

A woman in a pink bikini stands on a sandy beach at sunset. The background is a warm, golden glow from the setting sun, with a wooden pier visible in the distance. The woman's back is to the camera, and she is wearing a gold watch on her left wrist.

# *Domme Island*

Paradise, Pleasure, and Pain

Bruce Cambell

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by Bruce Cambell

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## Chapter 1

Kate had assured Ann and Patrick that his chastity cage wouldn't cause any problems with airport security, insisting that the security officers were all professionals. "They see this kind of stuff all the time," she had said.

When he informed the security officers that he was wearing "body jewelry" they had insisted on a *complete* search of his baggage and his body.

He was escorted to a secure area as he watched Ann and Kate pass through the security checkpoint without incident. Ann shrugged, and signaled to him that they would wait for him at the airport bar. After waiting for some time, two female security officers escorted him into a sealed room and instructed him to have a seat. One of the officers asked him for his passport and plane ticket while the other one took his carry-on baggage and placed it on a table for inspection. Patrick sat quietly. He was both nervous and embarrassed.

The security officer that was inspecting his baggage giggled. Her back was to Patrick, but he could see that she was rummage through his belongings with great interest.

"Are you sure this is your baggage, Mr. Burke," she asked as she turned to face him with a smile.

“Yes. That is my bag,” he answered.

She smiled as she sized him up, visually inspecting him from head to toe.

“Officer Snow, could you give me a hand over here with Mr. Burke’s baggage,” she asked.

The other security officer stood up and looked into Patrick’s baggage. “Oh, my, Officer Bell, this is interesting,” she said.

“So, Mr. Burke, these are yours?” Officer Bell asked as she held up a pair of black panties for him to see.

“No, those are my wife’s,” Patrick answered.

“And this, is this your wife’s?” Officer Snow asked as she held up a strap-on dildo.

Patrick’s face turned red. “Yes, that belongs to my wife, too.”

The two women laughed. as they finished with his baggage and zipped it up.

“You certainly have some interesting items in your bag, Mr. Burke, but it all checks out,” Officer Snow said with a smile. “Now, we are going to need to conduct a thorough search of your body. Please stand and remove your clothes, this won’t take but a minute.

Patrick began undressing. He had suspected that this might happen. As he undressed he could see that Officer Bell was pulling a pair of latex exam gloves onto her hands.

When he had finished undressing he was instructed to stand still with his legs spread.

“Well, what do we have here,” Officer Bell said as she examined his chastity cage. She reached out with her hand and gave it a tug. “Don’t be embarrassed, Mr. Burke. You’d be surprised how many cock cages we see these days.”

Patrick managed a half-smile as he looked down at Officer Bell as she knelt holding his caged cock in her hands.

“Mr. Burke, your cage checks out just fine, it is perfectly legal for you to fly, even internationally, with your cock locked up,” Officer Snow joked.

“Yes, of course,” Officer Bell said, “let me just double check the padlock to make sure that it is indeed locked.”

Officer Bell rose to her feet and visually inspected the rest of Patrick’s body before standing behind him.

“Everything looks fine, Mr. Burke. I just need to perform a quick cavity search and you can go about your way,” Officer Bell said. “Please stand facing the wall and spread your butt cheeks with your hands.”

Patrick protested. “Is this really necessary, Officer?”

“I’m afraid so, Mr. Burke. This is standard procedure, and unless you are smuggling something up your rectum it won’t take but a moment,” she answered.

Patrick looked at the two Officers. They looked serious. He knew if he caused a problem here that he would likely miss his flight, and then he'd have an even bigger problem with his wife and Kate. He stood before the wall and spread his ass cheeks with his hands. He could hear Officer Bell squirting something onto her gloved hand.

“Okay, Mr. Burke. Try and relax. You're just going to feel a little pressure,” Officer Bell said as she pressed two fingers against his asshole. With a little pressure she soon had her fingers inside of Patrick as far as they would go. He could feel her as she moved them about inside of his body.

“Are we finished?” Patrick asked.

“Not yet, Mr. Burke. We take these inspections very seriously, and are trained to be as thorough as possible. Just relax and hold still,” she said, as she continued searching his asshole with her fingers.

“Did you find anything?” Officer Snow asked.

“I'm not sure,” she said as she removed her fingers from his ass. “I think a second opinion would be best.”

“What? Why?” Patrick quickly asked.

“We just need to be sure. Please relax,” Officer Snow said as she slid a glove onto her hand.

“Mr. Burke, Officer Snow has longer fingers than I do, so she’ll be able to perform a more *in depth* search,” Officer Bell said.

Officer Snow quickly slid her fingers inside of Patrick’s asshole. It didn’t feel like a search to him, it felt like a fucking. She slid her fingers in and out of his ass, twisting her wrist as she did.

“This technique is called ‘sweeping’ Mr. Burke. Continue to relax and we’ll be done very soon.” Officer Snow said in a matter of fact tone.

She continued ‘examining’ him, now touching him in a way that was making his cock strain in its steel cage. She was rubbing him gently now, with just enough pressure to satisfy the need he was now feeling. She clearly knew what she was doing.

Patrick relaxed his body completely. Officer Snow, noticing that he had relaxed, continued rubbing him in all the right places. Before he knew it, he could feel his balls draining; he could feel cum dripping from the tip of his caged cock and onto the floor. The two women laughed. Officer Snow jerked her fingers out of him and slapped his ass.

“You are free to go, Mr. Burke. Have a nice trip,” Officer Snow said.

“Where are you going, anyway?” Officer Bell asked with a smile.

Patrick pulled up his pants. “Some place in the South Pacific, my wife arranged it. A remote little place called ‘Domme Island’,” he said.

“Haven’t heard of it,” Officer Bell said as she handed him his passport and paperwork. “Please close the door behind you, and have a nice day,” Officer Snow said as the two women left the office and returned to the security checkpoint.

Patrick laced up his shoes, grabbed his bag, and went looking for his wife and Kate. His trip was not starting off as he had imagined it would.

## Chapter 2

The flight from New York to Hawaii was a long one. Patrick tried to sleep, but couldn’t quite get comfortable due to the turbulence and the lack of legroom. Ann and Kate had insisted on squeezing their carry-on bags into the overhead compartments, and as a result Patrick had to put his bag under the seat in front of him. When the flight attendant came down the aisle with beverage service Ann ordered drinks for all three of them. Patrick was surprised, Ann normally forbade him from drinking alcohol. He happily sipped his drink while his wife and Kate talked about all the things they planned on doing when they arrived at their destination.

By the time they arrived in Hawaii to catch their connecting flight Patrick was feeling a bit tipsy, but in good spirits. The warm tropical air in the terminal and the smell of flowers in the air had all three of them feeling

good. Their layover was short, and Patrick was happy to have pre-cleared customs when they had left New York; he wouldn't have to endure another search. He was surprised to see that the aircraft that would take them to their final destination was a small private jet seating only 24 passengers. Upon boarding the jet, Kate and Ann were seated in the front, while Patrick was seated in the back. He was feeling good, and didn't complain. He grabbed a blanket and a pillow and tried to get comfortable. Kate and Ann were being served complimentary champagne as he closed his eyes, hoping to wake up at their final destination. He was asleep before the plane left the runway.

The voice of the Captain awoke Patrick from a deep sleep. They had begun their final descent to Domme Island, where the weather was a balmy 85 degrees fahrenheit with a nice ocean breeze from the south. He could see Kate and Ann at the front of the plane chatting with some other women. Patrick found it odd that the rear of the plane appeared to be filled with all of the men, while the women all seemed to be seated in the front.

The pilot brought the plane down smoothly, and taxied to the front of the very small terminal. There weren't any gates; it was like stepping into the past. Patrick watched as a small truck towed a metal staircase up to the plane, while another crew member began unloading baggage onto a series of carts. It was all quite rustic, and charming. When the door of the plane

was at last opened Patrick could immediately feel the heat of the outside air and its pleasant tropical scent.

The plane was unloaded from front to back, with the women exiting first. By the time Patrick and the other men descended the stairs from the plane and onto the tarmac the women had all been seated in golf carts. The men were guided to the baggage carts. Patrick's cart was piled high with the baggage that his wife and Kate had packed for their two week stay on the island. As the women drove off to the terminal Patrick and the other men were approached by an officially dressed woman.

"Gentlemen, please follow me to customs. Have your passports ready," she said.

Patrick and the other men lined up behind her and began pushing their carts across the hot pavement under the tropical sun. They were all sweating by the time they arrived at the terminal. Once inside, the men were instructed to line up. One by one they were processed through customs. When it was Patrick's turn he pushed his baggage cart up to the desk and handed the Official his passport.

"Hello," the customs official said, "have you come here for business or pleasure?"

"I'm here for a vacation," Patrick said with a smile. Despite her serious tone, Patrick admired her beauty as she scanned his passport and stamped it.

“Very well, please proceed to door 4, where your baggage and your person will be examined,” she said.

Patrick stood before the desk, waiting for his passport to be returned.

“Sir, door number 4, please,” she said as she waved the next man in line ahead.

“I just need my passport, please,” Patrick said.

“Your passport will be held in safe-keeping until your departure from the island. Now please proceed to door number 4,” she said. She was getting impatient, and he could tell it.

“Is that normal?” Patrick asked.

“Yes. It is the law. Your passport will be kept at the Ministry of Customs and Immigration until your departure. Now, please move along,” she said.

Patrick pushed his baggage cart to door number 4. Within seconds the door was opened and he was led inside a small room by another official.

“We have a lot of arrivals to process today, so please disrobe while I examine your luggage,” the official said as she unzipped a suitcase.

“I don’t understand, have I done something wrong?” Patrick asked.

“No, this is standard procedure for new arrivals. Please disrobe,” she said.

“Where is my wife?” Patrick asked, flustered.

“Your wife and her travelling companion are waiting for you in the terminal, just beyond this door. Now, are you going to disrobe voluntarily,

or do I need to radio for backup?” the official asked coldly.

Patrick began stripping as he watched the official search the suitcases and bags. She was a tall, fit woman dressed in a tight tan dress and a white blouse. He admired her cleavage as she bent over the bags. She was as beautiful as the woman who had taken his passport. Patrick wondered if all the women on the island would be as attractive.

When she was done searching the baggage she turned her attention to him. “Please stand with your arms to your sides and your legs spread,” she said. Patrick quickly did as he was told. Following women’s orders had become second nature to him, and he didn’t want any problems or delays. He wanted to see his wife.

The officer circled around him, visually inspecting his body before kneeling in front of him. She grabbed his chastity cage and held it in her hands.

“Everything appears to be in good order,” she said.

“Good, am I free to go?” he asked.

“One last thing, please hold still,” she said as she pulled a small pair of bolt cutters from her pocket, “this won’t take but a moment.”

Before Patrick could say anything she cut the padlock from his chastity cage and quickly replaced it with a new lock.

“1576A,” she said aloud before walking to a computer terminal and inputting the number. “Just to verify, you are Patrick Burke, correct?”

“Yes.” he answered.

“Good. You are all set. Go ahead and get dressed, if you wish, and proceed to the terminal. Your wife will be waiting there to claim you. Have a good stay,” she said as she left the room.

Patrick looked at the new lock on his chastity belt. It was much larger than his old one, and had the number ‘1576A’ inscribed in it. He put on his clothes and pushed his cart through the door into the air conditioned terminal. Ann and Kate were there waiting for him with flower leis around their necks and drinks in their hands.

Patrick pushed the luggage cart up to the bar and stood next to Ann.

“Ann, something isn’t right here. They took my passport, and then they replaced the lock on my cock cage with a new one,” Patrick whispered.

“Try not to worry, Patrick. They probably took your passport to keep it safe,” Ann said as she sipped her drink.

“Yeah, maybe,” Patrick said, “but what about the lock? Why would they replace the lock?”

“I don’t know, Patrick. But I did tell you that I wanted to vacation in a place where you would feel comfortable. My first choice was Paris, but I had a hard time picturing you walking through The Louvre wearing nothing but a cock cage. Here we can take long walks on the beach and no one will even flinch at that fact that your cock is locked up,” she said.

“We could have always just left the cock cage at home, and gone on a normal vacation,” Patrick said.

Kate laughed.

“Don’t be silly, Patrick,” Ann said as she handed him her drink. “Take a sip, it’s yummy.”

Patrick took a sip of his wife’s drink. It tasted great.

“Well, we should probably catch the shuttle to the hotel. I can’t wait to hit the beach,” Kate said as she stood.

“Yes, let’s go,” Ann agreed.

### Chapter 3

“Domme Island was purchased by Princess Alexandrine of Prussia in 1860. She personally bought the island from Queen Isabella the Second of Spain,” the driver said, as she drove along the beach. “Princess Alexandrine quickly established the island as an independant nation. The Island’s remote location has allowed it to remain neutral throughout modern history.”

Patrick stared at the ocean, watching as waves crashed onto sandy beaches.

He was surprised to see very few people enjoying the water.

“The beaches are empty, where are all the tourists?” Patrick asked.

“This is the south shore of the island,” the driver replied. “The currents along here are much too rough for leisurely play. The beaches to the east and the north are much nicer, and safer. That is where you’ll find the majority of the tourists.”

Patrick nodded.

“How many people live here?” Patrick asked.

“We have a resident population of under 2000 people,” the driver answered, “but at any time there are another 10000 or so tourists and visitors. Domme Island has very strict and exclusive regulations when it comes to granting citizenship.”

“Stop bothering the driver with questions,” Ann said, “or, at least ask important questions like where can we rent horses to ride on the beach or get a good meal.”

“Yeah.” Kate said, laughing. “We aren’t here to study the island, we are here to enjoy it.”

Patrick sat silently for the rest of the ride to the hotel, admiring the natural beauty of the island. Patrick didn’t really know what to expect, as his wife and Kate had planned the vacation.

The shuttle was now entering a small city. “This Puerto Seguro. It was first settled by Spanish explorers in 1560, as you can tell by the architecture,” the driver said. The city’s many restaurants and shops bustled

with activity as tourists explored narrow cobbled streets and open-air markets.

“It’s beautiful,” Ann said. “I can’t wait to explore it.”

The driver slowed the shuttle as they passed a particularly large villa. “This is where Queen Alexia lives, she’s Princess Alexandrine’s direct descendant, and the ruler of Domme Island.”

“Don’t you have a prime minister or a president?” Patrick asked.

“No, she is the sole ruler and owner of everything and everyone on Domme Island.” the driver answered.

For some reason the driver’s words filled him with a sense of fear.

“Patrick, if you want a history lesson maybe we can find you a book,” Ann said jokingly.

“Yeah,” Kate said, “I’m more interested in knowing where we can get a drink. That flight was unbearably long.”

The driver continued pointing out landmarks and hotspots as she drove slowly through the city.

“Ann, look at that!” Kate said loudly. She pointed to a naked man being led down the street by a leash secured to his chastity cage.

Patrick noticed that the scene wasn’t drawing any particular attention from anyone on the sidewalks as they passed by.

“I hope he’s wearing sunscreen,” Ann laughed.

“Obviously, displays such as that are common place and perfectly acceptable here on Domme Island,” the driver said as she smiled to Kate and Ann.

At last the hotel came into view. It was on the edge of the city and was situated right on the beach. The driver pulled up the hotel’s drive and stopped the shuttle.

“I hope you enjoy your stay,” she said.

“Oh, I’m sure we will,” Ann answered.

“Thanks for the ride, and the information,” Patrick said as he unloaded the baggage onto a cart.

“Sure thing. I am sure I’ll see you around, the island isn’t that big,” she said.

Kate and Ann thanked the doorman as he opened the door for them. He was naked except for his chastity cage and a flower lei. Patrick smiled at him as he followed the women into the hotel. Since landing on the island he had already seen two men in chastity. He began to wonder what he had gotten himself into.

## Chapter 4

Patrick opened the door to the suite Ann and Kate had chosen, and held the door as they entered it. It was spacious, immaculately decorated, and had an incredible ocean view. Kate immediately poured herself a drink and walked out to the balcony to enjoy the view.

Ann did the same. “Patrick, come join us while we plan our day. We’re on vacation, grab yourself a beer,” his wife said.

“That’s where I’m going,” Kate said as she pointed down to the pool.

Ann and Patrick both looked down at the pool, crowded with people. It didn’t take long for them to observe that the hotel guests were doing more than swimming and sunbathing. Women sipped cocktails while men waited on their every need and fulfilled their desires. Patrick watched as one man was openly spanked with a belt as a group of women looked on. Another man was being fucked up the ass by his Mistress right there in plain view for all to see.

Ann downed her drink. “I’ve got to see this,” she said, “let’s go!”

The women quickly changed into bathing suits as Patrick waited on the balcony.

“Well, Pet. Are you ready?” Ann asked.

“Sure, let’s go,” he answered.

“Yeah, let’s go,” she said. “Lose the clothes and let’s get going.”

“Really, Goddess?” Patrick asked. “Can’t we just go and see what everyone else is up to?”

“No, Pet. We aren’t here to people watch, we are here to enjoy ourselves. We are on vacation, remember?” Ann said smiling.

Patrick removed his clothing as Kate and Ann watched. “There,” Ann said.

“Now we can go.”

They rode the elevator down to the lobby and walked straight to the pool.

Kate wasted no time, diving straight into the pool. Ann led Patrick to a couple of free lounge chairs and they both sat down. Patrick found it hard not to stare, as the woman seated next to him was getting her pussy licked by her partner.

“Don’t be rude, Pet,” Ann said.

“Oh it’s ok, I don’t mind if he watches,” The woman said to Ann with a smile. “We’re all here to enjoy ourselves, and I can see you’ve got your man caged.”

Patrick’s cock was swelling in it’s cage as he tried to discreetly watch the couple.

One of the hotel’s servants approached. “I’m sorry, Ma’am,” he said, “but the lounge chairs are for female guests only. I’m afraid this gentlemen will have to get up.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry, we just got here,” Ann said.

Patrick stood up and looked around. Not a single man was relaxing in a chair. Some sat on towels on the ground, some knelt beside their partners, and many were engaged in sexual acts.

Ann ordered a drink from the servant as she admired his caged cock. Patrick knelt beside Ann, and continued watching the couple next to them. He could hear her soft moans and the sounds of her partner's tongue lapping at her pussy.

"Sunscreen, Pet," Ann said as she laid back in her chair. "Rub sunscreen all over me, and then yourself. I don't want us getting burnt."

Patrick began covering his wife with sunscreen lotion as he continued to watch the woman in the next chair over. She was moaning loudly now, as she rubbed her breasts and rocked her hips. He slid his lotion covered hands under his wife's bikini top as he covered her front side with sunscreen.

"In case you decide to go topless, Goddess," he said.

Ann's eyes were closed. She smiled as she rolled onto her stomach. Patrick covered her with lotion, rubbing it into her skin. His cock was as erect as it could get within the confines of its cage, and was now dripping from the tip as he watched the woman next to him have her orgasm and shove her partners head back from between her legs. Patrick could see her

pussy, wet and spread wide open from the tongue fucking she had just finished.

“That’s good, Pet,” Ann said as she rolled over and sat up.

The hotel servant returned with her drink. Patrick sat next to her and watched everything that was happening around the pool. Kate emerged from the pool in front of them and took a seat next to Ann.

“So, what do you think?” She asked as water dripped off her skin.

“It’s great. I love it,” Ann said as she sipped her drink. “I’m still getting used to the nudity and the, well, open sex.”

“Yeah, it took me a minute to adjust, too,” Kate said, “but I’m over it.”

Ann laughed. “Pet, you should get some sunscreen on, too. And, go get Kate a drink, would you?”

Patrick stood up and walked along to side of the pool to the bar.

“I’m Kate, and this is my friend, Ann,” Kate said to the woman seated next to her.

“Nice to meet you both,” the woman replied with a smile, “I’m Lisa, and this is Charles.”

Charles was seated at Lisa’s feet, trying to avoid eye contact with Kate as the two women talked. Kate stretched out one of her legs and touched Charles’ thigh with her foot.

Lisa took a sip of her drink and laid back in her lounge chair, covering her face with a large sun hat.

“I’m going to try and catch a quick nap, Kate,” she said. “would you keep an eye on Charles for me, I don’t want him wandering off.”

“Yes, perhaps he could rub my feet, Lisa?” Kate asked.

“He will rub whatever you want him to rub,” Lisa replied. “Just say the word.”

Kate smiled as she ran her foot up his thigh and gave his chastity cage a nudge with her toes. “Charles, rub my feet,” Kate said. “And once you’ve rubbed my feet you can massage your way up my legs and you can rub my pussy.”

Ann watched as Charles began rubbing Kate’s feet. She could see Patrick out of the corner of her eye, returning with Kate’s drink. As he walked past a particularly rowdy group of women one of them gave him a quick slap on the ass. Ann watched as Patrick turned to face the women, but she couldn’t hear what they were saying. He then turned away and walked quickly back to Ann and Kate. He sat Kate’s drink down next to her. Charles was now rubbing her thighs as Kate laid back in her lounge chair and smiled.

“Pet, what happened with those women over there?” Ann asked.

Patrick blushed.

“Well, Pet, I saw one of them slap you on the ass, what did they say to you?” Ann asked again.

“They said they wanted to invite us to a party in their room later,” he said.

“That sounds like fun,” Kate said as she sat up and untied her bikini bottom.

“Is that all they said, Pet?” Ann asked.

“More or less,” Patrick said.

Ann smiled and gave the group of women a wave. “Pet, tell them we would love to attend their party, and get the details.”

Kate was now holding Charles by the head as he started licking her pussy.

“Oh, Ann,” she said, “you may want to try this for yourself, Charles here has an absolutely delightful technique, and a very strong tongue.”

Ann smiled. “Perhaps.” She watched as Kate laid back and closed her eyes. Her own pussy was now getting wet as she watched Patrick conversing with the group of women about the party.

Kate began to moan as Charles worked over her pussy with his mouth and tongue. “Charles, put those big strong hands of yours to work. Fuck me with your hands,” Kate said.

Charles rubbed Kate’s wet pussy with his fingers before sliding them inside of her. He began fucking her with his thick, muscular fingers while rubbing her clit with his thumb.

Ann began rubbing herself as she watched Kate squirming with pleasure.

“Fuck me harder,” Kate demanded as Charles continued sliding his fingers in and out of her dripping cunt. He started fucking her faster with his hand as her pussy stretched and her hips began thrusting.

When Patrick returned, Ann didn't say a word. She pulled off her bikini bottoms and spread her legs. Patrick eagerly began licking her wet pussy as Charles continued licking Kate's. Ann looked down at Patrick as he spread her pussy lips with his hands and licked her slick, hot body. She glanced over and watched Charles fucking Kate. Kate's face was now contorted, and she was moaning loudly and rocking her hips as she shoved her body onto Charles' busy hand. Ann reached down and grabbed Patrick by the hair, guiding his tongue to the exact spot where she wanted him to lick. She could feel the eyes of strangers upon her as they passed by, but she didn't care. She started grinding her pussy against Patrick's face as she felt herself getting closer and closer.

Kate let out a loud moan as Charles brought her to orgasm. She bucked wildly for a considerable time before finally falling silent. She glanced over to find Ann staring at her with the lust filled gaze of a woman about to be rocked with waves of pleasure. She smiled.

“That's it Ann, grind your fucking Pet's face into your pussy,” Kate said.

“Work his fucking mouth hard. Cover his fucking face with your juices.”

Kate's dirty talk pushed Ann over the edge. She squirmed about wildly as she climaxed before shoving Patrick's head back from her wet, gaping pussy.

The two women both laid back and moaned at the same time. Kate laughed.

"I like it here, Kate," Ann said.

"I do, too," Kate replied.

Ann finished her drink. "Pet, I think I might go up to our room. I don't want to get too much sun on my first day here, and I am tired."

"I'll go with you," Patrick said.

"No, why don't you stay here at the pool. I see some women who look like they could use a massage or a foot rub, or whatever. You stay here and have some fun," Ann said.

"I'll keep an eye on him," Kate said with a smile.

Patrick watched as Ann walked away and into the hotel. He waited for what he knew was to come next. He would not have minded being left alone, but he was not. He was left with Kate.

"Okay, Patrick, let's mingle," Kate said with a grin.

Patrick managed a smile. It was sure to be a long afternoon.

Kate sat at the poolside bar sipping a cocktail as Patrick waited at their lounge chairs with their belongings. He watched as she talked and laughed with the other hotel guests. It was hot under the midday sun, so Patrick stepped into the pool to cool off. He glanced around, watching as women enjoyed themselves either socially or sexually. He noticed Kate pointing to him as she talked to a tall, dark haired woman at the bar. When the woman got up and started walking toward him he began swimming away.

“Excuse me, are you Patrick?” she asked.

“Yes,” he answered.

“Well, come over here, please,” she said, “Kate said I could use you for something.”

Patrick swam back to the edge of the pool and climbed out.

“I’m Yvonne,” she said with a smile.

Patrick smiled back, admiring her beauty. She was tall, with long, dark, straight hair and large, friendly green eyes.

“Your friend Kate said that you might be able to help me with something,” she said with a smile.

Patrick continued smiling as he admired her body. “Sure, what is it?” he asked.

“Why don’t you lay yourself down on this lounge chair, and I will show you,” she said.

Patrick laid himself down. Yvonne grabbed him by the legs and pulled him toward the end of the lounge chair. Before he could say a word she unwrapped the sarong wrapped around her waist revealing her naked body, turned around, and sat on his face.

“There, that’s what I wanted,” she said, “a good long asslicking under the tropical sun.”

Without a thought, Patrick began licking Yvonne as she rubbed herself across his face. His cock quickly strained to become hard in its cage as she rocked her hips back and forth over his tongue. She reached forward and grabbed his caged cock with one hand while poking at the tip of it with her fingers.

“Oh, look at you trying to get a hard on,” she said, “it’s all so pathetic. I bet you’d like to take off your chastity cage and fuck me, wouldn’t you?”

Patrick moaned as he continued to lick Yvonne’s asshole.

“It’s really a shame that your cock is locked up, Patrick,” she said, “because I love sucking cock, and I can take it as deep as you are long.”

Patrick’s cock was now dripping from its tip, and Yvonne was rubbing his pre cum around with her fingertips.

“You can have him when I’m done, just ask his friend Kate over there at the bar,” Yvonne said to a woman who had stopped to watch.

Kate, who was watching the scene from the bar raised her glass to Yvonne, and smiled. Yvonne leaned forward and began breathing heavily onto Patrick’s cock as his tongue now lapped at her pussy. She started to ruthlessly grind her wet cunt onto his mouth, fucking his face as if he were nothing but a sex toy to her. Patrick tried his best to please Yvonne, but she didn’t seem interested in his efforts. She just wanted to fuck his face.

“Patrick, just stick out your fucking tongue as far as you can and hold still, I’ll do the rest,” she said.

She let go of his caged cock and began grabbing his balls, squeezing them as she continued smearing her wet pussy back and forth over his mouth.

Several other women had now stopped to watch as Yvonne ruthlessly rode Patrick’s face to orgasm. She came with a loud scream as she twisted his balls before collapsing on top of him, resting her head on his thighs.

Patrick laid beneath her, breathing heavily. He was thankful when she at last released her grip from his balls and stood up. Without saying a word she wrapped her sarong around her waist and walked away.

Patrick lifted his head to see that another woman was there, rubbing her pussy as she waited for her turn. Before he could stand she straddled his face and lowered her pussy onto his tongue.

“Lick, bitch!” she said loudly as she grabbed his head

Patrick’s mouth was tired, but he could tell by this strange woman’s tone that he had better do as he was told. He also knew that Kate had sanctioned the face sitting, and that her word was as good as his wife’s. He had been broken, and he had come to accept his role as a submissive. Deep down it provided a sense of security that he cherished. He closed his eyes, stuck out his tongue, and eagerly lapped the strange pussy grinding onto his face.

“Look at me, bitch,” the stranger said as she grabbed his hair, “I want to see the look in your eyes as I smear my pussy over your face.”

Patrick stared into her eyes; he could sense within her an overwhelming desire to completely dominate him. It made his cock hard.

“You look so helpless,” she said with a smile. She pressed his forehead down onto the lounge chair and put all of her weight onto his face.

“Suck my clit, bitch.” she said with a moan. “Suck my clit, curl your tongue around it and squeeze it.”

His wife and Kate had trained Patrick well in the art of oral pleasure.

Countless hours had been spent perfecting his technique and strengthening his muscles. He curled his tongue around the strange woman’s clit as he moved it back and forth.

The stranger was now squirming, and moaning as he expertly went about his craft. His face slipped between the wetness of her thighs as she rocked

back and forth.

Patrick could see that Kate was now standing over the shoulders of the stranger as he ate her pussy. She smiled at him, staring into his eyes. His cock strained in its steel cage and was now continuously dripping pre cum from its tip.

“Don’t look at me, look at her,” Kate said.

Patrick looked at the stranger, she was no longer looking at him, but was instead staring into space as her body began to quiver and shake. She pressed his head down even harder as she came, rubbing her wet pussy across his mouth with long, sweeping strokes. When her moans at last subsided she lifted herself off his face, smiled at Kate, and walked away. Kate’s blue eyes were staring at Patrick as he laid there, his hair and face drenched in slick, glistening juices.

He turned his head to the side and stared up at the hotel. He could see his wife, standing on the balcony. She waved down at him and smiled. Patrick smiled back, relieved to see that she was happy.

Kate interrupted his brief moment of happiness. “Better get off the lounge chair before someone complains. I’d hate to see you punished. These are only for women, unless you are being used,” she said as she pointed to a small sign.

Patrick hadn't noticed the sign before. It read, "Lounge Chairs are for Female Guests Only". He shook his head and stood up.

"Let me help you cool off," Kate said as she pushed Patrick into the pool and laughed.

Patrick didn't mind, the water felt good, and he felt safe there, if only for a moment.

## Chapter 6

Ann walked through the lobby of the hotel and took a seat at the bar. She hadn't been able to sleep, and with the difference in time zones between the island and New York she reasoned that it was best to stay awake. She ordered an iced coffee and started leafing through a stack of pamphlets about the Island and the tourist activities available to hotel guests.

"There's a lot to do here," a voice said.

Ann looked up to see a hotel employee standing beside her. "Yes, I can't wait to get out and do some exploring," she replied.

The woman took a seat next to her. "I'm Julia, the manager of the hotel," she said. "You must be Ann."

Ann looked puzzled, but smiled and said, "Yes, that's me. Nice to meet you."

“Oh, don’t be alarmed. The hotel and the Ministry of Customs and Immigration coordinate closely with each other to ensure that visitors to the island are well taken care of,” she said. “Are you enjoying your stay, thus far?”

“Yes,” Ann replied, “just trying to adjust to the difference in time.”

Julia nodded. “If there is anything I can do to make your stay more pleasant, or more pleasureable, please let me know. I live here at the hotel, so I am always around to help.”

“Thank you, Julia,” Ann said with a smile.

“You are most welcome,” she answered, “oh, and be sure to catch tonight’s show. It’s an excellent production, and quite fun. I think you and Kate would enjoy it.”

Ann thanked her again, and picked up a leaflet advertising the show. She read the title aloud to herself, “Achilles’ Heel, Achilles’ Cock”.

## Chapter 7

Ann returned to the suite to find Patrick sitting on the balcony sipping a beer while Kate showered. She took a seat next to him outside and watched the waves crashing onto the beach in the distance.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Pet?” she asked.

“Yes, Goddess. I like it here,” he replied.

“I bet you do. It is nice to get away to somewhere hot, and we haven’t had a vacation in a very long time,” she said.

Patrick nodded.

Kate walked out onto the balcony with a towel wrapped around her body and a drink in her hand.

“So, what time is this party at?” she asked.

“It’s supposed to start at 10:00 tonight,” Patrick said, “in suite 904.”

“Well, I guess that gives us plenty of time to have dinner,” Kate said.

“Yes, and there is a show at 8:00 in the theatre downstairs, we could catch that too,” Ann added.

“What kind of show?” Patrick asked.

“I don’t know,” Ann replied. “It’s called ‘Achilles’ Heel and His Cock’ or something like that. The hotel manager assured me it is quite well done.”

“Sounds fun,” Kate said, “right, Patrick?”

Patrick smirked, and took a sip of his beer.

“You’ll have fun, Pet. I promise,” Ann said. “Let’s get dressed, I’m hungry.”

“Me too,” Kate added.

Patrick sat on the balcony and sipped his beer as his wife and Kate went inside to get dressed. He knew it would take them considerable time to get

ready, and he wanted to enjoy some time to himself before the night got underway; he knew it would be a long one.

## Chapter 8

Patrick took a seat next to his wife in the hotel theatre. They had enjoyed a nice dinner, with lively conversation and excellent food. Ann had even allowed him to have several glasses of wine with the meal. As a result, Patrick was feeling very relaxed and quite happy. Kate arrived, and took a seat next Ann. Patrick watched as she whispered something into his wife's ear. He couldn't hear what she had said, but whatever it was it made both of them laugh.

It wasn't long before the the theatre was filled with people. The crowd grew silent as the lights dimmed and the curtains parted. Applause erupted as a leather-clad woman holding a whip took the stage.

"I want to welcome you all to tonight's production of 'Achilles' Heel, Achilles' cock'," she said proudly before cracking her whip into the air.

The audience cheered.

"My name is Woman, and I will be your Domme for the night," she loudly proclaimed as she again cracked the whip into the air.

“Before we get started, I will need one volunteer from the audience. One *male* volunteer,” she said with a smile as she looked around the crowd.

“You, what’s your name?” she demanded.

Patrick looked to his left and right before making eye contact with the woman on the stage. A surprised look came across his face.

Kate and Ann giggled.

“What is your name?” Woman again asked him.

“Patrick, my name is Patrick,” he said cautiously, “I don’t think I-”

“Get up here, Patrick!” Woman said as she cracked her whip.

“Go, Pet,” Ann said as she nudged him with her fist. “It’ll be fun!”

“Yeah, it’ll be fun,” Kate added as she laughed.

Patrick stood up as the crowd cheered, and slowly made his way to the stage.

“I had to pay the director \$50 to pick Patrick, but this should be worth it,” Kate said.

“Yeah, should be worth every penny,” Ann laughed.

“Let’s all give him a round of applause to show our support!” Woman said loudly. “He’s going to need it.”

The crowd erupted in applause as Woman led Patrick through the curtains as they closed. When the curtains reopened Patrick was standing in the center of the stage with his back to the audience. His ankles were cuffed

and chained to the floor. The crowd grew silent and the theatre lights dimmed until the only light present was a single red spotlight shining down on Patrick from above.

The silence that had filled the theatre was shattered as video clips of hardcore pornography filled the entire screen behind the stage. Patrick's naked body was now nothing but a silhouette before the screen. He watched the screen wide-eyed as the women on the screen begged to be fucked up the ass. Woman approached Patrick from the side of the stage. She was now dressed as a bimbo in high heeled boots, a very tight top, and a very short skirt. She began dancing around Patrick, suggestively rubbing her hands over his body as she moaned. She turned Patrick's body to the side revealing his raging hard-on.

Ann's eyes grew wide. Patrick hadn't had his cage off in quite some time. "Sorry, Ann," Kate said, "I didn't know they were going to remove his cock cage."

"Oh, it's okay, Kate. It's just a show, for fun." Ann replied as she squeezed Kate's thigh.

On the stage, Woman was now grinding her ass against Patrick's crotch. The screen was now flashing clips quickly of women sucking cock, getting fucked anally, and being generally used by men. The audience gasped as Woman grabbed Patrick's cock and took the entire length of it down her

throat. Patrick couldn't contain himself, he moaned deeply as her warm mouth surrounded his cock. Ever quickly, images now flashed on the screen of women being tied up and relentlessly fucked by men in every possible position. Woman continued dancing around Patrick, Grinding her pussy against his throbbing cock. The screen was now showing clips of women being penetrated by multiple cocks, their faces devoid of dignity and any expression except that of lust.

Patrick felt as though his cock would explode as Woman grabbed it, giving it one long, tight stroke before releasing it.

The video clips stopped as the theatre again became dark except for the single red spotlight shining down on Patrick. Patrick's cock bobbed about in the air as pre cum dripped from its tip. Woman had left the stage. All was silent.

Patrick stood, squinting into the darkness, he couldn't see a thing, but he could hear footsteps approaching him. Suddenly, a blue spotlight shone down from above, illuminating Woman's silhouette as she slowly walked across the stage. Her black latex bodysuit reflected a glimmering blue glow as she glared at Patrick's naked body. Patrick shuddered when she came into view, in her hand was a riding crop, and a massive dildo hung from between her legs.

“Do you think women are sluts, slave?” she asked sternly as she eyed him from head to toe.

Patrick felt mortified, and excited at the same time. Woman’s heaving breasts and her shapely ass had him turned on.

“No, Woman,” he answered meekly.

“What, Slave?” she asked. “You certainly seemed to enjoy the video clips a few moments ago. Do you think women like having cum squirted on their faces? Do you think they like having multiple cocks shoved up their asses? Do you think they enjoy being fisted?”

Patrick stood silently, his hard cock still bobbing in the air.

Woman pulled her arm back and with a fast swing smacked his cock with the riding crop. Patrick immediately dropped to his knees. The crowd roared and clapped wildly as he dropped.

“That’s right, bitch. Get on your hands and knees,” Woman demanded.

Patrick did as he was told, bracing himself for what was to come as the crowd continued cheering Woman on.

Woman stood behind Patrick, and lifted his balls with the end of the riding crop as the crowd cheered. With a quick flick of her wrist she delivered a quick, hard slap. Patrick let out a scream, but remained on his hands and knees.

“You’ve trained him well,” Kate said.

“Yes, I believe I have,” Ann replied with a smile.

On the stage, Woman was now whipping Patrick continuously as she interrogated him.

“Admit it, slave,” she said, “you’re the fucking slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Woman,” Patrick replied.

“You’re the one who has turned your brain to mush by watching porn every day, aren’t you?” Woman asked. She was now holding the riding crop by the whipping end of it, and was pressing the handle against Patrick’s asshole.

“Yes, Woman,” Patrick answered. “All I want is sex.”

“Then, that is what you shall get,” Woman declared. She walked around to Patrick’s head, her strap-on dildo hanging just above him. “Suck it.”

Patrick looked up. The tip of the enormous silicone cock dangled just inches from his face. Woman stared down at him with wild eyes as she tapped his ass with the riding crop. The crowd cheered as Patrick opened wide and took the strap-on into his mouth. Woman began thrusting her hips, pushing the dildo deeper and deeper into his mouth. From the audience’s view, they could see Patrick’s hard cock swinging below his body as he sucked her enormous girl cock.

“That’s right, you pathetic fucking whore. You did this to yourself; you became this of your own free will. Now, this is all you will ever be,”

Woman said.

Patrick nodded as he sucked Woman's strap-on.

"You want me to fuck you senseless, don't you whore?" she asked.

Patrick nodded. Woman jerked the silicone cock from his mouth and approached him from behind. The crowd once again cheered wildly as Woman spat on her girl cock and started rubbing it against Patrick's asshole. Patrick arched his back and pressed his ass backwards as Woman entered him. She slowly pressed the entire length of the silicone dick inside of him as he moaned in delight.

"My, you are a good little whore, aren't you?" she asked as grabbed him by the hips and began thrusting the cock in and out of his asshole.

Patrick moaned and groaned as his body stretched to accommodate the massive cock. He wanted to fuck her as much as she wanted to fuck him. He didn't want to appear to be a helpless victim.

Woman slapped his ass with her bare hands as she started fucking him faster, and harder. With each thrust Patrick could feel her massaging him from the inside out. His cock was rock hard, swinging beneath him wildly as it dripped pre cum onto the stage.

Ann watched her husband, mesmerized by the scene as he and the Domme on stage fucked wildly. She knew him intimately, and could tell he was trying to prove something.

“Wow, he’s really going for it, isn’t he?” Kate asked.

“Yes, he is,” Ann replied. “I’m not sure what he is trying to prove, but he sure is.”

Woman’s pussy was now a dripping mess as the harness slapped against her clit with an intensity that she hadn’t felt in a long time. Her excitement led her to fuck him even harder as she began to focus more on having her own orgasm than on completing the show.

Patrick could hear her heavy breathing as it became a low moan, rising and falling with each thrust. He matched the rhythm of her thrusts exactly, slapping his ass against the strap-on harness as hard as he could. At long last, he began to feel the grip of her hands on his hips weaken as she began moaning louder and louder.

“Oh fuck yes!” she screamed as she pounded out her orgasm, punishing her clit just as much as his asshole.

Patrick smiled as she came, he had won the battle; he had retained his dignity.

Woman stood up, picked up her riding crop, and marched off the stage as the crowd cheered. The curtains closed. Patrick was blinded as the house lights came on. He remained kneeling on all fours, his legs still chained to the stage floor.

Kate and Ann quickly ran up the steps to the side of the stage and rushed to Patrick as the crowd continued cheering. Ann knelt beside her husband.

“Wow, Pet, that was quite a show. Are you okay?” she asked.

“Yes, Goddess. I have never felt better. I hope I made you proud,” he answered through heavy breaths.

“That you did, Pet,” Ann said, “You are a good sport, and a fine Pet.”

Woman approached them and smiled. “Is this your man?” she asked.

“Yes,” Ann said as she stood. “This is my husband.”

“Well,” Woman said, “he’s got spirit, I’ll give him that.”

“Thank you,” Ann said. “He’s a good Pet.”

Woman helped Ann unlock Patrick’s legs from the stage. “I’d love to have another go with him. How long are you here for?”

“Two more weeks,” Ann said.

Patrick looked at Woman and smiled. “I’d take you on again,” he said proudly.

“Whoa, listen to this one!” Kate laughed.

Woman laughed, too. “Maybe we could arrange something. Are you a betting woman, Ann?” she asked with a devious grin.

## Chapter 9

Kate, Ann, and Patrick could hear the music coming from Suite 904 as they walked down the hall.

“I don’t want to stay long,” Ann said, “I’m tired.”

“Let’s just pop in and see what’s happening,” Kate said. “We’ve got plenty of Vacation time left, it’d be nice to make some friends.”

Ann knocked on the door. She immediately recognized the woman who opened the door, it was the redhead who had slapped Patrick’s ass down at the pool.

“I’m so glad you could make it,” she said. “I’m Amy, come in, please.”

Amy led the three of them into the suite and showed them to a buffet of appetizers and the bar. Her suite was spacious, and had an incredible view of the moonlit ocean. Patrick glanced around the room, aside from the waiter who was serving drinks and clearing empty plates he was the only man in the room. In the past he would have felt intimidated, but particularly after his performance on stage tonight he was feeling confident and proud of who he was. He followed Ann as she got a drink at the bar.

“Go ahead, Pet,” she said, “have a beer. You did good tonight.”

“Thank you, Goddess,” he replied.

He followed his wife out to the balcony to admire the ocean view. It was still warm out, but a nice breeze was blowing in off the water.

“I think we should move here, Pet,” Ann said. “It’s so nice. I’m sick of New York.”

“Yeah, it’s probably 30 degrees there, today,” Patrick said as he sipped his beer.

“What if we did, Pet? What if we did move here? I wonder if I could get a job here as a nurse?” Ann said as she watched the waves crash on the beach below.

Kate came walking out onto the balcony, with her was Woman.

“Look who I found,” Kate said with a smile. “Woman!”

“Please, call me Lucia. ‘Woman’ is the Domme that struts around on stage,” she said.

“It is nice to meet you, Lucia,” Ann said.

Patrick smiled at her and raised his beer bottle.

“Pet and I were just fantasizing about moving here,” Ann said.

“It is a beautiful place to live,” Lucia said, “if you can get used to the heat and the isolation. Of course, we can get anything we want shipped in, but we can’t exactly hop into a taxi cab and go shopping downtown.”

Ann smiled. “We’ve already escaped from the madness of one city, now I want to escape the cold weather.”

Lucia laughed. “Well, that is not a problem here.”

“Jeez you two, the weather?” Kate interrupted. “I want to know when Patrick and Lucia are going to go at it again. That was like a rodeo, earlier. I didn’t know if I was cheering for the bull or the rider!”

They all laughed.

“Actually, I had a thought about that,” Lucia said.

“I’m listening,” Ann said.

“Well, Ann, I was thinking that your Pet and I could have a tug of war.”

Lucia said.

Ann and Patrick look puzzled.

Kate laughed. “Hell yeah, a tug of war!”

Lucia could tell by Ann’s expression that an explanation was necessary.

“Well, it is pretty simple. We take a biggest, longest double ended dildo we can find and shove half of it up your husband’s ass and the other half up my ass and then we tug,” she said in a matter of fact tone. “It’s a little twisted, but it’s fun.”

Ann looked at Patrick. “What do you think, Pet. Do you think you can win? Do you even want to try?”

Patrick nodded his head. “Yes, Goddess. I can do this.”

“What should we bet on, though?” Ann asked.

“Well, I have thought about that as well,” Lucia said with a smile. “If I win, I get to use Patrick on stage every night for the next week.”

“And if he wins?” Ann asked.

“If he wins I will drop to my knees and suck his cock, right here, right now,” Lucia said flatly. “With your permission Ann, of course.”

Ann looked at Patrick. “I’m going to leave it up to you, Pet.”

Patrick smiled at Ann, and then at Lucia. “You are on, Lucia. I hope you brought your kneepads.”

Kate and Ann laughed.

Lucia smiled. “I hope you are ready for some extreme action, Patrick. I already have a couple of perverse acts I’d like to see you participate in.”

Lucia walked into the middle of the suite and yelled, “Amy, call down to the gift shop and have them send up the biggest, nastiest double headed dildo they have. I have challenged Patrick to a game of tug of war.

The women in the room erupted in cheers and laughter. Amy called the gift shop as her friends moved some furniture to make room on the floor.

Patrick drank the last of his beer, and looked at Lucia. He hoped that he hadn’t made a mistake.

## Chapter 10

Patrick’s heart raced as he stood waiting. The confidence he had felt just moments before was now fading as he examined Lucia’s physique. She

was in excellent shape, no doubt she exercised regularly. Her strong thighs and firm ass had his cock squeezing against the bars of his chastity cage.

“You can do it, Pet,” Ann said with a smile. “Just think of how good it will feel to have Lucia’s full lips wrapped around your cock.”

Patrick smiled.

“I don’t know, Ann,” Kate said. “Look at her body, she looks to be every bit as strong as Patrick. Besides, I’d enjoy watching your husband humiliated and used. I’d probably buy front row tickets for those shows.”

There was a knock at the door. Amy raced across the room and opened it.

A servant from the gift shop handed her the dildo. She held it up triumphantly as the women in the room laughed and cheered.

Patrick’s jaw dropped as he began removing his clothing. In Amy’s hands was the biggest sex toy he had ever seen, a twenty inch long double headed cock that looked to be as thick as his wrist. Ann slapped him on the thigh and said, “Good luck, Pet.”

Patrick stood up and took his position on the floor as Lucia took her panties off and tossed them at him. He watched as Amy lubricated the monstrous dong before his eyes, teasing and taunting him as she stroked its length.

Lucia was now on the floor, too, smiling at the onlookers as Amy held the dildo between Patrick’s ass and her own.

“Alright you two, let’s go,” Amy said.

Patrick could feel the head of the dildo against his asshole as he started inching backward onto it. He tried to relax as the dildo stretched him open slowly, when suddenly Lucia thrust herself backward, ramming the toy into Patrick's ass. She quickly took her half of the giant cock up her ass, and was now forcing the other half into Patrick's asshole. The women had formed a circle around the two, and were cheering Lucia on as she smiled. Ann could see by the look on Patrick's face that he was struggling. He still had several inches to go; his eyes were tightly closed and his mouth was wide open.

"Pet, you need to focus," Ann whispered into his ear, "Think of how good it will feel when Lucia pulls off your cage and wraps her lips around your cock."

Patrick smiled when he heard his wife's words of encouragement. He opened his eyes, relaxed as best he could, and pushed back onto the dildo. Amy pulled her hand away as Patrick's ass pressed against Lucia's. They both moaned loudly and held their position for a few moments. Patrick continued smiling; Lucia's round ass felt good against his. The room had grown silent.

Amy slapped both their asses and yelled, "Go!"

Lucia quickly tightened her muscles and began tugging at the dildo, as did Patrick. He could feel the dildo slipping from his asshole, despite his best

efforts as Lucia pulled away from him.

Several women were now taunting Patrick. “We’re going to love watching Lucia punish you tomorrow night, you worthless bitch.”

Lucia was smiling confidently. She could feel that she was winning the contest, and figured that she had already pulled almost half of the dildo from Patrick’s ass. Knowing that he was probably squeezing with all of his might, she took the opportunity to gain a further advantage. With one quick motion and a loud grunt she relaxed her asshole and thrust herself backwards, taking the exposed length of the dildo inside of herself.

The women cheered. Ann shook her head.

“It doesn’t look good for your Pet,” Kate said with an evil grin.

Ann smiled and said, “It sure doesn’t. Patrick, you’d better do something, or I won’t be able to protect you from her.”

Patrick could feel Lucia rubbing her ass against his. She was now teasing him, too. “What’s the matter, bitch? Did I stretch you out too much earlier tonight?”

Patrick said nothing, he was squeezing his ass as tight as he could.

“You’re a sad little slut,” Lucia said. She effortlessly began tugging more of the dildo from his ass. “Oh, I can’t wait for tomorrow’s show, I’m going to tease your cock until you are begging me to stop.”

Again, Patrick felt Lucia's ass bump against his. Any thought he had of her sucking his cock was now fading fast as he felt her once again tugging at the toy. He was exhausted.

With one final tug Lucia pulled the remainder of the dildo from Patrick's ass and he collapsed onto the floor. The women erupted in cheers as they chanted her name. The end of the dildo flopped around as Lucia shook her ass in triumph before slowly pushing it from her body.

"Well, Pet, you gave it your best," Ann said as Patrick laid motionless on the floor.

Kate was clapping her hands in delight. "I can't wait. I'm so excited to see what Lucia has in store for you!"

Patrick said nothing. He stood up, pulled his pants on, and smiled. Lucia approached him and smiled as she held out her hand.

"Good try, Patrick," she said.

Patrick shook her hand. "Well, you won fair and square."

"Ann, I will need your Pet for rehearsal tomorrow, and everyday for the next week." Lucia said.

Ann smiled and said, "Of course. He is all yours."

"Maybe tomorrow we can go for a horse ride on the beach," Kate said.

Ann smiled. She grabbed Patrick by the hand and led him out to the balcony.

“I’m screwed, aren’t I?” he asked.

“Yes, Pet. I think you are,” Ann replied.

Patrick stared out across the dark ocean. “Fuck.”

