

Good Boy Sub

by Elliot Silvestri

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Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

The interview was the worst part of the whole ordeal. Tom easily dealt with everything else that happened afterward, but the interview was the worst part. Naomi stripped him bare, even if only metaphorically.

“How long have you wanted this?” she asked.

He shrugged and immediately knew it was the wrong answer so he quickly followed with, “I don’t know. A long time. Ever since puberty and I figured out what dominant and submissive roles in sex were.”

She laughed a little. “I’ve been doing this almost...well, a good deal longer than you and I still don’t know what the dominant and submissive roles in sex are.”

“Oh.”

“Don’t let that bother you. If you ever figure out what sex really is, then you’re probably done with life.” She let that sink in a moment and moved on to the next question. “How many women have you slept with?”

“Five,” he immediately answered.

“Tell me about them.”

“Um, do you need names?”

“Not unless you want to tell me.”

It occurred to Tom that she didn’t care about the circumstances or details of his sexual history; she was actually interested in how he dealt with the question and how he described the women and his relationships with them. “There was my high school girlfriend; we went together for almost a year. Then I had two girlfriends in college, at different times, we just kind of decided that we weren’t meant for each other. Had another short-term relationship with a girl immediately after college. That was more about sex than anything else.” He smiled and tried not to think too much about that relationship. “I dated a girl

pretty seriously last year but we broke up—she wanted to get married and settle down, the whole deal. I wasn't looking for the same thing."

"And you're not seeing or sleeping with anyone right now?"

Tom shook his head. "No, I've been on a few dates, but they haven't gone anywhere."

"Why? You haven't had sex with any of the women you've dated since your last girlfriend?"

"No. I think because I really don't know what I'm looking for. Maybe I scare the girls off because I'm so...I don't know...inept at relationships."

"Not even a one-night stand?"

"No, like I said, I scare them away."

"But not because you're threatening or scary, but because you don't know how to relate to them?"

"Yes, that's it exactly."

Naomi nodded and moved on. "How many men have you slept with?"

Tom's eyes went wide and he tried not to show surprise, but knew he'd failed in that respect. "None," he said a touch too loudly. They had agreed to meet in a downtown coffee shop; it was a nice enough place, but it was a touch too public for Tom's taste. He knew she'd be asking all sorts of questions and though they had taken a somewhat secluded booth he couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching and listening to everything they did.

"Your answer displays a bit of nervousness," she said smoothly.

"I didn't expect a question like that."

"Why not?"

"I'm straight."

She lifted her eyebrows. "So? That doesn't mean you haven't experimented."

“I haven’t,” he said quickly. Too quickly.

“Are you homophobic?” Naomi asked.

“No.” It wasn’t a lie, not from Tom’s perspective. He had never had his sexuality seriously questioned before by anyone who mattered. Her questions were disconcerting.

“Would you quit if I asked you to suck another man’s dick?”

Tom blinked and sat there in stony silence. “I don’t know.”

She regarded him carefully for a long minute. Tom would have felt better if she had a pad of paper and was making notes in it. The silence was disturbing. Was he already eliminated? Was going down on another man Naomi’s admission test? If it was Tom wasn’t sure if she was the right dominant for him.

And then she moved on without making any reference to his pathetic answer.

“Have you ever been tied up for sex? Used handcuffs?”

“Yes.”

Naomi looked at him and waited expectantly.

“It was with my post-college girlfriend. We played a little bit of bondage games. Nothing serious. I wanted her to tie me up, she did so but wasn’t into it really.”

“Is that why you two broke up?”

“Partly.”

“Ever been spanked?”

“No, but I wanted to ask my girlfriend for it. She was hesitant enough about the bondage.”

“Any other types of beatings? Whips, crops, canes?”

“No.”

“Ever been pegged by a woman?”

“No.”

“Do you want to?”

Tom swallowed. “I’m willing to try that.”

She almost glared at him. “Do you want to try pegging or are you merely willing?”

Softly, he said, “I want to try it.”

“Do you like you nipples played with, pinched, licked?”

“I’ve never tried that.”

“Ever had group sex?”

Tom frowned. “Sadly, no.”

She smiled in sympathy. “Tattoos or body piercings? Other body modifications?”

He shook his head. “No. None.”

“Why not?”

“Do you want the truth or the answer I give everyone else?”

“Both.”

“Answer I give everyone else: I give blood about every three months, which is mostly true.”

“And the truth?”

“I’m afraid of the needles they use.”

She gave him a doleful look. “You do know that blood is collected with a needle, right?”

He flushed with embarrassment. “Yeah, but the needle doesn’t stay in or leave anything behind. I can’t explain it, that’s just the way I think.”

“Hard limits?” she asked him.

“Things I just won’t do?”

“Right.”

“Um. Scat-play.” He made a face. “Animals. Children.”

“That sounds like a list you found on the internet.”

“I guess I don’t know what my limits are.”

“Blood play?”

His eyes went wide. “No, I wouldn’t do that.”

“Shaving your body hair?”

“Um...sure.”

“Humiliation. Standing in a corner?”

“Okay.”

“Spanking as a punishment not as foreplay?”

“Sure.”

“Collaring?”

“Collaring?”

“Wearing a collar while you serve me.”

He nodded. “I’d do that.”

She changed tacks. “Why do you want to do this?”

“Why?”

“Yes, why? I’m a female dominant. I have dozens, literally, of men who have

asked me to be their dom. Many of them offer to pay me.”

“I can’t pay you,” he said. “I simply don’t have the money.”

“I’m not asking you to pay. I’ve never taken any money from my submissives. I do this because I enjoy it. It’s a hobby. When it stops being fun, I’ll stop it. If I need to take money, then it’s not really a hobby, is it?”

“No,” he agreed.

“I’ve been doing this for, well, let’s say more than ten years. How old are you?”

“Twenty four.”

She stifled the urge to giggle. “Oh my. You are a young one. Does it bother you that I’m...significantly older than you?”

“No, ma’am.”

Her lips twisted—half in amusement, half in annoyance. “You don’t need to call me ma’am. Not yet.”

“Sorry.”

“I need a sub who is available at my whim. When are you available?”

“I pretty much work nine to five, that’s it.”

“You work for the state?”

“State contractor, actually. Tax support services.”

She nodded. “No family obligations? No girlfriend? Religious holidays?”

He shook his head no. “Just the usual family stuff, I guess. My parents live about an hour up north. No girlfriend.”

She extended her hand. “It was nice to meet you, Tom.”

Chapter One

“The only reward you’ll ever receive from me is the praise ‘good boy’. Nothing else. I’m going to make you do depraved things and you’ll enjoy them. Do you like the sound of that?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

She smiled. He was obedient for the moment. Tom’s eyes were focused on her breasts. She was wearing a shirt that showed off some of her cleavage, nothing obscene or even noteworthy, but it was nice to be admired, especially from a younger man. “Very good. Remember to keep your eyes downcast, never meet mine unless I request it. Now strip.”

They were in her bedroom. The house he had been ordered to was in a nice suburban neighborhood not far from the capital, easy access to work, easy access to the better parts of the region. The location didn’t disturb Tom, what worried him was that Naomi obviously lived with someone else, probably her husband. The house had signs of family living but no one else was there. Tom was alone with Naomi.

She sat on the bed while he removed his clothes. He remained calm and said nothing, but felt her eyes upon him. Since he was uncertain what, exactly, was expected of him, he undressed at a normal pace and carefully folded his clothes placing them on the dresser when he was done.

Naomi’s smile spread across her face when Tom pulled off his underwear revealing his cock. It wasn’t fully erect, not yet. It wasn’t huge, but nicely proportioned. He had a bit of body hair, nothing terrible. While his body was a bit thinner than Naomi preferred, he didn’t have a gut nor was he flabby. The light brown hair on his head translated to a sandy blond on his body, which was nice.

“Very nice,” she complimented him.

“Thank you.” Tom stood awkwardly and stared at his shoes that he had placed

next to the dresser. One was sticking out slightly ahead of the other. That bothered him so he bent over and adjusted the pair.

Naomi stood up from the bed and handed him four leather bands. "Put these on. They work just like a watch band, they're just bigger." Tom saw what she meant and put the bands on his wrists as instructed. He paused for a moment when he realized he still had two left. "Those are for your ankles," she told him.

"Right," he said softly, nodding. He mashed his lips together not knowing if it was okay to talk or not. Naomi said nothing as Tom knelt down and put the straps around his ankles. When he was done he felt a bit silly but stood up and tried not to let his discomfort show. His arousal did show in his cock, however.

"You like this, don't you," she said to him, teasing a bit, staring at his slowly rising tool.

"Um, yeah, so far." He was disoriented because she hadn't removed a stitch of clothing, but she was the one in charge; he was happy to give control to her.

From a box on the dresser she pulled out a pair of carabineer clips and displayed them to Tom. "Let me help you with these." She clipped the first one to his the D-ring attached to the right wrist strap. It was easy for him to see that it would be extremely easy to get it off if he needed to. When the clip was on Tom made to bring his wrists together, but Naomi shook her head. "Not hand to hand, hand to wrist," she said. "Bend over."

Tom bent at the waist and Naomi knelt down to attach the clip to his ankle band. The stance he held was difficult, especially when she attached the other carabineer to his left side. "Very good. Don't move."

He couldn't if he wanted too, unless he fell over.

Naomi went to the box on the dresser and pulled out a set of items. Tom couldn't raise his eyes so he had no idea what was going on. "I like to have a safeword that everyone can remember. I use 'red'. Just say that word while we're playing and I'll stop. We can always resume, but if you use it too often..." she trailed off. "I'll be careful. I know this is your first time in a situation like this."

"Thank you," he said softly.

There was a strange spluttering noise behind him, and then Naomi was probing at his anus with cold gel. “Just some KY,” she told him in a soothing voice when he tensed up. “Just relax. This won’t hurt. If you let it happen, you’ll enjoy it.”

Tom said nothing and her fingers went away leaving behind the lubricant. The spluttering noise erupted from the tube of KY again, and then there was another probing at his ass, but this time not Naomi’s fingers. It was harder, longer. “Just relax,” she nearly cooed as he felt himself penetrated. “It’s a nice smooth, small buttplug. Nothing you can’t handle. Once it’s in—” she broke off as Tom felt his body respond. The plug was abruptly seated snugly in his ass and he felt as if something was wrong back there. It wasn’t wrong or painful, but new and different. “Oh, very, very good. Does that feel nice?”

“It’s...odd,” he admitted.

“Any pain?”

“No...”

“Good, let’s move on.” Naomi reached between his legs and grasped his cock. He flinched at her initial touch, but her hand was warm and covered with the slick lubricant. Since his cock was already semi-erect it didn’t take her long to get him fully erect. She didn’t stop there; she kept going, pushing him toward orgasm. The position was difficult to hold and the way she handled his cock was strange, the angle didn’t work for him, it was as if he were being used for her pleasure and amusement...

And then it occurred to him that was exactly what she was doing and it was what he had told her he wanted. He thought that being her submissive was supposed to be all about pleasuring her, but here she was getting him off first thing. Tom didn’t understand. “We’re not going to do anything else until you cum, okay Tom? Just let your body go, let it happen. With that plug in your ass it’ll be amazing.” She continued on, softly talking to him until his body started shaking and he starting cumming before he realized what was happening.

Naomi was skilled this game. She caught each spurt from his cock as it burst out. Because of his unusual position Tom was forced to see each spurt. It was fascinating and unsettling. She was right, of course, the orgasm was powerful. Each time his body jerked he felt the plug in his ass pressing up tight against his prostate forcing another glob of semen from his body.

Finally it was over and he breathed heavily as he tried to recover and not fall over. “Well done,” Naomi complimented him. She sat down on the carpet just slightly off to the side and displayed his leavings in her hand. “I’m impressed. You had a lot in you.”

“I haven’t jerked off in a few days,” he admitted.

“And I thank you for that.” She smiled and dipped her free finger in the white puddle, then lifted a glob to her mouth, and licked off his semen, swallowing his fluid. “It’s tastiest when it’s still warm,” she told him. That didn’t seem the sort of statement that needed a response from him so Tom said nothing. She dipped her finger in several more times and consumed about half of what he had deposited into her hand. Then she stopped and her face took on a serious mien. “Your turn,” she said raising up her hand.

Tom’s eyes went wide. “What do you want...?” he asked stupidly. He knew exactly what she wanted him to do, he just wasn’t willing.

Her hand came closer to his lips. “Lick it up,” she ordered, not harshly, but in a tone that would brook no argument. “When my hand is clean, we’ll move on.”

While he wasn’t sure about hesitation, Tom knew refusal was impossible. There was only one thing to do. He closed his eyes and lowered his mouth to her hand. Licking up his semen wasn’t the worst thing he had ever done—he didn’t want to think about the worst thing—but it was slightly repulsive. Semen was thick and sticky while a pungent tang that wasn’t appetizing. There was a slightly salty flavor mixed with an aftertaste of Clorox. Still, he had made a promise to Naomi and himself.

He licked her hand clean.

When he was done she unexpectedly gave him a peck on the cheek. “Very good,” she said and unclipped the carabineers from his ankles, leaving them dangling from his wrists. She stood up and walked to the bed, sitting down on the edge. Tom stood up and stretched his back.

Naomi unconsciously raised her loose skirt to her waist and pulled down her panties. They were plain black cotton, nothing fancy, nothing exotic, they were not fetish gear. Her pussy was completely smooth, not a pubic hair in sight. “My turn,” she told him. “Make me cum with your mouth, tongue, lips. No hands.

Kneel down between my legs. Nothing else happens until I cum.

Tom walked over to her. The buttplug was still in place and he didn't want to humiliate himself by having it fall out, but it seemed to be snug and secure where it was. Naomi opened her legs wide and her pussy opened up for him. Making his dom cum would be a pleasure Tom was happy to provide her.

Going down on Naomi was easy. She was an older woman, true, but everything was in working order, and her hairless pussy was smooth under his tongue and lips. Following orders he kept his hands to his sides, not touching her. Naomi's clit was large and prominent which made Tom wonder if that was something that was natural on her or if it was because of years of attention from her lovers. It didn't matter. Even for a large clit it was sensitive like the tiny buttons of other women and she responded appropriately when he licked and nibbled at it.

She had been leaning back, watching Tom as he set to work on her cunt, but then she let herself go, lowering herself to the bed and raising her knees up so that he could easily get to her depths. After only a few minutes of eating her sex Tom heard Naomi's moans. She was a vocal lover and praised him with sounds that would call other men to worship between her legs.

It wasn't long before Naomi's hands rested on the top of his head and she guided his face to exactly where she needed attention. Her pussy grew hot and wet under his tongue. There was a long, slow buildup in her motions and vocalizations until finally her ankles locked behind his head and she trapped his face in her sex was her orgasm ran its course.

Happily she didn't suffocate her new sub and eventually released him when she was done. "Oh, that was nice," she complimented him. "Kneel back down, I like it when a man shows me I'm in charge."

Tom rested his weight on his knees and ankles while keeping his eyes downcast. It was an easy position to assume; it felt natural.

"You've obviously spent some time between the legs of your lovers," she said to him.

"Some," he admitted.

"If you ever give me their names, I'll thank them. They taught you well." Naomi

paused a moment waiting for Tom to reply, but he said nothing. “What? You don’t think that you learned how to easy pussy all on your own?”

There was a pause as he formulated his answer. “My girlfriends were very responsive in telling me what I needed to do. I learned from them.”

“Oh, you’re a very smart boy.” She stood up and let her skirt fall back into place, hiding her pussy. There was no reason for her to put her panties back on. “I think I might keep you around a while longer. I have two more requests before I decided to keep you. On your feet,” she ordered. “Turn around, put your hands on the wall. Assume the position, as it were. Have you ever been arrested?” she asked.

“What? No, never.”

She chuckled. “Of course not. A good boy like you? Never. But you’ve seen cop shows and movies. Pretend I’m going to frisk you. Keep your hands on the wall.”

He moved about with a touch of confidence, now sure the buttplug wouldn’t just fall out. He assumed the position he had seen countless times of police frisking criminals. She ran her hand down his back, over his buttocks, and along his legs. “Nice, firm but not rock-hard. Those men tend to be a little too into themselves and a little too into steroids as well.”

Tom said nothing. She was doing an inspection and that was fine. Her hand moved around his hip and she grabbed his package. “Already hard?” she asked him. Tom glanced down and saw his cock was up, but not fully erect. He knew he had the capability to fuck two, maybe three times, a night, but he usually needed a bit of help. She stroked his cock absently waiting for an answer.

“You make me hard,” he said.

She laughed at him. “Your horniness makes you hard. I’m just the warm body near you that you want to waste it on.”

“As you say.”

She snickered lightly and let go of him. At the sound of a dresser drawer opening Tom glanced to his left where she had moved. “Eyes front,” she ordered. He

looked back at the wall and was nervous because he hadn't seen what she removed from the drawer. "Do you like pain?" she asked.

"Not really."

"But you've been spanked before?"

"Yes. a few times, lightly."

"We'll have to see what your pain tolerance is. Now, don't move your hands from the wall. Don't move away. You may scream and cry if you need. This is a test, make no mistake about it. How you respond in the next two minutes weighs heavily on whether we see each other ever again. Are you ready?"

"Will it hurt?" he heard himself stupidly asking.

"Yes."

"I'm ready."

There was a swish followed by a sizzle. That was the sensation that burned across his ass. Tom let out a strangled cry, not a scream because he didn't want to sound like a girl and he didn't want to annoy the neighbors, though he doubted anyone could hear him screaming at the top of his lungs for the neighboring houses were too far away. It hurt. It hurt a long. What surprised him the most was the way tears welled up in his eyes, but he wasn't crying. Not yet.

"Impressive," Naomi said after a minute of listening to him whimper. "You hardly made a sound and you didn't move your hands from the wall. I appreciate that. It was a riding crop, in case you were wondering. Leather wrapped with a loop at the end, two feet long. Whip-like, but it rarely breaks the skin. You have a nice red line going from the upper left cheek down to the lower right. Are you in pain?"

"Yes," he groaned.

"You might have trouble sitting down tomorrow. One more, I think, and then we'll move on." This time she didn't give him a chance to steel himself. The swish cut the air again and the sizzle of pain bloomed across his ass. He grunted in pain and whimpered a bit as well. The second blow wasn't as bad as the first.

The second stripe was angled differently than the first; he was sure he ass now sported an X across it. The tears that threatened to slide down his cheeks he managed to choke back.

“Hold still, I want to take a picture.” Those words were almost enough for Tom to turn around and walk out. What was she going to do with nude pictures of him? The he realized she was taking a picture of his marked ass. Two red stripes. Tom risked a glance over his shoulder. Naomi was on her knees using her cell phone to snap a few pictures. There was a flash and his reddened posterior was recorded for history. “Don’t worry, I won’t share it,” she told him.

He was uncertain if she was telling the truth.

“Turn around,” she ordered him.

Tom did so and was surprised that she immediately put away the phone and did not record his erect cock. It was only somewhat surprising that he was still erect. Was the pain keeping him up?

“Jerk off for me,” she said. Naomi sat back down on the bed and waited expectantly.

“What?”

“Get on your knees and masturbate until you cum. Don’t get any on my carpet.” Her expression turned cold and Tom realized he was looking her in the face.

He was a sub. He had to do what she told him. He fell to his knees and took up his cock in his hand. It was already mostly hard, that was good. He closed his eyes and tried not to think of the pair erupting from his skin, his ass burned from her abuse. It was easy to summon up an image and idea that got him going. He wanted Naomi to continue to spank his ass with the crop until he was screaming in pain.

It only took two minutes for him to cum. He caught it all in his hand.

“Good boy,” she complimented him. “Get dressed. I’ll call you when I want to see you again.”

She walked out of the bedroom and Tom wept silently.

Chapter Two

Tom was summoned back to Naomi's house not even a week later. He was relieved. The pain from the crop had faded after a couple of days and he found he missed it. Desiring to be under Naomi's metaphorical thumb had already become a part of his psyche. Trying to figure out if that was good or bad kept Tom up at night. Most nights he needed to masturbate to help go to sleep.

Because of his anxious state of mind, it could be forgiven that Tom missed the extra car in the driveway when he pulled in. When he rang the bell he was only slightly surprised when Naomi almost immediately appeared and let him in with the whispered command, "Play along!"

The answer to the puzzle was shortly solved when Naomi led him into the kitchen where another woman—a very young woman—was sitting and eating the remains of a dinner.

"Tom, this is my daughter Amanda. She's home getting a free dinner because she can't stand the college dining hall food."

Amanda gave him a little wave. "Hi, Tom."

"Hello," he said nervously and glanced at Naomi questioningly.

"Tom's the graduate student I mentioned earlier, Mand," Naomi said, trying to sound casual.

"How do you like studying under my mother the world-famous sociologist?" Amanda asked.

Tom tried to laugh convincingly. "World famous?"

"He likes it just fine, daughter-dear. Shut up and eat. Don't be so snarky."

"Why not?"

"Because my fame—as according to you—is why you get to eat at home while

getting a discount tuition at the university.”

“It’s a public university, Mom.”

“You still enjoy the benefits of it. Now eat so Tom and I can work. Tom, go ahead into my study, you’ll find my notes on the desk. Please get started on the research review.” She dismissed him with a wave of her hand indicating the direction to the study.

He found it with little trouble. There were piles of notes, papers, and books everywhere. On the middle on the desk was a message scrawled in a notebook. Open any text, sit down, and pretend to work! —N.

Following the instructions Tom picked up the closest sociology text at hand, took a seat at the desk, picked up a pen, and started reading at random.

Fifteen minutes later Naomi finally appeared. “She’s gone at long last,” she said upon walking into the study. “Did you have fun waiting?”

“Uh, no. But I did learn a lot about...” he consulted the text, “modern sociological theory. I think.”

Naomi closed the book and took him by the hand. “Never mind that. Next time I’ll have you wait in a corner. Naked. You’ll like it. Let’s go upstairs.”

“You’re a sociologist here at the university?” he asked. “I went there. I never saw you on campus.”

“What was your major?”

“Poly sci with a math minor.”

“That’s why. And I don’t want to talk work.”

“You have a daughter?” he asked quickly. He was intrigued at the notion his dom was a mother of a girl not much younger than he was.

“Yes, and a son. And we’re not going to discuss them now. Or ever. That’s a subject that is forbidden.”

“What about your husband?”

She frowned. “We can discuss him, but not now. I need some relaxation. Take off your clothes.”

She watched as he stripped. When his clothes were off she was pleased. He had followed orders and removed all the hair running from just under his belly button down to his cock and balls. It was nice to see everything smooth and on display for her. It was even better to know he had done it at her insistence. Younger men were so easy to mold. And easy to fuck.

“I see you’ve shaved.”

“Yes, like you asked.”

“Did you like doing it?”

“The razor felt...strange on my balls.”

“Strange how?”

“It turned me on,” he admitted.

“Really. And then what?”

He swallowed hard. “Then I jerked off.”

“Do you like being bare down there?” She pointed with her finger at his slowly growing cock.

“Yes,” he said truthfully. “It’s new and exciting.”

“Who else has seen your new look?”

“No one.”

“Really? No girlfriend, or someone at the gym or anyone?”

He shook his head. “No.”

“You didn’t take any pictures and post them on the internet?”

“No.” The thought of that alone made him shiver.

“We’ll have to correct that. But first, turn around and put your hands on the wall. Assume the position.”

“Are you going to use the crop on me again?” he asked, his voice catching slightly.

Naomi laughed at him. “No, of course not. That was just a test. Keep your eyes on the wall.”

This time there was no swish or sizzle of pain. There was a light impact on his ass, but it really didn’t hurt—the first time. Then the blow was repeated again and again. And again. His ass started to hurt.

“Do you like this?” she asked.

“No,” he said quickly. The pain was increasing.

“Cat o’ nine tails,” she said. “Well, sort of, just a handle with strips of leather. Pretty much the same thing, only this has twenty tails.” She slapped him a few more times with the tool. “It starts off softly and then quickly becomes painful, doesn’t it?”

“Yes!”

“Your ass is all red.”

“I’m not surprised,” he gasped.

There were a few more slaps of the toy and then she stopped. “Beautiful,” she said. “Let me get my phone. I need to take a couple of pictures and post them. I have an account I like to use to share my dirty pictures on. I’ll have to give you the address.”

Tom waited patiently as she set up the phone and then took a couple of pictures of his abused ass. “Turn around; I want to get some of your cock as well.” He hesitated a moment, then turned around, displaying his semi-rigid member. This was what he needed to work on: trusting Naomi.

She smiled at his growing manhood. “Very pretty.” A few more pictures were taken and then she spent a minute manipulating them. “You don’t mind if I share your cock and ass with the world, do you?”

“No,” he said, but she looked up at him from her seat on the edge of the bed.

“You’re lying to me,” she told him. “I’m a sociologist, remember. I know when I hear a lie. Actually, now, I’m a mother, remember? I know when I hear a lie.”

A shuddering sigh left his lips. “It makes me nervous to have nude pictures on the internet. I’m a...private person I guess.”

She smiled at him. “And so naïve too. The half dozen pictures I have of you don’t have your face in them. You can relax about someone identifying you. Besides, these are literally six teardrops in a salty sea. No one is going to notice them...except my followers. But they don’t know who you are. You’re under orders to submit to me, remember.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Very good. Turn back around, face the wall, bend over. I have a new treat for you.”

“The butt plug?” he asked.

“No, silly boy.”

She busied herself at the dresser drawer where apparently she kept her sex toys then moved behind him. Once again lube was applied to his anus. “Just relax. You don’t seem to be terribly tight, but this will be a bit more girth than last time.”

Tom took a breath and released it, willing his body to relax. Then there was a probing at his ass and a pushing as Naomi forced something into his rectum. She was right, it was larger and longer. There was a slight bit of pain—he wasn’t going to call it pressure because he desired a bit of pain. His ass cheeks still stung from the cat tails and he wasn’t sure if he could handle more pain, but he endured and then abruptly whatever she was forcing into his ass seated itself and most of the pain disappeared.”

“That’s the first one,” she said.

“What?” he asked.

Naomi ignored him. The pressure returned and then abruptly disappeared again, but this time Tom definitely felt like his rectum was too full. Then the pressure appeared again. “I’m going to put all four in you,” she told him. “Just relax, you’re doing great.”

And then the fourth was inside him. Tom knew what she had done. “Anal beads?” he asked.

“Vibrating anal beads. Lots of women love them. We’ll see if you do too.” Tom felt a cord hanging out of his ass. He risked a glance down and saw the controller in her hand. “Get on the bed. It’s time to play.”

He walked carefully to the bed and laid down on the exposed sheet. She rested one hip on the edge of the mattress. “You’re going to love this,” she promised.

Tom said nothing but his cock gave him away. He was nearly rock hard. She took his cock in one hand and held the controller in the other. There was a slight buzzing noise and a pleasant sensation in his ass as she started masturbating him. Her hand was covered in slick lube and everything suddenly felt so good. His hips arched up as she played with her toy.

“Hold still,” she ordered. His hips went back down and he groaned in annoyance and desire. “I’m going to make you cum and you’re going to shoot all over your stomach and chest. I’m not going to let you clean up. Then I’m going to take off my pants and my panties and you’re going to make me cum. Do you understand?”

“Uh-huh.”

She slowed down the pace of her hand on his cock while increasing the speed of the vibrations in his ass. “You need to tell me when you’re going to cum, do you understand? If you start to cum before you tell me there will be severe consequences. Painful consequences. Not the good type of pain either. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he managed to gasp.

“Mmm. I like your cock,” she said as she stopped stroking entirely and simply grasped his tool and rubbed her thumb on the underside right next to the slit. “This is good, yes?”

“Yes,” he groaned. She ratcheted up the speed in his ass another notch. “Oh,” moaned. “Soon.”

“Soon?” she asked suspiciously.

“Keep going,” he begged.

She increased the pressure with her thumb while carefully winding the anal beads cord around her hand. “Tell me when,” she ordered.

There was near silence in the room as Tom concentrated on his orgasm. It wasn’t like regular sex, it was more difficult and strange. He wanted to cum, but it felt wrong. And then the moment of crisis was upon him. “Now,” he strangled out.

Naomi started earnestly stroking his cock and pulled on the cord. His cock shook and a glob of spunk shot out of it, arcing through the air to land with a splat on his chest. The first bead was released from his ass. Tom lost track of each spurt after the first. The beads were pulled out as his anus desperately clenched during his orgasm. The rival sensations made him go mad with ecstasy.

He lost track of time. The next thing Tom saw was Naomi’s hairless pussy lowering to his face. His cum had cooled and was sliding off his body. She had warned him and there was no second warning. Her cunt made contact with his face. His tongue snaked out of his mouth and into her pussy, seeking her clit. Once that was found she sighed in contentment and ground her hips down on his face. There was no objection when he curled his arms around her thighs to hold her tight to him.

Tom wasn’t sure how long he at her pussy. Long enough to give her two pleasant orgasms and then she pulled away. “Maybe we should just lock your cock up in a cage and I’ll put your tongue to good use in my cunt every day,” she told him. The shocked look on his face pleased her. The laughter that filled the room stunned Tom. “Just teasing. You have a lovely cock. You did well tonight. You were a good boy.”

Later when he was cleaned up, dressed, and opening the door to his car he

noticed a piece of paper fluttering under his windshield.

I know what you were doing with my mother. Call me. —A. The note included a phone number.

Tom didn't know what to do.

"Hello, is this Amanda?" Tom asked nervously when she picked up on the other end of the line.

"Tom. The grad student you met at your mother's house."

"Ooooh. Tom. Hello. You caught me at a good time. Thanks for calling."

He cleared his throat and went into the lie he had so carefully practiced. "I was a little confused by your note, Amanda. What game are you playing? I'm worried that your mother might think you're doing something—"

"Save it, Tom," she abruptly cut him off. "I know you were fucking my mother."

"I never fucked your mother," he said too quickly and winced at the strident denial.

"Ate her pussy, then. Maybe her ass. Tell me, does she let you spank her, or are you the one who gets whipped?"

"What?"

"I'm not stupid, Tom. I know the sex games my parents play. I just want to know what your intentions for my mother are."

"It's strictly a professional student-teacher relationship, I can assure you," he tried again.

"I have a very good idea what she's teaching you, Tom. Stop lying. I need to meet with you in person. I know you're going to meet me because—let's just say I have some compromising information about you."

They had agreed to meet in the college union. It wouldn't seem strange to prying eyes and there were plenty of small meeting rooms. Tom recognized her immediately. Amanda looked very similar to her mother, a younger version certainly, but with longer hair that was curlier. She was also a bit taller and heavier with larger breasts. Tom took this all in when she approached him through the crowd of student gathered at tables. He was all but hiding in the back corner of the common area.

"I'm glad to see you didn't chicken out," Amanda said to him.

"I'm just really confused about what you think I'm doing with your mother. She has a reputation here, you know."

She ignored his bluster. "I checked. You're not a grad student here in the sociology department." She smiled thinly. "And I have pictures." She pulled out her cell phone and displayed a website that featured the nude pictures of Tom. As promised his face wasn't in any of them, but it was easy for Tom to see it was most definitely him.

Still, he tried again. "That could be anyone," he explained. "Anyone with a similar build and skin color."

"There are a few identifying marks and moles I can make out," Amanda said as she put the phone away. "And that is most certainly my parents' bedroom. Don't continue to play your stupid little game. I know what you've been doing with Mom."

"How did you know about her website?" he asked, a little stunned.

"It's Tumblr," she said, stifling a giggle. "It's not like it's super private. Sure, no names or face, but still." She rolled her eyes. "I don't care that you've been playing sex games with Mom," she went on. "You can do that all you want. So can she. I'm not worried about my parents getting divorced or anything like that."

"So...what do you want?" Tom asked, puzzled. Although he had a job at the behest of the state, it wasn't like anything he had done was illegal or unethical. Just humiliating if it became public.

"first, you need to be careful. My fifteen year old brother still lives at home full

time. I don't want him walking in on you and Mom."

"Okay," Tom said warily. "But that's your mother's responsibility, isn't it?"

Amanda shrugged. "I don't care. I'm going to blame you." She sighed and sat back in her chair. "I found out about my parents and their...weirdness at his age. I'd like to spare my baby brother from that little discovery as long as possible."

"I'm sorry you walked in on something you weren't supposed to see—" Tom started to say, but she put up a warning hand.

"I don't want to talk about it. And I didn't walk in on them, if that's what you were thinking."

"Is that all you wanted, then?" Tom asked, trying to get the meeting over.

"No. I don't know what Mom has planned for Dad and I don't want to know. You should probably know that your life will be a disaster if you keep playing this game with Mom."

"I'm an adult. I can do as I please with her." He bristled at her attitude. He was old enough to know what he was doing and didn't need her advice or guidance in his relationship with Naomi.

"Whatever. You can be stupid if you want. One more thing though."

"What?"

"I need you to do something, otherwise I'll start making your little adventures with my mother public."

"Really? I don't understand the logic in that."

"Just call it a bit of revenge."

"Against your mother?"

"That doesn't matter."

"Fine. What do you want?"

“You need to come back to my dorm room and have sex with me,” she told him in all seriousness.

He gazed at her with wide eyes for a long moment. A wall of silence descended around them and the crowd faded away. Then he burst out laughing. She let him laugh for a minute. Only then did realization dawn upon him. “You’re serious.”

“As serious as cancer.”

“What...why?”

“Does it matter?” she replied.

The sound of the crowd retuned. “That’s kind of fucked up,” he told her.

“I’m not going to record you or take this any further. I’m an adult; I’m nineteen. I know what I’m doing. I’m not going to tell anyone: my mother, my father, anyone. I just want to have sex with you.” Her lips twisted into an angry moue. “Well, not you especially. I want to have sex with a guy my mother is playing her twisted games with.”

“Ah. That makes a bit more sense. You have a bizarre sense of revenge.”

“Shut up. Are you going to do it or not?” Amanda stood up. She was a younger prettier version of Naomi, a woman who he really hadn’t had sex with yet, barring the oral sex and masturbation and other games they had played. She gave him one more withering glare and started walking.

Tom acted on fear and panic. He scrambled out of his chair and chased after her. When he caught up to her she didn’t even spare him a glance. They walked together, him slightly behind her, in silence. When they reached her dorm Tom said nothing about it even though it had been the same one he had used his first two years at the university. The silence continued as they traveled up the tower to the tenth floor—not the floor he had occupied, luckily.

Her room was a typical college girl residence, fairly clean, full of books and study supplies. There was a second bed in the room but no roommate was in evidence. She turned around to confront him. “We have a couple of hours before Sharon gets back. I don’t think this will take all that long.”

Tom found a bit of false bravado. "I don't know. I'm pretty good in bed."

She ignored him. "Do you have a condom with you?"

"I failed to come prepared." A smile twisted at his lips. "My scoutmaster would be ashamed."

"I'm sure," she dismissed him. "Luckily I have plenty. Get undressed."

The tone in her voice was exactly like what Tom was used to hearing from her mother. He shivered at the implication. Amanda wasn't the least bit shy about stripping; before Tom could remove his shirt she was already down to bra and panties. She swept the blankets from her bed, revealing the bottom sheet. As Tom kicked off his shoes and lowered his pants she yanked her bra over her head and pulled down her thong. Unlike her mother Amanda didn't fully shave or wax her pussy, there was a thick patch of curly brown hair hiding her pussy.

"Fuck," Amanda breathed as Tom finished undressing. "Does your cock always get hard at the sight of a naked nineteen year old girl?"

He glanced down and saw his large erection and felt no shame. "Just when they want to fuck me. Would you rather have to suck it for a while before I got hard?"

"No, that's fine," she said reaching for a drawer in the desk next to the bed. She extracted a condom and handed it to him. "Put it on," she ordered. As he obeyed she pulled a tube of KY from the drawer as well and smeared a healthy amount around and in her cunt.

Like mother like daughter? Tom wondered to himself.

He was fairly certain she didn't want a lot of foreplay or any kissing so he simply got on the bed with her as she lay back and spread open her legs for him. He noticed her tits stood up much more prominently than her mother's even though they were bigger. She grabbed his cock and guided it to the entrance to her pussy.

For just a moment Tom wondered if the girl was a virgin and if this was some warped way of her losing her maidenhead. Then he sank his cock into her and he quickly decided she was no innocent lass.

“Christ,” she grunted as he filled her cunt.

“Too much?” he asked. It was odd to be fucking again in what seemed to be a relatively chaste and plain missionary position while using a condom. Had his sex life become so strange that ordinary sex was now dull?

“No, it’s fine.” She placed her hands around his waist and pulled him up a bit. Tom saw no reason to be coy or gentle. He started thrusting and enjoying himself. His technique was neither subtle or mellow. If this was the stupidest thing he had ever done he resigned himself to getting every bit of pleasure out of it.

Amanda started moaning underneath him. Her hands dipped down to grab his ass—still slightly sore from his whipping from Naomi—and pulled him into her harder. She moaned much like her mother. Tom found that disturbing and fucked her all the harder for it. While he wanted to enjoy the game they were playing he also wanted it to be as over as quickly as possible.

“Don’t cum until I do,” she barked at him.

“I’ll cum how I want,” he growled back.

She tried to roll him over but he resisted and pinned her down with his weight and thrusts. Their motions became more frenzied; he wondered what she needed to get off. As she started contemplating turning her over and fucking her from behind and frigging her clit she began to wail. He experienced a moment’s panic that she was in pain, but realized it was her mating call. Her pussy clamped down on his cock and he fought back with stronger strokes.

Their orgasms weren’t exactly coordinated, but they were close enough not to matter. “You’re a pretty good fuck,” she told him when they were done and he collapsed on her. She pushed him off. “Now get the fuck out of my room.”

Chapter Three

Tom considered telling Naomi what had transpired with her daughter when they next met but remained silent. It was the role of a submissive to do as his mistress desired, not to bring problems to her. At least, that's what he told himself.

Once again he was naked in her bedroom. Their meeting time had changed slightly. He wondered if that was because of the unexpected encounter with Amanda. This time instead of making him lean against the wall Naomi had him bend over at the waist at the end of her bed. The leather bands were around his wrists and ankles again. His legs were free, but his arms were restrained by rings that were cleverly hidden in the frame of Naomi's heavy wooden bed frame. She was spanking his ass again. It wasn't really that painful. He was starting to enjoy the abuse she inflicted on him.

"Spread your legs," she ordered. This made his hips drop down a bit but there was no reason to complain. "Good. Stay like that."

Tonight she was dressed more like a dominatrix than a housewife or college professor. Though she kept her hair moderately short there was something plain yet sexy about Naomi. Normally she wore a plain skirt and a fitted blouse looking like a business professional. Tonight she wore tight black pants, no shoes, and a dark blue blouse that had a few too many buttons undone. She didn't have large breasts, but her cleavage was amply displayed.

Showing a bit of limber ability Naomi rolled onto the bed and sat cross-legged in front of him. His eyes were level with her crotch but there was little attraction in staring at the smooth material covering her pussy. It seemed perfectly natural for him to be naked while she was clothed. She was his dom after all.

"Do you like all the ass play I've been giving you?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

She giggled a little when he said it that way. "I like how you are so formal. You've got a hard on right now, don't you?"

“Yes.”

“You’ve never been fucked in the ass?”

“No, I told you that already. I’ve never been with a man.”

“And you’ve never been pegged by a woman?” she asked pointedly.

He shook his head. “No.” His legs trembled just a bit.

“I think you’re ready for it then.” She finished unbuttoning her shirt and pulled it off. She wasn’t wearing a bra; it was more of a corset that was extremely low cut. He could just barely see the tops of her areola. They were darker than her daughter’s. He realized he had never seen Naomi’s tits. When they had played, she always wore a shirt. Today was no different. The corset stayed on, but she rolled to her side and wiggled out of her tight pants, pulling off the green thong hidden under the plain exterior at the same time. Her pussy was still bare, hairless. Tom licked his lips as she walked over to the sex toy drawer and extracted a bright blue dildo. She displayed it to him.

“It’s a Feeldoe,” she explained. “I’ve been waiting to use it. But I have played with it a bit by myself.” The dildo wasn’t a straight shaft, it had a handle that was curved upward making the toy slightly U or boomerang shaped with one end having a large bulb. “Watch,” she ordered and then proceeded to put the bulb up inside her pussy. Tom was fascinated. When it was in position it looked like a penis was growing out of her cunt, albeit a bright blue penis that didn’t appear to be real and lacked a set of testicles. “Do you like it?”

Tom couldn’t form an answer. She laughed at him.

“That’s okay. You don’t have to say anything. Would you like to suck it a little, get it wet before I put it up your ass?”

That question was easy to answer. Tom shook his head no.

“Dry fuck?” she asked. “You’re braver than I thought.”

Naomi had walked around behind him before he realized what she meant. Her hands were on his hips as she moved in close. “No,” he managed to sputter out. “I need lube!”

That caused Naomi to burst out laughing. “Of course you do. I was just teasing.” She continued to giggle as she walked back to the toy drawer and pulled out a tube of KY. The blue Feeldoe bounced around unnaturally but Naomi wasn’t the least bit perturbed by suddenly appearing as a hermaphrodite. She smeared some lube on her fake cock as she walked back behind Tom and then delved between his cheeks with her hand to prepare his anus.

“You’re going to love this,” she promised. “But if not, I’ll enjoy it. So if not win-win. Then it’s just plain win and that’s good enough for me.”

Tom didn’t say anything. He didn’t know what to say.

“Ready?” she asked him.

“Yes,” he managed to say, forcing the words out of his throat.

Naomi steadied him with one hand on his hip while she used the other to hold the Feeldoe as she moved her hips forward. Tom had to adjust his stance. He tried to jerk away and use his hands to help Naomi guide herself into him, but they were shackled to the bed frame. There was no way for him to assist.

“There it is,” she said as his resistance gave out and the fake cock started moving into his body. Tom was used to this odd penetration by now, but it was different in his mind because it was a cock attached to a person, and even if that person was a woman, it was wrong in his mind to be used this way.

“I’ve used just plain strap on dildos,” Naomi said to him, “but once I used the Feeldoe it felt so much more personal and sexy, don’t you think?”

“I don’t know,” he almost whined. It wasn’t a pretty sound.

“You like it,” she told him, “you just don’t know it yet.”

Insisting on it didn’t make it so in Tom’s mind, but he allowed her to plow forward into him. Her enduring her abuse of his asshole. It wasn’t so bad, he told himself. Then her hips and legs and tummy was pressing against the backs of his legs and ass. It felt so wrong. But it also felt as if she was truly in charge of him.

“You ever see those porn clips where a woman is fucking a man’s ass so hard you’d think she’s imitating a jackhammer?”

“No,” Tom answered.

“I bet you have. Anyway, that’s not necessary, especially for an ass like yours that’s so tight and barely used. Let’s see what happens with just a little bit of thrusting.” She started moving her hips and Tom’s eyes bugged out. It wasn’t painful but it was incredibly intense. Sensations he had never imagined coursed through his body. His previously flaccid cock started rising up. He was certain she was trying to drill a hole through his body, but then he calmed and focused himself. She was barely moving her hips at all.

“Good, huh?” Naomi asked him.

“Fuck yes,” he said. He wanted to cry out his ecstasy but he held himself back.

“You do it,” she ordered him.

“Do what?” he panted.

“I want you to do the thrusting. You’re a man, you know what to do.”

She giggled at his attempts of moving his hips back into her. It was awkward and the sensations he brought about were a pale imitation of her work on him.

“You’re a terrible lover.”

“Sorry.”

“Stop moving,” Naomi ordered. She repositioned herself slightly and resumed the thrusting. “I like doing this to men,” she said. “I like being in charge. It makes my pussy come alive. Sometimes I wish I was a hermaphrodite where I could switch back and forth between man and woman so I can have sex with my lovers with a cock or pussy at my whim. Have you ever wished that?”

“No,” Tom said distantly.

“My husband likes this. I think all men do, but they can’t admit it. You love this, don’t you?”

“Yes.” The thrusts were distracting him. His cock was fully erect now and there was nothing for him to fuck against other than the hard wooden footboard and that was no good. He wanted to free his hands from their bindings so her could

jerk off but he didn't dare ask Naomi for that. He didn't realize he was trying to rub his cock until Naomi said something.

"You want some relief, don't you?" she asked as between thrusts. Her pace was steady. He could feel the bustier against his back and the sweat from her laboring limbs as she continued to work on him.

"Yes," he begged. "Please."

"Not yet. I need to cum first. You're my sub, my pleasure come first."

Then she did something he didn't expect. She grabbed his cock and he was certain she had changed her mind and was going to start stroking him, but instead she merely moved her hand down the length of the shaft and cupped his balls. "Oh, they're tight," she whispered to him. "You need to cum, don't you?"

"Yes," he pleaded.

"Not yet." And then she didn't just cup his smooth balls, but circled the base of his cock with her thumb and forefinger cutting all blood flow back to his body. He jerked at this violation of his body. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted with a sob.

"Good." Her thrusts become deeper, maybe two inches at the most, and increased in speed. "I love fucking men. I love fucking women too. I love being in charge."

Her breathing abruptly changed and she heaved a sigh and a sob. Her body shook and the thrusts stopped. Tom immediately missed the abuse his asshole had been receiving. His cock grew harder and Naomi keep squeezing.

"Fuck that was good. Did you enjoy yourself?" Naomi asked him.

Tom couldn't answer coherently. "Not yet," he managed to sputter.

"What would you do to fuck my pussy right now?" she asked.

"Anything!" he cried.

“Anything? Really? Would you rim me?”

“Yes.” The thought made his stomach queasy, but Tom would admit to anything at the moment.

“Suck my husband’s cock?”

That was a strange request, but Tom was at the point of perfect frustration he would agree to anything. “Yes, if you want. Yes.”

“Fuck my daughter in front of me?” she asked.

If Tom wasn’t so far gone he would have given the question a second thought. His anticipation of relief and the line of question didn’t trip him up. “Yes. I’d fuck her. Anything!”

“I bet you would you little fucker,” she said and released his balls. He started to panic thinking something terrible was coming, but she only grabbed the shaft and started stroking him with a firm grip. “You’ll do anything I say or ask, won’t you?”

“Yes. Yes!”

The orgasm was the reprieve he needed. Once his cock started spurting semen there was no way for him to stop. The heavy, thick liquid splashed against the footboard and he whimpered in relief. He didn’t even notice when she pulled the Feeldoe out of his ass and let go of his cock.

“Clean up the mess before you leave,” she told him.

Tom was in a panic by the time he made it back to his apartment. He didn’t want to call sitting in Naomi’s driveway, he didn’t want to call while driving, and he only felt safe making the call from within the confines of his tiny bathroom with all the lights off and the screen to his cell phone dimmed to nothing.

“Amanda?” he asked the moment she picked up the call.

“Yes. Who is this?” she asked. Her voice sounded distracted. It wasn’t that late.

She was probably up late studying, but that didn't matter at the moment. It was all Tom could do to keep himself from hyperventilating.

"It's Tom." There was a pause. Tom wondered if she had hung up. "The guy who is...um, with your mother."

The smirk on her face came through loud and clear on the phone. "Yeah, I figured it was you, Tom." She overstressed his name, taunting him. "What do you want? I don't want you calling me."

"Did you tell your mother anything about us?" he asked.

"About you and me fucking you mean?"

"Yes."

She scoffed at him. "No. Why would I do that?" At nineteen years old she hadn't yet lost her snotty teenager voice even if she didn't use it all the time.

"Because tonight she asked me if I was willing to fuck you in front of her."

Amanda laughed. "That sounds like Mom. She's a sick ticket sometimes."

"Why would she ask such a question?!"

"To fucking mess with your mind," Amanda snapped at him. "Why else? To tease and torment you? She's good at that, you know. I warned you, didn't I?"

"Yes," he admitted, hating that she was taking the wind out of his sails but also relieved there was no reason to panic. "But why would she ask about you specifically?"

Amanda sighed in frustration at him. "Probably because I met you at the house and she wanted to see how you'd react to her offering me to you like a piece of cheap meat. A whore if you will." Pause. "And I bet you reacted the way she wanted you to, didn't you?"

Tom remembered the orgasm that had nearly melted his mind. Was that the reaction that Naomi was looking for? She had declared she liked being in charge... "I'm not sure, maybe."

Now a chuckle came over the phone. “Is this some ploy to fuck me again, Tom?”

“No!” he snapped at her. The question made him angry. He hated to admit that he had enjoyed fucking Amanda. The thoughts of mother and daughter now mixed together in his brain and he couldn’t get them out. “Are the both of you playing some sick game with me?” he demanded of her. “Are you trying to make me go crazy?”

“No, Tom,” she said, her voice was weary now. “I don’t have time for stupid games like that. That’s my mother’s business. If you want to fuck me sometime, give me a call. I’ll probably say yes. Other than that, don’t call me again. Stick with playing your sex games with Mom.” She ended the call.

Tom was left sitting on the floor of the bathroom staring at his phone wondering what the fuck had happened to his life.

Chapter Four

“What game should we play tonight?” Naomi asked him. Once again Tom was naked and kneeling on the floor in front of her. She had already taken off her red pants but still wore a pair of lacy black panties that clearly showed the outline of her pussy. The black bustier was on her body again and Tom desperately wanted to see her nipples and breasts in all their naked glory, but his dom kept them well covered. She was barefoot and Tom’s eyes, as usual, were downcast. He focused on her feet, noticing for the first time she wore a simple silver toe ring around the second toe of her right foot. It was intriguing.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. He wanted to play any game she wished, he had very little will to say no to her.

“Make a wish,” she said. “Maybe I’ll grant it.”

“Can I fuck you?” he asked quietly.

After a two second pause she burst out laughing. “No, no, I don’t think so. My pussy and ass are still off limits for quite some time. You haven’t earned that yet. Would you like to jerk off on my face? Lots of guys think that is an expression of love and affection.”

“No,” he said in his small voice.

“Why not?”

“It doesn’t appeal to me.”

“It’s not your kink,” she interpreted. “What is your kink?”

“Being used by you,” he admitted.

“Very good. But that doesn’t really answer my question.”

“To please you in any way,” he tried again.

She sighed. “Too vague. Once more and see if you can articulate a real request.”

“Will you fuck me in the ass again?” he asked quietly.

“Of course I will. This time I think we’ll clip your hands to ankles so your ass is in the air. Are you ready to take some more pictures?”

“Yes.”

She reached down and fondled his flaccid cock. It pleased her that he didn’t get immediately erect the moment he was naked in front of her. That was a little too much to always have to be ready for him. “And a cock ring, too. That would go nicely. Tonight will be all about me. I don’t think you’ll get to cum at all. A little bit of denial for you will do you good. What do you think?”

“If it pleases you, then it pleases me, ma’am.”

His answer made her laugh. “Oh, I do so love an obedient submissive who only wants to perform to please me.” His cock had grown a little at her touch and she let go of it. Tom was being a faithful sub and his genitals were always shaved whenever he presented himself to her. The smooth feeling of his soft ball sack under her fingertips was delightful. The velvety softness of his skin sent little thrilling shivers up his spine especially when she located one of his sensitive testicles and gave it a little squeeze. “And a blindfold too. Have you ever had sex when you couldn’t see at all?”

“No, ma’am.”

“I’ll have to find the hood. Hmm.” She headed for the toy drawer and dug through it for a minute but couldn’t find what she needed. “Shit. I think it’s downstairs in the storage closet.”

He couldn’t believe his ears. “You have sex toys in a storage closet?” The implication being that her children could somehow find them. Was that how Amanda discovered her parents’ dirty little secret?

“Yes. Don’t worry. Only the innocuous ones. Wait here, I’ll go find it.” She turned around and was about to leave the room, but stopped and thought better of it. “Since you aren’t under my control at all times, I’m sure you’ve been a bad boy doing something I’ve forbidden or something I wouldn’t approve. Stand

up.”

He followed her order and got to his feet. Naomi grabbed his arm and led him to the corner. “Bad boys get put in the corner for being bad.” As she talked she put his hands behind his back and clipped the leather manacles together. It was hardly a secure binding but the meaning of it didn’t escape him. “Wait here for me. Don’t move. I’ll know if you’ve moved.” She headed for the door and turned off the lights as she was about to leave. Then they heard the front door slam open downstairs. “Shit!” Naomi cursed under her breath. “Who the fuck is that?”

Tom started to move out of the corner and she hissed at him. “Don’t move, don’t make a sound!” The lights stayed off and she grabbed her bathrobe off the hook on the back of the door. Naomi closed the door behind her and walked down the stairs.

He was trapped in the dark room, standing in the corner naked, with his hands bound behind his back. Tom didn’t want to move and fall over in the darkness; he didn’t want Naomi to have to explain the naked stranger in her bedroom. All he could do was stay in the corner and hope for the best.

Downstairs he could hear people moving around. It was two at the most. Naomi and someone else. Maybe a third. They talked but he couldn’t make out the words. There was some laughter and the sounds of what he thought was furniture being moved around. It was hard for him to say how long he stood there. Even when he craned his neck around he couldn’t see the clock on the nightstand. There was nothing to do but simply wait for Naomi’s return.

Though he was certain he hadn’t fallen asleep on his feet he had entered a state of semi-meditation. Time had passed without him realizing it. Then the door was thrown open and the lights snapped on.

“Oh, you’re right. He does have a nice ass.”

Tom tensed up. His arms were folded together behind his back a few inches above his buttocks. He knew he was on display. That didn’t disturb him. The disturbing part was the male voice that made the assessment.

“Of course he does,” Naomi said. When she noticed Tom was starting to move his head to see the interloper she snapped at him, “Tom! Eyes to the corner. I

didn't give you permission to move!"

Tom's eyes swiveled back front. He said nothing. Was the man with her some other lover or was he her husband?

"This is my time, Nate," Naomi said. "I let you get a look, now it's time to leave."

Nate said nothing but moved about the room, apparently gathering some clothing or other personal items. Her husband then. She ignored her spouse and went over to Tom. "I found it. This will help relax you." She was only a few inches shorter than Tom so it was easy to fit the hood over his head. It came down over his eyes and just under his nose and tied in the back. Once it went on Tom couldn't see anything and she carefully turned him around in place. "Get on your knees."

He had to obey. What choice did he have? It was scary being blindfolded and having his hands bound while naked in front of the married couple. But Nate didn't seem perturbed at Tom's presence.

Naomi waited impatiently for her husband to leave. She stood by Tom, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. Though he was blinded by the hood, Tom discovered he could sense that she had removed her robe and was back to her panties and bare legs. She hadn't removed the bustier either. The hood muffled much of the sound in the room, but Tom could feel the air moving around his body and he knew exactly what the others were doing.

Nate grabbed Naomi's hand and drew her a few feet away from her lover. There was a whispered conversation, the words came fast and furious, though Tom couldn't make out what they were saying. The tone was convivial, but there was some stress in Naomi's voice.

Finally they were done and they both approached him. It was Naomi who spoke. "Remember when you said your kink was doing whatever pleased me, Tom?"

"Yes." He said. He was nervous now. Being helpless and naked in front of Naomi was fun. Being naked and helpless in front of her and her husband was scary. He repressed a shiver.

"Good. There's something I want you to do."

“What is it?”

He sensed she shook her head. “You have to agree to do whatever I ask before I ask it, remember?”

“Right.”

“If you refuse, I release you, you go home, that’s it. No more games. No more playing.”

“Right, I’ll do whatever you ask.” The words were easy to speak even though they frightened him.

“Then you need to suck my husband’s cock. Open your mouth.”

The sound of Nate’s zipper being lowered was followed by the muffled sound of fabric being adjusted. Tom knew that the other man’s cock was only inches away from his mouth and he wanted to panic and run away, but he also wanted to please Naomi. Was this entire night a set up? Had they planned on doing this to him from the beginning? His mouth opened.

Naomi’s hand went under his chin and he was guided to Nate’s cock. At first Tom didn’t know what to do. The other man’s prick was only semi-soft and moved softly against his cheek until Naomi lined them up and Nate put his cock head into Tom’s mouth.

While he didn’t considered it to be instinctual, Tom closed his lips on the warm flesh invading his mouth and sucked the way he liked women to play with his cock. His head bobbed up and down a bit as Nate’s cock grew bigger and stiffer.

“Very good,” Naomi complimented him. She had knelt down next to him and was watching her lover suck her husband’s cock. Strangely enough Tom took to fellatio like a natural. He had never considered himself homosexual but under Naomi’s thumb there wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do if she asked him. “You suck like a pro. Have you done this before?” she teased him.

“Uh-uh,” he mumbled around Nate’s penis.

“Don’t stop,” the other man said. Tom wondered if Nate was bisexual or if he too went along with his wife’s strange sex suggestions.

“I bet you like it, don’t you?” Naomi asked. “You don’t have to answer,” she said as Nate moved his cock further into Tom’s mouth. It was starting to choke him and Tom tried to move back a bit.

“Don’t make him gag, dear,” Naomi admonished her husband. He pulled back some and Tom continued to bob his head up and down on Nate’s shaft. “Should I have him cum in your mouth.”

At those words Nate pulled out completely. Tom gasped for air. “Nope. I’m not wasting my load in his mouth. I have other plans tonight, hon.” He stuffed his junk back in his pants and zipped up. There was the sound of a light kiss. “I’ll see you later, baby,” Nate said and walked out of the room.

Once he was downstairs and Naomi heard the door close behind him, she sighed in relief. “Now that we’re done with that,” she said, “it’s time to get you hooked up.”

Tom could feel her eyes on him. He said nothing. The hood made it difficult to do anything, he realized, but he didn’t mind it either. “Did you like sucking his cock?” she asked him unexpectedly.

“I didn’t mind it,” Tom replied.

“But did you enjoy it?”

Tom swallowed and considered his answer carefully. “It didn’t do anything for me either way. It didn’t repulse me nor did it turn me on. I enjoyed doing it for you because you asked me to.”

“Would you do it again?” Her voice was genuinely curious—or she could adopt the tone of a person with true curiosity.

“If you asked me to.”

“Would you go to a gay bar and pick up a man and have sex with him?”

“No.”

“What if I asked you to?”

“Then yes.”

She laughed at him. “You know the role of a submissive. You take right to it. That’s funny. Here, let me get you on the bed.” She grasped his forearms and helped him to his feet, led him over to the bed and made him crawl onto the mattress, remaining on hands and knees as she worked and talked to him. “I once had a master who liked to completely immobilize me. Binders on hands and feet and knees and a belt around my waist. He’d tie me to the bed or the wall. He’d put a blindfold on me, cover my ears so I couldn’t really hear, put a ball gag in my mouth so I couldn’t talk. Sometimes he’d even put these special gloves on me so I couldn’t move my fingers. I was completely helpless. He liked me that way. I was there for his pleasure. Two holes he used for his amusement. Three if he took out the ball gag and replaced it with his dick.”

“Did you like it?” Tom heard himself asking as she worked on him.

There was a pause as she formulated her answer. “I did. I liked being used as an object at that point in my life. I might like to play that game again, but right now I like being dominant with my partners. You can imagine how freeing it is to give your entire body over to another person, to have no control over your physical presence, and only be your mind, nothing else.”

“Yes,” Tom said softly. The position she had put him in was uncomfortable but it was easy to imagine why Naomi had loved being a sexual object for the enjoyment of another. Was it something younger people liked, but then a change happens as one ages and a dominant need comes out? Tom didn’t know; he was happy to be submissive and used by Naomi as it pleased her.

She had clipped his wrist cuffs to his ankle cuffs while he was face down. This forced his ass up in the air exposing his anus and letting his cock dangle vulnerably between his thighs. His chest was against the mattress with his head turned to one side so he could breathe. Certainly he could have struggled and released himself. The carabineer clips were easy to open. But he didn’t want that. He wanted to be used. The hood was still in place and Naomi hadn’t forced a ball gag between his teeth. She liked to hear him pant and struggle with the abuse she heaped upon him.

Even from behind the thick blindfold of his hood Tom could sense the flash from the camera. “Just a few pictures of you at your most vulnerable,” Naomi said.

Tom said nothing. Then he jerked in surprise when an ice pack was pressed against his cock and balls. He sucked his breath in and tried to escape the cold against his nether regions.

“Hold still,” Naomi ordered. “You’re too large and erect right now for the ring I want you to wear.”

There was little for Tom to do other than endure the freezing cold that was being applied to his cock. It slowly shriveled up to tiny proportions. He wasn’t embarrassed. This is how Naomi wanted him.

“Very good. I think you’re a medium. Let’s see.” She grasped his penis and testicles and at first he wasn’t sure what she was doing to him. Then it dawned upon him; a heavy metal ring was being forced over his package.

“Wait...no,” he said.

“You don’t want to wear a ring and be pretty for me?” she asked teasing. Then suddenly his balls popped through the ring and it was securely in place. His dick still dangled down but now it was starting to grow.

“How will I get it off?” he asked. There was a touch of panic in his voice. Naomi liked it when he was nervous and worried.

“It’ll come off,” she assured him. “We might need a lot more ice, but it’ll come off.” She started stroking his cock, but not like how he would masturbate himself. She pulled his cock down and behind him, so it was almost pointing in the wrong direction. He arched his back some more in an attempt to relieve some of the pain and pressure, but there was only a limited amount of what he could do to find comfort under her sure hands.

Then abruptly she stopped her rubbing. He was fully erect and ready for sex but he knew he wasn’t going to get to fuck anything anytime soon.

Naomi moved about the room for a minute and Tom wasn’t the least bit surprised when cold lube was applied to his anus. “You liked the Feeldoe, didn’t you?” she asked as the head to the toy was pressed to his back entrance.

“Yes.”

“Good.” She forced the faux cock into his ass and started fucking him.

Tom endured and enjoyed the fucking he received. She used him as was her right. While it would be inaccurate to say he derived no pleasure from her fake cock, his orgasm ratio to hers was zero to three, though the last one was achieved by her sitting on his face until his tongue was nearly paralyzed.

It was only after Naomi got off his face did he realize that he wouldn’t have any relief that night. She ordered him onto his back and dropped a fresh bag of ice on his crotch. “The traditional way to get a cock ring off is to get your off first, then use some ice to reduce the swelling, but I’m not going to let you cum tonight.”

“Why not?” he nearly begged.

She shrugged with indifference. “Dominant’s privilege. I will give you permission to go find someone nice to fuck. Preferably a boy you pick up at a gay bar. I’d like to hear that tale.” Judging his cock was sufficiently deflated Naomi slipped the ring off his manhood. Once released Tom felt an odd rushing of blood to his genitals. “Get dressed, get out there, find someone nice to get you off. You don’t get to see me again until I hear a really dirty story from you.”

Tom got in his car, pulled out of Naomi’s driveway, drove a half mile out of her development, and pulled over to the side of the road. He sent the first text and continued driving toward the city.

Tom: Where are you?

There was a five minute wait for the reply.

Amanda: My dorm room. Why?

Tom: I want to fuck you. Your place or mine?

Amanda: What makes you think I want to?

Tom: I just came from your mother's.

The pause between his text and her reply was excruciating, not just because of the hard on that was fighting the tightness of his jeans.

Amanda: My place. I'll be ready.

True to her word, she was ready when he knocked on the door. She glanced outside and saw the desire on his face. Though he had passed a few other students on the way up to her room no one took note of him; Tom could still easily blend into this diverse group of students. The moment she let him inside he grabbed her and fiercely kissed her lips. She didn't resist; for a moment she did nothing at all, then her arms went around him and she kissed back.

When the kiss broke Amanda managed to ask, "What the fuck did she do to you?"

"Didn't fuck me," he told her and then started tearing her clothes off her body. Again, she didn't resist. He didn't know why he was treating her this way. In his mind he was a submissive but now he was acting the bully, the dominate one in the relationship.

In less than a minute he had her down to her panties. They were striped green and white, plain cotton, but undeniably sexy. Her breasts jiggled heavily whenever he forced her to move. Tom spun her body around, forced her down on her knees and yanked her panties down to her knees.

"You are horny," she half-laughed at him. He bent her at the waist. Her knees were still on the floor but her upper body was now on the bed, her breasts mashed against the rumpled sheets and blankets.

Maybe he was being this way because Naomi had told him to go out and fuck someone else. He was sure his mistress would have been pleased to no end if he had gone to the Waterworks and picked up a man to fuck. Fucking her daughter

was a better option.

Tom didn't bother fully undressing. He kept on his shirt and just pulled down his jeans far enough to get his cock out. Only then did Amanda start to protest. He didn't let her. Grabbing both her wrists he twisted them behind her back and held both with one hand with his other hand he pressed her head against the bed. She stopped struggling when his cock lined up with her pussy.

The fucking was short and fierce. Her moans told him everything he needed to know. His thrusts and their gyrations made the bed thump against the wall and floor making an ungodly racket. It wasn't anything that Tom hadn't heard while he had lived in the same dorm. For all he knew the very same sounds had come from the room while Amanda fucked other men.

When he came his orgasm was intense. It wasn't as intense as if he had a plug up his ass, but it was good enough. After the involuntary contractions had stopped and his balls had finished emptying into Amanda's tight cunt he sighed in satisfaction and withdrew his cock while he released her from her helpless position.

"Fucking hell, Tom," she complained when she was free. "The least you could have done is used a condom."

"Sorry," he apologized but his words were insincere.

Her lips twisted into an angry sneer. "I should be safe, but fuck that was stupid."

He shrugged and got to his feet, starting pulling up his pants.

Amanda's complaints didn't stop. "Damn it! You tore my panties. These were my favorites too." In frustration Amanda kicked off the scraps of fabric tangled around her feet. "Where the hell do you think you're going?" she asked.

"Home."

"Nope. Not yet. Get on the bed. If you're going to fuck me you need to make me cum at least once. That was too fast and sloppy for me."

Her words gave him pause. "You want to have sex a second time?"

She rolled her eyes. “Yes. I need to get off at least once. Shit! Strip and lay down. I want to ride you.”

At first Tom was unsure, then he shrugged and removed his clothes. His cock was still semi-erect, but not enough to please Amanda. Once he was on her bed she took him in her mouth and made sure he was good and hard before rolling on a condom. “Just in case,” she said, then mounted him, lowering her hips onto his manhood. “Oh, that’s good,” she sighed and proceeded to hump him as hard as he had fucked her minutes earlier.

If she was angry about the abusive sex she didn’t show it. Amanda liked it when he twisted her nipples. She ground her pussy down on his pubic bone to give her clit maximum stimulation. She even went so far as to wantonly frig herself while riding him.

“You like this?” she asked as she rubbed her clit with one hand and squeezed a nipple with the other. He had grabbed her waist and was thrusting upwards into her, slapping their bodies together.

“Yes.”

“Yes you fucking me?”

“Yes!”

“You like fucking my mother?”

“Haven’t gotten my cock into her cunt yet.”

Amanda laughed. “Fucking slut.”

“I’m going to tell her about you,” Tom said.

That was the impetus to push her over the edge. Her orgasm was hard and fierce. When she was done she collapsed on Tom’s chest. He wasn’t done yet. After shifting his grip down to her ass, he plunged his cock into her again and again while his finger sought out her anus. Exhausted from being used and with her legs spread to ride his hips, her asshole had no protection when he wormed his finger into the tight back entrance. When he finally came a second time, so did she.

Later, when then were panting and regaining their strength she asked him, “Are you really going to tell Mom you fucked me?”

“Unless you tell me not to.”

Amanda remained silent.

Tom was patient. He didn’t call or text Naomi. The wait was excruciating, but he knew he needed to remain calm and cunning. Three days later her text finally came when he was at work. Writing a report on the latest system update could wait.

Naomi: Tell me about the boy you picked up and fucked.

Tom: No boy, fucked a girl instead.

Naomi: You ignored my suggestion?

Tom: Yes.

Naomi: Do you ever want to fuck me?

Tom: Yes.

Naomi: And you think the best way is to ignore my suggestion?

Tom: It was only a suggestion.

Naomi: You play dangerously.

Tom: I like it that way.

Naomi: Tell me about the girl you fucked.

Tom: College girl, tall, pretty, brown wavy hair, big tits.

Naomi: How many times? Where?

Tom: Twice. In her pussy, where else?

Naomi: Ha. I mean your place or hers.

Tom: Hers.

Naomi: Dorm room?

Tom: Yes.

Naomi: Anything special about her? Tattoos? Crazy sex? Let her roommate watch?

Tom: None of those. She was special, though.

Naomi: How so?

He hesitated just a minute before sending the text.

Tom: She's your daughter.

Naomi: Ha. Very funny.

Tom: After doing her, I think I'd fuck your husband.

There was a long pause. Tom wished he was in the same room as her so he could see her expressions as she contemplated what he was proposing.

Naomi: I'll set it up. Make sure you're ready to suck his cock and take it up the ass.

Tom: I'm ready.

Naomi: I do love having a boy under my thumb. Two boys even.

Tom: I live to please you.

Naomi: Good boy.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub).

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