

DIARY
OF A **DOMME**



5 PACK BUNDLE

Diary of a Dominatrix

Episodes 1-5

(Female domination, Male humiliation,
Dominant Woman Submissive Man, Domestic Discipline, Femdom Dark Erotic Fantasy, Sissy)

includes TWO FREE BONUS STORIES

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, pegging, chastity cage lockup and a dominatrix's quest on emasculating her husband.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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Included in this bundle

Locking him in Chastity

An expert at **wrapping men** around her **ice-cold finger**, Kirsty uses her seductive charm, her touch and every inch of her curvy tanned body to **trap her first victim**.

She promises Dillon a night of unparalleled passion and **extreme orgasmic pleasure**.

What she forgot to mention was, the pleasure was going to be all hers,

Kirsty leads him back to her garage, **straps him** down and **locks him into a spiked chastity cage**.

The end result will be extreme pleasure for Kirsty and **agonizing frustration** and **painful blue balls** for Dillon.

Ballbusting the Muggers

On a cold, dark and lonely night, Kirsty wraps her leather jackets tight around her body, zips it up just enough to leave ample cleavage showing.

The **busty** and **cruel dominatrix** hurries along to the local shops to grab a packet of cigarettes.

Suddenly, **four men surround** and **corner Kirsty** in the dark and wet alleyway. As they try and force themselves onto the **cold hearted goddess**, Kirsty plans her defence and attack.

A defence and attack that leaves her **kicking, stomping, squeezing** and **brutalising** the very essence of the bullies - **their manhood**.

Read on and learn how this **cruel** and **ruthless cold woman** takes the **testicles** of the muggers on a **beating they will never forget**.

When the muggers are left limping away, they soon realise, their **balls were no match** for the **vicious** and **experienced feet** of the **town's darkest nutcracker**.

Financial Domination

The **busty young mistress** has become the target of infatuation of a **young and rich man**.

She seduces him, using her sexual prowess to find herself **showered with his money and gifts**.

Kirsty is keen on finding a way to **drain his bank account** and looks for him to make a false move.

When she finds her opening, she pounces, stringing him along for a little longer before she can unravel her **cruel and deceitful plan on truly dominating him financially**.

Ballbusting Yoga

As she slides into her **tight yoga outfit**. The **cold** and **evil goddess** eyes her next target.

Kirsty is intent on **crushing a pair of balls** and has set her eyes on the yoga instructor Tom in her local gym.

Tom convinces Kirsty to take a one-on-one class with him, where he makes the **fateful mistake** of touching the **ice-cold princess**.

It's not long before Kirsty unleashes a **dark and dominant side** on Tom and his **unsuspecting testicles**.

Read how a **horny young busty woman** gets her off **destroying the vulnerable balls** of the unfortunate married instructor.

At the end of their **one-on-one session**, he will be a **changed man forever**.

Pegged by the Wife

Kirsty has kept her **dominating side** hidden from her husband. Viewing her as his **innocent** and **sweet wife**.

Little did he know, Kirsty has **dominated** and **ruined countless men** in her short life.

And as he continues to pester to explore her rear end.

Kirsty decides to **teach him a lesson** with the true meaning of **backdoor domination**.

Read how Kirsty **STRAPS ON, LUBES UP** and takes her **UNSUSPECTING HUSBAND** on a night of **BRUTAL AND INTENSE BACKDOOR DOMINATION!**

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MAID FOR CHASTITY

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Diary of a Dominatrix 1

Locking him in Chastity

Chapter 1

Welcome to my world. My name is Kristy Henderson, and at the age of eighteen years old. I find it easy to make friends with men, woman not so much.

It may be that my blonde hair and my beautiful blue eyes hypnotise them before they even have a chance to blink, it may be that my body is exactly when the men want. Lusting after me with their promises and gifts,

I know exactly how to tease them, brushing past them, my fingers dancing on their shoulders as they talk to me , my eyelashes bouncing as they stare down my cleavage, Their desire for me grows stronger and stronger the more they see of me.

A good friend of mine, Dillon Andrews liked to rub my ass through my leather skirt, sometimes ‘accidentally’ spanking me. I giggle, the world can see that I'm leading him on because I can. I am a woman of many talents and the best talent I have is seducing men, putting on a sweet act until I get them where I want them and then I strike when they least suspect, sinking my teeth into them, letting my venom run through their veins.

I believe that all men are weak. They see a pretty lady walking down the street their heads turn, their minds are led by their cocks, dying to get a piece of the action. They need to realise that not all women are sweet and innocent and some will take them and turn them into their submissive slaves, willing or unwilling, it will happen.

“Are we going to study after school today?” Dillon asked, putting his arm around me as we walked down the hallway to our history class, his fingers slowly inching towards my large breasts, barely contained in my tight, white, shirt. My nipples are hard, I know he likes me, I know that I can make him submit to me. To do anything I want.

“I would love to but it’s going to have to be in my parents garage. They are gone for a week while the renovations are being done to the house and my bedroom is just a mess.” I rolled my eyes at him, not really liking the fact the house was being redone but knowing it was my chance to get him alone.

“Didn't you say that your garage was sound proof?” Dillon moaned against my ear, I felt his hot breath tickling the side of my neck.

“Yes, yes it sure is. Come over around five o'clock tonight!” I impressed upon him with a stern yet seductive tone, moving away from him before his finger could make their way to my nipple.

“Sure. Five o'clock on the dot. I'll be there.” He nodded his head as we walked on together.

I could a slight look of disappointment in his eyes as I moved away from him. I knew him wandering hands were on their way to groping my breasts, he was so close yet so far. Like I said, men are weak and Dillon was just like every other man I knew. As long as there was a woman with a hot body, they would be chasing them. Reveal some skin and they are putty in your hands.

Chapter 2

I was surprised when I looked up at the clock during my last class of the day. It was four in the evening and I was glad that the day was almost done. Packing up my bag, I got up from my seat and watched as other students were making their way to the door to leave themselves, our professor was too busy correcting papers and tests for his classes to be bothered with us leaving a few minutes early.

The second I got home I slid out of my clothing and placed my favourite spiked, dog collar around my neck. Hair sprayed my blonde hair so I looked like a rock star and put dark eye shadow around my beautiful eyes. Looking in the mirror I looked like I was a freak/rock star, this was going to drive Dillon wild.

I went downstairs completely naked, the workers were gone for the day so I wasn't worried about anyone seeing me the way I was. I made my way to the garage where I had set up my little trap corner, to play with my male victims. Dillon would be my latest. The thought of the pain and torture I was going to take him through was turning me on, I couldn't wait until he turned up.

I have had this plan in the back of my mind for a while now. To show men, any kind of man that women weren't just sex tools, we weren't toys for them to just fuck and discard. Any man who was going to touch me and want me was going to pay the price. Like I said before, all men are the same.

The garage had a cool, black, marble slab with leather straps for the wrists and arms. I made sure that they were thick enough to hold any man down. As I was looking over at the bench behind the slab I eyed the male chastity belt, it was beautiful, with spikes surrounding the outside of it. The key lay innocently on the bench beside it, the control will be all mine.

As I went to go pick it up there was a soft rap on the garage door, my smile growing wider, I knew who it was.

I went over to the closed garage door and hit the green button, watching the garage door jolt and then slide up on its own. Who I saw standing in the driveway was just who I expected it to be. Dillon.

“Aren't you a little bit early?” I giggled at him, biting on my lip, teasing him as he looked at my naked body while he made his way towards me.

“Mm, I like this look on you baby. Completely naked except for the dog collar. You look really hot.” Dillon winked at me and wrapped his arms around my waist as I hit the red button that made the garage door jolt again before sliding down, closing us in.

I let Dillon touch me, I let him run his hands over my body. More for my pleasure than for his. I like to have a man's touch every once in a while.

“You have such a sexy body.” Dillon grunted in my ear, pressing against me I could feel his cock stiffening in his jeans rubbing against my naked pussy.

“I know.” I giggled, acting like a girly girl which was out of my nature but I knew that it would turn him on even more.

Dillon brought his mouth to my breasts, hoping to lick the tip of my nipple, I stopped, pushing him back.

“Hey, I thought that we had something going here? I show up and you're completely naked and I just thought.....” He moaned.

“I am going to give you something that you are really going to enjoy.” I nodded my head as I licked my lips slowly.

“Oh yeah?” He asked, his smile returning to his face, I knew I had him hook, line, and sinker.

“Oh yeah. I want you Dillon. I want you so fucking bad.” I told him in a deep voice, walking over to him.

I think he was a little surprised that I was making the moves on him. I unbuttoned his pants and slid his zipper down. He took his shoes off without me even having to tell him. As I slid his pants down I saw the head of his cock winking at me from under his long shirt that he was quickly unbuttoning and tossing to the garage floor.

“I knew you wanted my body baby, I just knew it.” He told me in a husky voice as he tried throwing himself at me.

Once again I let him push me up against one of the walls in the garage. I let him run the head of his cock up and down my pussy lips, spreading them to get to my hungry and wet clit. Dillon was slowly bringing his cock down to my pussy hole, I was soaking wet and it was at that moment when I pushed him away again, harder than the last time.

“What the hell Kristy?” He glared at him when he almost fell to the floor of the garage. I had a big smile on my face when he looked at me.

“I’m wet.” I whined, rubbing my lips with the tips of my fingers.

“You are nothing but a tease! You get me all hot and let me touch you and then you push me away!” Dillon snapped, I didn't flinch. His cold stare and hard voice didn't bother me at all. I think the reason was I knew what was going to happen that night and he didn't.

“Isn't this what you call foreplay Dillon?” I laughed and pointed a finger at him.

“If I had known that all you were going to do was tease me tonight I never would have come over. You walk around like your pussy is golden and lead me on but once I try to fuck you, you push me away. That's what a tease does. Denying me the thing that I want most, your hot pussy.” He growled at me, looking down at my covered pussy I could see the lust in his eyes.

There was no way he was going to turn away from me like I had him. He wasn't going to leave me there, he was thinking with his cock and what he wanted to do with me. There was no way he was dumb enough, all men thought that if they could something out of a situation they would stay until the end.

“Come on baby, let me make it up to you.” I told him, it was time to get him strapped down. There was no doubt about it, my pussy was on fire and I had to stop teasing myself, it was however it was a lot of fun playing with Dillon and seeing the sexual frustration through the tears welling up in his eyes.

I don't know where I got this fetish of mine. I think one day I just figured that the men I came in contact with were going to have to realize that women were the stronger sex, they were the ones who could make any man do exactly what they wanted and the more I thought about it the more I put myself into situations to start out all the plans I had in the back of my mind.

“You seriously want to make it up to me?” Dillon asked me, proceeding with caution this time. Of course I knew he would, because the last two times I had pushed him away. Dillon was no fool.

“Of course I am. Get on that slab for me baby. Let me strap you down and see what you are made off, if you are lucky enough, I will jump on and ride your brains out” I pouted at him, lifting my soft, blue, eyes and making contact with his dark blue eyes.

Dillon was slightly tanned, with blonde hair and dark blue eyes himself. He had a nice, hard, cock and I loved looking at him naked in my garage. The both of us standing a few feet away from each other completely naked was torture for him, I was getting turned on with every passing second knowing that he was in agony not knowing what was going to happen next.

“You want me to lay down on that?” Dillon asked me, looking at the marble slab in the middle of the room.

“You are going to love it. Let me show you that I can make it up to you Dillon. I didn't mean to make you mad. I am just as horny as you are and I can't wait to fuck you. You know you want that hard cock inside of my wet and hungry pussy even if you are mad at me.” I pointed a finger at him, a small smile on my face.

“Okay, and for the record I'm not mad at you. I've been trying for the past week to fuck you. Whether from behind or having you on top of me. “ He reminded me, though there was no need to.

“I know baby, now you are going to get what you've wanted all week. Get up there and let me please you.” I told him as softly as I could though I wanted to be rough with him and not sweet I knew that I could attract more bees with honey than with vinegar I would have to wait until he was strapped down to do exactly what I had set out to do.

Dillon hopped up on the table and laid down on his back as I went over to him. He reached up again for one of my hard nipples and I kept just out of his reach as I put his arm down to his side to strap him tightly to the slab.

“This is kind of hot. I've never had a woman want to be in control for a change. It's always me having to make sure that I perform the best I can.” Dillon laughed, nodding his head as I made my way over to the other side of him and strapped down his other wrist.

“I'm going to show you just how good its going to be to have me in control.” I giggled at him as I strapped his ankles into place. Making sure that they were as tight as I could get them. I didn't want him trying to get out of straps.

“You are turning me on so much honey, I'm dying to get a piece of you.” Dillon confessed to me, thinking that would make me completely happy with him

. A man will say anything he can to make a woman happy in order to get what they want. I was more then happy to hear him beg for me as I glanced behind him and saw the chastity Belt. It was time.

Dillon gave me a confused look, he thought I was going to get on top of him, thought I was going to let him pleasure my breasts and push my wet pussy against his hard cock. Little did he know that was not in my plans at all. I was out to please myself and that's exactly what I was going to do.

“Hey, where are you going?” Dillon asked, looking around and seeing that I was standing at the work bench.

“Don't worry I haven't forgotten about you baby. I am just going to make this interesting.” I picked up the chastity belt and swiftly moved towards him.

“What the hell is that thing?” He asked me when I popped a latch and it sprung open. I giggled as I brought it to his hard cock.

“This my dear is something to tease your cock just a little bit more.” I winked at him. I grabbed his testicles and started to pinch, Dillon started to squirm as he felt his balls being crushed under my grip. The more he squirmed, the softer his cock became. The softer her became, the harder I squeezed.

Within seconds, Dillon was focused entirely on the pain coursing through his testicles and forgot about fucking me. His cock has become as flaccid as it could get. I quickly locked the chastity cage into place, hearing the latch snap into place and knowing the head of his cock was tight against the end of the chastity belt.

“Kristy, this isn't funny. I don't find this funny at all!” Dillon reeled from the pain and looking down at the contraption in which his manhood was locked inside. . The dumb and confused look on his face was priceless.

“Come on, don't you want to make this interesting?” I asked him, getting on top of him, making sure I avoided touching the chastity belt, I knew those spikes would hurt if I touched them.

I straddled Dillon's hard stomach, rubbing my wet pussy up and down his soft skin. How I loved feeling my pussy getting wetter as I denied him the ultimate pleasure. What I set out to do was for myself, the pleasures, the pain it was all for me. Dillon was soon going to realize that.

Chapter 3

I pushed one of my breasts against his mouth only to feel the heat of his hot breath on my hard nipple. Pulling back away from him as he brought his tongue out to lick it, I heard him groan and shake his head back and forth.

I laughed at him and pushed both of my large breasts together as I began grinding my pussy harder and harder against his hard stomach. Showing him just how wet I had become. Not from him turning me on, but my thoughts and my teasing him was turning me on.

Pushing my tits together I brought them back down to his mouth and this time he quickly took his tongue out and began licking my hard nipples. I whimpered and moaned, his tongue felt so good massaging my hard nipples, just as he was about to attach his mouth to them I pulled away from him again.

“Kristy!” He snapped, he tried not to sound it but he started to beg, the more he sounded like this, the wetter I became.

“You want me so bad don't you? I bet your cock is straining against that small cage, getting harder and harder just to get a lick of me.” I snickered

“Please, it hurts in that contraption that you put me into. It's too small for my cock.” He told me gently, seeing that my tone of voice had changed I think he knew better then to snap at me again. Something that I wasn't going to tolerate.

“It's going to keep you from cumming my darling. You are going to want to cum so bad when I take that off of you that the second your cock hits my wet pussy hole you are going to explode. You won't even have a chance to slam your cock inside of me.” I explained to him, covering my mouth as I laughed at him. To me it was pretty funny, to him not so much.

“I just want to fuck you Kristy.” He whined at me as I brought my mouth to the side of his neck and began licking him.

“I know you do honey. I know you want to take my pussy hard and cum deep inside of me, and then when you are satisfied, you will simply move and on, Won't you? You don't think I know how men think?” I asked him, biting hard into his neck after talking to him.

Dillon actually cried out in pain as I sunk my teeth into his neck. I thought it was hot and that most men liked being bitten but evidently Dillon didn't like the biting sensation I was giving to him.

“Please. God, release me and let me taste you!” He continued whimpering out to me, I thought he was actually going to cry because he wanted my pussy so much.

“We are going to have a little fun first, my pussy is so wet Dillon that I don't even think that I can wait for your cock to become unleashed from that thing.” I moaned to him, licking his ear and darting my tongue in and out of his ear hole hearing him murmur my name I knew he liked it.

“Then take it off of me! Take this fucking thing off of me and fuck me!” He screamed at me. I knew that his screams was because of the pressure of the chastity belt holding his cock inside a spiked container and I was the only one with the key which meant I could let him go whenever I chose to.

My pussy was threatening to cum on his hard stomach and I was praying to god that it would hold off for a little while longer myself. I was having fun being in control and showing him that women weren't just going to lay around and wait for a man.

I lifted my mouth from his ear, looking him in the eye I brought my pussy up closer and closer to his mouth. I knew that I was going to enjoy his hot, wet, tongue deep inside my pussy. That was the only way I liked getting off at that time in my life. Later on I learned that I liked other ways to get my pussy to cum.

“Yes. Cover my mouth with that warm, wet, pussy of yours.” Dillon whispered, nodding his head. That was the last

thing he was able to say as I brought my pussy down hard on his lips.

I felt Dillon's mouth open slightly for me, felt the tip of his tongue slide between my pussy lips and touch my hungry clit. I jumped slightly when I felt him running the tip of his tongue up and down my clit because it felt so amazing.

“Now lick my pussy!” I demanded, ordering him to shove his tongue deep inside of me as he quickly did so.

I think he was slightly surprised that I was being so demanding, I would always push him away from me when he got too close at college or too touchy with me. He probably thought that I wasn't ready for his kind just yet. I was there to prove him wrong, to be the bitch that I am. That much hasn't changed I remained who I was through every stage of experience.

“Yes, that's it. Right fucking there.” I grunted to him as I began riding his tongue like it was his cock.

“Now close your eyes and picture me riding your hard cock, your hard throbbing cock. I want you pretend that you're driving your cock further and further into me.” I told him, teasing him even more to make him imagine it. Knowing it was cruel and painful for him.

The more he grunted and moaned for me the more I felt my pussy getting ready to cum. I knew he would love licking my pussy. It wasn't his reward that I was thinking of though, I was thinking of my own needs and that moment in time I needed my pussy to cum. I didn't care how I made it cum, it just had to.

“I'm cumming for you baby, I'm fucking cumming!” I threw my head back and cried out with pleasure as my pussy came for him full force.

I don't think he was expecting me to release so much, he couldn't contain it all. It dribbled down his chin and the sides of his mouth. I didn't care though as long as he got some of it in his mouth. As long as my pussy was cumming that was all that mattered to me.

When I finally got off his mouth and off the slab, my bare feet felt cold on the cement floor he looked at me with anger in his eyes.

“What's the matter baby?” I asked him so innocently I thought he was going to lose his top, but I hid a smile the best I could.

“You told me that you were going to please me.” He snarled at me, if he was an animal he would be baring his teeth.

“You were pleased though, weren't you? You loved licking my pussy and I'm sure you loved drinking down the pussy juice that you could.” I bit down on my lip, playing dumb with him.

“Take this fucking device of my cock, it's tight and I need to release myself!” He grunted, mad as hell as I went to the work bench and got the key, going back to him I unlocked it and he sighed with relief when it sprung open. Instant relief from the pain that he had been feeling.

“I don't know what to tell you sweetie. I got exactly what I wanted, my pussy came so hard from you licking and teasing it.” I shrugged my shoulders as I unstrapped him. As far as I was concerned I was done.

“Look, I have pleased you, you have had your fun, Come on, take the tip of my cock and let's party” Dillon almost sounded like he was begging again as I undid the straps around his ankles.

“I'm just not in the mood to fuck now. I feel fully refreshed and satisfied. Maybe next time.” I laughed meanly at him as he sat up on the marble table seeing that he was still reeling in pain from the crushing device around his cock and his throbbing blue balls.

“You're fucking killing me you know that? You're nothing but a fucking tease in my eyes!” He shouted at me when he saw that I wasn't going to touch his cock. I wasn't even going to go near his cock.

Dillon jumped off the slab and put his clothing back on. I pushed the green button and we watched as the garage door opened up and he walked away without looking back.

I knew that I had ruined a perfectly good orgasm that he might have had. Like he said, he had pleased me to no end and he was ready to release, all I had to do was play with his cock a little and he would have had his release. I wouldn't even do that.

The next day I knew that he wasn't going to talk to me anymore, that we weren't even going to be friends anymore. He walked right past me when I reached the college as if I was a complete stranger to him.

My smile grew wide across my face, he had passed a lot of women that were good looking without even taking a second glance like he use to always do. That is something that I would like to take credit for, showing him without a doubt that not all women were the same. Not all women were going to lay down, spread their legs for him and let him have what he wanted.

THE END

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Diary of a Dominatrix 2

Ballbusting the Muggers

Chapter 1

They say I blossomed well, but I knew that at the age of 24, I was the same person I had always been, yet every man in the street had suddenly wanted to talk to me. By talk, I obviously mean, they were trying to fuck me. The attention never meant anything to me, if I wanted a man, I knew he would be mine within minutes.

Never scared of anyone or anything, I knew I could control men on a whim.

I wrapped my black leather jacket tighter around me, as I fought the fierce wind down the no go street. I was desperate for a packet of cigarettes and had to grab my fix before the morning. Walking in the darkness in my own world, passersby glazed their eyes at the legs showing under my black leather skirt and the cleavage peeking leather top, my breasts pressing against the constricting material.

I eyed the store across the road, the glow of the sign above it reminding me that it was midnight. Bad neighbour, pitch black and inviting the world to see my flesh. Most girls would be scared, but I knew how to handle myself.

I crossed the street and heard someone clearing their throat, a male behind me, a young male at that. I knew better than to turn around but suddenly I caught two men in the corner of my eyes, one on my left and one on my right. I started to feel like I have been trapped, it was obvious they were looking for some kind of trouble. They thought they had found the perfect prey, they thought they had found a weak defenceless woman to take as they pleased. *They thought wrong.*

Suddenly, I felt a pair of hands press against my back pushing into my bra strap and shoving me into a barely lit alley to the right of the store. I was shoved past the dumpster, out of the light and into the darkness. I suddenly felt someone hands reaching into my pockets, I felt hands running across the top of my breasts, they started to squeeze my chest with both hands.

There was no point in screaming, I knew no-one would come to rescue me. In either case, I knew I would handle the situation better and leave these bastards regretting ever touching me.

Someone breathed deeply into my eye and I felt someone grabbing the top of the jeans and tearing open the zipper, it wasn't long before he had his fingers inside me, finger fucking me as fast as he could.

“Fucking wet are you” the finger fucker growled.

He pushed and prodded, fucking me faster and faster, he had no rhythm and no clue, his thick finger started to scratch my insides on every pull. I felt the cold breeze hit my breasts as the leather top started to rip apart. One of the brutes had managed to wrangle my jacket off me and was tearing my top open.

The wind did more than expose my full and ample breasts, it licked the tip of my nipples, turning me on. This was the last thing these thugs needed. When I am turned on and angry, those I have ruined have said that I become deadly

The pussy started to drip involuntary and my nipple were visibly erect for the gang to see.

“Look how hard this bitch's nipples are” one of them said as I felt a finger pressing roughly against the tip.

Carry on boys, I said to myself, have your fun. Relax your guard and I'll show you how wet and horny I am. I bet there wasn't single brain cell between these three thugs.

“I'm going to slobber all over your tits, you hear that “ one of the guys snarled, he had slick black hair, it looked like he

had probably used a tub of gel on it. What little light there was in the alley way bounced off his head.

He moved, I was obviously outnumbered and he was going to take full advantage of me. I breathed deeply, if I was going to make a move, I will need to do it soon.

I glared at him, saw the cigarette behind his ear looking soaked from his hair gel, he eyed me up and down, no doubt picturing himself fucking my tight and wet hole.

One of them tore my knickers down, throwing it's remains against my ankle and pushed my own, exposing my pussy for the gang to see.

I now stood naked in front of the gang, I bet they never realised the goldmine they were going to uncover when they first spotted me.

The men glared at me, their eyes violating every inch of my flesh. Suddenly one of them grabbed my breast and fed it into his mouth. Nibbling on my nipple, it was the greasy hair gel guy. Despite my surrounding, I couldn't help but get turned on, he certainly knew how to tongue a nipple.

Someone shouted 'Let's see if this is just as sweet' just before I felt a tongue slide between my pussy lips. I felt my knees growing weak.

My other breasts was taken abruptly from me and was met with a tongue, I won't lie to you. I had a wet tongue pleasuring my split and two men tonguing my nipple, I wanted to moan. But I wasn't going to give them the pleasure, it would just encourage them even more.

The longer they stroked my flesh with their tongues, the more and more the goosebumps started to sprout. Whilst the three men were on my body, I was no doubt preparing me for worse, I kept an eye on a fourth man who was standing in the shadows. He watched from the distance, almost acting like their lookout. The darkness hid a lot, but I could make out two details that I would never forget, he was a big bastard and he was clutching onto something strapped against his belt, his knife.

As I glared into him, thoughts swirled around my head, had they preplanned to assault me ? Have they followed me the moment I left my house? Do they know me?

Chapter 2

I knew that there would be an opening soon and I kept my eyes open in find the most appropriate time. I thought about what I was going to do before I did it. The one licking my pussy knew what he was doing, I was getting wetter and wetter and he knew it. I knew what he wanted and I bet you he knew I knew.

I heard a car horn honk out in front of the alley, two men got out of the car and started to peek in to see what was going on. They started to point and laugh at what the gang were doing, it became obvious they were not going to help and they may even try and join it.

They could tell I needed help, yet they continued pointing and laughing. As the laughing got louder, I knew I had to grasp this opportunity. The car honked it's horn again, this time catching the attention of the hands and tongues roaming my body. Without a seconds pause, I pulled back one of the men that was suctioned onto my breasts and slammed his head against the brick wall. At the same time, I brought my knee up as hard as I could and hit the one licking my pussy, smacking the underside of his chin. The force of the blow sent him stumbling backwards. The remaining thug, I headbutted, a little too hard. I started to see the world spinning and refocused on what I needed to do, if I let my concentration slip, I would regret it soon.

I started to walk away from the men who were now on the ground moaning, the bodyguard man looked at me, started walking my way and slid his knife out. It was dark but I was still able out the size of the blade, the light bouncing off the sharp edge. I didn't need to get close to disarm him, he wouldn't have a chance.

As he started walking closer and closer, I tensed my right thigh and swung my foot out towards his groin. The tip of my open toed black high heels made perfect impact with one of his balls, crushing in against his pelvis. I hadn't powered through with full force, but enough to cause him so real pain. The bodyguard let out a shocked whimper and hurriedly clutched his groin, knees buckling and dropped to the floor. The knife dropped out of his hand and stayed within his reach distance. Yet he was in no position to grab the knife.

I walked closer and grabbed the knife, the bodyguard was clutching his balls as hard as he could. I swung my leg back and aim for his balls again, this time crushing his fingers in the process, he let out a loud scream. He was lucky I wasn't swinging for the fences, If I wanted to, I could have crushed his pathetic nuggets with one full kick, puncturing the sad fuckers with the tip of the nutcrackers I was wearing.

I looked over at the men who has come out of the car and were laughing and pointing just seconds before and saw they were no longer laughing at me. As I made a step towards them, they the ran and disappeared, I wasn't about to chase after them I had bigger fish to fry.

Looking around at the guys on the ground none of them got up from the ground, I thought that was smart of them. Most men would get back up for more and I was ready for them, naked or not I was ready to fight if I had to.

"It's my turn now boys. You want to mess with a woman huh? You think that we are all weak and that you are going to get which ever one you want? You have another thing coming to you boys. It's going to be a long night!" I snapped at them, my voice echoing in the alley. If they had any weapons they would have taken them out while I was attacking them.

Now I will admit that I was a little scared when there was six of them includes the ones from the car, scared, scared that the bodyguard may use the knife on me or that one of them might take a gun out of nowhere and shoot at me but I wasn't never going to tuck my tail between my legs and run.

"So, you think you guys are all big and bad right? Let me tell you something, everything you thought you were going to me was never going to happen. Everything you did, I let you do. Everything you did, I wanted you to do. Now it's my turn" my voice echoed through the alley way. "Let me show what I am really about, you think you have the balls to gang up on a lonely female and force yourselves upon her? Well let's see how those balls are after I have finished with them"

The bodyguard was now on his knees, his knuckles holding him up, his face scrunched up showing obvious signs of

pain. I walked over to him, making sure to sway my naked ass from side to side for the audience behind me and slammed my foot back into his sore and tender balls, his only response was to cry out in pain.

Poor man, I have had a reputation for permanent damage in the past. Over the years, I have been able to control the strength in my kicks to cause the desired effect. If I wanted to, I could turn his balls into mush, but then where would be the fun in that. Instead, I am going to continue torturing these saps for as long as possible.

The other three were sitting on the ground, their backs pressed against the brick building. One of them now had a big gash on his forehead and I would have to guess that he had some kind of head injury the way I slammed his head against the brick building a few times and maybe that was the reason why he wasn't getting up, he was blinking so I knew he was okay, for the moment.

“Get the fuck over there” I gestured towards the bodyguard with the knife “Hurry or I’ll scramble your fucking nuts permanently“ .

Although he was in immense agony, he was able to slowly crawl on his hands and knees. He looked confused as to where he was crawling to, I pointed the knife towards where the other 3 were lying.

“Look we could forget that anything ever happened here.” The guy with the gash winced, he was clearly in some pain and trying to make a deal with me so he could go clean his bloody forehead up.

“What’s your name” I asked him

He whimpered something under his breath.

I walked closer to the group of four men “Don’t make this harder than it needs to be”.

“Looks like my boots are attracted to your balls” I swung my foot out and smashed it once again into the bodyguards balls. I turned and swung my foot back and asked him

“Don’t make me ask you again or he will get a double date with the tip of both of my boots” I lifted my foot up and tapped the tip of the ground three times, tapper harder with each tap for added impact.

“Jared” his whimpered.

“Jared?”

“Yes.” He groaned, looking at the bodyguard who now had tears streaming down his cheeks.

An evil grin came across my face, I bet they knew I had something evil planned. Surely they wouldn’t think they were going to be let off scott free?

“Each of you, stand out, take your fucking cocks and pathetic balls out and state your name” I pointed the knife at each of their crotches “ and remember if you try anything, I will make this even worse for you” I lifted my leg and tapped the ground with the tip of my shoes. The bodyguard immediately went to protect his balls with his hands.

I was in control and they knew it.

Funny really, all I wanted was a pack of cigarettes but instead, I had 4 scared men to play with.

They each slowly took their cocks and testicles hanging out and whimpered their names.

“Mac”

“Josh”

“Jared”

The bodyguard struggled to take his cock out as he was still in pain, I looked him over and swung my leg back “How

about I tickle your sore little nutsack with my toes” I smirked.

He hurriedly pulled his cock out and stated “Simon”

I raised my open toed shoe towards his face and wiggled by big toe in his face “Take your balls out or my little friend here is going to pop those sad little fuckers” I continued wiggling my big toe about, moving it as close as I could towards his eyes.

He shoved his hand in and gingerly brought his balls out. Wincing as he brought them out, he looked in real pain.

I looked at his testicles and saw they were starting to swell and were look a weird colour of purple.

“They look hurt, be careful where you put them” I flicked the back of my hand against his balls

“They may start to rupture”

All I heard was a groan from him.

I scanned the rest of the gang, they were all trash as far as I was concerned but they were going to get what they deserved and maybe they would think twice about sneaking up on any woman anytime. Day or night.

They picked the wrong woman to fuck with and before I was done with them they were going to learn not to do it again. It was my duty to make them pay instead of walk away from them because they would just do it again, only to some woman who didn't know how to defend herself.

Chapter 3

I looked at everyone single one of their pathetic cocks, I instantly knew why they attempted to corner me. This is the only way they could get a woman's attention. They reeked of insecurity and it was obvious why.

Each and every one of them stood there, vulnerable and scared. I knew they all wished I would leave their balls alone, I had openly gave them the indication that I could crush Jared's balls without thinking twice. They could all see he was swelling. They all saw my beautiful toes flashing their innocence and elegance in the open toed heels.

Could someone that innocent really cause so much damage?

“Look at you Mac, your cock is so fucking small, it's serves me purpose to you or any woman. How any woman would feel that fucking thing inside of her, I have no idea.” I grunted to him, shaking my head as I bent down to take a closer look at it from the glow of the street light beside the green dumpster.

I saw Mac blush slightly. I knew he was embarrassed in front of his gang. His small cock didn't mean shit to me. I would have said something more about it but I heard Josh snicker beside him. Seeing that he was thinking it was funny.

“What about you Josh? Let me see your cock.” I turned my head to Josh but made sure that out of the corner of my eye I paid attention to Mac just in case he tried anything funny.

Josh showed me his cock, taking his hand away from it. I saw him bite down on his lip and look down at it.

Josh jumped as I grabbed the tip of his cock and started squeezed the tip. It was certainly bigger than Mac's, Josh winced as I squeezed harder. I picked his foreskin and tucked it down, his cries echoing in the alley. Men forget how vulnerable they are, they see a pretty woman and they look all of their fucking senses.

“Please, let go” he whimpered as started to grip my wrists in a feeble attempt to pry his sad manhood away from my grip.

I leaned closed and planted a kiss on this trembling lips, freezing his movement, released him from my grip. The sense of relief for him was only momentary.

I slowly pulled my lips away from his, leaving a hint of lipstick on him and thrust my knee into his groin.

It wasn't my hardest but it was damn hard. Any harder and I would have damaged him for life. I held my knee pressed against him, trapping his jewels between his pelvic bone and the edge of my friendly knee. I shook my ass side to side as I ground my knee deeper into his groin.

It's funny really, every time I was on the verge of fucking up the orbs of one of the guys, I was giving the others a free show. If anything, it would make it easier. Men are so predictable.

I retracted my knee and shot it back into him again a little harder. I couldn't have sworn he blacked out for a microsecond there.

He crumbled to the floor holding his bruised plums.

“I could take this knife and cut them off right now if I wanted to”

“Is that what you want” I kicked his ribs.

“.....” Josh opened his mouth but words failed to appear

I knelt down and rubbed the back of his neck and whispered into his ear “I can't hear you”

“No.....” whispered to me, tears streaming down his face.

“What Josh? I can't fucking hear you!” I screamed at him, surprised that no one had called the cops yet with all the noise and commotion happening. To be honest, it wouldn't have mattered, Four thugs at midnight in a dark alleyway surrounding a naked young woman. Who are they going to believe? I could ruin these men for life and I would get away with it scott free.

“No!” Josh glared at me, sniffing. If I could put the fear of god in each and every one of those thugs I was going to go do it. They would cross the street when they saw me walking down the same sidewalk as them, scared both at the humiliation and for their manhood.

I turned to Jared turning away from Mac. He must have thought I had forgotten about him as he wasn't expecting my wandering hands. He wasn't expecting the palm of my hand to meet his nuts with such speed and precision.

I wrapped my delicate hands around one of his precious balls, a pumping a small squeeze with my fist just to give him a little indication of what was to come.

He looked petrified, I'm sure he was about to say something, but then i started squeezing and squeezing.

“How do those plums feel” I stated and I squeezed him harder.

All Mac could do was squeal, squeal like the fucking pig he was, louder than Josh. The harder I squeezed, the harder he squealed.

The minx inside of me was egging me on, Egging him on to squeeze him so hard, his nuts become juice, I knew it wouldn't take much to destroy him forever.

I squeezed harder, then eventually released him and whacked around the side of his head with the handle of the knife. He fell forward holding onto his throbbing ball.

“That's for doing what you did to me. Tonight is going to be a long night for you boys. I bet when you took me in the alley, you thought it was going to be nothing but pleasure for all of you. You were quite wrong.” I laughed, shaking my head back and forth. This was all payback, I have no care in the world what happened to them or what damage I was doing to them.

When I looked at Jared I saw him bring his hands as quickly as he could to cover his groin. I stood up, placing my hands on my hips I laughed at him. I couldn't help it. He looked like a helpless man

Jared so afraid of me, I simply had to look at him and he would cower.

“Jared are you afraid of me?” I asked him softly.

Jared nodded his head up and down instead of talking to me. He wouldn't even look at me. In a way I felt bad for him as if he had been dragged into the gang of thugs he was hanging out. As if he didn't have a choice.

“Are you ready to take your punishment young man?” I told him, bringing my hand down to his face and slapping him lightly on the cheek, chuckling deep inside my throat. He turned his head and looked over at Simon as if he was going to get up and help him.

“Now why would you be standing off to the side all by yourself?” I asked Simon, I knew that none of the others would come to his rescue. They were all smart, they knew what I was capable of and each and every one of them had pissed me off to the point of me not caring what I did to them. I think they saw it in my eyes that I could cause them even more pain and damage.

“Keeping a look out” He groaned whilst still clutching his nuts.

This guy had taken the force of my kicks and would be stupid to think it was over. Yet part of his cock was visible between his hands and appeared to be semi erect.

“This is probably what you really wanted” I smiled at him. I lifted my foot towards his mouth, wiggled my but toe about,

swung by foot back and kicked him in the nuts again, this time with lightening speed. In between his whimpers, he started to beg me to stop. I ground my foot into his groin, pressing my big toe into the soft flesh I found.

“Oh you want me to stop? Did I ask for you guys to touch me and take my cigarette money? That's exactly what you guys did. Acting all big and tough and took what, maybe thirty dollars out of my leather jacket?” I asked him,

I found my foot even harder ‘You risked losing your nuts over thirty fucking dollars’

“You are all a bunch of pussies. Preying on women you think that you are tough enough to get. A bunch of assholes in my eyes.” I looked at them and pressed my foot even harder, trapping one of Simon’s balls beneath my big toe, he started to breath in short pants as I increased the pressure.

“Can we please please go now?” I heard Josh ask,

I released Simon from my death stomp, he gasped for air and started whimpering away clutching onto his poor precious balls.

I took a step back from them so I could see all of them at the same time.

“I'm afraid not Josh. You guys wanted to have a little fun with me. I'm not into a little fun, when I have fun it's a lot of fun.” I pointed a finger at him and felt my pussy getting wetter knowing that once again I had they men and their very sexual being at my mercy.

Chapter 4

Personally I was getting tired of the game myself after a little while. I just wanted my money and get my cigarettes so I could go home and go to bed. They were no longer making the game fun for me.

“Who has my money?” I walked down the line to Mac to see if he had my money.

“Do you have my fucking money?” I asked Mac, making him lift his head up and look me in the eyes.

“No, I don't have your money.” He told me tiredly, running the back of his head against the brick building as he closed his eyes.

I looked down at his cock and saw that it was still hard, I sure couldn't leave them their with their small, hard, cocks and their balls the way they were.

When I grabbed Mac's cock he opened his eyes wide, I am sure he was thinking that I was going to pull it off like I had threatened Josh. He tried moving away from me and I held on tighter to his cock.

“You are going to love this baby.” I grunted to him.

I squeezed hard and started to slide my gripped hand up and down his shaft, squeezing as hard as I could, I could feel his skin scraping in motion with my pump. I lifted my free hand smacked the head of his cock as hard as I could, he yelped out in pain.

“You going to cry ?” I asked him laughing as I stroked his cock harder and faster, seeing him squirm around. He seemed to be confused, he should be enjoying this but he was receiving unbelievable pain.

Josh was watching me, as he had before, he eyed up my naked body, yet , he was too scared to do anything and I knew that he was going to have a hard time getting it up having seen the treatment his gang had been receiving.

“You guys think you are some kind of thugs huh? In my eyes you are just boys. Not even real men. That's how low you guys are.” I told Josh as I grabbed a hold of his cock and heard him gasp.

I found it rather hot that I was stroking and punishing cocks at the same time and as mean as I was being to them I knew that when I got home I was going to take a shower and play with myself gently as I thought back to the moment I held their sexual future in the palm of my dainty hands. Looking back on what I had said and done to them was going to get me off that night.

“You know, I am going to remember this night. When I go home tonight I am going to slip my finger in and think of this night. Each and every one of you and get off to you guys, the way you tried to force yourselves upon my and now you are my little bitches. Knowing how weak you guys are is just going to get me wetter and wetter, you are not the dominant one here, I am” I laughed and squeezed Mac's cock even harder as he started to trickle his juices. Even through the pain he was feeling from my vice like grip around his veiny cock, he was still aroused and started to trickle involuntarily.

I turned my attention to Josh, and tensed my muscles, clenching my fist even tighter, he started to slowly dribble his cum reluctantly. Neither of guys were real men, even if they had managed to fuck me, it doesn't look like either could manage to hold in for more than a few seconds.

“You two couldn't please anyone, you know that? You couldn't please a woman even if you tried. Thirty seconds? That's all you guys have? I guess when it comes to small cocks there is less built up in your balls you guys are more like two pump chumps. I would have been disappointed if you held me down and fucked me. For real, I would have been like what the fuck is going on? It went that quick?” I told them, watching them both look down at their cocks with red faces.

Their red faces weren't because they were pissed at me....well maybe they were a little pissed off that I had gotten the upper hand and wasn't going to mess up for them to take it back, but they were embarrassed. They were embarrassed being humiliated by a woman and more so, in front of their gang.

I slowly wiped their cum off my hands onto their faces, sliding my wet palm across their cheeks, brushing their lips in the process.

“Either one of you have a pack of cigarettes?” I asked them.

Josh reached into the front pocket of his shirt and handed me the pack he had. The pack was crushed but I had a feeling the cigarettes weren't.

“What about you asshole?” I looked over at Mac, he didn't bring his head up to even look at me. He shook his head back and forth as fast as he could.

“He doesn't smoke.” Josh told me softly. I nodded my head at him and moved on to Jared, who kept his eyes on me but his forehead was bleeding out more and more. Dripping down his face, I am sure that it hurt but I wasn't going to show him any sympathy.

“You two. Mac and Josh get the fuck out of here now. I don't ever want to see your faces again. You guys make me sick.” I commanded.

I stepped away from them as Mac put his cock back inside his pants and zipped up. Josh did the same thing and they both got up from the ground.

“If I ever see you guys again, I will take each your balls, place them in the middle of my palms, wrap my fingers around them and squeeze the shit out of them. I will pop your miserable plums in front of the whole world and rip your fucking cocks off!” I snapped at the both of them and watched them scurry away from the alley and across the street.

I laughed as I watched them run away like cowards from a naked, crazy, woman. Looking back at the two of them I saw a rusted pipe leaning against the dumpster. Not turning my back on them I went to the dumpster and picked up the pipe. It was nice and heavy, cool in the palm of my hand. I wasn't stupid if Mac and Josh decided to come back I would be ready for them.

“They won't come back.” Jared told me, eyeing the pipe in my hand.

“Whose to say its for them?” I sneered at him, seeing him shut his mouth and hold his lips tightly against each other.

I wasn't about to be kind to them since I sent the other two on their way.

They would all get it if they ever tried attacking me again. I would make sure of it.

I walked over to Jared and got down on knees in front of him, looking down at his cock. He was certainly seemed bigger than the rest of the group. Somehow, he has managed to stay erect during the whole ordeal.

I grabbed a hold of his cock and he grimaced without me even squeezing his cock. I laughed at him thinking he was so different than the others. He seemed like the innocent one of the group and something tells me he was dragged into this, I wondered what he was doing with them but never asked him. It was none of my business and I wasn't going to make it my business.

“You know Jared, you should be careful who you hang around.” I cupped his balls and gently squeezed “You could get yourself into a lot of trouble hanging around the wrong crowd” I whispered in his ear, gripping the pipe tighter in my hand in case Simon thought he was going to try something funny.

I tightened my grip and rolled his nuggets around the palm of my hand. I pressed the tip of my thumb on one of his balls and heard his gasp.

“I can be gentle” I whispered in his ear “or I can be mean”

I continued to massage his ball between my palm and my thumb, sending a mixture of pain and pleasure surging through this body. The warmth of my palms was no doubt a calming effect to his testicles.

I heard him moan as caressed every inch of his testicles, tightening and loosening the grip with each breath.

“Just imagine, some hot girl wanting you for you. Not because you're with your boys. But because you are who you are. Think about her pleasuring you because she wants to, not because you made her” I whimpered at him, As I continued to caress and gently squeeze his balls, I watched him close his eyes. I wasn't sure if he was actually picturing it but the more I talked to him, the more he moaned. I couldn't help but wonder how long it had been for him since he a woman had given him the attention.

“Can I leave now?” Jared asked, visibly uncomfortable, he had no idea what I had planned. Was I going to be nice or nasty? Was this just a way for me to manoeuvre him into his comfort zone and then to start hurting him?

“You know, I would like to say yes but I think that you guys should leave together, there are too many scary people out at night time. I mean you guys learned that tonight right? You never know who you are going to bump into and what they are capable of. No, I think that you should wait for your friend, it would be a shame if you got yourself into more trouble.” I giggled at him, I knew I was being a bitch but they deserved it. They deserved the injuries they had gotten as well.

I turned to Simon and faked a knee to his groin, I heard a trickling sound.

As i looked down, I saw that he had started to piss himself, right in front of me. I covered my mouth but even my mouth couldn't muffle my laughter. He was so scared of me he had pissed on himself and his pants.

“Look at your friend here Jared. He has pissed himself, like literally pissed himself.” I pointed down at Simon's cock and saw a small smirk on Jared's face that quickly disappeared when Simon glared over at him.

“Now isn't that a shame, I guess maybe you never have thought about approaching me?” I asked him, shaking my head.

“We didn't know-” Simon tried to explain to me.

“You didn't know that I was going to fight back is that it? You didn't think that I was a woman who could take care of myself right?” I raised my eyebrows at him and watched him nod his head slightly.

“Get the hell out of here, you most of all make me want to puke.” I glared at him, watching as slowly and painfully made his way up on his feet. Clutching onto his balls, I knew he was in agony and would need seek medical attention.

Jared slowly got up and took something out of his pocket as I swung the pipe back indicating to him clearly that I was heading for his balls.

“It's your money!” Jared hurriedly said before I smashed his balls with the steel pipe.

Keeping the pipe in position in case it was a trick I reached my hand out for the money and saw that it was my wrinkled ten dollar bills that I had shoved into my leather jacket.

“You stole my money? You out of the bunch?” I asked him, a little surprised myself that he would have been the one who did it.

“Yes.” He told me, looking over at Simon who was already out of the alley and standing on the sidewalk waiting for him.

“Go.” I glared at him and watched him stagger up the alley to where stand alone guy was and figured if he had any smarts that he would go to the hospital just a short distance away to get checked out.

I saw the gang about three weeks later walking on the other side of the street in broad daylight. They looked over at me

once, recognized who I was and quickly took their eyes away from me. The only one missing out of the group was Jared. I had realized that maybe he had learned his lesson from that night in the alley and had changed his ways.

THE END

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Diary of a Dominatrix 3 -

Financial Domination

Chapter 1

Men will never cease to amaze me, I'm twenty two years old now and they keep hitting on me like crazy. Trying all sorts of tricks to get in my panties, all sort of devious, sweet and evil tricks. A lot have really pushed their luck with me, and I have always paid them back, whether it be by mentally, physically or financially hurting them.

The men that come out of the woodworks as I have been getting older are the ones that try and buy me. They try and buy my time, my love and everything in my knickers. Sometimes I let them, sometimes I just lead them on.

I have been see my boyfriend for a few months now, I adore him but he is madly in love with me. He showers me with flowers and gifts. The son of a rich CEO, he has an abundance of money and spends everything he can with me. I love getting all the gifts and attention but I have been started to get a little bored recently. The excitement has started to fizzle out over the last few weeks.

I will admit that I did feel for him but not as much as he loves me. I think I have fallen in love with his money, not him. I never claimed to be a nice person, though I haven't dominated him yet, I have a feeling I will. I like having money and power, as I tell you my story you already know that I like to be the one calling the shots. That is never going to change, its who I am. It is what it is. Its me. The more I dominate a man the more powerful I become.

"You know how much I love you?" Adam asked me one night while we were sitting on his couch watching a movie, it was almost time for me to go home and I wasn't feeling like waiting on a taxi to take me back to my house. So I figured it would be easier just to spend the night, I didn't need to ask, I'm sure he wouldn't mind.

"I know you love me, we have something special" I looked over at him and gave him my loving smile, my light blue eyes sparkling with happiness. I can change from one mood to another whenever I want to. It's something that I have been able to perfect over the years, it makes it so easy for me to manipulate men.

"How come you don't want to move in with me?" Adam asked me, he caught me off guard, we never talked about moving in with each other and I wasn't about to settle down when I could have fun the way I could. I could have any man in any way that I wanted and I wasn't going to tie myself down for any man any time soon.

"I guess it's because I like my space. When I want to go home I can, if I feel suffocated I can go home. Its simple really." I shrugged my shoulders at him.

"You feel suffocated then?" Adam asked, picking and choosing what he wanted to take out of my answer.

"I didn't say that. It's just better that we have our own place." I murmured to him, putting my head on his shoulder as he wrapped his arms around me.

Every time I showed any kind of positive emotion towards him he would end the conversation and he seemed happier as I'm generally not an emotional person. Sometimes I just need to say the right things to him.

Adam was so clingy that I thought he was going to ask me to marry him from time to time and that was what I was afraid of. One thing about me is that I have a plan in the back of my mind if I feel as if I'm going to be trapped. I have an answer for everything, I'm always one step ahead of the foolish men that I come in contact with.

While we continued watching the movie, I knew Adam was drifting off to sleep, he wasn't holding me nearly as tightly as he had when he first wrapped his arms around me. His arm slowly sliding off my shoulder and I was thankful that I didn't have to sleep with him yet another night. I could blame it on him in the morning that I couldn't wake him up to go to bed and

have some fun with me.

As I watched the rest of the movie I had a great plan that I was going to put into effect that very next morning while we were drinking coffee together. One of the routines that we had fallen into over our six month relationship that was too long for me to begin with.

Early the next morning I found that I was laying on the couch covered by a blanket, I still had on the clothes I wore the night before but there was a package on my chest, it fell off onto the floor when I rolled over onto my side to get up.

“Good morning” Adam exclaimed “I have your coffee all ready for you. Just the way you like it, black.”

Adam had dark brown hair and sexy dark brown eyes. He wore an adorable pair of silver framed glasses, it was however annoying when he had to keep sliding them up the bridge of his nose so that he could see.

He was wearing black slacks and a white shirt with a tie tied tightly, another thing that bothered me he always dressed as if he was the most important man on earth. Although I adored this man, there was something about him that made me want to badly bring him down a notch or two.

I smiled back at him and picked up the package, shook it gently and guessed it might be a small jewelry box, it was gray and it felt like velvet. I closed my eyes tightly praying that it wasn't a ring, I didn't want a ring.

Opening my eyes I opened the box and there it was right in front of my face. A diamond ring, in the center of a thin, gold, band.

“I want you to marry me some day Kristy. You are all that I've wanted in a woman and I know that we are going to be good together.” As he spoke, he walked over towards me and got down on one knee.

I guess he took the surprised look on my face the wrong way, he started to slide the ring on my finger, I glared at it, the way it sparkled, it was taunting me and laughing at me. The ring has a mind of it's own, it felt like he was signalling that I would settle down with Adam whether I wanted to or not.

Chapter 2

That morning I couldn't take my eyes off the ring while I drank my coffee. I had thought that he would have taken my answer of wanting to keep my own place as a sign that I wasn't ready to marry him. Adam had his wires crossed and as much as I wanted to take that ring off my finger and throw it at him and stomp out of the house never to return, I loved the money too much.

"I was thinking that we could celebrate in bed. You know, we could stay in bed all day and get really nasty. Later we can call my parents." Adam told me, acting as if we had already discussed getting married.

"As much as I would like to darling, how about we go out shopping. I have some clothes that don't fit me anymore and then we could spend the day going out and eating and window shopping." I stroked his lap, giving him my loving smile.

"Whatever is going to make you happy." He sighed heavily, I knew that I had put off screwing him for over two months now.

"I will make it up to you tonight baby, it will be worth it." I told him, getting up from the kitchen table and going over to him, tugging on his tie as I bent down and saw that he was looking down my shirt. I was braless and he was getting a real show from where he was sitting.

"Okay, tonight then. Why don't you get dressed." He moaned to me, licking his lips. I knew that he wanted me, that he couldn't wait to have me.

I giggled and gave him a little taste, it was the least I could do. I lowered the top of my shirt, exposing my large breasts, he inched his mouth forward and started to caress my erect nipple with the underside of his tongue.

I had teased Adam so much before that he had blown his load before he could even get it out of his pants. He was apologizing to me, after he ejaculated he couldn't get it up for the rest of the night, which was fine by me but I had pretended to be disappointed in him for not taking me that night.

Adam suckled on my breast harder and faster, bringing a hand to my hip as he pressed my tit into his mouth. I felt my hard nipple tickle the back of his throat as I giggled at him.

"Okay baby, okay. If we don't stop now we will never get out of the house." I told him softly, pulling my tit out of his mouth.

"That's the whole point isn't it?" He asked, giving me a wink.

"Tonight, tonight will be the night." I reassured him as I left the kitchen table and went into his room to get into my closet.

I had my own closet and he had his. He spoiled me so much but I didn't feel guilty about what was going to happen. He chose to spend the money on me when it came right down to it. And he never was demanding on what he was going to get for it, but he was still like every other man. If he was promised sex he would do just about anything.

When I walked back out of the room I wore his favorite dress. It was a red dress that dipped down to show my cleavage. I figured I could tease him slightly while we were out and about. I had to throw him a bone once in a while.

"You look very sexy." Adam grunted when he saw me. He got up from the table and came to me quickly, I could see the bulge forming inside his jeans.

"Thank you, we better get going though. I am starving." I whined at him as he took my hand and pulled me down on top of him as he sat on the couch.

"You feel that baby, you feel that hard cock?" He moaned to me as he slid the straps down my arms and made my

nipples hard again.

“I feel how hard you are. It’s so big baby, I’m hungry and wet for you but I’m dying for some food right now” I told him again, giggling as I got off his lap.

“I wish you would just let me fuck you and then we could go get something to eat.” He moaned to me as he got up.

“Sorry baby, but I can give you a sneak peek.” I giggled, looking over my shoulder as I lifted my dress, bending over and show him the back of my pussy.

Adam pushed two fingers inside of me, I moaned. My womanhood was nice and wet for him, the damn thing didn't listen no matter how many times I tried not to get wet, it did it on its own.

He took his fingers out and shoved them into his mouth. Sucking loudly at his fingers as I stood up straight and pulled my dress down.

“Come on big boy.” I giggled at him and headed out the door with his car keys.

Needless to say Adam didn't get any action that night or for the next three months. He complained about it but never forced it on me and then one night we had a talk, a talk that I thought would never come when it came to the relationship and who he was.

“I need to talk to you.” Adam told me at the dinner table. We were having spaghetti and he was trying to get me drunk filling up my wine glass over and over again.

“I know, I never give it to you Adam. Its not you, I'm just not in the mood.” I started out, thinking he was going to ask me for sex that night. It was something bigger.

“I'm just about broke.” He told me softly, looking down at his food. I almost choked on mine when I heard what he had to say.

“What? How can that be?” I asked him wide eyed, seeing the ring on my finger.

“All the money we've been spending, all the good times we've been having. You promising me sex all the time and the things you're going to do to me. I guess I've been spending it foolishly.” Adam blushed, he didn't like to admit when he made mistakes.

“Here, take this and see what you can get for it.” I told him, slipping off the engagement ring and handing it to him. I was so glad to be released from the torture of wearing it on my finger.

“No, that's for you. I wanted you to have it and I still want us to get married.” He tried handing me back the ring and I insisted he take it.

“We will get married when we are more financially stable. I feel kind of guilty about making you spend all of your money on me.” I lied to him, it was so easy for me to lie to him because he hung on every word I had to say.

“I don't know what we're going to do.” Adam sighed, taking the ring and slipping it into his pocket.

“Come on, I have a surprise for you.” I grinned at him, getting up from the table and taking his hand so that he would follow me.

“Where are we going?” Adam chuckled as I led him to the basement door.

“Its something I've been working on Adam while you are gone or whenever you're sleeping. I was going to show it to you next week but I want to make you happy for a change.” I giggled, kissing him on the cheek.

“You do make me happy Kristy. You always have.” He whispered, not wanting me to feel bad about what was going on.

“Take your clothes off.” I told him, seeing the shocked look on his face I had to tell him a second time laughing at him.

Adam quickly did as I told him and within seconds he was standing completely naked in front of me.

I slowly slid my green dress off and stood stark naked in front of him, I very rarely wore any underwear, it was my little way off continuously teasing him.

“What is this all about?” He asked, a little confused about what was going on.

“Just relax sweetie. Let me get that cock hard for you.” I moaned, getting down on my knees and attacking his cock with my wet mouth.

I moaned and whimpered as his cock got harder and harder while I slid my mouth up and down his cock.

“Fuck baby, oh god that feels so good.” Adam grunted, throwing his head back and looking up at the ceiling.

“Well I have to make my man happy, don't I?” I asked him, giving him a wink when I took my mouth away from his cock for the last time. Adam didn't know it but it would be the last time I would suck his cock.

“God, you almost made me cum.” He grunted to me, looking down at his throbbing cock.

“I don't want you to cum for me yet. We have all night to make that cock of yours cum.” I teased him and opened the basement door.

I turned on the light and headed down to the basement with him on my heels as if I was going to get away from him.

Chapter 3

When Adam saw what I had down in the basement his eyes almost popped out of his head, I saw him grinning from ear to ear.

“What is all this?” He asked, seeing that I was walking to the cage door and I opened it for him. Walking in and hoping that he was going to walk in after me.

Adam did just that as I thought he would, following in right behind me as I shut the door and locked it.

“Wow you are one kinky girl huh? You have iron cuffs attached to the cage floor. Did you have plans of strapping me down and having your way with me?” Adam laughed at me.

“Yes, I have teased myself too long these passed few months Adam. I don't know what has gotten into me tonight but I am so horny. I want to fuck you and orgasm over and over and over.....” I whimpered to him.

I didn't even have to ask him to get down on the cage floor. He got down there on his own and spread his arms and legs out as far as they would go.

“Lock me up baby, come on. I don't want to keep you waiting.” Adam grunted to me, I was completely surprised at how willing he was to have me do what I wanted as long as he was going to get fucked. I had led him on to believe that my immaculately trimmed bush would be smothering his hard cock.

“My baby knows how to have fun doesn't he?” I laughed, going to him quickly and snapping the iron cuffs on his wrists and ankles, yanking on them making sure they were secure.

“Daddy wants you baby, come here.” I heard him moan for me and I did go to him.

I laid down on top of Adam, rubbing my wet pussy over hard cock. I grabbed his cock and rubbed my clit up and down it faster and faster, wanting to have my pussy cum. I had to let my pussy cum.

“Take my breasts and suck them! Fucking suck them!” I demanded in his at first Adam didn't know what to do because I was being so stern.

I was tired of waiting for him so I pressed one of my tits against his mouth and he finally opened up for me. Suckling and nibbling just like he knew how to. He wasn't too rough with me but I cried out for him with pleasure. Knowing what was coming next.

“Fuck baby, oh god, yes, yes, yes, Fuck me!” I screamed out as my pussy started to leak its juices all over the head of his cock, He hadn't yet had a chance to enter me yet I was releasing my juices over his eager cock. I had control over his cock now and it was up to me on whether I wanted to give it to him or not.

Adam whimpered and whined for me like an animal. Bumping his pelvis up trying to penetrate me.

“Ride my cock! Please ride my cock!” I heard him scream out over and over again.

When my pussy slowed its dripping, I ran the head of his cock down to pussy hole. Teasing him and just dipping the head of it into my pussy and pulling it back out. Laughing and playing with him as I shook my head no at him.

“Stop teasing me, please. You know that I need your pussy.” He begged me softly, murmuring my name and begging for me which turned my pussy on faster than what I thought it would.

I got off of him seeing that he was getting mad at me for not fucking him and riding his cock like I use to do.

I went over to one corner of the cage and got a belt that I left hanging there, when I turned around he knew what it was.

We had watched porn movies together after he went out and spent money on me. The next best thing if I wasn't going to fuck him was to watch a porn movie with him and stroke his hard cock until he came. I didn't even have to suck him off I was that good at manipulating him.

“No, god don't do that to me.” He cried out, shaking his head back and forth as he tried struggling against the iron cuffs I laughed wickedly at him.

“You can't get out of those sweetie. Not unless I let you out of them.” I told him harshly. He was seeing the dominating side of me now and he wasn't liking it very much. They were my true colors, had I shown them earlier I never would have gotten the clothes, I wouldn't have been wined and dined and I wouldn't have the money he gave me just to go shopping for myself.

I knew I wouldn't be able to slip in on securely while he was still hard. So I grabbed one of his testicles and grinned at him. He shook his head and knew what was coming.

I tightened my grip on his ball and started squeezing, his body jerked from side to side as he tried to free his precious nut from my grip.

“It hurts! Fuck it hurts so bad!” He hollered out to me, real tears in his eyes. It reminded of the man from college. Dillon, that's who it reminded me off as I saw him weak and helpless not able to do anything.

It took only a half a minute but it must have felt like an eternity to him before his cock became limp, as limp as when he is asleep and unaroused.

“I don't know what's come over you.” He told me as I slipped the quickly belt around his waist and put the wired chastity onto his cock. Pricking myself in the process from the little spikes along the edges when I closed his cock into it.

That night I took full control of his body. His body was mine and his cock was trapped. He would pleasure me to no end and feel the pain of a restrained erection. That night I rode riding his tongue like it was the biggest cock in the world. Muffling his screams because it wasn't like my soundproof garage I had years ago. He struggled and begged to be released from the death cage his cock was housed but I never gave it to him.

Finally after a few hours I unchained him but left his cock in it's new home. He had not only pent up frustration from tonight but over the past few months. Tonight, however, would be the hardest for him.

“You used me! You used me for my money!” He screamed as he looked down at his trapped cock wondering how he was going to free himself.

Adam knew better then to come after me, I had told him about the alley with the men who had assaulted me in the beginning of our relationship so that he wouldn't get any funny ideas and I think in the back of his mind he knew that he was no match for me.

“Now you're getting it Adam.” I nodded my head and clapped for him. Letting him know just how dumb he really was.

I leaned him and kissed him. As I did, I slipped both of his hands under his testicles careful not to hurt myself on his spiked chastity cage and grabbed a ball in each hand. As my tongue explored his mouth, he was too turned on to imagine me hurting him even more. I suddenly gripped each nut and squeezed, his tried to scream but his sounds were muffled by my mouth. His futile attempts at backing away didn't get him very far, I yanked him back with a tug on his balls. I then released him and sent my knee thundering into his sore testicles and watched as he collapsed into a heap grabbing his balls, pinching himself on his spikes at the same time.

I went up the basement stairs and got my clothes back on. I looked around and grabbed his credit cards and whatever money he had lying about. I knew exactly what the limit was on each card, so it was time to go shopping.

I packed all the clothing that he had bought me and the things that I had gotten throughout our relationship, glad to be out of it. Glad to be on my own again. He was in too much pain to hold me back, there was no way he would beg me to stay. He had spent a fortune on me and was going to spend even more without realising it when I drained his credit cards dry. It will

soon sink in that he won't have a pot to piss in and it will be all because of me.

A few months later I was driving down the street in the hot new ride I had purchased with the money I ripped from his account, I stopped at a red light and I saw a line for the homeless shelter, they were lining up to go into the shelter to eat. The first person I saw was Adam in line. He was wearing a white, dirty shirt and ripped jeans. We made eye contact for a few seconds but he turned away from me when he realized who I was. The shame spreading across his face, he was ruined because of me.

THE END

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Diary of a Dominatrix 4

Ballbusting Yoga

Chapter 1

Hitting the age of 25 and I'm doing pretty well for myself. The experiences I am building up over the years are keeping me well. Dominating and destroying men in as many creative ways that I can think of has become my goal in life. Hurting and ruining them when they least suspect it.

When I was with my ex-boyfriend Adam, just before I financially ruined him, locked his cock into a spiked cage and crushed his precious little balls, he had always suggested I took up yoga.

To be honest, I only think he mentioned it because we wanted to see me in a tight yoga outfit. My physique is perfect if I do say so myself, bouncy big breasts and a sexy ass which has men drooling for days on end.

Adam was a pervert to say the least, but so are all the men I met in my life, they only want one thing from my, and that is to get inside my knickers.

Either way, I am now going to take up yoga classes, it's the perfect place for Kirsty to snatch her next victim and subject him to my painful dominating ways.

The brick building across the street from where I live has a lot of women going in and out of the building and I am looking in on one of the sessions through a glass window. The classes look to be run by a male and he looks rather cute, part of me is turned on just by looking at him and part of me is hungry to dominate him. You know there's only one thing for me to do right?

That's right, somehow get the instructor alone, to give me some private lessons in yoga, just the two of us.

The man is tall with curly brown hair and blue eyes. He is nimble, quick on his feet as he teaches the women in the class all sorts of different styles of yoga. They go through all sorts of crazy poses.

I don't know his name but I do know that through his one piece yoga outfit that's black and looks more like spandex type fabric I can make out the outline of his limp cock and his testicles. His cock looks average in size but it is his balls that stand out, they appear larger than the norm.

I was concentrating so hard on the instructor that I didn't notice that the class was over and the women were coming out in a single file. I didn't notice anything until I saw the instructor coming out of the room and standing beside me.

“Have you signed up for my classes yet?” He grinned at me as I looked over at him, surprised to see him standing so close to me.

“I have. I start tomorrow morning.” I blushed slightly, since I was concentrating on him so much I hadn't expected him to come up and talk to me or stand so close to me. I could feel the heat coming from his body, I could see the sweat trickling down the side of his face coming from his forehead.

“Great, my name is Mr. Helms but everyone calls me Tom. I think that you should do the same. I can't wait to see you in class.” He winked at me and turned around to go in the other direction. I couldn't wait to see him and sink my fingernails into him.

The first thing I did after leaving the yoga studio was go shopping for the tightest yoga clothing and some video tapes so that I had an idea what yoga was all about. It was going to be a long night of studying, but I was going to prep myself up to get the most out of Tom.

I had to be smart on the subject to impress him but dumb enough to need help after classes even if I had to pay him extra I knew that it would be worth it.

As I was watching the videos at home, I compared Tom to the instructors on the videos and saw that he was more graceful than the women that were on the television screen. I don't know how they could put themselves into positions that I don't think I would be able to get out of. Like bringing their legs around to the back of them, touching their shoulders while their hands were flat on the floor. I was hoping that Tom didn't expect me to do something like that my first day of class or any day during the first week. I was a beginner and didn't know much about yoga.

I saw one instructor standing on her head against a wall, her legs straight up in the air and remembered Tom doing that at the end of his class. She was wavering a little while she was in her stance, unlike Tom who stood sturdy without a muscle quivering.

I thought back to the way Tom was and thought about smothering him with my spandex covered pussy, sitting on his face and grinding him into unconsciousness. I could see myself in the yoga classroom just the two of us. He was desperate to slide his tongue inside my, trying to tear the thin yoga pants fabric with his teeth, I could feel his hot breath beating against my pussy and heard him whimpering for me as he was doing it.

My mind switched gears and I thought about his yoga pants and those testicles of his bulging out begging for my attention. Tom was on the floor again, he was on his back again. But this time he was clutching his balls in agony. Tom's tongue meets the corner of my pussy, my heels meet the meat of Tom's balls.

"God, I have to think of something and quick. I need this." I muttered to myself as I watched the end of the yoga video, I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter at the mere thought of dominating Tom.

It had been a few months since I had a man to pick out of the crowd. Not that any of them were worth time, I was just out of routine trying to make sure that I got my life back in order myself and catching up on bills. I didn't have the time to go out like I used to and have fun.

I could still turn heads, but I always used my beauty for evil over good. Everywhere I went, men were trying to fuck me, down the street, at the shop, even at the dentist's. My last visit to the dentist was only last week. I could see the old man staring down my cleavage as he was prodding instruments in my mouth. The door was shut and we were all alone so I thought why not.

While he had turned around to wash his instruments, I adjusted my top to show even more cleavage and flip my bra strap down. I slipped my black lacy knickers off and dropped them to his feet. As he turned back round, the old fucker couldn't help stop staring down my top, the red bra strap dangling, begging him to dive in.

"Oooops, my panties seem to have slipped off" I motioned to the floor. As he kneeled down to pick them up, a big grin came across his face. And why not, he had a 25 year old busty young pantyless women in his office who was coming onto him. He was probably thinking about tearing into my tender young body on the patient's couch there and then.

He leaned in and sniffed the panties, breathing in my female aroma, I smiled back and at the same time traced my fingers around his balls. I unzipped him and slipped my hand in.

Dirty old man had no idea, once I wrapped my fingers around his isolated nut and trapped his precious ball. He was in a world of pain.

Ten minutes later, I left the dental surgery, the dentist on the floor clutching his sore, bruised and probably seriously damaged testicles with tears rolling down his eyes. Before I left I kicked his nuts again, the tip of my red pointed shoes caught the centre of one of his balls and I'm pretty sure I felt my shoe rip through one of them.

Oh well, I left him my knickers as a little present, a reminder of me and our little session.

I would have carried on but there was a queue of patients waiting to see him, why make them wait, I swung the door open and left him in the fetal position for the world to see.

Dominating and destroying men was something I lived and breathed. I was hungry for Tom and I couldn't wait to take him on.

Chapter 2

I fell asleep sometime during the second yoga video I bought and when I opened my eyes the sun was shining through my living room window letting me know it was time to get up.

Groaning, I laid there staring at the ceiling for a few minutes and then thought of Tom, that was what had put me in gear that morning. Getting my pink, one piece yoga outfit I took a shower and put on a matching pink bra and panties before putting my yoga suit on, looking at myself in the mirror I couldn't believe how hot I looked, my breasts proud and visible through the outfit and my curvy ass showing off it's entry into my inside, all the other women would be jealous.

I put on a little make up and put my damp hair in a tight bun as I picked up my gym bag that I had bought which was also pink. I liked to match and I knew that I was going to make Tom's head turn when I walked into class.

Walking across the street after I made sure that I was perfect from head to toe I walked into the class room. I saw that Tom wasn't there yet and looked around for him.

"He's usually a few minutes late, giving the rest of us time to get here before he does." A short, thin, woman said to me standing at the bar and lifting one leg, stretching out.

"Thank you, this is my first day." I smiled at her, grabbing a hold of the bar and looking at myself in the mirror behind me.

I slipped off my sneakers and felt the hard, blue, carpet underneath my socks. I stretched one leg out as far as I could manage as it started to hurt. I kept the stance as long as the woman beside me.

"This is my first week." The woman nodded her head at me but never bothered giving me her name so I didn't tell her mine.

"What do you think of Tom?" I asked her, I wanted to get a feel of what the other female thought of him.

"He is very good looking isn't he?" The woman giggled, the way she had blushed, I knew for a fact that she was interested in him, this didn't surprise me one bit, he probably had women at his feet following his every word.

"He is very good looking like I said but he's also married. I think that he has a kid on the way. His wife, she looks like she just came out of a fashion magazine herself even though she's pregnant she still looks radiant." The woman filled me in a little bit about Tom.

"My name is Kristy." I told her, holding out my hand for her to shake. I wasn't going to introduce myself but changed my mind. Figuring that Tom would make the introductions when he showed up to class.

"Melinda. Nice to meet you." She took my hand and gave me a smile.

"Nice to meet you too." I repeated her, then all talking stopped as Tom walked into the room. I looked around the room and saw that there were five other women there as they all greeted Tom together.

"Good morning Tom." The woman all said and giggled at him, even Melinda had done it.

"Good morning class. I want to introduce you to a new woman in the class. Its her first day and I want to give her a warm welcome. In the back all in pink standing with Melinda is Kristy." Tom looked my way and right then and there I knew that he was interested in me. I didn't have to worry if he was married or not. Just like all men he had the look of lust in his eyes.

The women all greeted me the same way that they had Tom and then we started the class. The first half hour was just warming up. Stretching out our arms and legs, that was the easy part. At the end of the session though it wasn't so easy for me.

Just like I didn't want to do, we had to stand on our heads with our hands supporting us so that we didn't fall over. One

thing that I wasn't sure that I could do.

Tom looked over each and every one of us, inspecting us. When he came to me he glazed over my legs, slowly eyeing them up and down. Over the years, I have strengthened my legs in many ways. My legs and thighs were strong and lethal, the men I have crossed paths with will attest to that. I could see in his eyes, that he was started to get turned on. I glanced towards his crotch and his hardening cock confirmed this.

Tom stroked the top of my leg and and slowly slide his hand down, I glanced at his huge testicles bulging out from his yoga shorts.

“I would like to see you after class if you have time.” Tom told me, looking into my eyes. He was making it easier then what I thought it was going to be and he didn't even know it yet.

“I have nothing planned.” I licked my lips as he let go of my thighs and my feet came down hard on the floor of the room. I rubbed my thighs together as I felt my own wetness, I was getting turned on at the prospect of breaking this man in a ways he would never forget.

Chapter 3

I watched as the women left, some of them eyed me and it looked like they were giving me an accusing look. I knew they were jealous that Tom had asked me to stay after class to talk to me. I gave them each a smile, pushing their jealousy even further. I wonder if they would feel the same once I had finished with Tom.

When the class was empty and the hallway lights were dimming I looked out the window seeing that even the janitor was leaving.

“I didn't realize the whole building closed down all at the same time.” I giggled at him, seeing that he was looking up and down my body. The lights still on in the class.

“Oh yes, they like to all get out on time every day. I guess I really can't blame them. I saw earlier that you were having a problem with the upside down stance.” He pointed out to me.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes when he brought it up. He laughed at me when I did but I really didn't want to get into the stance again unless I really had to.

“You could tell huh?” I finally asked him.

“Yes, you did good for your first day. Better than most of the women in here. How long have you been doing yoga?” Tom asked me.

“This is my first day” I smiled at him, seeing that he was impressed with me.

“It looks like you know what you're doing but in order to get your monies worth I want to make sure that you are perfect in every stance when it comes to my class. I like to make sure that all of you who join my class get your monies worth.” Tom explained to me.

“Okay.” I replied, he was aching to see me in the same stance.

“I want you to stand upside down for me and I will show you how to hold the stance without quivering for a while.” Tom told me, watching me as I went to one of the walls and the second I was in perfect stance he walked over to me.

“Now, squeeze your buttocks for me.” Tom said as if it was an everyday conversation.

I did as he told me and felt his hands come around to my ass, he squeezed my ass cheeks and nodded his head. He felt that I was squeezing them as hard as I could. I loved that he was getting a good feel, the longer he felt and the harder he squeezed would just come back to him in spades.

When ten minutes were up and I still hadn't gotten out of stance, Tom brought my legs down for me and I was laying on my stomach, looking over my shoulder at him I saw that he was checking out my ass.

“Tomorrow morning I would like you to come in earlier if you could. I would like to help you out more but I'm already late for dinner.” He looked at his watch and watched as I got on all fours before getting to my feet.

“How early would you like me here?” I asked, not shy about showing off my body to him. I stood very close to him, my breasts grazing his hard chest through our thin fabric.

“How about four in the morning?” He groaned as I made my way around him, still standing close to him, intentionally allowing my hard nipples to graze his arm and then his back as I walked around the other side of him in a complete circle.

“I would be more than happy to come in and see you at four.” I told him in a seductive voice as I looked down at the yoga outfit he was wearing, both his cock and his testicles bulging out, his cock was the last thing on my mind right now. What I really wanted was his nuts, they were bigger than average and I could hear them. They were whispering for me, asking me out

on a date, soon enough they would meet my feet.

“Great. See you in the morning.” He nodded his head and watched me as I grabbed my bag and headed out of the room, throwing him a smile over my shoulder seeing that he was still watching me until I was out of sight.

I was up at three in the morning the next morning, I had a cup of coffee in me and before I headed out in my white yoga outfit. Looking myself over in the full length mirror on my door before I headed out of the apartment. You could see my thongs that I was wearing and my thin bra was showing off. I knew that I was going to be sweating by the time regular classes started so I brought another outfit to change into before the women came to class.

As soon as I walked into the classroom I saw Tom standing there. He was wearing a brown yoga uniform, a one piece with thin shoulder straps. Any other time I would think he was funny looking, he looked like a male ballerina in the outfit he was wearing.

“I see that you are bright eyed and bushy tailed.” Tom laughed, turning around to face me when he heard me clear my throat.

“I had an hour to wake up.” I laughed at him, putting my gym bag on the floor. I knew that I had to make my move that morning. I was getting wet at the thought of what was about to come.

I watched Tom as he got down on his back and began spreading his legs and arms, stretching them out as far as he could. His outfit stretching over his large flaccid cock and his even bigger balls. As I focused my eyes on his balls, they appeared to be held in place by the yoga material stretching over it.

I was still wearing my brand new white sneakers that have yet to crush a pair of balls with. He smiled at me while he was stretching, obviously hoping I was notice his crotch and would be impressed.

I smiled back, as I slowly lifted my leg up.

Poor man had no time to react as I drove my sneaker down smashing into his big round balls. I stomped down with vicious force, his balls were going nowhere, they were already trapped under his spandex outfit. As I lifted my sneaker up, I looked down and saw his balls were a tad flatter and had an imprint of my sneakers.

Tom howled in pain and tried to close his legs to contain the pain that was now pounding through his lower body.

Before he could, I lifted my foot up and smashed it down on his nuts again and began rubbing them with the toe of my sneaker. Slowly I began grinding my sneaker into him. With the pressure applied on his balls, I started to roll them around, I could feel his cock getting under my sneakers.

“Was he enjoying this?” my inner voice asked me

“What are you doing?” He grunted at me, a grin on his face.

“I thought this was something you were looking for when you told me to come in early to see you.” I winked at him, keeping my voice controlled and deep.

“Ahhhhah.....ah.....” He struggled to get his words out as I pressed down harder on his balls, his cock was getting harder and harder. I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. I had trapped his nuts under my foot and was crushing them and this man’s body was telling me he wanted more.

I took my foot off his balls and crawled between his spread legs, I grinded my crotch against his stiffening cock. I felt his balls throbbing against my pussy, they must be killing him. I pressed my crotch down even harder and continued gyrating against his crotch. I let out a gentle yet audible moan.

“Do you like this?” I looked into his eyes “Do you know how long it has been since I have dominated a man?” His eyes showed a mixture of emotions, of fear and of hidden pleasure.

I leant in and pressed my lips into his, taking away his pain with a kiss. As my tongue explored his mouth, his cock

grew even bigger. My pussy was now resting on top of his cock and it could tell he was dying to burst out. His world was now captivated by my kiss, I lifted my knee up and left it lingering in the air to build up weight momentum.

Without any warning, I quickly thrust my knee down smashing my knee cap into his sore and tender balls. He screamed into my mouth, I could taste his pain enter my body.

He tried to push me off and close his legs, but couldn't move, I shifted my entire body weight onto my knee, pressing onto his balls which were trapped in his tight outfit.

My pussy was getting wetter and wetter, and the wetness was starting to seep through my yoga outfit. I held my knee for a few moments as he screamed into my mouth. The taste of a man's pain was a taste like no other.

I didn't care about the pain he was going through or the pain that was yet to come. I had singled him out and he had proven to me that I had made the right choice. If he hadn't squeezed my ass cheeks, I would have turned away at this point, but he really did deserve everything I was taking him through.

Chapter 4

Tom was still struggling beneath me, most men would be in total fear and would find it hard to get turned on, yet Tom erection was screaming as it pressed against my thigh.

I reach down and fondled around roughly for his balls. I found his orbs and pressed down on them, I felt them pulsating between my thumb and fingers. I tore the material covering his crotch and exposed his hard cock and balls. Despite the look of agony on his face, Tom was turned on, there was no question of that.

I pinched the tip of his penis tightly and pulled, Tom screamed as my pinch threatened to tear the tip off. He started to leak pre-cum.

I slapped him balls “I don't see how your wife can be happy with this small cock. It's tiny” I laughed and pointed at his cock.

Looking up into Tom's face I saw that he was blushing. I could see the anger in his eyes as he clenched his jaw.

“I wonder how your wife would like it if I tore that off of you!” I snarled at him, grabbing his cock and yanking on it until he yelped out in pain.

“Aaarrrrhhhhggggg” He angered through his gritted teeth.

“I guess that's what you get when you ask women to come in for early morning sessions. You can't tell me that you don't flirt with these women? I saw you staring at me last night.” I sneered at him, gripping his cock tighter in my hand.

“It's harmless flirting.” He whimpered at me, closing his eyes tightly and probably praying that I would let go of his cock.

“You came up against the wrong one. You think that you can just grope me, fondle me and I'm not going to do anything about it?” I asked him, letting go of his cock and before he could react it I thrust my knee up as hard as I could and slammed it into his balls.

I stood up and gazed at the pathetic little man in front of me. I laughed, I couldn't help myself, I couldn't believe he already crying for me to stop. He had tears rolling down his face as I pushed my foot against his chest and made him fall onto his back.

“You seem to have met your match bitch-boy, you think you can get away by manipulating and harassing innocent woman, getting your kicks you dirty old pervert. I should cut your cock off and send it to your wife in the mail with a little note saying that you are out of commission for good.” I threatened him as I brought the heel of my shoe down on his balls, grinding my heel back and forth on his balls as if I was putting out a cigarette.

“Stop!” He begged, trying to get off his back.

“Yeah, I bet that she would keep that thing in the freezer, locked away while she pleasures herself with a real man's cock. She certainly can't get any pleasure from a small cock like yours.!” I screamed at him, getting madder at him for asking me to stop.

“Get out of my class! Just go!” He feebly lifted his head up and screamed at me, his face red. I could tell that he wanted to hurt me, if only he could stand up.

“You are no match for me Tom. I might just call your wife up if you think you're going to get up and hurt me. I might call her up when I get home and tell her the reason why you kicked me out of your class. I bet she would really like that.” I laughed, shaking my head back and forth at him. Seeing his eyes widen with fear.

Tom shook his head as I brought my heel up off his balls, They were getting larger and larger and were bright red, he

was going to be bruised and sore for a very long time.

“Please just go, leave me alone.” He begged as he curled up in a fetal position clutching his balls.

“All these ladies drool over you and you try and take advantage. I am sure they would laugh at the small penis that you have Tom if you showed it to them.....” I pointed my little finger at him and wiggle it in the air, he was too embarrassed to look at me as I grabbed my bag.

“If you don't leave here I am going to call the cops for assault. I am going to tell them that you took advantage of me here in my classroom since no one else was here with us it would be my word against yours.” Tom tried threatening me, he seemed shocked when I just smiled at him.

“You really think that the police are going to believe you? If they questioned every woman in here they would ask if you have ever come onto them. The police would ask if you gave any hint that you wanted to be with them. What do you think their answers would be?” I raised my eyebrows at him and saw him look away from me. I already had the answer. I didn't need him to verbally tell me.

I slung my bag over my shoulder and walked out of the room. I didn't need to take yoga anymore, I had gotten the pleasure I wanted. I watched through the window as Tom stayed curled up on the floor, in the fetal position, cradling his aching balls. He was probably dreading me coming back in and hurt him some more. I thought he was funny laying there with his yoga outfit wrapped around his ankles as he disappeared out of my sight.

There was one more thing I had to do before my day was finished, when I got back home and took a shower I looked over the yoga papers I had signed. I saw that he had not only put his cell phone number on top of the paper but he had also put his home number.

Tom was so dumb, just like all the rest of the men I had encountered in my travels of life. Picking up my phone as I sat down on the couch I dialed his house number and it rang three times before a sweet, innocent, voice came on the line.

“Hello?” A mousy voice asked when she picked up the phone.

“Is this Mrs. Helms?” I asked, pretending to be crying.

“Yes it is.” She told me, I could hear the growing concern in her voice. I couldn't help myself, Tom was going to pay in more ways than one.

“Your husband is a pervert, he cornered me alone after class and tried to push himself onto me, I'm sorry but I had to retaliate. I kicked, stomped and crushed him, he wouldn't get off me. I kept kicking and stomping him. I'm sorry but I had to defend myself” I sobbed into the phone.

A few seconds later I heard the woman crying and she hung up the phone. I knew that she was calling Tom after she hung up with me. All I had to do was sit back and watch the fireworks begin.

Tom Helms didn't know what I was capable of but he was soon going to find out. He was going to wish that I never signed up for his class.

All that I knew at that point in time was that he was going to be furious with me and I was going to wait around all day to see if he showed up at my door. He knew my address, I had put it down on the paper work when I filled it out to take his yoga class.

If he dared tried to come into my house, he better come prepared as he knew what I was capable of. He must be surely aware that I would permanently damage his nuts and ruin his life for good.

THE END

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Diary of a Dominatrix 5

Pegged by the Wife

Chapter 1

At age thirty-two I am now Kristy Mullen's. I never thought I would get married, but I did, to a Mr James Mullen's not so long ago. As I looked at the wedding band on my finger I realized that he knew nothing about me.

The gorgeous man who had short black hair and dark blue eyes, had a masculine body and worked out every day in our basement downstairs. We had a full gym downstairs and he would work out before work and after work. I'm sure deep down inside, he was keeping fit just to ensure I would stay.

"What are you thinking about over there Mrs. Mullen?" He asked me, finishing the last piece of his steak, he saw I was lost in thought.

"Nothing much, I just love looking at you." I gave him a sweet smile. As far as he knew I was innocent in almost every way. He really didn't know who I was and what I was about.

I played the good wife for a couple of months, hiding my true dominant and devious self. Yet, two months into my marriage and I was getting bored with my husband. Not because he hadn't asked for it. He would try everything he could to initiate anal sex with me, but I held out for as long as I could. Everytime he tried his creative ways to ask me, I always turned him down. I never told him the reason why.

"I was thinking that tonight you might want to try something new in the bedroom." He winked at me. God was he gorgeous when he gave me his special wink and I felt myself instantly turning wet.

"I don't think so baby." I told him softly, shaking my head back and forth at him.

"You never tell me why you just tell me no." He sighed heavily, I could see that he was disappointed in me.

I had teased him on our wedding night and told him that he was going to be the luckiest man in the world. I never told him exactly what it was but it was quite clear I was giving him full entry. I continued teasing him, turning him on and leading him every step of the way.

"Do you want the truth?" I asked him, licking my lips. I had thought of a convincing tale to tell.

"Of course I want to know the truth. Our marriage is based on love, understanding and honesty." He nodded his head at me, focused on me.

That was how James was with me, when he thought I had something important to say he was all ears. There was nothing that could tear his ears and eyes away from me. He would drop everyone and everything for me.

"I know you want to enter me from behind but I've never had anal before James. I'm scared and nervous." I blushed, There went the honesty part in our marriage.

"It's okay. What are you scared of?" He asked me, surprised that I came out with an excuse finally.

"I'm afraid it's going to hurt. I'm afraid that the size and width of your cock is going to hurt me James." I whined gently biting down on my lip showing him the fear in my blue eyes.

James got up from his seat across from me and came to my side. He held me tightly in his arms, I could feel his cock

getting stiff through his slacks, pressing into my side.

“You don't have to worry about that baby. I am going to go so slow and easy with you, there will be no pain.” He whispered gently in my ear. I couldn't believe that we were having this conversation at the dinner table.

“No, please respect my wishes.” I pleaded with him, looking up into his eyes and seeing that he was even more disappointed that he couldn't convince me other wise.

“I suppose that I can respect your reasoning but why would continue to tease me if you intended it to lead anywhere?” He asked, frowning. He was remembering every little tease I had made, flashing my thong, rubbing my ass against his cock and the not so subtle whispers in his ear in the public.

“I thought I was ready James, I thought that I would be able to give you all of me James. I just can't right now.” I buried my head in my hands.

“I understand, if you are ever ready to let me have you please let me know. We can get through your fear together.” He hugged me tighter.

“Thank you James, thank you for being so understanding. You are different than any man I know. You are caring, understanding. I am sure that any other man in your situation would react differently.” I whimpered.

James held me for a few minutes longer and told me he was going to bed. He had to get up early and head into work to get more hours in. I knew that he meant that he had to pay the bills and the payment on the house that we lived in. I wasn't sure if he was trying to hint to me that I had to get a job and help out more when it came to the financial part of our marriage but even if he was hinting I pretended not to take it. Telling him I loved him and watched him leave the kitchen.

A smile crept across my face when I knew he wasn't going to come back into the kitchen. I was going to make my move the next night. I was going to show him how anal really felt, my first time was painful, I wasn't going to go through that again, I wasn't a big fan of it and he wasn't going to be a fan either. Not when he knew exactly how it felt, maybe then he would learn to stop asking me. He would soon learn the type of woman I really am. I was ready to show my true colors and make it interesting in the bedroom.

Chapter 2.

I prepared myself for the night's events an hour before James got home from work. I went out and got myself a big, black, strap on. He was going to see just how much it hurt. I picked up a strap on chastity belt as well, making a mental note that I was going to make him wear it before I slammed the dildo into his ass, making sure that I got the biggest one.

I tried on the dildo and checked myself out in the mirror a few times throughout the day. Laughing as I moved it up and down. The chastity belt I bought was spiked and wired on the outside. If he touched it, not only would he get pricked by it but he would get a tiny shock. James was going to see the real side of me and I couldn't wait. I was getting wetter just thinking about dominating him and that he was forever bound to the dark and kinky side of me. I was going to show him that I was going to dominate him in the bedroom until death do us part.

“Honey, I'm home!” James called out like he always did around four-thirty.

I was in the bedroom just putting the dildo back into the box I had and shoved it under the bed a few seconds before he walked in through the doorway of the bedroom.

“What are you doing beautiful?” He asked me, walking in and seeing that I was naked from the waist down.

“I was actually getting myself ready for you honey. I was hoping you would come home around the same time as you usually do. How would you like to have a little snack before dinner?” I winked at him, walking over to him and wrapping my arms around him.

“Now this is a sweet surprise. You know that I would love to you have any time. Morning, noon and night if I could.” He moaned as I gyrated my crotch against his hardening cock.

I loosened his black tie around his neck as I continued to gyrate harder and harder against his cock, hiding a smile, he didn't have a clue what was going to happen to him.

I heard him unzipping his fly and watched as he kicked off his shoes. I loved having sex with the man but he was going to see just how much I knew about sex that night and he was going to be shocked.

I took my arms away from him and watched as he got down on his knees, bringing his nose to my wetness and taking a big inhale, moaning as he took in my strawberry scented body wash. James dove between my legs with his tongue, licking and lapping hungrily at my clit as I moaned and murmured his name.

“You know how to please me James, god keep licking me!” I cried out to him.

He grunted and growled as he reached around and grabbed my ass cheeks and nibbled on my clit knowing how much that turned me on. He slowly brought his tongue down to my pussy after a few minutes and began licking at my hole, I could hear him bouncing his kisses off my skin.

“Okay baby, okay.” I giggled at him and felt his mouth move away from my pussy.

“I want you so bad.” He looked up at me as he stayed on his knees. Hoping that he was going to get the permission he so badly wanted.

“You will get what you want baby. I want to have a little fun in the bedroom tonight, I'm ready for the backdoor .” I told him, nibbling on my lip when I saw the surprise in his eyes and watched as he quickly got up on his feet.

“Really?” He asked me, I could see the hunger in his eyes.

“Yes I am ready but there's one thing that I want you to do for me before I give it to you.” I laughed at him, seeing he was like a little kid at Christmas time.

“I will do anything for you baby. You should know that.” He nodded his head eagerly. Seeing that he would do anything for me I went to our closet and reached up to the top shelf.

“Do you need any help?” He asked me when he saw that I was standing on my tip toes and heard me groan.

“I got it.” I laughed, looking over my shoulder and seeing that he was staring straight at my smooth, naked, ass.

“Mm, you sure do got it.” He grunted to me, coming over to me and slapping my ass hard with his hand. He knew that I loved being spanked when I was really turned on for him.

When I turned around with the toy in my hand he looked down at it and gave me a confused look. Not understanding what I wanted him to do.

“I’m going to put this over your cock baby, it will tease you and you will love it. It’s a chastity belt for men. I picked it up this morning when you went to work. It’s all part of the new me.” I raised my eyebrows at him, seeing that he was staring at the spikes it.

“Why would you want me to wear something like this?” He asked me as I brought the belt around his waist and opened the chastity belt by pushing a button on the side that was completely smooth of spikes and wires.

“Come on, don't be such a prude James. You wanted us to have fun in the bedroom didn't you?” I asked him, remembering that he said he wanted to try something new the night before at the dinner table.

“Fine.” He sighed heavily, nodding his head hesitantly this time as I grabbed his cock and trapped it into the contraption. There was a little room for his cock to grow.

“I just find it hard to see you like this. Last night you were so against anal and now you are acting different....” He trailed off, it seemed as if James really didn't know what to say to me.

“I thought about it long and hard today while I was home by myself and I think that it’s time to try something new in our relationship. I think we are going down a new path in the sexual aspect of things.” I explained to him simply once his cock was locked into place.

“I can understand that.” He grinned at me and kissed me as I took my shirt off to expose my large breasts, he adored them and could never get enough.

James brought his mouth down to one of hard nipples and started nibbling for just a second before I pulled away from him.

“You can have anything you want as long as you do what I want first.” I pointed out to him, kissing him on the side of the neck.

“I am going to like this new side of you.” He winked at me, waiting for the next set of instructions.

“Okay, I want you to lay down on your stomach for me. I want to give you a nice massage where you've been working hard all day. And no peeking because I have a surprise for you.” I winked at him as I pulled away from him.

Without asking me what the surprise was or even asking me to give him a hint he got on our king sized bed and laid flat on his stomach, groaning as he got use to his cock being contained.

“I love you, you know that?” He asked me, closing his eyes.

“I know, I love you too.” I told him softly, getting on my knees and reaching under the bed for the box where the strap on was.

I quickly strapped it around me and made sure the tip of the double end entered my hole allowing me to pleasure myself at the same time. Getting on the bed I began massaging his shoulders like I told him I was going to do.

“What the hell?” James asked in surprise as he felt the black cock starting to slide between his ass cheeks.

I didn't answer him right away as I continued to slide it in and out between his ass cheeks slowly then faster. Whimpering for him as I did so, feeling the tip of the double end cock running against the insides of my pussy. It was become more alive.

“I thought that maybe we could try it on you first before you fuck me. Maybe if you like it then I will?” I asked him, kissing the back of his neck and nibbling on it.

“I'm not sure that I want to do this Kristy. That's asking a little much don't you think?” He asked me trying to get up from the bed.

“I don't think it's asking much at all. If you want my ass then you are going to have take this big, black, cock inside your ass. It's only fair.” I told him as calmly as I could as I pushed him back down on the bed roughly. I heard him gasp with surprise that I would be so forceful with him.

Since he knew what was going to happen to him I didn't want to waste anymore time, spreading his ass cheeks I lowered myself down his body giving him more room and freedom to penetrate him.

“Get on your hands and knees for me.” I told him as softly as I could.

“I don't want to.” He whined at me.

“I'm not asking you, now get on your hands and knees!” I shouted at him, making him jump up quickly and he did as I said.

“I don't know what has gotten into you but I'm not sure if I like this new path you were talking about.” He looked at me over his shoulder, he had a pleading look in them, begging me silently not to do it.

“Turn around and face the head board James. Let's play a little.” I told him, nodding my head at him and showing him that I wasn't going to change my mind about what was going to happen to him.

He slowly turned his head, facing forward so that he wasn't looking at me. I didn't want to see the pain in his eyes at that moment. I wanted to slam the cock into him hard and let him know that it took a lot to take it in the ass. I wanted to teach him a lesson. He would finally give up once he knew what it felt like.

Spreading his ass cheeks further I pushed the head of the fat, black, cock into him. Hearing his noises simply encouraged me to push harder and harder into his ass. His screams getting louder and louder.

“Feels good doesn't it James? God I'm getting turned on just hearing you scream out like that. You feel so fucking good.” I grunted, licking his ass cheeks with my tongue as I pushed further and further into him.

“You're hurting me!” He screamed out, lifting his head and staring up at the ceiling.

“You wanted to do this to me baby, remember? You were going to put me through the same pain that you're feeling right now. Doesn't feel so good does it?” I asked him, taunting him to eat his words of how we would get through the pain together, how he was going to be right there with me.

“I don't want to hurt you honey, I won't fuck your ass. I won't.” He told me, whimpering and whining. Begging for me to take the cock out of his ass.

I giggled, I could see that his cock was getting harder and harder inside the chastity belt. I could see that he was getting turned on, I wasn't sure if it was because I was fucking his ass or because I was taking control of the situation. He might not admit it but his cock sure liked it.

Chapter 3

I looked at his cock more and more as it got longer and harder for me. I slide the black cock out of his ass and then slammed it back into him hearing him cry louder for me to stop fucking him. I couldn't stop, I had waited months to dominate and there was a beast inside of me wanting to escape.

“Oh baby, your cock is nice and hard. You like this big cock of mine inside your ass. I would stroke your cock honey if it wasn't trapped.” I grunted to him, rubbing my hard tits up and down his back as I leaned over him.

“Kristy, please baby!” He began to whimper. There had only been one time I had seen him really cry and that was the day of our wedding. They were tears of joy.

“I'm giving your cock what it wants baby.” I giggled, teasing him about his cock as I watched him bend his head down to look at it himself.

James was a strong man and he could have bucked me off of him if he chose to. I noticed it didn't take much to break him, he was going to be my sex slave whenever I wanted him now. Knowing that I wasn't ever going to take his hard cock inside my ass, I could dominate his cock. Try new things with him, I hadn't lied about going down a different path with our sex life but I don't think he would like the aggressiveness in the future.

“Oh James, oh god, you have no idea how horny I am right now. After I'm done fucking your tight ass I'm going to rub myself and releases my juices all over your back.” I grunted to him, closing my eyes as I slammed into him again. I slammed into him so hard that his head hit the headboard of our bed.

“Please, please Kristy!” He cried out louder, as I giggled at him more.

“Roll over onto your back baby.” I told him softly, sliding the cock out of his ass and getting off of him. I thought I would be the nice wife and give his ass a small break, not to mention I had never seen a man on the reverse side of being choked by having a cock in their mouth.

James rolled over slowly and I could see the head of his cock was pressed up against the chastity cage he was trapped in. I knew that there wasn't much room left and soon he would be crying for me to release his cock because it was hurting him.

I brought myself down on James's hard chest and he knew what I wanted him to do. Shaking his head back and forth at me I pushed the head of the black cock against his mouth. I didn't like the fact that he was forcing me to open his mouth.

“Open up!” I snarled at him, slapping him hard across the face and watched the hurt expression quickly come upon him.

I had to slap him a second time before he opened his mouth for me. I knew that he would eventually. I laughed like a mad woman as I shoved the cock inside his mouth. Slamming it to the back of his throat I heard him gagging on it.

“You like a big cock in your mouth? You like having it slammed in there? You fuck my mouth any time you want and this is how it feels when you do it to me.” I pointed out to him as I raised my eyebrows at him.

I knew that I was breaking him down more and more, his body started shaking, his eyes told me that he didn't know what to expect from me next as if he was looking at me for the first time in his life.

Bringing my hands up to caress his face he flinched, it was the sign I was waiting for knowing that I could break a strong man like James down. I knew that he would submit to any desire that I had. I was going to have fun coming up with new ideas for the bedroom that involved me being the one in control at all times now. He was going to see the real me, I couldn't promise that he was going to like it but that was what he was going to get.

James began making muffled noises as I pushed the black cock further and further into his mouth. He was trying to tell me something and once again I was nice to him, taking the cock out of his mouth and rubbing the head of my black cock on his

chin.

“Baby, my cock.....god my cock...” He moaned to me, bringing his hands up to my breasts and rubbing my hard nipples for a few seconds.

“Your cock feels really good now doesn't it baby? Do you think that you could get used to the new me?” I asked, licking my lips with the tip of my tongue. I moaned for him as he pinched my hard nipples.

“My cock..... it hurts so much. The small cage is too tight.” He whimpered to me, pinching my nipples harder and harder between his fingers.

“You want me to take your cock out of it?” I asked him playfully,

“Yes, please. Please release my cock.” He nodded his head quickly at me, gasping and whimpering, moving his head from side to side.

“No! You don't ask me if I will take it off of you! I'm the one in control now. Always and forever! I am the dominate one!” I shouted at him, losing my temper. I slapped his hands away from my chest, he looked at me with real fear.

“Calm down, god you are going insane Kristy.” He whined at me, biting down on his lip. He had never whined at me like that before. Like any man he grunted and growled as he was fucking me, when he was the one in control it was a different story.

I had to remind myself that this was my husband, the one that I was suppose to cherish until the day that I died. He wasn't like all the other men I had encountered, nothing like them. He never pushed me to do anything that I didn't want to do. Though it was his fault.....well it was part his fault for pressuring me to have anal sex with him. Maybe if I had told him the truth then he would have backed off but he should have known after the hundredth time of telling him no that he should quit asking me.

“I bet you would love me to pleasure that trapped cock of yours??” I asked him sweetly.

“Yes, yes please” He told me softly, I could see it in his eyes, he was trying to search for the right words to convince me to release his cock from it's prison.

“I will when I am ready to.” I winked at him, getting off of him and getting off the bed. It was time for me to watch him bend over and give me his ass again.

Chapter 4

I looked at him as I stood on my feet on our hardwood floor, I put my hands on my hips and grinned at him, he was avoiding making eye contact with me.

“Get off the bed.” I instructed him softly, he was slow at getting off the bed. I was hoping that he would have gotten into it by now but I could see that he was in a lot of pain as he gasped and watched his cock press against the contraption on his cock.

James should have been thankful that the wires and the spikes weren't on the inside of it. I had seen a chastity belt that had the wires and spikes on the inside but something stopped me from getting the more extreme version.

“Now bend over the bed for me honey, let me see that hot ass of yours.” I giggled, the second he turned around I spanked him hard and heard him cry out when he fell down onto the bed, I knew that his cock was hitting the inside of the small cage like container.

“Don't be a baby my love, we are almost done.” I moaned to him, getting closer to him as he slid his way down the side of the bed and bent over like I had told him to do.

“Damn it, my cock hurts in this bloody cock prison.” He squeaked out, he didn't even have a manly voice anymore. God it felt so good to be in control, it was the high I was looking for. The high that I had missed for so long now.

“I don't care, it's there to control your cock. As much as it feels like you're going to cum, you won't.” I assured him, he had no idea because he had never had his cock trapped before. It was something new to him.

“Its pulsing really bad now Kristy.” He told me how his cock was feeling but I didn't feel bad for him one bit as I spread his ass cheeks and brought my tongue down to his asshole.

I licked around his asshole and shoved my tongue into his ass a few times, getting it nice and wet for me. I heard him whimpering with pleasure as I licked the inside of him.

“Mm, now that feels good Kristy. Yes, lick my asshole just like that. Keep doing it please.” James begged me for more when all I really wanted to do was peg his ass with the black cock I was wearing. I wanted to hurt him by pegging his ass harder and harder.

I continued to give him what he wanted for a few more minutes, I knew we had all night to do what I wanted. Showing him that I could bend the rules just a little. Teasing him was my specialty and denying him what he really wanted was something I enjoyed doing.

He wanted his cock out of the small contraption. I denied him that privilege reminding him that I was the one in control. He didn't want me to fuck his ass anymore, he knew how it felt and he had promised numerous times that he would never ask to fuck my tight ass again but I had to be sure that he would never want to take it, not even when I was sleeping.

There had been times he had woken me up with his cock pressed between my ass cheeks, holding me tightly against him and though I was wet and horny, I moved away from his cock with my ass, bringing my pussy up to his cock so that I could feel him push into me.

I slid my tongue out of his ass and he knew what was coming next. I watched him squeeze his ass cheeks together the way I once did when I tried yoga for the first time. He squeezed them together and I had to laugh at him, he had brought back a memory that I was so fond of.

“Don't make it harder on yourself sweetie. The more you tense up the more its going to hurt I'm afraid.” I told him, pretending that I was guessing on the outcome though I knew for a fact that it was going to hurt him if he didn't relax his ass.

He groaned and relaxed for me, he didn't beg for me to stop anymore. He knew that I was going to take what I wanted

when I wanted it from now on. Though I would never put his ass through that much torture again. It was just to prove to him what receiving was really like.

I watched the head of the black cock go into his ass. Teasing his ass by only sliding the head of it into him and then pulling it out just to do it again repeatedly. The more he moaned the faster I did it.

“I hope that you're almost done sweetie. I don't know what the fetish is all of a sudden. I promised you already that you would never have to worry about my cock going inside your ass.” He whimpered.

“Don't talk.” I grunted to him, not wanting to hear his voice as I fucked him this time. I didn't want him talking to me as I fucked his ass with my strap on.

Though the strap on had been expensive I knew that it was going to get plenty of use because when he was at work, I was going to use it to continuously pleasure myself. Wanting the big, wide, black cock deep inside my wet pussy. I could pleasure myself without wearing it.

James tried talking to me again and he had hit the angry switch inside of me. I could see that he was going against my orders. Quickly I brought my hand around to his face and covered his mouth as I fucked him hard this time, slamming the black cock inside his ass and keeping it there so that he could feel the pain all at once.

James cried into my hand, his cries muffled as I held my hand tighter and tighter against his mouth. I couldn't get enough of his ass, it felt like I was addicted to it, addicted to causing him the pain that I would have felt if he slammed his cock into me.

“James when I tell you to shut the hell up that's what I mean. I don't expect you to talk back to me. Things are going to be very different from now on in the bedroom. You are going to do as I say and only as I say. You have no control of what's going to take place and if you can't handle that you need to tell me now.” I told him through gritted teeth, pulling my hand away from his mouth.

“It depends on if you are going to act this crazy. You know my ass hurts and yet you still fuck me in the ass with that strap on of yours.” He cried to me, shaking his head back and forth.

“I won't fuck you with this anymore. I promise you that I won't.” I assured him softly, pulling the black cock out of his ass and laughing as I slammed it back into him.

“I can handle anything you want to do to me except this ass bullshit, please stop.” He murmured to me.

After a few more thrusts of the black cock going inside of him, my hips started to ache from the thrusting. I knew that his cock was hurting just as much as his ass was at this point and I finally took the black cock out of his ass forever.

Unstrapping the cock from my body I let James stand up. He attempted to walk to the other side of the bed and was visibly struggling. I giggled, it was funny, he thought he was done but he was far from it.

“Where are you going James?” I asked sweetly, as if nothing had been the matter.

“I want to take a shower. I want this thing off of me.” He looked over his shoulder and glared at me from the doorway.

“I'm not done with you yet. You want me to please you, right?” I asked him, raising my eyebrows at him giving him a teasing smile.

“Yes, You're right about that.” He looked at me and dared to give me a smile, unsure of what else I had planned.

“Put the strap on around you.” I told him, nodding my head firmly. I was turned on more than ever and I couldn't wait to feel the big black strap on inside of me.

Chapter 5

James made his way back over to me, I could see him blushing I couldn't tell if he was embarrassed or if he was angry with me. He didn't sound like he was angry when he asked me not to make him put it on.

“I don't know why are so embarrassed sweetie, it's just you and me and I don't talk to any of our friends about our sex life.” I told him softly, picking up the strap on from the floor and handed it over to him.

He took it slowly, his eyes pleading with me as I stood my ground and put a hand on hip. He knew that I was serious when I did that. He could tell that I was losing my patience with him.

“You are forgetting to take my cock out of this damn thing. The last thing I want to do is hurt you with it.” James whispered to me, looking down at his trapped cock.

I felt so embarrassed at that point, completely forgetting that the wires were going to shock me if they even came close to my skin. That the spikes would drive into me while he was slamming the black cock inside my wet pussy. How could I forget? I think that I was jumping ahead thinking about how good it was going to feel to have him fuck my pussy with the black cock that he was about to put on.

“Thank you for thinking of me. After all I've put you through tonight and you still worry about hurting me.” I told him softly, nodding my head at him before looking down at the chastity belt.

“I love you, even after all you have put me through tonight. The tears, the pain, I still love you and I am still glad that you are my wife.” He pointed out to me, letting me know that his love for me would never change.

I brought my finger down to the small button, making sure that my fingers didn't touch the wires or the little spikes that threatened to pierce my skin. Thinking about what he had said, no man had ever talked to me again after I dominated them and I had been through a lot of situations. I knew that James was the right one for me. I could do anything I wanted sexually to him and he would never leave me.

When the contraption sprung open James sighed with relief, glad that his cock was free once again. I had never promised him I would never use it on him again. I just promised I would never fuck his ass again.

I took the belt off of him and we watched as it hit the floor between his spread legs, making sure that the spikes and wires didn't touch his legs as it fell.

“There, now you can attach that black cock to your body.” I grinned at him. I walked to the bed and laid down, spread my legs for him so that he could see my pussy.

Just to tease James more I brought my hands to my breasts and pushed them together, I pushed them so tightly together that my hard nipples were rubbing against one another. I moved them up and down so that my hard nipples could grind against each other, whimpering for James now.

“I need to release. You have no idea how much cum is collecting in my balls right now.” He told me, shaking his head as he put the strap on around him.

I couldn't help but laugh when he faced me. His cock was pressed down hard because of the cage that had trapped him. The head of his cock was pointed downwards and I couldn't help but wonder since he was hard if it hurt him to wear it.

“Does your cock hurt? It looks like it does from here.” I told him, watching him get closer to the bed and get between my legs.

“It hurts like hell.” He groaned to me, looking down at my tits as I let them go. He watched them as they bounced against one another.

“You had better control that cock of yours baby. If you cum before I do then you will never get this pussy again.” I gave him a low growl, pointing a finger at him to show him that I was completely serious.

“I can't promise you that” He whimpered, closing his eyes as his cock throbbed to cum inside my pussy.

“You had better find a way not to cum James. You let me cum first and then you can take that off of you and fuck my pussy until you cum.” I told him, letting him know he would have his turn if he was a good boy but I also knew that it was going to be impossible for him not to cum, he wasn't going to get my pussy. He didn't know that but I knew for a fact that he wasn't going to get it.

He nodded his head at me as he watched the head of the black cock go inside my pussy. I moaned for him to fuck me. To fuck me nice and hard.

“You don't want me to cum yet but you want me to fuck you hard with this cock. Kristy you can't always get what you want.” James grunted to him, as if he had forgotten how the black cock felt deep inside his ass.

“You had better make sure you don't cum!” I screamed at him, he wasn't going to tell me that I couldn't have my own way. I was going to cum before him if he wanted my pussy ever again.

“Calm down sweetie, you are getting crazy again.” He whimpered thrusting the big, black, cock into my pussy.

I proved to him that he was going to fuck my pussy nice and hard with the black cock like he would with his cock. James slammed the cock into my pussy as hard as he could as I wrapped my legs around him, bringing him in closer and closer, feeling the black cock go up inside my pussy deeper and deeper.

“There you go baby, fuck that feels so good. My pussy is going to cum all over that black cock. I love watching the head of your cock tease my clit. Do you like it? Do you like teasing my clit with the head of your cock? Don't you like watching my pussy lips spread for you each time you fuck my pussy?” I teased him sweetly. Pretending to be the innocent wife that he knew.

I knew that it turned him on when I was the whining, innocent wife. The only way I could tease his cock was to pretend that he was the one in control but he knew that he wasn't in control of the situation at all. Had he been in control he would have been fucking me with his own cock instead of the toy.

“It feels so fucking good to tease your clit baby, fuck....yessss.” He hissed at me, I knew that he was going to cum. That wasn't the issue. The issue was that if he came before my pussy did then we were going to have some major problems with one another. I could see that I was going to have more work ahead of me when it came to dominating him. He was new to all of it and just thinking about things I could do to him was making my pussy really wet now. Soaking wet, letting me know that in no time I was going to cum all over that hard, black, cock.

“Yes, yes fuck this pussy. Keep fucking it ! I'm going to cum for you!” I shouted, shouting turned me on because I knew that he would say the words I loved hearing from him when we had sex.

“Come on sexy angel, cum all over this hard cock of mine. My young, sexy, bitch. Cum all over my hard cock!” He shouted at me, getting into it more and more now. He knew that I wouldn't punish him for his dirty talk. Something that I had grown use to over the few years we had been together before we got married.

Just like always James's dirty talk made my pussy cum. I felt it slowly cumming for him as he slid the black cock in and out of my pussy as fast as he could. I watched the head of his cock slide between my pussy lips to find my wet clit faster and faster.

“Slam that bitch into me! Keep it deep inside of me!” I shouted at him, feeling him slam the black cock deep inside my pussy again. Keeping it deep inside of me as the head of his cock pressed hard against my clit, teasing my pussy more as it came.

James brought his mouth down to one of my breasts and began suckling hard at it. Nibbling and biting down harder and harder on my nipple as I whimpered in his ear and played with his hair, tugging on it harder and harder as my pussy came faster and faster.

“Okay baby, now it’s your turn.” I moaned, biting down on my lip. Letting him know that he could take the strap on off and fuck me with his cock.

I watched, knowing what was going to happen. He had so much built up inside of him and he must have thought that if he could get the strap on off quickly he could fuck me and cum deep inside of my pussy.

I saw how wet the black cock was when he slid it out of me and watched as his shaking fingers had a hard time getting the strap on off. Whimpering and grunting in frustration he knew that he only had a few more seconds before his cock exploded.

The second he took the strap off of he didn't even have the time to bring his cock anywhere close to my pussy he started to ejaculate. I watched him shoot onto my legs, and even as far as my stomach as I saw the angry look come across his face.

“You fucking ruined it Kristy! You fucking ruined my orgasm. I was intent on releasing myself with you and you ruined it for the night!” He snapped at me, tossing the strap on down to the floor hard.

“I didn't ruin anything, it's not my fault that you can't keep control of your own cock James! I guess if you were a real man you would have held off just a few more minutes. You were so close to getting inside my pussy and you just couldn't control yourself!” I fired back at him, getting off the bed and putting my clothing back on. It was time to start dinner.

“You knew exactly what you were doing! You knew that my cock wasn't going to make it anywhere near your pussy Kristy!” He pointed a finger at me, narrowing his eyes at me.

I could tell that James was beginning to think, he was beginning to think that maybe I wasn't as innocent as I had claimed to be. I wasn't worried about it though, I knew that he wasn't going to leave me.

He loved me too much to leave me, not to mention I was the hottest woman he had ever been with. I had seen some girls he had gotten with way before me and none of them compared to me.

“I have to make dinner.” I muttered, shaking my head at him, seeing that he was still on his knees on the bed. He didn't bother getting dressed right away.

“Wake me when dinner's ready. We will never speak of this again Kristy. You got what you wanted. I will never push you for anal sex.” He moaned, throwing his face into the pillows on the bed.

I wasn't done with him yet, he was going to know that there were going to be many nights that he didn't get what he wanted. I was tired of playing the innocent housewife and him thinking that I didn't have much experience when it came to having sex.

“You are going to have some nights where you don't get to release yourself inside of me. You might ejaculate James but not the way you want to. If you want to keep up with your sour attitude tonight I will ruin every orgasm that you have.” I told him once I was close to his ear. He had to know that it wasn't about him anymore, it was all about me and that was the way it was going to stay.

Before walking away from the bed I looked down at his ass, his face was deep inside the pillows now and I knew that his ass was still hurting him. It was probably going to hurt him the rest of the night from me being so violent with him. I brought my hand up over my head, slamming it down onto his ass cheek closest to me as hard as I could.

I heard him cry out and saw the red handprint on his ass, I walked out of the bedroom slamming the door behind me. Taking a deep breath I was glad that the old Kristy was back, I was married and there were so many more adventures awaiting for my husband he just didn't know how violent I could get with him, he was going to find out every night when he got home just how hard I could be on him.

The End.

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BONUS STORY 1

BALLBUSTING GIRLFRIEND

“Don’t move, and don’t scream, or I’ll cut you!” Tiffany was startled out of a deep sleep by the weight on her chest and the hand over her mouth. She tried to fight back, but the man’s weight had her pinned under the blankets. The knife hovered inches from her nose.

“David, get off of me!” It had taken her a moment to shake the sleep from her brain and realize her boyfriend was apparently locked in one of his late-night writing binges and wanted to fact check something, using her as the “victim” of course.

He shifted his weight so she could move, “So, really, you couldn’t fight back, right? I mean, your arms were totally pinned, but what about your legs?” This was his norm. He got an idea in his head and had to see if it worked. Which might not have been so bad except for the fact that he wrote graphic murder mysteries where the victim was always female, and always seemed to be raped and terrorized by the man.

It made for an interesting sex life, though. The frequent role playing was kind of hot, she had to admit. Just not when he woke her up in the middle of the night. She sighed. “Yeah, it worked. I couldn’t move my arms at all and the blankets had my legs pretty well trapped.” He grinned and jumped off the bed, rushing back to his laptop muttering about some plot point while she tried to get back to sleep. He’d be up most of the night working on whatever book he was writing this time, but she still needed to get to work in the morning.

She was surprised when she woke up and found his side of the bed still empty. She was even more surprised when she walked into the kitchen and he handed her a cup of coffee. “Have you slept?” His bleary eyes said he hadn’t. He shook his head.

“No. This one’s dark, Tiff. It’s going to be really good,” he usually said that. “Can we... tonight... I need...” That was nothing new either. She waited. “I need to work this guy out. I need to... I don’t know... I need to get in his head.”

She kissed him and headed to the shower, “Of course, you know I love it when you go all serial killer on me.” She knew he’d sleep most of the day. She headed to work thinking about the hot sex they’d be having later that night.

When Tiffany got home, she wasn’t thinking about sex. She was thinking about the crappy day she’d had. She tossed her things down as she walked in the door, but before she could do anything else, a pair of strong hands grabbed her from behind.

The gloved hand covered her mouth while another arm wrapped her body and hauled her off her feet. She kicked and fought, but his grip was too strong. He carried her to the kitchen and shoved her face down over the table, then leaned into her and growled in her ear, “Scream and you’re dead.” His hand came off her mouth, but he held a wicked looking knife up for her to see. He held her down and slowly slid the knife under the back of her shirt, slicing it open from neck to waist before pulling it roughly off. Then came her skirt, cut from waist to hem until she was wearing nothing but a bra, panties and the stockings and garter belt he liked better than pantyhose.

When she heard the sound of his belt unbuckling, Tiffany lashed out with a foot, catching him in the shin. He tried to shove her roughly back into the table, but she had rolled and planted an elbow in his side. Unexpectedly, he dropped the knife and Tiffany snatched it up and stood, holding it out in front of her.

He stood facing her, the black mask over his head, a quizzical look in his eyes. Tiffany didn’t know what came over her, but she decided it was time to turn the tables. He could do his research from the other side this time.

“On your knees, now!” Tiffany surprised herself. They’d never played with her as the dominant partner before. He didn’t break eye contact as he sank to his knees, and Tiffany felt a thrill of excitement pass through her.

“So, you thought you’d bust in here and just take whatever you wanted?” She tried to recall the kinds of things he said when he was in that mode. “I think it’s time you learned a lesson.”

He was sliding his body over to one side, and Tiffany realized he was thinking about attacking her again. She grabbed his hair and thrust the tip of the knife into his groin until she heard him gasp.

“Much better, do I have your attention now?” She waited for him to nod yes.

“Good boy. Today, we’re going to try something different. You’re going to learn what your victims feel like. And if you fight back, or give me any grief, I’ll make damn sure you can never fuck again. I’ll start right here,” she jabbed the knife tip deeper, poking into the base of his cock and holding it there. “And I’ll cut all the way around until I’ve taken that cock and balls you’re so damn proud of. Maybe I’ll put them in a jar.”

His eyes went wide as she poked the knife into him again. “Strip,” she commanded him as she stood back up and went in to his desk. She went searching through his books, looking for ones she knew had the most graphic scenes of sexual violence. “Come in here, no don’t walk, crawl like the worm you are!”

He crawled, and Tiffany felt her panties getting wet. This was hot. She turned to a passage in the first book. “So, here we have a nice young college girl who gets held down as the killed shoves his cock down her throat so deep she can’t breathe. It sounds really hot, until you realize that’s how he’s killing her. Lie down on that ottoman.” She pointed at the long bench that sat in front of his office couch. When he was lying on the bench, she walked over and stood straddle his head, facing his feet.

“I remember that book,” she chuckled, looking down into his face as she stood over him, her legs spread wide so her crotch was still several inches above his face. “I remember the research particularly and exactly how a cock could completely cut off air. I wonder if a pussy can do the same.”

She lowered herself inch by inch until she felt his nose brushing against her panty covered crotch. She heard him inhale as her scent enveloped him. He always did love eating her. She watched his cock twitch. Then she lowered herself more until his mouth was completely covered by her pussy and his nose was buried in her ass. She wriggled a little, getting more comfortable as she raked her nails over his bare chest. His cock was more than twitching now, it was fully erect.

She wriggled further onto him until she felt him inhale, then she pressed down harder. It took several long seconds, but eventually, he realized he couldn’t breathe and his body started to shake. He reached up with his hands, trying to shove her off, but she slapped his cock hard, then grabbed his balls and squeezed until he settled down. Once he quit fighting, she raised herself up enough so he could gasp in air, but she did not let go of his balls.

“Naughty boy, who said you could touch me?” She released his balls with a final squeeze, then slapped the flat of her hand into the base of his cock. He jumped and moaned, but his cock didn’t go soft.

She dug her nails into the base of his cock and kept her pussy just touching his face, tight enough he could feel her, but not so tight he couldn’t breathe.

“We’re going to try a new set of rules,” she tapped his balls with her hand, slapping lightly. “You’re going to be a good boy from now on. Behave, and you’ll get treated nicely. Misbehave and I’ll cut your cock and balls off so you have to pee sitting down like a girl.”

She stood up and looked down at him, the mask slightly askew, his eyes had a slightly glazed look, and his cock was raging hard. “Now go draw me a bath, I had a shitty day.” He started to stand but she stopped him with a slap to the cock. “Crawl,” she smiled as he dropped to his knees and crawled toward the bathroom. Tiffany wondered how far she could push this, and how much he’d put up with. His eyes looked shocked and a little scared, but his cock told a different story. He was liking this.

“You can fix dinner now,” she purred as she sank into the tub. “You may walk, this time. As a reward for getting my bath just right.”

She felt a little silly, but David still had the black ski mask on, and a slightly confused expression in his eyes. And still had a raging hard on. When she was done with her bath, she wrapped up in a robe and went to the kitchen to watch him finish preparing dinner.

David was a good looking man, and watching him work around the kitchen, naked except for the ski mask, was certainly

pleasant. When he served dinner, she told him to remove the mask.

“In the bath, I made a decision,” she explained as he sat down. “You’ve done all these kinky, perverted things with me in the name of research. Since your murderers always get caught and punished, I think their creator needs to be punished as well. I’m going to go through every single story you’ve ever written and find the most twisted sex acts possible. Then I’m going to see about reversing the roles and doing those things to you. From now on, there will be consequences for your choices. Wake me up in the middle of the night with a knife in my face and there will be a price to pay. Simple as that.”

That night, she straddled his chest and fingered herself until she came, drenching his chest with her juices before she rolled over and went to sleep, leaving him to take care of himself. She was only slightly surprised when he again woke her in the middle of the night, holding her down in a new way, trying a new hold to see if it immobilized her. She just smiled and made mental notes until he went back to his writing.

In the morning, she found him sleeping peacefully on his side of the bed. She quietly showered and dressed in one of her sexiest outfits. A short, tight skirt, skimpy tank top and a pair of dangerously high stiletto heels. She slid the covers off and stroked his cock until it was raging hard. Then she wrapped her fingers around his balls, tightening gently until they were firmly in her grasp. Then she tugged hard.

He was awake in an instant, looking confused. “Remember what I said about consequences? It’s time to pay the price.”

She flipped him onto his back and drove her knee into his groin hard. She watched the expression on his face cross into pain and felt his erection slowly fading under her. “I’m not going to tell you what to do, and what not to do, David. I know you need to do research for your stories, and that’s fine. Just understand that each little bit of research has a price. It’s Saturday, so I don’t have work today. And I think we should start the day off with an orgasm... for me.”

She hiked her already short skirt and slid up his body to straddle his face, then carefully lowered her pussy until it was just above his mouth. “Make me cum, David,” she ground her pussy down against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes from the pain of being kneed in the crotch, but his mouth obediently worked on her pussy. His tongue snaked out to lick her clit as she ground against him.

She reached down and grabbed his hair, pulling his face tighter against her pussy. She could feel when he couldn’t breathe, and she kept pulling him tighter, then releasing him, relishing the feel of his gasps for air. “Suck my clit, David, do it now, make me cum, or I’ll turn your balls black and blue.” She reached back and grabbed his testicles, squeezing until she heard him moan against her.

But he obeyed. His sucked her clit between his teeth and flicked his tongue over her until she was shaking uncontrollably. She came in a gush, and he sputtered beneath her. She climbed off, “You may shower, but do not dress. I want you naked today.”

She sat on the couch, flipping through his books and making notes while she directed him to do the housework. “Be a good boy and I’ll let you lick my pussy again.” She told him. At lunch time, she was horny again, she directed him to lie on the bench while she inspected his work. “Think of me sitting on your face as a reward. If your work is acceptable, you’ll get my pussy in your face and you can make me cum. For every thing you miss, or don’t do correctly, I’ll smack your balls one time.”

When she came back to him, she wordlessly straddle his face and lowered herself until his nose was buried in her cunt and his mouth smothered against her ass. “You didn’t mop in the bathroom, David. And you didn’t wipe the underside of the toilet seat. And you forgot to wipe the stove. That’s three things.” She ground her pussy against him until harder, then abruptly stood and turned quickly. She opened her hand wide and slammed the palm flat into his balls.

“Count, sweetheart,” she purred at him. He struggled to catch his breath and whispered out a “one”. She made the second one a little lighter than the first, but on the third, she took care to pull his penis up out of the way before slapping her hand into his balls. Tears sprang to his eyes and it was a full minute before he choked out a “three”.

“Good job,” she grabbed his hair and yanked him to his knees by the sofa. She sat back and spread her legs. “No touching.” She instructed him. She fingered herself until she came hard while he sat watching. She noticed his cock barely twitched and his balls looked slightly swollen.

The rest of the day, she compiled a list of things to do to him. She wondered if he’d wake her again in the night. She had

something special in mind for him if he did.

That night, David came in with a stocking. He stuffed it in her mouth, then twisted the ends around her neck, creating both a gag and a choke. He held her down and questioned her. Could she reach his hands when he held her like this? Could she buck him off if she tried? How long could she still fight back if he tightened it down?

Tiffany let him sleep late the next day. She had a few things she needed to buy. When she came back home, he was up, eating lunch and looking nervous.

“What...” his voice broke and he cleared his throat. “What are you going to do?” She smiled at him and put her bags down on the counter.

“First, you are going to strip your clothes off. I did not say you could dress. Every little thing you do has a price, remember? Some may be good, some may be bad. I think you enjoy when I sit on your face, even when it smothers you. You even enjoy some of the ball slapping. I don’t know that you’re going to enjoy what I have for you today.”

She waited until he was naked, then ordered him to his knees. She sat on the table and spread her legs wide, then grabbed his head by the hair and pulled his face into her crotch. She rubbed against him, grinding her pussy all over his face, dragging her clit over his whiskery chin until she found just the right spot. She held his head tight and rocked against his face until she came, then released him.

She ordered him to clear off the kitchen table, then she carefully wiped down the surface and told him to lie down. It was a perfect fit. She spread his legs wide and wiped his body with medical disinfectant.

“You will hold still and not move, no matter what,” she instructed as she pulled things out of her bag and began setting them up. Tiffany was a nurse by trade, she knew exactly what she needed to do. Once everything was prepped, she pulled on a pair of gloves and began opening sterile packages, laying everything out neatly on a medical towel.

“Do you recall, in one of your books, there was a scene where the murderer used needles on the woman?” She watched his eyes go wide. Yes, he recalled the scene. “He pierced her nipples. And her clit, not just the hood, her actual clit. If you flinch, or move, this will be worse, and I might miss and hurt you. You don’t want that.”

She smeared more disinfectant over his balls, then expertly grasped a small needle.

“This is a 22 gauge. It’s not the largest we could do, but it’s not the smallest either.”

She moved quickly, slipping the needle just under the skin at top of his balls, just under his cock. She heard him sucking air between his teeth. Tiffany quickly inserted another needle immediately beneath the first. He hissed in another breath. Working quickly, methodically, she created a line of needles down the center of his balls, all the way to his taint. She stroked her finger up and down the line of needles, flicking them with her nails as she watched him jump. She stood straddle his face and grabbed his cock, stroking it slowly. Then she lowered herself onto his face, closing off his breathing with her pussy and ass. She felt his cock twitch and he went from soft to almost instantly hard.

“Lick my clit, David, and don’t miss a stroke,” she instructed as she poured lube over the head of his cock. She reached for the tray and grabbed the long, thin steel rod. They were meant for doing urethral sounds. The rods she found had a gentle curve and were about nine inches long. They varied from a tiny one-tenth of an inch around to the huge half inch rod. She grabbed the smallest one and slipped the end of it into David’s hard cock. He gasped against her pussy as the rod dropped straight down his urethra.

Tiffany smiled and slid the small rod out, then flipped it over to the larger end. She applied more lube and slid it in. It also dropped in with ease. She shrugged and removed it, then reached for a second rod, slightly larger than the first. This one went in more slowly and she smiled again. Once the rod was in, she gently slid it up and down, fucking his pee hole with the steel rod. He groaned against her pussy. It sounded like a mix of pleasure and pain. She held the rod still and ground her clit against her mouth until she came.

She flipped the rod over to its slightly larger end and slipped that into his cock. He moaned again, the fit was tight, but not too tight. She pushed gently and the rod slid into his cock slowly. She used long slow strokes to fuck his cock with the rod.

After several minutes, she reached for a larger rod, his moan was long and loud as she worked the bigger rod into his cock. She didn't fuck him with this one, she just left it there and let him feel the pressure of the hard steel inside his dick.

Finally she pulled it out, then carefully pulled out each needle. Once he had stopped bleeding, she told him to go shower, "but you may not masturbate," she told him. She cleaned up the mess and the toys and pulled out her biggest dildo. She was still horny, but she wasn't letting him put his cock in her right now. He came back in to find her happily fucking herself with a huge dildo, she waved him away and told him to go clean the kitchen. She made sure she made lots of noise when she came.

That night, David was too exhausted to wake her up. In the morning, she woke him by straddling his face.

"You have a meeting with your agent today, don't you?" He nodded, his face obscured by her crotch. "She's the one you said is hot, right?" It had actually been an argument they'd had. David thought his agent was smoking hot. He'd wanted to fuck her so badly he could taste it. But the agent wasn't interested.

Tiffany got up off him, "Go shower, then I'm going to smother you with my pussy. And you will not wash off my pussy juice. You'll go see your agent smelling of me."

When David came back from the shower and laid down on the bed, she faced the headboard and lowered her pussy onto his face. She rocked her pussy back and forth, sliding her clit from his nose to his chin and back again. Every few strokes, she would press down tightly until he couldn't breathe, then she'd let up and go back to grinding against him. She rocked forward and spread her ass cheeks wide, "Lick my ass, David," she commanded. He obliged, tonguing her asshole with more interest than he'd ever showed before. She knew her pussy juices were running down his nose, and she didn't care. She slid back until her clit was above his probing tongue. "Make me cum, David," she whispered to him and pushed her clit into his mouth for him to suck.

She reached down and held his head by the hair, keeping his face buried in her pussy until she came, drenching him from ear to ear. She carefully dried him off, and ordered him to not wash or do anything else to remove her scent from his body. He dressed and headed out to meet his agent. She had the day off, so she spent the time thinking of more creative ways to torture him.

He came back later than expected and she quickly put things together. "You fucked her didn't you?" David looked sheepish, "She was all over me, I don't know what it was. It was like... I don't know... She hugged me, like always, and then... Well, one thing led to another."

The sex wasn't the problem. They had an open relationship, so fucking someone else was totally ok. It was that he didn't have her permission. Tiffany walked up and kneed him hard in the groin and smiled as he dropped to the floor.

"Did you cum?" She asked him. He managed to nod. "Was it good?" Again he nodded. "Good. I want it to be worth what I'm going to do to you for not asking me ahead of time. Isn't that our agreement David? You should always at least send a text to communicate and say sex is happening. Right?" She punctuated the question by pressing her heel into his groin.

David groaned and she shifted her weight so the point of her stiletto was digging into his denim covered balls. "I asked a question," she ground out. He was blinking back tears by this point, but he nodded.

"Get your pants off, now!" She commanded, and watched silently as he quickly doffed his jeans and underwear without even rising up from the floor. She kicked his legs wide apart and trapped his balls under the toe of her stiletto, carefully making sure she was between the testicles. She didn't want to rupture him. She stepped down, placing her weight on him, pushing his balls further apart and grinding his scrotum between her shoe and the floor.

David moaned and she shifted. She lifted her foot and let his balls slid back against his body. She pressed the toe of her shoe delicately against his nuts and trapped them against his own body. She pushed in. With the soft surface of his body as a buffer, she wasn't worried about harming him, but it would hurt. A lot.

She angled her foot so her heel dug into his ass as her toe pushed even more deeply against his balls. David's moans turned to gasps as she rotated her foot so his balls twisted under her. Tiffany bounced her foot a bit, almost like tapping her toe. She watched the tears spill over, but she kept digging her foot into him until he was actually crying in pain.

Tiffany quickly shifted her weight and dropped to her knees over his face. She grabbed his head and pulled his face into her pussy, smashing his mouth against her cunt. She pressed until he could not breathe and held him there until he was pounding his hands against her to get her to let go.

She loosened her grip and let him catch a breath before pulling him back in and restricting his breathing again. After the fourth time, she turned so she could face his cock and balls, then lowered her ass onto his face. She sat down on him until he was literally smothering in her ass cheeks and she turned her attention to his cock and balls.

Amazingly, he was getting a hard on. She quickly slapped his cock hard, then grasped his balls in her hand and squeezed, twisting until his muffled cries came from her ass. Finally, she released his balls and stood. She sat on the edge of the bench and told him to crawl over to her. When he was in front of her, she grabbed his hair and pulled his face into her pussy.

“Use your mouth and fingers, David. Fuck me as hard as you can. Make me cum and cum and cum.” She looked down at him, there were still tears streaking down his cheeks but he fastened his mouth onto her clit and worked three fingers into her wet cunt.

David had amazing hands and an even more amazing mouth. He loved eating pussy, and Tiffany had always enjoyed his attention. But now, it was even hotter. There was something different, more intense. And David seemed like he was working even harder than usual. He sucked her clit into his mouth and covered it with his tongue. His fingers thrust and curled and stroked inside her. She looked down and saw his cock raging hard, even as the tears were still wet on his face.

Tiffany grabbed his hair and held his head still as she ground her pussy against him when her orgasm hit. “Fuck me, yes! Don’t you dare stop!” She kept fucking his fingers and mouth, holding his head between her legs, until she rode him for three more orgasms. Pussy juice was dripping down his face and his tears had entirely dried up.

Tiffany sat up and looked him in the eye. “If you ever do anything like that again, without telling me first, I will cut your cock and balls clean off and you will never be able to use them again. Your good with your mouth and hands, I’m sure she won’t mind.”

She stood up and went to the shower, leaving him sitting on the floor, covered in her cum.

A new pattern quickly established itself. David would be up in the middle of the night, writing, and he’d wake her up with some bizarre attack from his current project. She gave him what he needed, but exacted her toll during the day.

Sometimes, she would wake him up by sitting on his face and smothering him until he could no longer breathe. Other times, she laid him on the bed or table and worked needles into his balls until he screamed. He actually enjoyed the sounds, when she used the larger ones, they pressed on his prostate and he actually came from them. That became one of his rewards. When he misbehaved, or did something wrong, she used her hands and feet on his balls. She could drop him with one smack, or bring him to tears by squeezing just right.

The unexpected bonus of the new life was the house was much cleaner and Tiffany was no longer having to come home from work and do the cooking. He took care of everything. She teased him and tormented him for a week, then demanded services from him all day. He washed her car, massaged her feet, even painted her toenails.

The downside was, she wasn’t getting laid at first. Then she realized she could use sex as a reward for him. When he was well behaved, or when he had taken an exceptionally harsh punishment well, she discovered he got harder than she’d ever seen him before. So hard his cock would leak precum for an hour if she kept teasing him. She discovered that she could get what she wanted, his hard cock, and still keep him in line. It was the best of both worlds!

He would get particularly hard if they’d done sounds recently, or when his balls were nearly bruised from being stepped on and squeezed. The harsher her treatment of him, the harder his cock got.

After several weeks, she sat down with him at the table one morning and brought out her list.

“David, we haven’t discussed this yet.” She waved the list. “You’ve been coasting along and forgetting something. We still have all of your old books to go through. Can you imagine the sorts of things I found in here? The sick, tortuous things? Tell me, David, what were some of the things you thought were really hot?”

He hesitated, looking down at the floor. She slammed his favorite knife on the table in front of him. She didn't have to say it, he knew. She glanced down at his cock, sitting semihard against his leg, then back at the knife.

"I, um... I always liked the scenes where the killer rapes the girl first. Especially if there's anal sex. Ummm... and I like the ones with biting on the tits and clit. And..." his voice trailed away. She asked him to repeat it and it came out as a whisper, "The needles."

"The needles," she whispered back at him. "David, you write really bloody, graphic murder mysteries about serial killers. But they all seem to involve really twisted sex. I made a list of all the things your murderers have done to their victims. We're going to figure out ways for you to experience these things."

He nodded, and kept looking down at the floor. "Anal sex is easy, I have no problem using a strap on with you," his head popped up and he looked surprised, but she just kept going. "We've already talked about the guy using his cock to suffocate the girl. And you seem to like it when your face is buried in my cunt. And we all know how much you've enjoyed needles and the sounds." He actually blushed.

"Biting, hmmm..." she sighed, "I think we can manage that as well. So what else is there on here? Let's see... you've got face slapping, well that's easy. Several of your killers are into genital torture of some sort. Well, I think we've got that down pat, though I think we can certainly explore it more deeply. There's one that uses a cane and another that uses a whip. Huh, guess this isn't going to be as hard as I thought it would be to transform these into ways to torment you."

She waited for this to sink in, then continued. "I like this new way of things. You get the research that you need, and I get to give you a little payback for scaring the shit out of me in the middle of the night." She looked at his cock, it had gotten even harder, bordering on a full erection, while she talked about the tortuous things she wanted to do to him. "And you seem to like it. Your eyes say you're afraid. I know it hurts. But your cock tells me you like it. So, tell me David. Do you want me to stop? Do you want to go back to the way it was before?"

He shook his head, "No," he whispered. "No, I like this. It scares me, you're right. But I like it. The pain is... it's bad. It hurts. It's awful. But... I like it. I love it when you sit on my face. I love it when you smother me."

"Do you like it when I threaten to cut your cock and balls off?" She asked. He shook his head no, then looked at the floor and whispered "yes".

She rewarded him for that honesty. After he'd cleaned up the table, she laid everything out to do sounds and needles. He spread himself out on the table and she cleaned his cock and balls with disinfectant. She'd moved to 18 gauge needles, they were about as large as she could get and not have to go to piercing needles.

She placed a thin corkboard underneath his balls, "We're going to do something new today," she told him. She carefully wove a needle through the skin on his balls and then stuck the tip into the corkboard, skewering him in place. She worked her way around his balls, slowly stretching the skin out and pinning it to the board with a needle. Once that was done, she used smaller needles to create a second ring just above the ones pinning him to the board, weaving the needles together to keep things tight. His balls were pulled out tight, so the skin was smooth and shiny.

She drummed her fingers lightly on the taut skin and was rewarded when he jumped a bit, then winced as the needles pinning his balls to the corkboard pulled. She flicked her fingers along his balls, concentrating on where the skin was pulled the tightest. Each time she made contact, he jumped a little, and hissed at the pain.

She lubed his cock, then his favorite sound and slowly worked it into his urethra. It was a tight fit, the sound stretched his urethra to its limits, but he liked the feeling. Once she got it in, she let it rest for a moment, then removed it, added more lube and reinserted it. She pushed a little more firmly this time, knowing it would be hitting his prostate. When he gasped in pleasure, she pulled back and started fucking him with the long steel rod, sliding it smoothly in and out of his cock.

He moaned and shuddered, groaning as she pulled the rod out a last time. She reached for a larger rod, lubed it up and began slowly working it in. His moans increased in intensity as his urethra stretched to accommodate the new size. She slid the big rod in and out slowly, watching as his body trembled. When the real shaking started, she gently slid the rod out and slowly removed the needles, then led him to the shower to clean up.

After, he laid down on the floor and begged her to smother him with her ass. She straddle him, teasing him by bouncing her ass in his face, rubbing her pussy up and down his chest, and hovering just out of reach of his hungry mouth.

Finally, she spread her legs wide and lowered herself so her ass enveloped his face. She rocked back and forth, spreading her pussy juice all over his nose and chin while her ass cheeks surrounded his face. She felt his breath on her pussy, then lowered herself more until she cut off his air. From this angle, her ass smothered his nose while her pussy covered his mouth. She could control his breathing perfectly, letting him get a full breath, a little breath, or none at all.

She could grind against his face, taking her own pleasure, or raise up and let him pleasure her with his talented tongue. She reached down and stroked his hard cock, letting him know what a good job he was doing and he moaned against her cunt. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks wide, "Tongue my ass, David," she encouraged him. His tongue bathed her ass, from crack to her pussy. He lovingly licked her asshole, his hot tongue pressing against her puckered hole. She writhed around, letting him bathe her entire ass with his tongue as her fingers found her clit and stroked gently.

Tiffany decided it was time to stop teasing. She turned around and grabbed the edge of the bed, then lowered herself back onto his face, putting her clit right above his mouth. His tongue slid out and flicked her clit, gently at first, then with increasing pressure. She moaned in pleasure. David really did know exactly how to lick her pussy.

"Harder, David," she commanded, grinding against him. He sucked her clit between his teeth and bit down a little, just the way she liked it. She pushed her pussy back against his mouth, mashing his lips against his teeth and cutting off the air flow through his nose. He reached up and grabbed her ass, pulling her even tighter against him as he sucked her clit even harder.

She rode his face, rocking and grinding against his mouth until she came in a gush, drenching him with her juices. She looked down, he was rock hard, his cock dripping precum and twitching. "Not tonight, big guy," she told him. "You'll have to hold onto that thought for a few days. But you can get the big dildo and fuck me with it."

Later, much later, she curled up with him in bed and told him of a surprise she had arranged for him.

"Your agent says your latest book is going to go best seller. She and I decided that was something to celebrate. It seems you really impressed her with your oral skills. And she was very interested when I told her about your other talents. She suggested we should both have a go at you to celebrate your success. I was thinking we could take turns riding you. One of us could ride your cock while the other rides your face. Of course, if you don't make both of us cum, many, many times, you'll have to be punished."

She smiled at him and chuckled at the nervous expression on his face. "I want you to write out a fantasy involving two women doing that to you. Tell me what you like, what frightens you, what turns you on, and what does both."

Later that week, she saw the note from David.

"My Dearest Tiffany," it started, "You have no idea how incredible my life has been with you. I had not thought our lives could be any more perfect, any more fulfilling, but these last few weeks have proved me wrong. You've unlocked a part of me I didn't know existed. Deep, hidden, secret, but always wanting. You've freed me to enjoy our lives even more. You've given me so much."

"You instructed me to write out a fantasy with two women, and I will, but I have to add this. Everything we have done terrifies me. It shakes me to my core, challenges who I am as a man, and even my own masculinity. It frightens me that I like it. And it frightens me even more to think you might stop. The pain, oh my god, the pain. When you step on my balls, or knee me in the groin. It's exquisite. Tiffany, you have no idea the amount of pain that causes a man. But I welcome it. I enjoy it. I treasure each touch, each moment. Each one is a lesson, an opportunity to grow and improve."

"I live for one purpose now, and that is to please you. My life's goal is your pleasure. I think I've always known that, always felt that way, but was never free to express it. I was never free enough to release my manhood and say I want to serve you. I want to be your every desire, care for your every need, make you happy and proud, and satisfy your every whim."

"The idea of two women, taking turns riding my face and my cock is like a dream come true. I hope that the two of you will put some tasks before me. Order me to care for the house, allow me to rub your feet. Let me bathe you both, scrub your backs and help towel you off, and worship you as the goddesses you are. Give me the honor of being used by you. Let me

cushion your feet while you rest. Take your pleasure from me in whatever ways you desire. Use my mouth, use my cock, use my fingers, or any part of me, to pleasure your bodies.”

“I ache to taste each of you, to feel your lovely asses on my face, smothering me. To know that my very breath comes at your whim and desire. I yearn to fill my mouth with your juices, to know I’ve done a good job and that you are sated.”

“Yes, I fear the pain. But I’ve lived through the pain. Tiffany, you led me through it. Terrified, trembling, and uncertain. You brought me to a place where the fear and the pain became a positive and now I welcome them. You asked what my fantasy was with the two of you... It is simply this: to be used by you both in whatever way you desire.”

THE END

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BONUS STORY 2

MAID FOR CHASTITY

Sasha a thirty-two year old woman with short blonde hair and light blue eyes knew that her marriage was missing something as newlyweds she knew that there had to be more spice in the sexual aspect of their marriage. She had to think of something that would excite her husband Dave in bed. They had decent conversation and had a lot in common. However, Sasha knew that their connection in bed was rather cold. Sometimes they would have sex and other times it would just be rolling over and going to bed and as newly weds she knew that the sexual part of their marriage wasn't suppose to be going downhill so quickly. Sasha wanted to spice up their love life and make Dave happy.

Sitting at the kitchen table and having her first cup of coffee Sasha heard their maid Caprice enter the house through the backdoor.

Caprice was a Chinese girl who spoke English. It had been hard to try to find a maid who spoke English. Sasha had searched and searched until she had come across Caprice.

“Good morning Mrs. Leopold.” Caprice smiled at her. Caprice had light brown eyes and black hair. Wearing a short skirt with black high heels and a white shirt that showed off her white bra underneath.

“Good morning Caprice.” Sasha replied a big smile spreading across her face. An idea coming to mind.

“Would you like me to get you another cup of coffee?” Caprice asked, seeing that the cup was almost gone.

“That would be great thank you.” Sasha grinned, handing Caprice her cup and blushing a little with the idea that had come to mind.

“Is there anything special that you want me to do today?” Caprice asked her, seeing that the kitchen was already swept and mopped. The only thing she had to do was get the dishes done. To her it looked like an easy day. Since the Leopold's didn't have any children they only had one bedroom upstairs and the house was small. Something meant for a married couple with no children.

“No, I think that you should sit down and have a cup of coffee with me.” Sasha told her as Dave walked into the kitchen and made his own cup of coffee.

Dave had short black hair and dark brown eyes. At the age of thirty-four he still looked pretty young. He had his shirt and tie on with a pair of slacks knowing he had to hurry along if he was going to make it to the office in time.

“We could go shopping.” Sasha told Caprice as Caprice sat down next to her and had a cup of coffee. Surprised because Sasha hardly invited her to have coffee.

“So what are you girls going to do today?” Dave asked, feeling a little left out because Sasha could show attention to Caprice but she couldn't pay attention to him in the bedroom.

“I am thinking that the two of us are going to go clothes shopping. I think it's time for me to get something new to wear and today would be a good day to treat someone to a new outfit as well.” Sasha looked at Caprice and winked at her.

Caprice wasn't used to Sasha's attention being fully on her. She looked down at her coffee and blushed a little. Smiling and shaking her head.

“Well, make sure the two of you don't overdraw on my bank account.” Dave laughed as he kissed Sasha on the cheek and said goodbye to Caprice before heading out the door with his briefcase and his heart breaking a little as he left the house to head off to work.

“If you don't mind me asking what is this all about? You never take me shopping.” Caprice wanted to know exactly what was going on.

“I want to surprise my husband. We don't do that much in the bedroom if you know what I mean. I would love to spice up our sex life and I think I know just the way to do it.” Sasha told her, sighing softly.

“And how's that?” Caprice asked her, thinking she already knew what was going on in Sasha's head.

“Surprising him by bringing another girl into the mix. You are very beautiful Caprice and I know that my husband looks at you from time to time. I catch him staring at your nice ass when you're bent over cleaning something.” Sasha whispered to her, even though they were the only two in the house.

“I've never noticed.” Caprice shook her head quickly.

“It's alright, I have and I'm not even mad about it. I would like to try and surprise him tonight in the bedroom. If you agree to this I will pay you extra this week for your work.” Sasha threw in an offer that she couldn't refuse.

“Yes, I don't mind helping out. This is why we are going shopping today?” Caprice asked, finally looking up from her coffee and turning to Sasha.

“Yes. We will head out as soon as we get done drinking our coffee and we'll go out to lunch today too.” Sasha winked at her, looking at how tight Caprice's shirt was. Seeing the roundness of her breasts. Sasha let her eyes wander downwards, looking at Caprice's short skirt and her long slender legs.

“Sounds good to me.” Caprice told her, her heart racing as she noticed Sasha checking her out. Glad that Sasha seemed to approve of her body.

After the two women had their coffee they headed out the door and went shopping. Sasha picked out a leather skirt and top outfit for Caprice to try on.

“Um, I think it makes me look too easy.” Caprice laughed, her voice coming from the dressing room.

“I'll check it out in a second.” Sasha laughed with her, in her mind it was something that she had hoped Caprice would say. She wanted to pick something hot out for her husband. Seeing she could tell he was feeling left out when he left for work that morning.

Sasha knocked on the dressing room that Caprice was in, Caprice opened the door for her and saw the look of satisfaction on Sasha's face when she looked at her.

“Is it what you wanted?” Caprice asked her lightly.

Sasha nodded her head as she looked Caprice's body up and down. Seeing that the skirt was just above her upper thigh and the top she had picked out made her look like her tits were going to fall out. Sasha thought with a little bit of make-up and doing a sassy hairstyle it would turn Dave on extremely when she walked into the bedroom.

“Sold.” Sasha told her, leaving the dressing room so that Caprice could get back into her street clothes.

Sasha picked out a white, lace nightie so that it looked like they were on their honeymoon again. Thinking of doing her hair she knew that Dave liked the soft side to her but he also liked the wild side. Smiling to herself as she made both the purchases of clothing knowing he would be happy to get both sides at the same time.

Going out to eat, Sasha told her the plan for the evening so that Caprice knew exactly what was expected of her. Nodding her head in agreement to everything Sasha told her.

“Now when Dave gets home I want you to make it look like you are heading out for the night. He might think something

is up because I'm letting you leave early but he won't question it." Sasha informed her as she pulled the car into the driveway and shut it off.

"What about my hair? How am I going to explain that?" Caprice asked her gently.

"Just say you have a date if he asks you but I am sure that he won't." Sasha assured her, thinking that Caprice worried too much over the plan. Hoping she didn't back out at the last second.

That evening Dave came home at his regular time. Five o'clock, as he took his tie off he noticed that Sasha and Caprice were whispering and laughing at the table together. Noticing that Caprice had her hair done but was still in her uniform that she wore for work he couldn't help but smile and thought that she looked attractive. He just wasn't happy that his wife was giving her more attention than she did him. Which he thought was odd, because even though their sex life sucked at the moment they at least had great conversation. The both of them were whispering and laughing like he wasn't even there.

"What's for dinner?" He asked, sitting down and placing his briefcase on the floor.

"I told Caprice that we would find something to eat ourselves tonight. She has a date and I don't want her being late." Sasha informed him, giving him a smile, getting up from the chair and walking over to him to give him a hug and a kiss.

"I see." Dave sighed heavily, shaking his head. When he met Caprice eyes she looked worried. He gave her a small smile.

"I told her she could leave early. We will see you bright and early tomorrow morning Caprice so don't stay out too long." Sasha used her professional voice with her, showing that she still had authority over the help.

"Yes ma'am and thank you." Caprice told her, heading out the door and disappearing down the driveway.

Once Caprice left neither one of them spoke. Dave just looked at her and gave her a tired smile. Shaking his head.

"What?" She asked him, giving him one of her big smiles. She was happy to see him.

"Nothing, just tired. If you want to grab something to eat go ahead. I'm going to go take a shower and head to bed." Dave sighed, getting up from the chair and heading upstairs.

When Sasha heard the shower turn on she went to the back door and let Caprice in. Letting her change in the downstairs bathroom. The outfit she had purchased was already there waiting on a hanger.

"Don't take too long. When I go upstairs and you hear us begin to make love is when I want you to come upstairs and stand in the doorway, that's when you clear your throat." Sasha told her, giving her a wink and closed the door so that Caprice could get dressed in private.

Sasha went upstairs and changed into the nightie she bought, looking at herself in the mirror she knew that Dave wouldn't be able to keep his hands off of her when he saw her.

Hearing the shower turn off she quickly went to the bed and laid down. Waiting for him to enter the room.

Dave gave her a smile when he saw her laying on the bed as he walked in with a towel wrapped around his waist. He joined her and kissed her neck, not wasting any time as Sasha took the towel away from his body.

"For a minute today I thought you were more interested in the maid more than you were interested in me." He whispered in her ear, his hand traveling slowly down her hips going for the part of her body that he loved the most.

"No way. You're the one who turns me on baby." She moaned loudly when he began touching her shaved pussy through the nightie she was wearing for him.

“Mmm.” He grunted as he began to play and apply pressure to her clit with his thumb while his index finger found its way to her pussy.

The more Dave touched her the more she moaned out for him, hoping that she was moaning loud enough for Caprice to hear her. Closing her eyes slightly but keeping them on the doorway.

A few minutes later Caprice was standing in the doorway with her make up done and her leather outfit on as she leaned against the door frame.

“A-hem.” Caprice made a noise that made Dave stop playing with his wife's pussy. Looking over his shoulder and seeing Caprice dressed the way she was put a grin on his face as she winked at him.

“What's this?” He asked, looking back at Sasha.

“Something to spice up our sex life. You like the soft side and the wild side. Well....I'm the soft side and you can see that she's the wild side.” Sasha explained to him as she grabbed a hold of his cock that was getting harder by the minute just by both women looking the way they did just for him.

Sasha went down to Dave's cock and wasted no time putting it in her mouth, getting it wet and even harder for the occasion.

Caprice walked into the bedroom and began rubbing his shoulders as he was turned away from her to watch his wife suck his hard cock.

“That feels so fucking good Sasha. My god, I don't think you've sucked my cock like this since our honeymoon!” He hollered out as he felt Caprice's tits touch the back of his neck as she began massaging his shoulders.

Sasha sucked his cock for a few more seconds and then brought her head up, grinning at him and gave him one of her special winks.

“Why'd you stop?” He asked her, hurt that she didn't continue.

“Tonight is going to be a fun night. We will get back to that later. Maybe the both of us will take turns licking your nice, hard, cock.” Caprice whispered in his ear and moaned sweetly.

Sasha winked and nodded at her. She was doing just what she was suppose to. Impressed that Caprice didn't turn and run like she thought she would have.

Sasha got up from the bed and Caprice took her hands off his shoulders, stepping away so that he could turn to the both of them.

“Damn, when I got home tonight it looked like my wife was more attracted to you then she was to me. I was beginning to feel left out.” He stood up and brought one of his hands to Caprice's chest and his other hand went down and under Sasha's nightie. She spread her legs for him so that he could get a finger up inside her pussy while both girls looked at his cock.

As he was pleasuring both of them both women turned to one another and began kissing each other strongly on the mouth. Sasha placed one hand on Caprice's tit, rubbing her nipple through the leather top while finding Dave's cock with her other hand and stroking him hard.

“Fuck, you girls keep doing this I'm going to cum. You look so hot kissing each other and Sasha, stroking my cock as hard as you are I'm surprised.” He moaned, begging for her to continue. Getting ready to orgasm for her. Closing his eyes and imagining his hot cum all over her soft hand.

At that exact time Sasha let go of his cock, making it throb and hurt since Dave realized that she wasn't going to get him

off just yet. Teasing him and hurting his cock because he wanted to cum so bad. Knowing that he had tons of cum that he wanted to place in her hand.

Sasha let go of Caprice too. Going to the closet she got what she was looking for. She didn't want him cumming until she told him to. She had a way of stopping that.

Turning back to Caprice and Dave who was slowly undressing Caprice. Taking her tit into his mouth once he got her top off and moving to the bed he sat down and brought Caprice down hard on his lap. She spread her legs for him just like she had seen Sasha do so that he could finger her pussy for a few minutes.

“Fuck yes, that feels so good. Finger fuck my pussy harder!” Caprice whined in her Chinese accent. Caprice's accent turned Sasha's on, her pussy getting really wet as she watched her husband finger Caprice. Seeing that he was really having a good time.

“Alright baby, lay down on the bed for me.” Sasha whispered to him as she got closer to him with the male Chasity belt.

“What's that for?” He asked, a little confused that his wife would bring something like that out. He had only seen it once and it was on their honeymoon.

“You know what this is.” She laughed as he laid down and she placed it on his cock. Closing it, hearing it snap tightly knowing that he wouldn't be able to cum with it on. She didn't have to lock it. She knew that Dave wouldn't try to take it off. Though it hurt as his cock got harder once she took it off him his orgasm was like nothing he had ever felt before.

Caprice got on top of him and began rubbing her hard nipples across his soft lips. Feeling his tongue come out of his mouth to lick each one as they went back and forth slowly across his tongue.

Sasha took her nightie off and helped Caprice off with her skirt. Knowing it was time that they both be naked for Dave. Looking into Dave's eyes he gave Sasha a knowing wink. The kind of wink that there was hope for their sex life after all.

“Dave I've been thinking about this all day long. This morning I wanted to come up with an idea to really rock the bedroom and so I came up with this. What better way to have a fantastic time and it be enjoyable for the both of us then to have Caprice join in. She works for us and I can arrange for her to move in with us so that we can do this a lot.” Sasha whispered as she bit down on Caprice's neck and brought her hand to Caprice's pussy. Keeping her eyes open, watching Dave watch as she pleased Caprice while Caprice was on top of him.

Dave moved his neck so that he could take Caprice's nipple into his mouth. Sucking her soft tit in and suckling gently at first.

“Harder Dave, please suck my tit harder!” Caprice cooed at him, wanting him to bite down on her hard nipple at the same time.

Dave did as he was told and could see that his mouth pleasuring her was getting her pussy really wet as he watched Sasha slide two fingers into her pussy and seeing the wetness on her long, thin, fingers.

Sasha took her fingers out of Caprice's pussy and Caprice took her tit away from Dave. Both of them looking at each other Sasha nodded her head to go on with the rest of the plan.

Caprice brought her body up Dave's body until her pussy was just inches away from his mouth. Sasha grinning as Dave looked at her as if asking for permission to taste the maid's pussy. Sasha nodded her head at him. Happy to see that he was still caring and making sure it was alright with her though it was part of her plan.

Bringing his hands to Caprice's ass he brought her pussy closer to his mouth and dove into her pussy with his tongue. Licking and lapping as quickly as he could. Knowing that soon she would take her pussy away from him. Knowing that both of the girls were going to tease him until he couldn't stand it any longer. They had already ruined one orgasm that his lovely wife

was going to give him earlier if he hadn't opened his mouth.

Grunting and moaning like an animal in heat he moved his tongue in and out of Caprice's pussy just as fast as he could.

“Sasha, fuck he licks my pussy so good!” She moaned as she felt Sasha's hands began to roughly massage her tits.

“We will have more fun like this as time goes on. Do you want to have more fun with us Caprice?” Sasha whispered into her ear breathing heavily. Getting turned on with each moan that Caprice let escape her mouth.

“Mmmhmm. Yes, I want more of this!” She hollered out to her, leaning her head back against Sasha's shoulder.

“Good girl. Your pussy is nice and wet. I can't wait to taste it myself you know. It won't be tonight but it will be soon.” Sasha whispered to her as she rubbed her own hard nipples against Caprice's smooth skin.

“I hope that's a promise.” Caprice moaned to her, loving how smooth Sasha's hands were as her tits were being massaged.

“Oh, that's a promise. Now take your pussy away from Dave's mouth. Remember we just tease him for now sweetie.” Sasha ordered her gently.

Caprice nodded her head gently pulled her pussy away from his mouth like she was told to do. Looking into his eyes she knew that he wanted more of her.

“Come on girls, Do you know how hard this is for me, that thing containing my hard cock, controlling it?” He finally complained to them. His voice was begging for them to take the belt off his cock so that he could get off. Knowing it had been a while and he was going to cum hard once it was released or soon after.

“Shortly darling, I promise.” Sasha told him as Caprice stood next to her.

“I wish you would do it now.” He moaned, feeling his cock throb even more then before it was attached to his cock.

“Don't you want to watch Caprice lick my pussy? I know that you've always wanted to watch me do something like that.” She began whining at him, knowing how much it turned him on when he heard her whine.

Knowing Dave couldn't tell her no he nodded his head quickly and put a smile on his face. He could handle the torture for a little while longer. Knowing that there might not come another time where he could watch someone go down on his wife. If he had said no he would've missed his chance altogether was the thought racing through his mind.

Caprice got down on her knees and began licking at Sasha's clit. Slowly at first until she heard Sasha moan for her. Wanting her, sounding like she needed her.

Caprice licked her clit furiously over and over again until Sasha couldn't control herself any longer and took control. Placing her hand on the top of Caprice's head and lowering her head so that her tongue would go to her pussy.

“Good girl, fuck yes. Fuck my pussy with your tongue! That's it, right there!” Sasha hollered out to her, closing her eyes.

Dave was staring intently at Caprice going to town on Sasha's pussy. Slowly moving his hand down to his cock until he felt the thick plastic that was surrounding it. Forgetting for a split second that it was contained and he couldn't take it off without Sasha's permission.

“Lick my wife's pussy, that looks so nice Caprice. The way she's moaning and begging for you you must be a great pussy licker. If we asked you to move in with us would you?” Dave asked, sitting up on the bed to get a better look at his wife's pussy being eaten by another woman.

Caprice nodded her head, not wanting to take her mouth away from Sasha's pussy. It tasted so sweet on her tongue. She couldn't wait for another time to be with the both of them. She wanted to dominate and have fun with a man and another woman. Something she had always dreamed of doing.

“Good, that's a good answer.” He whispered in her ear as he felt the need to tease her pussy while she was licking Sasha's.

“No, no baby. You will have your fun. Just let me enjoy this. You know I've never had a woman lick my pussy before.” She whined at him, feeling herself getting ready to cum. Wanting to squirt her pussy juices into Caprice's mouth.

Dave went over to her quickly and stood behind her. Wanting to push his hard cock into Sasha's ass, knowing he couldn't and not wanting to tease his cock the way the women had been doing.

“You really like that baby?” He asked, nuzzling the back of her neck bringing his hands to the front of her body so that he could gently massage her tits.

“Yes. Yes I do. My pussy wants to cum so bad. I want to fill her sweet Chinese mouth with my warm juice.” She moaned louder as she felt Dave's hands massage her tits harder as she talked dirty to him.

“Go ahead baby. Fill her sweet mouth with your pussy juices. Let her really taste you. Your pussy tastes so sweet. I remember when I use to lick your pussy and lapped up all your juices. I miss doing that.” He admitted to her.

The more Dave whispered in her ear the more she whimpered and moaned. Feeling her pussy contract as Caprice kept licking and tongue fucking her pussy. She couldn't hold on any longer between the both of them teasing her.

“Fuck, I'm cumming! My pussy is cumming Dave!” Sasha screamed at the top of her lungs.

“That's right cum into her sweet mouth. She wants it. Look at her. Her eyes are begging for you to cum, isn't that right Caprice?” Dave asked, giving her a wink.

Caprice nodded her head as quickly as she could. Dave was right. She wanted to taste every drop that Sasha had to offer her.

“See baby. Come on cum for us.” He moaned in her ear as he began licking and biting her earlobe. Feeling her legs shake, knowing she was cumming hard.

He loved feeling her legs shake when he made her cum with his mouth. He knew that he was doing his job right when she couldn't stop her legs from shaking. It had been a joke in the beginning but he really loved how she couldn't control it and he knew that was the best orgasms she had when her legs shook the way they were at that moment.

Caprice brought her mouth as close as she could get to Sasha's pussy. Feeling Sasha's clit brush up against her nose as she was breathing hot breath onto it. Tasting and slurping Sasha's pussy juices into her mouth. Not wasting a single drop.

“Fuck yes, that's so fucking good! You don't want to waste a drop do you sweetie? Oh my god!” Sasha screamed and got louder and louder with her talking until her pussy couldn't cum anymore for them.

Caprice got up from her knees when she knew that Sasha was done. Licking her lips, she went over to Dave and pressed her body against his. Kissing him hard on the mouth, pushing her tongue into his mouth so that he could have a taste of pussy juice too. Something that threw both Sasha and Dave off guard because that wasn't part of the plan but Sasha could see that Caprice was just as horny as they both were.

When Caprice pulled away from him both women could see that his cock was getting really cramped in the Chasity belt that Sasha put on him.

“Your hard cock must just be begging to be set free huh?” Sasha asked him teasingly, now that her pussy was able to release and she was feeling a little better.

“Yes, it hurt so much you have no idea how much. I want to have this taken off and for you to climb onto my cock so I can shoot my cum into your already wet pussy. I want you to ride this hard cock that you see contained until I cum. Please.” He begged her.

Sasha's smile grew wider. She hadn't heard Dave beg for her since their honeymoon. Once the honeymoon was over it seemed so was their sexual appetites.

“I can do that for you. You know Caprice needs her pussy to release too. How about this.....” Sasha pretended to think for a minute.

“How about what?” Dave asked quickly. Willing to do anything she wanted as long as he could get his hard cock out of the damn contraption.

“You lick her pussy while I ride your cock. Wouldn't that sound nice? Very naughty?” Sasha asked him. Making it up as she went along. She didn't have any plans to begin with of letting him get Caprice's pussy to release but she assumed it was only fair.

“Yes, yes, I can do that.” He agreed hurriedly. Going to the bed and laying down. He couldn't wait for the maid's pussy to be attached to his mouth while his wife let his cock loose and shove it deep into her pussy. He got the best of both worlds.

“Good, I was hoping you would say that. Come on Caprice.” She winked at her, seeing the shocked look on Caprice's face.

“It's alright. I have his cock, he has your pussy. Next time we will change it up. You will love his hard cock deep inside your pussy, I guarantee it.” Sasha promised her.

Caprice only nodded her head as she looked at Dave who was on the bed already grinning at her and coaxing her to bring her pussy to his mouth.

Caprice did as she was told. Her pussy already starting to contract thinking about Dave licking her pussy until she came. She loved having his tongue up inside of her pussy, she didn't want to pull away when Sasha had told her to earlier but it was all part of the fun and the games that the three would be playing on a regular basis.

Caprice brought her knees up to his face and spread them. One knee on each side of Dave's face as she brought her pussy down on his mouth. Seeing that he already had his tongue sticking out and wiggling around in the air for her to place her pussy down onto it.

“That's a good girl. He does lick a mean pussy that's for sure.” Sasha encouraged her, letting her know it was completely find by her as she heard Caprice squeal with delight as he shoved his tongue into her. Pushing it in and out and wiggling his tongue around deep inside of her.

Sasha sprung Dave's cock out of the Chasity belt and threw it to the floor. Hurrying because she knew it wouldn't take long for his load to shoot out of his cock.

Getting on top of him and shoving his hard cock deep inside her pussy Sasha began riding it slowly at first and then harder and faster as she heard her husband began making noises the faster she rode him with another woman's pussy attached to his mouth.

“Ride his tongue Caprice. It always feels really good when I do it. Pretend your pussy is riding a cock. His tongue will go in deeper.” Sasha gave her some advice as she placed her hands on Caprice's hips so that she, herself could ride her husband's cock faster and harder then ever before. Wanting it, needing it.

Sasha felt Dave's cum shoot into her pussy as she brought her pussy down more and more onto his cock. Making sure that his cum got deep inside of her. She rode his cock even as he got soft and didn't stop until his cock fell out of her pussy and she couldn't get it to go back in.

Getting off of Dave she knelt beside the bed and watched closely as Dave continued licking and lapping at Caprice's pussy. Caprice riding his tongue hard just like Sasha told her to do. Faster and faster she road his tongue.

“Dave I'm cumming, yes! My pussy is finally cumming!” Caprice shouted at him, taking both sides of his face with her hands and grinding her pussy into his mouth harder and faster as she came for him and came for herself.

When she was done cumming she quickly got off Dave's mouth seeing that Sasha was watching the both of them with a smile on her face. Caprice blushed, pretending to be shy and not knowing what came over her.

“It's alright, we had this planned remember? It was my idea to do this to begin with.” Sasha whispered to her and pinched Caprice's hard nipple as she got off her knees and one of them bounced in front of Sasha's face.

“I know, I know. It was a lot of fun and I just want to make sure that everyone else had fun too.” Caprice explained to her.

“Sweetie you did everything I asked you to do. You bet your sweet, little, sexy, ass that we had fun.” Sasha brought her hand around and spanked Caprice on the ass lightly.

“Mmm, I really can't wait until next time now.” Caprice's eyes grew wide as she hugged Sasha, knowing right then and there that there would be more times with the both of them and by the way Sasha was talking more times with just the two of them while Dave was at work. Whenever the moment struck Sasha, she was sure of it.

“Come on ladies, come lay down with daddy. Lets talk about Caprice moving in with us and working for us full time.” He winked at both of them as he moved to the middle of the bed.

Sasha laid down on one side of him while Caprice walked quickly around the bed and laid down next to him on the other side.

“One thing is for sure we need to get a bigger bed. I can't foresee the three of us sharing this small bed. Are you comfortable with sharing a bed with us Caprice?” Sasha asked, looking over at her as Dave wrapped one arm around his wife and the other arm around Caprice.

“I would love to share a bed with the both of you. As far as moving in what I can do is start packing my things tonight and have them ready by morning. I am assuming that I don't have to pay rent right?” Caprice asked, throwing her head back as she laughed.

“No and we will pay you for your maid services and if you do more then what we expect we will pay you more. As of right now I am going to give you a big raise.” Sasha told her, knowing that she didn't have entice Caprice. She had talked to Dave a few weeks earlier about giving Caprice a raise, way before the idea even popped into her head about the sexy threesome they just had.

“Thank you very much. That would be great. I can't wait to move in here with the both of you. All three of our sex lives will be so much better. I can't promise anything, but if for some reason you guys get bored with a threesome I know a girl who will gladly do a foursome.” Caprice whispered to them almost as if it were a secret that the three of them shared.

Dave and Sasha looked at Caprice and noticed what a horny girl she really was. Looking at one another and sharing a knowing look that it was going to be a lot of fun and easy to get Caprice to try new things the both of them laughed and laughed.

“That's great!” Dave cried out, thinking the more the merrier. Laying back against the pillows he thought about what a

lucky man he was. Going from thinking his marriage was going to fail because of no romance in the bedroom to sharing his bed with two women. Dave looked at Sasha and kissed her lovingly on the mouth.

The End.

SPECIAL PREVIEW



The woman looked at the man with a glint in her eye. Amanda liked sex. A lot. But she also liked to be the one in charge when it came to the bedroom or wherever she wanted to enjoy her fantasies. She sat at the bar nursing her drink when she saw the man look over at her. She instantly turned her head and sighed. She knew the idiot would come try to talk to her but she also knew that he wasn't her type. No. He was the overbearing, I want to make you scream and tied you down kind of guy. The problem was she wanted to be the one to do the tying down.

“Hey baby want to go somewhere? You know and talk?” He had on a three piece suit and was the type of man that most women would fall over their own feet for.

“No thanks. I'm waiting for someone.” She smiled as the door opened to reveal the person she was waiting for. The man walked in with a lopsided grin as he looked at her. He wore a polo shirt and khaki pants. His eyeglasses peered too big for his head but she knew he was the one for her. She smiled as he made his way over on the other side of her. She turned giving beefcake her back as she smiled at the newcomer.

“Really? Him?” The beefcake an almost whine to his voice as he said it. She never looked back around at him as she shrugged.

“Yep.” It was her only response as the man angrily flung himself from the chair and walked in the direction of the table he had been at earlier. She could just imagine him sitting there almost pouting as he watched the woman who turned him down flirt with another man. The worst part she knew was that the beefcake thought himself superior to the man she now gave her attention to.

“Hey handsome.” Her pointer finger slid down the collar of his shirt to the small little buttons. She watched as his Adam's apple rose with the gulp he took. “So. You wanna take me home or what?”

“Yes.” It was his only word as he stood. She waited in the chair as he stretched his arm out for her to take the lead. She knew she hadn't gone wrong. Beefcake saw them head for the door and almost intercepted until she looked at him and winked.

He slowly sat back down and watched them leave the bar. Amanda walked to her car and handed him the keys. He slowly pushed the unlock button and held the door for her while she sat gingerly into the seat of her small car.

“I will follow you this first time.” He nodded quickly and took no time making his way to his car. He slowly pulled out into traffic and started off slow to make sure she kept up with him. He periodically glanced in the mirror to check for her and was relieved when he saw her small red car and headlights looking back at him. He pulled into the driveway of his small three bedroom house and made sure to park on the left side of the space, giving her the shortest distance to the door. She slid from the car and walked to the door.

Kyle felt his hands begin to sweat and quickly wiped the excess moisture on his pants legs. He was almost panting when they finally came to his living room. Amanda played the part well. She was a magnificent dominatrix. He came to her and slowly took her coat as he hung it up in the hall closet. She looked at him and smiled. Slowly she undid the small buttons on the side of her dress and let it slide quietly to the floor. She knew Kyle was excited. Especially if the tent in the front of his pants told anything.

“Ok. This is how this is going to work. Have you ever been someone’s slut before?”

His eyes instantly widened at her words and he began to talk. “Why do you...”

“Answer the question. You will not like the results if you don’t.” Her eyebrows rose as she looked at him. She knew he was having a hard time with the way she spoke to him. Amanda and Kyle had been together for over a year. Their life together seemed perfect. She was unaware that Kyle had a secret fantasy until a week prior. She remembered the conversation well.

“Amanda?” Kyle sat at the kitchen table with a newspaper curled in his hand.

“Yes.” She turned to look at him.

She watched as he gulped and started to fidget with his fingertips. She knew instantly that he was nervous and something was bothering him.

“You know how we have been talking about our fantasies and such?”

“Yeah. Do you have one that you want to share?” Amanda had always been straight forward. She was also a little strict. Many said that she would have made a great teacher. She on the other hand had decided to go to law school instead. Now she was one of the most sought after attorneys in the city.

“Well kind of.”

“Come on just spill it. Or better yet why don’t you write it down. I will look at it and we will act it out on Friday.” She was glad they had separate places. This way she could follow him and they could act like this was their first time together. She was surprised when she read the paper he left some time later on her table. She laughed as she looked at it. It was perfect. She had secretly wanted to be more dominant in their sex life. Although they had a good sex life, she wanted more. Much more. Now was her chance to get everything she wanted. She came back to the present as she looked at him.

“No Amanda.”

“My name is Mistress from here on out. You will direct me as only Mistress but only when I regard you as my pet. If you state it every time you will look like a dumb ass and it will aggravate me to no end. Understand my pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Second rule. You are never to be eye level with me. I am your superior. Your only purpose in life is to please me in any way that I see fit. You will do as I say and only as I say. Understand?”

“Yes.”

She stood there looking at him. As he looked at her he didn't realize it would be the last time that evening that he would be level with her. She wore all black leather. Her bikini underwear was tight and fit her completely. She had paired it with a black bra that was leather as well. She had on long gloves that reached to her elbow. Again black leather. Last was her boots. They were the sexiest part about her. They came up to her knees and zipped all along the side. They were very nice on her well sculpted legs and the heels were at least four inches high which gave her petite frame a better look. She stood tall and confident as she again gave him a look. Immediately he kneeled in front of her. He had seen movies and she would soon learn that he had a collection as well.

She walked around him slowly. “Third. When I come you will be naked. Completely naked and kneeling before me. I cannot do anything with a fully clothed man and if you are not ready for me then I will not waste my time here.”

He quickly began to remove his clothing. He did not see the hint of smile that spread across her lips. He was almost where she wanted him. He kneeled in front of her naked as she stood proudly in front of him.

“Next I will require many things from you. I will let you choose a safe word. This word will only be used when you cannot take anymore. If you use this word however everything stops and I leave. And I warn you that I will not return. Now are you ready to be my slut?”

“Yes.”

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