file is already going. There's no soundtrack, and only a dull buzzing leaks out of the stereo speakers behind the bed. I thought about editing in some music or sounds of heavy breathing or something, but I think it's better to give Evan the full impact of the visuals.

His pretty eyes widen.

The footage on the TV screen is of him. It's low-quality, slightly blurry, occasionally pixelated. But there's no question that it's him, in our downstairs bathroom. He's on the toilet, but he's not doing that kind of "business." He's doing another kind --one more urgent for an "innocent" husband who's pledged fidelity and chastity to his wife.

Evan has his pants down, his legs spread. He's jerking off. He does it furtively, glancing at the door every few seconds, as if he's afraid I'll arrive and catch him. Almost as if he *wants* me to catch him.

"What have you got to say for yourself, darling?"

Behind the ball gag, Evan just whimpers.

"There are six more of these," I tell him. "One from the garage, one from the car. I've gotten quite good with these hidden cameras. They're so simple to install. And look at the quality!"

Evan squirms against his bonds. He watches himself jerking off. On the screen, his cock shoots its creamy load all over his hand. Nervously, he wipes it up with his fingers and licks his hand clean.

My bride blushes as he sees himself doing that.

"I guess I trained you right, didn't I, Yvonne?" I tease my husband. "Even so, you know I'm very disappointed. I thought you were my good little virgin. I thought you'd been good for me all month, darling. You made a

promise. I'm like a groom who finds out on his wedding night that his new wife has been had by every cock in town."

I climb atop Evan and nuzzle myself down onto his hard, throbbing cock. The feel of his silky G-string is delicious against my pussy. I was really looking forward to fucking him. Too bad it'll have to wait.

Besides, what I'm going to do will be so much more fun.

"So, Yvonne. Have you got any excuse?"

Evan shook his head.

"I guess I can't take your virginity, can I?" I grind my pussy against his cock. Part me wants to say "fuck it" and put it inside me. But would that be right? Of course not.

So I'm strong. I'm strong, the way Evan was weak.

I say: "At least, I can't pop your cherry in the usual manner." To punctuate his need, I grind my wet slit up and down on his bulging panties. His back arches. He moans behind the gag.

I lean forward. I sweep the veil aside. I whisper in his ear:

"But fucking your ass isn't going to be enough to make up for what a bad girl you've been, Yvonne. You've got to bleed like a virgin, but you're not a virgin, are you?"

Evan shakes his head. The veil brushes my face as he moves.

I say: "So I'm going to make you bleed another way. You want to bleed for me, don't you, Yvonne? You want to bleed for your new Daddy, don't you?"

Miserable, red-faced, Evan nods.

I leave the footage running silently on the TV. I've got more than two hours of it.

I get up from the bed. I go to the pulley assembly that makes it so easy to lift Evan up into the air if I want to. But I don't want him lifted tonight. Tonight, I only want his ass up.

I adjust the ropes and work the pulleys. Evan grunts behind the ball gag as his ankles are drawn up high overhead, so his smooth-shaved, white-stockinged legs form a "Y." His shaved ass is lifted a little off the bed, exposed for me.

I go to our toy drawer. It's right next to the bed, so Evan has to turn his head awkwardly to watch me. He really can't see what I'm getting out. Some of it, I show to him. Other stuff, I keep to the side...and let him wonder.

The first thing I show him is Daddy's big cock. It's eight inches long, with a swollen head. It's almost the same color as my skin, so it looks very realistic jutting out of me. It's got veins and ripples all down the shaft. It's very stiff. That makes it easier to control.

Next, of course, is the harness. It's black leather, a two-strap model for added stability. I step into it and fit the dildo through the ring. My new cock juts out, ready to take my new bride's sweet virginity.

But that won't make Evan -- or "Yvonne" -- bleed. Not the way I want her to.

So I take out some lube, and a pair of rubber gloves. I take out a bottle of antiseptic and a clean white cotton hand towel.

That confuses Evan. But he gets the point a second later, when I show him something that makes his eyes go wider than I've ever seen them. Wider, even, than the big, thick cock did.

It's a packet of needles.

"You want to bleed for me, don't you, baby?"

Evan looks at the needles with fear and excitement. His cock still throbs hard in his G-string. On the TV screen, he's still going at it, pumping his cock with his hand. The Evan on the bed -- "Yvonne" -- looks at me desperately.

Then he nods.

"Good girl," I tell him. "I'll break you in right, baby."

#

I lube up my cock and mount Evan. I pull his white G-string aside and push into him with ease even though he feels tight. It's all in the thrust. With his ass in the air, Evan squeals as I impale him on my cock.

Soon, Evan's starting to relax around my shaft. My easy thrusts make him give it up sweet, as if he really were my blushing bride. His cock throbs and soaks the front of his G-string with pre-cum. The little virgin whore is *leaking*.

I let Evan get nice and comfortable, fucking him smoothly and waiting for the right moment to break out the needles. It comes a moment later, when I feel Evan starting to rock his hips in time with my thrusts. He's really starting to surrender to the feel of my cock in his ass.

That's why I break out the needles. I snap on my rubber gloves. I pull down his white bridal G-string and dab antiseptic on Evan's cock.

"Time to bleed, virgin," I tease him. "Why don't you beg me for it with your eyes?"

So help me, he does. Evan's big bright eyes are watering, probably from the intense sensation of being fucked so deep. But he's also emotionally overcome -- just like a real bride.

I can see the hunger in there. He *wants* to submit all the way. He wants to bleed for me.

I position the first needle, right at his *glans*, where he'll be the most sensitive. Evan's eyes scrunch closed.

"Look at me, baby! Look at your new Daddy."

Frightened but obedient, Evan opens his eyes. He blinks wildly at me, desperately. I keep thrusting with my hips, then finally shove my dick all the way into him before I do it.

I'm deep inside him when I drive the first needle home. He howls behind the gag. The sound is muffled, but it's still music to my ears. I position the needle properly, taking pleasure in the sight of his flesh distended by the thin slice of silver. It's not a permanent piercing; it's just for tonight. But the pain will stay with him forever.

"I think three should do it," I tell him. "Three little pricks for a blushing virgin who isn't a virgin after all..." I glance over my shoulder at the TV screen, as if to drive home how much I know about Evan's filthy habits.

I give him another needle, just through the surface, about halfway down his cock. I position it carefully, watching him squirm with the pain.

"One more," I tell him.

I give him a final needle, down near the base, where he's slightly less sensitive -- so I go slightly deeper. Behind the ball gag, Evan squeals.

"Good girl, Yvonne," I tell him. "You've been a very good girl tonight. You may not have had your virginity to give me, but you bled like a pro. I'm still going to let you cum, baby. But I'm going to make it hurt."

Evan's eyes are moist. Tears of black run down his cheeks.

I take his cock gingerly in one of my gloved hands. I position my thumb between piercings number one and number two, pressing firmly against his most sensitive spot.

I start to jerk him off.

As I do, I thrust my hips back and forth. I fuck his ass deeply, in harder thrusts as I force my new "bride" toward an explosion of pleasure. I'm being gentle, but I know every stroke still hurts Evan's cock like hell. He's got needles through it, for God's sake!

So I give him just what he needs to get off. I don't squeeze any harder than I have to. I might even go so far as to say that I'm gentle.

But jacking him gingerly hardly counts as gentle, given what else I'd just done.

It doesn't matter. Even if Evan wasn't a good girl like he told me he was, he still wants and needs that orgasm. It comes quickly, despite -- or maybe because of -- the 0pain. Evan always was a little piggy, and he really does want to bleed.

Evan's moans of agony shifting quickly into high-pitched wails of pleasure as he reaches his release. Hot jism shoots out, all over his belly and chest.

He whimpers in pain and surrender as I let go of his cock. As it softens, the needles shift.

That's why I pluck them out before he can get all the way soft. Each removal is a hot rush of pain and its attendant chaser, endorphins.

By the time I remove Evan's temporary piercings, I can tell my blushing bride is positively *high*. His whole body feels soft and relaxed underneath me....*receptive*.

I shove my cock into him. I wrap one arm around his smooth, upthrust, stocking-clad thigh.

I reach down in my harness and press my fingers to my clit as I start to thrust rhythmically into him.

I don't take much longer to cum than Evan did. I feel his hips working fervently, meeting my every thrust as if he knows how much I want him to want this.

And he does. He wants me to "cum inside him." I look down into Evan's eyes. I let out a long, low moan of satisfaction as I cum, fingers pressed to my clit.

When I'm finished cumming, I look at my husband -- my "bride" -- with love. She's certainly blushing, but not from innocence. She's red-faced from the exertion and the pain and the pleasure.

But even all that jacking off and lying about it can't stop me from loving my hot little virgin slut bride. In fact, knowing what a pervert she is just makes me love my bride more.

She may not be innocent, but that's okay. If she had been, would she have stayed that way for long?

Not with a wife like me, that's for sure. I would have corrupted that little slut anyway.

I pull my cock out of my husband. I sweep that veil out of the way once and for all.

Then I unfasten his restraints and let Evan show me how much he wants to bleed for me.

This time, he doesn't even try to be a good girl.

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Rick's Hot Date by Tiffany Gilmour

Even though Rick's cock was larger than average, and he knew it, Mistress Whisper had trained him to think of it as tiny.

She was very good at it; she seemed to be able to get into his mind. She seemed to have an unending thesaurus in her head of synonyms for the word "infinitesimal." They often rolled through Rick's head when he was fantasizing about her and jerking off his little tiny cock, through his panties or otherwise.

He had entered his paid "training" with Mistress Whisper already with a little bit of a turn-on for small-penis humiliation. It turned him on at least partially because he'd never had that anxiety before. But Mistress Whisper's cocks were remarkably bigger than his was. She fucked his tight ass with dicks that made his moderately-larger-than-average prick seem like the pathetic "nubbin" she said it was.

In their year of weekly and sometimes twice-weekly sessions, Rick had come to think of his cock the way Mistress Whisper thought of it. It was pleasurable to him for his thoughts to linger on how insubstantial his cock was. In fact, it brought him enormous pleasure to imagine sometimes that his dick was so small that he had no *choice* but to be feminized; it really *was*, medically, nothing more than a clit.

This wasn't true, in the scale of "inches" and "centimeters" that the rest of the world played by. But Mistress Whisper got so deep inside Rick's head that he preferred to believe his cock was too small to pleasure a woman. It excited him to believe this.

His pleasure was augmented by the obvious joy that Mistress Whisper's musical voice always carried such pleasure when she related to him just how small he was and why he *had* to become a girl. She would describe such scenarios to him while she had him tied good and tight, usually

gagged, and often while she was doing something terribly painful to his cock. Sometimes she'd do something he couldn't quite see because his head was forced back, or because she had hooded or blindfolded him. She'd tell him: "Feel that? I'm cutting it off, baby. I'm finally giving you just what you want. I'm cutting your dick off. You're going to have a cunt."

Rick learned to always believe what Mistress Whisper told him, even when she would remove the blindfold or hood and reveal that she hadn't cut off Rick's cock. He had known it all along, but part of him still believed everything she said....in the same way he believed his cock was small, even though he knew he was not.

At the end of this year, Rick encountered a female named Paige. She was a pretty and perky temp at his office, but who had also happened to be a friend of a friend. Finding this out, she'd gone out of her way to be friendly with Rick and drop by his office to ask him to duck out for coffee in the afternoons. Paige had flirted with him shamelessly.

Through the grapevine, he'd heard that she was not particularly discriminating in her affections; she liked to have a good time and there were often no strings attached. And so Rick asked Mistress whisper for permission to ask Paige out.

Mistress Whisper granted it to him...for an added tribute of three hundred dollars. "That way," said Mistress Whisper, "if she fucks you, it'll be just like you're paying for sex." Mistress whisper laughed savagely. "See? I just made your girlfriend a whore." Her cruel smile twisted into something so awful that Rick had never seen it on her face before. "And if you can't get this whore into bed, then I really *will* cut your dick off. I'll be doing both of you a favor."

"Yes, Mistress," Rick had said, trembling. It had been so humiliating to fork over the extra money in return for "permission" to ask Paige out, but Rick no longer possessed the wherewithal to question what Mistress Whisper demanded of him.

He asked Paige out. They went out for drinks. They both had a lot of them. They got pleasantly loose and went back to his place. Neither of them had any illusions about what they were going back to his place for.

Once there, they sat on the couch with more drinks and instantly started to make out. Rick had no idea who started it. Hot pulses of cherished humiliation had gone through Rick's body as he'd felt her caressing his stiffening cock through his jeans. Paige turned out to be a dirty-talker. "Mmmm, nice, big hard cock," she purred at him. "One of my favorite things. I bet it's yummy. I want some. You don't mind, do you?"

Rick mumbled that he didn't.

"You're not nervous, are you?" asked Paige.

Rick shrugged. Paige laughed and kissed him tenderly. "All right," she said. "I'll slow down." Then she growled in his ear: "You just turn me on so fucking much...I can't control myself."

The making out continued. The clothes came off, and Rick found himself down to his jockey shorts. The damn things chafed his junk. It was the first time he'd worn men's underwear in months. It had been three -- no, four! -- months ago that Mistress Whisper had ordered Rick to bring her every piece of underwear he owned that wasn't made for women. He'd obeyed her. She'd made him walk out into the hallway of her apartment building, naked except for a pair of panties and red pumps with six-inch stiletto heels. She'd made him put his jockey shorts, boxers, and even his gym shorts down the trash chute, one by one. He'd had to buy an extra pair to go on the date with Paige, having been informed by their mutual friends that getting her into bed would be no trouble at all.

Soon they were making out on the bed, both of them naked except for their underwear. Paige tugged at the waistband of Rick's jockey shorts, obviously ready to go down on him. Rick guided her hand away.

"Me first," he said meekly, submissively. Just the way Mistress Whisper had trained him.

"I don't know," laughed Paige drunkenly. "I want your cock pretty bad. I don't know if I can control myself."

Rick looked up at her and kissed her thighs. He coaxed Paige into a relaxed position on the edge of the bed, knelt beside it, and looked up at her as he kissed her thighs wetly, swirling his tongue around her smooth flesh. She was freshly shaved; she'd clearly expected to go to bed with him tonight. Rick made eye contact with her, showing her his submission as he gingerly took hold of the waistband of her panties.

"Please, let me?" he asked. Paige let him. He spread her legs and lowered his mouth to her sex.

He licked her from pussy to clit. Paige moaned softly.

"Wanna sixty-nine?" she asked.

Rick said, "Just let me...please...I want to..." His tongue started working over her sex, and Paige quit arguing. She stretched out on the bed and began to relax. She melted softly into a loose pool of writhing girl-flesh as Rick went down on her...for almost an hour.

For the first half an hour or so, Paige kept on suggesting maybe he wanted her to reciprocate, or they could sixty-nine, or maybe he wanted to fuck. Rick just kept on licking, and soon Paige stopped arguing. He performed excellently, bringing Paige to a trembling, shuddering orgasm. After a forty-minute tongue job. She came so hard she practically sobbed as she whimpered breathlessly: "No one's ever done that before."

"Made you cum?" asked Rick. He had to fight not to put a "Mistress" at the end.

"Uh-uh," said Paige. "Made me cum going down on me."

"I am glad I could be of service," said Rick, and went back to licking her. Paige tried to stop him, embarrassed, but soon she accepted that this was

what Rick really wanted to do. After another ten minutes, she wasn't complaining. She was too busy cumming again. Again she tried to stop him, but Rick's eagerness was infectious. She just relaxed into the bed and let Rick be her little oral slave, no longer talking dirty or talking about his dick. Rick just knelt there in his jockey shorts and ate her out until she came for a third time.

Such oral worship might have been part of an "average" two-hour session with Mistress Whisper, except that Rick would not have been allowed to be down on his knees for that long. Mistress Whisper would have flipped him onto his back and smothered him, riding his face. Plus, she would have told him about all the boyfriends she'd fucked that day. "You love chowing down on their cum, don't you, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," Rick would have said. He was thinking that, as he ran Mistress Whisper's voice through his head, telling himself what Mistress Whisper would tell him about Paige when she made him eat her out on their next session.

"She just slept with you because she's a whore," he heard Mistress Whisper saying. "How many other guys do you think she fucked that day? Six at least. Maybe ten. Twenty? It's certainly possible. Now, do you think she's a brothel whore, or a call girl? I'm thinking brothel. Or streetwalker, maybe. I think she spread her legs while she's walking to work. Why else do you think she has to temp? She only charges twenty bucks. It's only jerks like you dumb enough to pay three hundred dollars to fuck her..."

Paige was moaning wildly by that time, no longer trying to get Rick to put his cock in her or even give her a chance to suck it. She didn't even offer him a handjob after the second orgasm. She just let him lick. She had no idea what was going on in his mind, but she liked the physical end of it well enough. Rick imagined what Paige might be thinking.

He knew what Mistress Whisper would tell him she was thinking.

"She's thinking about her real boyfriend. The guy she's cheating on by letting you eat her out. She's thinking about his big, hard, fat cock ramming

into her cunt and her ass. Or maybe--" Rick imagined Mistress Whisper saying, "Maybe he's not her boyfriend...he's her pimp. Her big, black pimp, and he fucks her every day before he sends her out to work. I wonder how many guys she fucked before she saw you? Ten, slave? Twenty? No wonder you loved eating her out. She was pumped full of cum. You love the way *I* taste whenever you eat me out. I have to get plenty of cock just to brace myself for how disgusting your presence makes me feel. And I always let them cum in my cunt. Just like your little whore...what's her name again?"

Paige was moaning crazily. She arched her back toward a third orgasm.

"Holy shit," she said. "You just keep on going..."

Rick's ears were filled with the verbal abuse of his Mistress, telling him why Paige was so willing to sleep with him. Rick felt hot pulses of pleasure as the nasty accusations flowed through his mind. He thought of all the things Mistress Whisper would say. "That whore of yours said it was big just to be nice. She wanted to spare your feelings. She gets paid to say that. She liked it because it got her hot that you licked her pussy when her big, black boyfriend had just fucked her....to top her off after a full day of serving clients..."

All these thoughts pounded through Rick's head as Paige stopped trying to communicate with him. Paige had no idea what this crazy guy was thinking; she just knew he loved to eat pussy, clearly. She'd never had a man eat her out with this kind of patience, enthusiasm, eagerness, or apparent knowledge of and obsession with female anatomy.

She tried to stop him after she climaxed again...but Rick would have none of it.

He asked her permission to fuck her with his fingers.

"Well...yeah," she said, as if it was the dumbest question in the world. Then she wiggled her butt and said, "Hell, you can fuck me with your cock if you want. I know you should put on protection, but..." Her eyes flashed

with drunken excitement, hoping the promise of bareback sex would tempt him. "What the hell? Go for it."

Rick slipped two fingers into her and kept on licking her clit. He was gentler for a time, letting her cool down until she had recovered and the tremors of her orgasm had dissipated.

Then he showed more focus, working more pressure against her G-spot, the way Mistress Whisper had taught him to do.

When Paige came again, she arched her back and clawed at his bed, ripping the bottom sheet off of the corners. The bed was now soaked with her sweat, with her pussy-juices, and with Rick's drool. It was very late at night, and the drunk girl was thoroughly exhausted.

She finally forced her thighs together, insistently pushing Rick away. She giggled, "Can't...take...any...more..." and then, "Let's just cuddle."

Rick whispered, "Yes, Mistress," under his breath. Paige was so dulled from the exhaustion and pleasure that she didn't hear him. She said nothing, heard nothing. She just emitted soft, mewling sighs of post-orgasmic pleasure and relaxation.

Rick held her in his arms. Paige dropped quickly off to sleep. Rick lay next to her, running his tongue around his lips, tasting her pussy and imagining what Mistress Whisper would tell him about it. "That musky taste you love so much?" he imagined her saying. "That isn't her pussy. That's her big black boyfriend's *cock*. He probably shot his load in her a couple of times before he let her go on that date."

His cock throbbed as he thought about that. He had just lapped up cum from a woman's pussy. He never knew if Mistress Whisper was telling the truth when she said that her boyfriend fucked her...but he knew better than to question her. Rick believed everything Mistress Whisper told him. Or, at least, he chose to act as if he believed it.

He believed what he imagined her saying, now.

Paige snored softly, dead weight atop Rick's arm. It was trapped beneath her. Rick still had his jockey shorts on. His cock stretched the front of them, hard. As with the end of his sessions with Mistress Whisper, Rick now wanted to jerk off.

Paige shifted as Rick reached down to grip his cock. Her eyes fluttered open.

"Mmmm," she murmured sleepily. "You're hard. We can fuck if you wannnnnnnnnt...." She laughed sleepily. "Just tell me about it later..."

Then she was gone, lost in the sweetness of post-orgasmic sleep.

Rick felt his cock beating with his pulse in his too-tight jockey shorts. They were damp with sweat. His arm was still trapped beneath her. Rick cradled sleeping Paige and thought about fucking her. Hell, he had her permission, right?

But the vivid thoughts that raged through Rick's mind weren't thoughts of doing anything to *Paige*. They were thoughts about *why* she had let him go down on her.

Rick wondered if she'd heard from their mutual friends that he gave good head. He'd slept with women in that circle before -- long before, before he'd discovered Mistress Whisper. Had Paige's interest in his cock been feigned - - just a thin excuse to coax him between her legs to give her what women really wanted from sissies like him?

Rick groped his own cock, slowing rubbing it up and down through the uncomfortably thick fabric of his jockey shorts.

He rehearsed what he would say to Mistress Whisper the next time he knelt before her. He wouldn't make Mistress Whisper tell him the *real* story behind the date. He'd tell her himself. "She heard that I give good head," he would say. "She heard that I'm good at eating pussy...and that's all I'm good at. She didn't *want* to fuck me. She only wanted to get me to eat her out. So

that's why she fucked all those guys before she met me for our date. I just licked half a dozen loads of cum out of her pussy. She never planned to fuck me in the first place. Why would she ever let me fuck her? I couldn't even get it in. I'm too small. I'd blow my load right away. She knows it. She's heard it through the grapevine. Everyone knows it. Everyone knows I'm a tiny-dicked freak who's good for nothing but licking cunt and licking it clean of cum..."

Rick breathed deep as he rubbed his stiff cock through his jockeys.

He moved cautiously, so as not to awaken the sleeping girl in his arms. He very pulled the waistband of his jockey shorts down past his long, stiff cock. He tucked the waistband under his hard, swollen balls. The jockey shorts felt so heavy and ugly after so many months of wearing only panties.

Rick wrapped his fingers around his cock. He held his dick, but he didn't move it.

He kept his hand there, tight, for a very long time.

He held as still as he could, his mind filled with forbidden thoughts about what a tiny-dicked cream-lapping pervert he was and how he'd just eaten the cum of a bunch of guys Paige had fucked this afternoon.

He tried to hold perfectly still so as not to wake Paige. HE didn't want to chance waking her and having to explain why he wanted to jerk off rather than let her fuck him, even if she did all the work.

The thoughts raging through Rick's head were more than he could take. Soon his hips began to rock in time with the imagined motions of Paige's body as she fucked her boyfriend just minutes before she left for her date.

Rick imagined himself telling Mistress Whisper: "She probably didn't even change her panties first, Mistress. When I took them off her, down on my knees, they weren't wet because she's hot for me. They were wet because she's been leaking cum all evening...in fact, knowing that is probably why she flirted with me so hard at the bar..."

He began to stroke his cock.

His hips rose in time with his pumping hand.

The cotton jockey shorts chafed his flesh; he imagined they were plain white cotton panties, like a schoolgirl would wear. He imagined, in fact, that a plaid skirt that matched them was discarded somewhere on the floor, along with a blouse and a bra and white stockings and Mary-Janes, and the white cotton panties were all that were left.

Paige had made him dress that way for the date, he imagined.

She'd made him dress that way because he was a horny little, bad little schoolgirl...and everyone at the bar should know it.

Maybe Paige wasn't just a call girl, he thought. Maybe she sometimes moonlighted as a Dominatrix. Just like Mistress Whisper, but not quite as mean. But she'd *be* as mean as Mistress Whisper, once Rick had shown her how big a sissy he was.

By letting her force him to dress like a schoolgirl and go on another date. She would know what a cum-lapping pervert he was once she saw him in full drag. She'd know his cock was too small for anything other than the occasional jerkoff -- *when* she approved it.

And whenever she deigned to let him take her out, he would do so dressed as a slut.

Rick replayed the evening's flirtation in this context, getting more and more excited as he did. He replayed the first friendly kiss at the bar, then the tender, more romantic, deeper one that came after. He replayed it as a humiliation -- a girl-girl kiss forced to expose him as a sissy. He recalled the walk home, that dark little stretch of 18th Street where Paige had grabbed him and pushed him up against the brick side of a closed storefront and given him a deeper kiss. He replayed it as another public humiliation, being

physically toyed with by Paige as a prelude to his total humiliation when he knelt before her and obediently lapped her boyfriend's cum from her pussy.

His pleasure mounted. Rick gritted his teeth and tried not to cry out when he came, but the blast of white-hot pleasure was far too intense for him to refrain from reacting in *some* way. His body jerked a little, twisting and shivering against Paige's. She still wore her T-shirt, but was otherwise naked. A strangled sound erupted from Rick's throat, his breath hissing around his clenched teeth. A tight, hard, humiliating orgasm exploded through his body. Hot streams of jizz blasted all over his chest and his belly. The tips of a few streams, or isolated ropes perhaps, even reached his neck. He imagined Paige's boyfriend cumming all over his face. He'd already eaten the stranger's cum from her pussy, and this was the next logical step.

Shamed heat flooded Rick's face as his orgasm faded. He let his breath out, seeing stars.

Paige stirred. Her pink lips parted against his bare chest. A soft murmur emerged, matter-of-fact but somehow offended:

"I could have done that, you know...I mean...I offered...."

She sounded only very slightly petulant, but Rick's face reddened deeper in humiliation. Paige dabbed her fingertips in his cum and rubbed her thumb and forefinger together, then wiped Rick's cum on the side of his body.

She took a deep breath, still obviously sleepy.

"I love that smell," she sighed, and went back to sleep.

Rick felt fiercely guilty about what he had done. But then, he had felt that way since before he'd even done it. That's why he'd been compelled to do it.

He ran his fingers over his chest and stomach, mopping up his cum with his fingers. He eyeballed Paige cautiously. She was back to snoring. He brought his fingers to his face. He smelled them. The sharp scent of his cum

overwhelmed them. He put his fingers in his mouth, imagining that his own wet orifice was painted with lipstick. He slid his fingers in deep and sucked.

"I'm eating her boyfriend's cum," he thought. "Her boyfriend just came all over me."

Rick got almost no sleep that night, but he did sneak another jerk in the bathroom at five in the morning, before she woke up.

It was even hotter than the first time.

#

There certainly were "no strings attached" with Paige. After she left for her new job in the morning, Rick did not know what to do. Embarrassed but feeling socially obligated, Rick called her. She returned his calls, but only after a couple of days. She was friendly, even flirty. She said she'd had a great time. "We should meet up again," she said. "Maybe this time I won't fall asleep on you before we...you know..."

Rick said he would like that -- meeting up with her. His voice trembled slightly as he said it, knowing that Paige would interpret it as meaning he wanted to fuck her. And he did...sort of. But when he thought about doing it, his mind returned to his filthy, forbidden fantasies...and he always liked those better.

He and Paige played friendly phone tag for a couple of months. They didn't manage to come up with a night that would work for a date. Their flirtation lapsed into obsolescence.

Whenever Rick thought about Paige, and he did it often, he imagined their date, in its fantasy version. He imagined he'd done the things to her that a sissy like him should do. He had licked her pussy fresh with her boyfriend's cum and maybe even the cum of strangers. He'd provided her after-sex fuddling. The only reason she hadn't greased him up and fisted his ass, or strapped on a cock -- she'd almost certainly brought one in her

oversized purse -- was because he hadn't earned it. He hadn't eaten her pussy well enough.

Nonetheless, he'd done what a boy like him should do. He'd eat her pussy; he'd cuddled her after. That's all he got. It was all he deserved...just like Mistress Whisper always said.

Rick replayed the hot date many times in his thoughts, thinking of the many things that he had done right...for instance, eating her filthy pussy. Making her cum. Kneeling for her. Speaking to her meekly, softly, submissively.

But there was always one major change in his fantasy replay.

He should have been wearing panties.