

# Boy's Education

A photograph showing a woman's legs in high-heeled sandals, one of which is stepping on the head of a man lying on a red carpet. The man has dark, curly hair and is wearing a dark shirt. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a tiled floor.

Lexi Loverli

# Boy's Education

Erotic story by Lexi Loverli

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## Chapter 1

Marshall ogled the gorgeous girl that entered the convenience store. She wore a flappy miniskirt displaying her long shapely legs, and her perky breasts bounced as she walked down the aisle in high-heel pumps.

It was a tedious job standing behind the counter, and Marshall enjoyed the view of that girl as she approached the cashier with a cup of coffee.

Marshall did not have high self-esteem. He graduated from high school a few months ago, and for lack of any other opportunity, he got this job. He sighed deeply, “She is older and out of my league,” he said to himself in self-pity.

The following day the girl came by again. Marshall stared at the bouncing breasts with cravings. His penis jerked.

When the girl paid, her blue eyes met his eyes as if she knew what was happening in his underwear. Marshall had a full erection.

On the following day, Marshall made an effort when the girl paid for the coffee,

“Hi, how are you?”

The girl looked at him with a slight smile, grabbed the change, and left without a word.

Marshall repeated his greeting in variations, “Hi, how are you doing?” and, “Hi, how is it going today?” but the mystery girl never responded. She walked elegantly in high heels radiating sexuality, and Marshall’s penis reacted reflexively.

One day when the girl got a coffee, her cell phone rang. She put the cup down and picked up the phone.

“Yes,” she said while searching her purse for money. She listened for a second,

“Excellent, Alex, you are a good boy. Get naked now and wait for me.”

Marshall was busy watching her cleavage, and his penis hardened as he heard her talking to Alex, whoever that was.

The girl hung up and dropped the phone into her purse. She looked at Marshall as if she saw him for the first time and stared at his name tag.

“Don’t you have better things to do than listen to my conversation, Marshall?”

“I didn’t listen,” Marshall protested.

The girl did not respond. She put money on the counter, picked up the coffee, and left.

Marshall stared at her round ass and long legs until she disappeared from view. He then saw that the girl had left a ten-dollar bill.

The next time the girl came for coffee, Marshall was happy to have a reason to talk to her.

“You left a ten-dollar bill last time. I kept the change for you.”

“That is very nice of you, Marshall,” the girl said with a smile.

“Oh, part of my job,” Marshall said modestly.

“How old are you?”

“I am nineteen.”

The girl smiled at him, looked him over, and then walked out of the store.

In the evening, Marshall went home and masturbated in the shower with closed eyes. “You are a good boy. Get naked now and wait for me,” he heard the girl’s voice in his head as he ejaculated semen all over the shower’s floor.

The following days, Marshall watched the entrance, waiting for the girl to show up. A few days passed, and he saw her strolling into the store in those sexy high heels.

The girl got a cup of coffee and was looking around for something. She then approached Marshall, “Do you have Advil here?” she asked.

“Yes, sure, let me show you,” Marshall replied cordially. He walked to the medicine aisle and looked for Advil but couldn’t find it.

"I am sorry, Ma'am, but it seems like we are out of Advil," Marshall apologized.

The girl looked at him intently, then pulled a pen and piece of paper from her purse and jotted down something.

"You deliver me Advil tonight at seven o'clock," she ordered with authority handing the piece of paper to Marshall.

Marshall read the address the girl wrote on the paper and then looked up. The girl ran her palm over his face, turned around, and left. Marshall felt a tremor running through his body. The girl's touch was magical.

After work, Marshall rode his bicycle and passed by the address the girl gave him. It was a lovely house in a nearby neighborhood. What could happen? Marshall thought as he got excited about meeting the girl.

At seven o'clock, Marshall, dressed in a new crisp shirt, knocked on the door. The door opened, and Marshall gasped at the view of the girl wearing a tight dress held by two thin straps over her beautiful bare shoulders.

"Hello, Marshall, come in," the girl greeted, smiling.

"Hi, I got the Advil," Marshall said awkwardly.

"Put it on the table," the girl said in an authoritative voice.

Marshall put the Advil on the living room table without thinking and looked around nervously.

"Sit down," the girl ordered.

Marshall started to sit down in a chair when he heard the girl's voice, "On the sofa, Marshall."

Marshall straightened up immediately and sat on the sofa, watching that gorgeous girl standing before him.

"Thank you for the Advil, Marshall," the girl said, waiting for Marshall to get comfortable.

She then sat at the other end of the sofa, turning toward Marshall and extending her arm on the back of the sofa. The dress stretched over her breasts.

Marshall could see the nipples poking through the thin fabric of her dress. His penis stirred.

The girl looked at Marshall, enjoying his discomfort while pretending he was not ogling her sassy breasts.

“You like my tits, Marshall,” the girl asked mockingly.

“What? No, no,” Marshall was embarrassed, and his face reddened.

“You think I didn’t notice you staring at my tits in the store?”

“I am sorry,” Marshall said for lack of other words.

“So, tell me, Marshall, do you have a girlfriend?”

“No, I am in between.”

“I see,” the girl smiled, “You are between girlfriends, but you don’t have one now.”

“Yes.”

“Lier!”

“What?”

“You never had a girlfriend,” the mystery girl said confidently.

“Yes, I had,” Marshall rebelled meekly. His insecurity was growing in the presence of this unbelievably beautiful girl.

“Do you know my name?”

“Yes, Nicole.”

“How do you know my name?”

“I saw it once when you paid with a credit card.”

“You stalked me?”

“No, no!”

“I think you stalked me, and I will call the police.”

“No, I didn’t stalk you,”

The girl picked up the phone. “Really? You didn’t stalk me?”

“No, I swear, I didn’t.”

“I’ll tell you what you take off your pants, and I won’t call the police.”

“What?”

“Take off your pants,” the girl said in a commanding voice.

Marshall sat frozen and stared at the girl with disbelief.

“I saw those erections you had when you stood behind the cashier trying to hide it. Now stand up and drop your pants,” Nicole said, holding the phone, pretending to call the police.

“Okay, I’ll do it, don’t call.”

“You have ten seconds.”

Marshall got up and pulled his pants down.

“The underwear,” Nicole ordered.

Slowly, Marshall pulled down the underwear, revealing an erect cock.

“Very nice, Marshall,” Nicole said. She pressed the index finger on the penis head, moving it left and right.

Marshall’s penis jerked from Nicole’s arousing touch.

Nicole let go of the penis and leaned back on the sofa. She looked at Marshall in the eyes, “Masturbate for me,” she ordered.

“What?”

“I know you think of me when you masturbate, don’t you?”

Marshall did not answer.

Nicole leaned forward and palmed his cock, stroking gently, “Don’t you?” she asked, looking into his eyes.

Marshall breathed in quick puffs. Nicole’s touch sent electricity through his body, and shyly, he admitted, “Yes.”

Nicole let go of his cock and leaned back on the sofa.

“You be a good boy now. Stroke your cock.”

Marshall stood frozen. Nicole looked into his eyes, “You want to come for me, don’t you? It would be better than masturbating alone at home.”

There was something in her voice that made the situation arousing and irresistible. Marshall grabbed his cock and started to stroke.

“That’s a good boy,” Nicole encouraged and moved her hand in stroking motions in front of her breasts.

Marshall watched Nicole on the sofa, her hand stroking up, down, rotating left and right.

“Look at me,” Nicole said as she lifted her leg and brushed her foot on Marshall’s thighs.

Marshall met Nicole’s stare.

It was the most arousing moment in Marshall’s life. His eyes locked with Nicole’s blue eyes, hypnotized while stroking his cock.

Nicole moved her hand as if she was jerking off a cock, and Marshall followed instinctively. And then, Nicole lifted her legs in front of the throbbing cock, stroking between her legs, and her eyes bored into Marshall’s.

“Come for me, Marshall, come now!” Nicole whispered intimately.

Marshall couldn’t comprehend what was happening. His body obeyed Nicole’s whisper, and his penis spasmed, ejaculating a strong jet up in the air and down on Nicole’s feet.

“You are a good boy, Marshall,” Nicole praised, mischievously sliding the straps down from her shoulders and letting the dress fall on her lap.

Marshall gazed at her with amazement. Nicole had perky breasts with erect pink nipples pointing up.

“You want to touch?”

“Oh, yes!”

“I’ll let you have my titty, but first, you must clean my feet. See all that semen you shot on my feet?”



“What?”

“Get down on your knees and lick my feet clean,” Nicole ordered sternly.

Marshall looked at her with disbelief.

Nicole looked at him, cupping her breasts with her hands and pulling those pink nipples erotically. It was silent in the room.

And then Marshall went down. Nicole’s feet were smooth, a pleasure to his tongue. After a few starter licks, Marshall felt comfortable on his knees, tendering Nicole’s feet.

“That’s a good boy,” Nicole said as she observed Marshall licking her feet in high heels, “You like my feet, don’t you?”

“Ah-ha,” Marshall responded as he licked up the ankle, enjoying that silky skin. His penis got hard as a rock. Subservience was sexually arousing for Marshall.

Nicole knew Marshall’s type and enjoyed dominating and watching the first-timer’s excitement. When satisfied, she ordered him to get up and sit on the sofa.

Marshall started pulling up his pants when he heard that stern voice, “keep your pants down and sit. “

Marshall dropped his pants immediately and sat on the sofa staring at Nicole’s firm breasts and the pink nipples that protruded proudly.

“Here, take it,” Nicole said, holding up her breasts for him.

Marshall dove and started to suck one of the nipples with delight. It felt so good. Marshall kissed, licked, and sucked passionately.

Nicole caressed his head with one hand while finding his erect cock with the other hand.

“You are hard again,” Nicole said in a faked, excited voice.

“Hmm, Hmm,” was all that Marshall could say with the nipple in his mouth.

Nicole stroked his cock gently, “You want to come for me again?”

This time Marshall let go of the nipple, “Yes, yes!” he shouted with excitement.

Nicole pulled his head into the other nipple, and Marshall enthusiastically devoured it.

“You be a good boy, and come for me when I give you permission, Marshall,” Nicole said while stroking the cock feeling its hardness.

“Yes, yes,” Marshall responded with quick, excited inhales.

Nicole let go of Marshall’s cock, “Stand up,” she whispered in his ear.

When Marshall stood in front of Nicole, she cupped his balls with her hand and wrapped her lips around his erect penis. Her tongue circled the penis head inside her mouth erotically.

Marshall moaned loudly with closed eyes.

Nicole held his cock in front of her open mouth, rotating her palm over the inflamed mushroom head.

“You may come now, Marshall.”

Marshall groaned and shrieked wildly when Nicole sucked the penis dry.

“You like?” Nicole asked as she put on her dress, covering those marvelous tits.

Marshall stood still, catching his breath, and watched Nicole with awe, unable to speak.

“You may thank me now, Marshall.”

“Hmm, yes, of course,” Marshall said, feeling disoriented.

Nicole stood up. She ran her hand over Marshall’s face, kissed him on his lips fleetingly, and then looked straight into his eyes,

“You go down to my feet, kiss, and thank me.”

Marshall looked back at her but did not move.

Nicole slapped his face hard.

“Down. Now!”

Impulsively, Marshall dropped to his knees, bent, and kissed those feet in high heels.

“I don’t hear any thanks.”

Obediently, Marshall repeated, “Thank you, Nicole, thank you,” while kissing the feet earnestly.

Nicole watched Marshall at her feet with a content smile. She put one foot on his head, pressing down with her shoe, “It is time for you to go home, Marshall,” she said and then marched out of the living room.

Marshall was left alone, standing on his knees, overwhelmed. Slowly he got up, dressed, and walked out of the house, closing the front door quietly.

He couldn’t grasp what had transpired at Nicole’s house. He rode the bicycles aimlessly in the neighborhood streets with images of Nicole flashing in his head.

## Chapter 2

Marshall's life changed profoundly. The encounter with Nicole played in his head non-stop. Every day he masturbated with images of his penis in Nicole's mouth.

A week passed by, and Nicole did not come to the store. Marshall waited anxiously, watching the door each time it opened.

It was early morning in the following week. Marshall just got to work as Nicole walked into the store. Marshall's heart beat fast. Nicole strode on those high heels directly to the cashier and looked into Marshall's eyes.

"Advil tonight at seven," she said, turned around, and left the store.

Marshall felt exhilarated and counted the hours that elapsed slowly.

A few minutes before seven, Marshall knocked on the door.

"Come in," Nicole's voice invited. Gingerly, Marshall opened the door and walked in.

Nicole was standing in the living room, hands on her waist, dressed in a tank top that hung on her firm breasts and exposed the navel. She wore tight shorts that made her long legs in high heels look even longer.

"What time I said, Marshall?" Nicole asked angrily.

"Seven o'clock," Marshall replied obediently while intently gazing at her with desire he couldn't hide.

"And what time is it now?"

"About ten minutes to seven."

"Then it is not seven," Nicole summarized sharply.

Marshall did not know how to respond.

"Take off your pants," Nicole ordered.

With no hesitations, Marshall undressed. His cock was erect.

Nicole sat in the chair and looked Marshall in the eyes.

"Do you know what happens to bad boys that don't follow instructions?"

“I think so,” Marshall meekly replied, watching Nicole with apprehension as she tapped it on her palm with a paddle.

“Lie on my laps, penis between my legs.”

There was something about her voice that made Marshall obey immediately. He lay over her lap, and Nicole pressed his penis between her thighs.

“Wham!” the paddle struck Marshall’s ass.

“Ouch,” Marshall yelled.

“Wham! Wham! Wham!” Nicole beat hard.

“What time I said?”

“Seven o’clock,” Marshall cried out as his ass cheeks turned red.

“Wham! Wham! Wham!” Nicole spanked relentlessly.

Marshall screamed from the pain, but his cock got harder and harder.

“And what time should you come?”

“Seven o’clock.”

“You need to learn how to follow my instructions, Marshall,” Nicole said pleasantly, spanking the ass hard.

“I will, Nicole. I promise I will!”

“Wham! Wham! Wham!” the paddle hit Marshall’s red ass.

“Please, Nicole, I will follow instructions,” Marshall screamed, weeping loudly.

Nicole stopped and patted the red ass gently.

“You’ll be a good boy, Marshall?”

“Yes, yes, I promise I will be a good boy.”

Marshall wept quietly, but his breathing stopped in surprise when he felt Nicole's finger penetrating his asshole. She slowly pushed in the finger full length.

“You like?”

“Ah-Ha,” was all that Marshall could muster. He forgot the pain as new sensations arose throughout his body.

Nicole moved the finger slowly in and out while twisting left and right.

Marshall moaned, and his cock jerked between Nicole’s legs and reflexively moved the groin up and down, responding to the finger’s movements. The erect cock brushed Nicole’s silky legs stimulating Marshall’s nerves.

Nicole increased the pace, fucking Marshall’s ass fast with her finger.

“You may come, Marshall,” Nicole said, smiling to herself as she felt the throbbing of his cock.

Marshall shook, yelled an extended, “Ahhhh,” and ejaculated between Nicole’s legs. It was an incredible orgasm.

“Get up,” Nicole ordered.

Marshall rolled and stood in front of Nicole, breathing excitedly.

Nicole spread her legs, “On your knees. Clean!”

Marshall dropped down and licked Nicole’s legs passionately.

When Nicole was satisfied, she put one foot on Marshall’s shoulder and poked his chest with the pointy heel pushing him away.

Marshall stood on his knees, looking at her with affection.

“How was your week, Marshall?”

“It was good.”

“Did you think about me?”

In a low voice, Marshall lowered his eyes and said, “Yes.”

“You masturbate every day, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

Nicole moved her foot from his chest and brushed his balls.

“What kind of porno films do you watch?”

“Oh, all kinds,” Marshall responded dismissively.

Nicole acted rapidly and slapped him with the paddle.

“What kind of movies?” she repeated, looking him in the eyes.

“You know, man fucking a woman,” Marshall tried to be more specific.

“You mean a man serving a woman, don’t you?”

Marshall’s face reddened, “Yes,” he weakly replied.

“You like to watch men licking asses, don’t you?”

Marshall dropped all defenses, “Yes,” he said, looking with desire at Nicole’s short pants.

Nicole stood up, opened the zipper of her pants, and turned around.

Marshall looked up, hypnotized.

Wiggling her butt, she pulled down the shorts revealing a perfectly smooth round ass.

Nicole turned her head and looked down at Marshall, “Take the pants off my shoes,” she said quietly.

There was something very erotic about removing the shorts over the high heel shoes. And Marshall’s penis was erected as he removed Nicole’s shorts.

Smiling, Nicole climbed on the chair, standing on the knees with legs sticking out of the chair’s seat.

“Grasp the heels,” she ordered.

Marshall complied and gripped the heels of her shoes with his hands.

Nicole looked back and instructed, “Kiss my ass cheeks.”

Excitedly, Marshall kissed her ass cheeks, many kisses of admiration.

Nicole smiled at Marshall’s reaction with contentment, “Show me your tongue.”

Obediently, Marshall stuck out his tongue.

“Run it over my ass crack.”

It was arousing to lick Nicole’s ass, and Marshall’s penis hardened. He let go of Nicole's heels and stroked his cock while licking up and down the delicious ass crack trying to reach the pink opening of her ass.

Nicole turned around and stood up.

“Where is your hand?”

“I am sorry, Nicole.”

Nicole looked at him silently for a few seconds and then pulled leather handcuffs from the cabinet.

“Put your hands on the back for me,” she said sweetly and handcuffed Marshall’s hands.

“You do not follow instructions, Marshall. I don’t like bad boys. You understand?”

“Yes, Nicole.”

“You want to be a good boy for me, don’t you?”

“Yes, Nicole,” Marshall said obediently, feeble with handcuffed hands on the back.

“Down. Apologize for not following my instructions.”

Marshall knew what to do. “I am sorry, Nicole, for not following instructions.” It was a pleasure to kiss and lick Nicole's feet in high heels, and Marshall made low moaning sounds.

Nicole let him enjoy it for a moment, lifted the paddle, and spanked the ass hard.

“Louder!”

Nicole made him recite the apology repeatedly, spanking and demanding each time louder than the other.

Marshall shouted his lungs out at Nicole’s feet until she was content that he understood the consequences of not following instructions.



Nicole pulled Marshall by the hair and straightened him up on the knees. "Stay up and follow my instructions," she talked into his ear.

Marshall nodded, "Yes, Nicole," he said, sobbing with tears.

Nicole climbed on the chair again. Marshall weeping and breathing heavily, watched her intently.

It was silent in the room, and then Nicole put her hands back and stretched her ass cheeks, exposing her tight pink asshole.

Marshall concentrated on the view Nicole exhibited and dismissed everything else.

"Get in there," Nicole finally ordered.

Marshall lunged at her ass and brushed his face between the ass cheeks wiping the tears off his face. He licked the ass crack up and down, moaning with joy.

"Fuck my asshole, Marshall."

"Yes, that's good. Stick it in. Deep!"

Marshall licked the delicate membrane of the ass opening, shoved his tongue as deep as he could, then moved the tongue in circles.

Nicole moaned with delight. Marshall was a natural ass licker. She put one hand on the back of his head, pulling him into her butt.

"Marshall, make love to my ass," she shouted excitedly.

Marshall moaned louder as he thrust his tongue in rapid movements. He was thrilled. The delicate membrane of Nicole's rectum felt like candy on his tongue and lips.

With closed eyes, Marshall worked his tongue, concentrating and absorbing the sensations in his mouth.

Nicole let Marshall enjoy for a while and then turned around, sat in the chair, and lifted her legs, resting them on the arms of the chair, spreading wide.

Marshall gazed at the beautiful vagina with large pink lips and swallowed nervously. It was the first time he saw a real woman's vagina up close, and

it was a fascinating sight.

Nicole put her index finger on the ass opening and massaged it gently.

“You be a good boy and kiss me here, Marshall. Don’t you dare go up to my vagina. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Nicole.”

“You may kiss me now.”

Marshall moved fast and excitedly repeated his lascivious acts. He was cautious not to reach the vagina.

Nicole interrupted his pleasure abruptly. She stood up and ordered, “Down to my feet, thank me.”

Marshall discovered it was difficult to bend down with hands locked behind the back, but kissing and licking Nicole’s feet was worth the effort.

“Thank you, Nicole,” he said while licking her smooth feet in high heels.

“Thank me for letting you worship my ass,” Nicole said sharply.

Marshall obliged, “Thank you, Nicole, for letting me worship your ass.”

“Louder!”

Marshall repeated louder, and Nicole made him repeat many times until she was convinced he understood the privilege of serving her ass.

“Stand up now,” Nicole ordered.

Once again, Marshall discovered how difficult it was to change positions with handcuffs.

Nicole leaned forward and gripped the erect cock, “You are hard, Marshall.”

“Yes,” Marshall shyly admitted staring down at the open vagina.

“You want to taste my pussy, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Marshall couldn’t hide his excitement.

Nicole smiled, sat down in the chair, and started to stroke his penis fast.

Marshall moaned. His penis hardened in Nicole's skillful hands as she rotated her palm over the base of the mushroom head, edging Marshall to the limit he could stand.

"Come for me, Marshall," Nicole whispered, looking at Marshall's eyes and aiming the penis over her vagina.

It happened like magic. Marshall screeched loudly, and his penis erupted with wild throbbing spraying sperm right on the open lips of Nicole's vagina.

It was a better orgasm than Marshall's first one over Nicole's lap.

Nicole continued to stroke, "Give me more cum, Marshall!"

Marshall's body shook. He groaned and ejaculated a few more drops.

"That's a good boy," Nicole praised, "Now down the knees."

Nicole watched Marshall as he managed to get down on his knees with handcuffed hands.

"You may kiss my pussy now, Marshall," Nicole said with a mischievous smile.

Marshall happily followed the instructions. He kissed and licked those pink lips avidly, moaning with pleasure.

Nicole smiled at his reaction and opened the vagina lips with two fingers providing Marshall deeper access to the pink abyss of her body.

After a while, Nicole got tired of Marshall's treatment. She lifted her legs and pushed him hard with the heels of her shoes. Marshall lost balance and fell on his back, sprawling on the floor. With handcuffed hands, he couldn't do much.

Nicole got up, put on her shorts, and left the room. A minute later, she came back and looked down at Marshall.

"I have a present for you, Marshall," she said, holding something in her hands.

Marshall looked at her from the floor helplessly.

Nicole placed a bag of ice on his groin, “We need to soften your hard-working penis,” she said, smiling at him kindly. She then locked a chastity cage on his penis.

“Sit up,” Nicole said, helping Marshall to get up and then uncuffed his hands.

With free hands, Marshall touched the chastity cage with a dumbfounded expression.

“What is that?”

“This chastity cage keeps you from playing with your penis.”

“How do you take it off?” Marshall naively asked

“You don’t. I have the key,” Nicole said, waving a chain with a small key.

“But I cannot go home with that,” Marshall protested.

“You can, and you will.”

It was quiet in the room for a while.

Nicole let her words sink in, and then she ordered, “Come with me, Marshall.”

Slowly, Marshall got up on his feet and followed Nicole.

They entered a beautiful bathroom with a large glass shower stall.

Nicole stood in front of the toilet, “Come here, Marshall, I want you to pee.”

“What?”

“Pee in the toilet,” Nicole said in a kind voice, “You need to learn how the chastity cage works.”

Marshall was bewildered. He didn’t move.

Lovingly, Nicole put her arms around his neck, “You be a good boy and pee, Okay?” she said softly, running her fingertips through his hair.

Marshall couldn’t resist Nicole. He made an effort and urinated in a weak stream.

“That’s good, Marshall. You see how the urine flows out of the chastity cage. It is easy to pee. Now take toilet paper and wipe thoroughly.”

Marshall followed Nicole’s instructions while Nicole watched him.

“That’s a good boy. You take a shower every day and rinse it, you understand?”

Marshall nodded. He was perplexed, but without shame, he surrendered to Nicole and accepted his subservience.

“Get down on your knees here,” Nicole ordered, pointing the index finger at a space in front of the shower stall.

Nicole peeled off her tank top and pulled her shorts down, letting them fall on her feet.

“Take it off, Marshall.”

Naked in high heels, Nicole looked at Marshall and ran her fingertips through his hair, smiling kindly.

“Why don’t you help me to get out of my shoes?” she said, intimately keeping her hand on Marshall’s head and lifting one foot.

Marshall pulled the pump off her foot and held the foot in two hands as if he held delicate porcelain.

Nicole brought him back to reality, “Do the other,” she said quietly.

Reluctantly, Marshall let go of the foot and pulled off the other shoe.

Nicole smiled at him and then got into the shower.

Marshall observed Nicole using a sponge, rubbing her body with soap lather.

Nicole cleaned her vagina and ass, then brushed the breasts with the sponge. Her nipples were erected specularly.

Nicole concentrated on her body and never looked at Marshall as if he did not exist.

“She is stunning,” Marshall said in his head, aroused by the view of Nicole naked as she rinsed water all over her gorgeous body.

For the first time, Marshall felt his penis erecting and pressing against the wall of the chastity case.

Nicole got out of the shower and threw a towel to Marshall, "Wipe my legs," she ordered.

Still, on his knees, Marshall wiped the long lusty legs gazing at the delicate vagina lips in front of him.

Nicole smiled slightly and turned around.

Marshall rubbed her round ass and the back of the legs looking with yearning at the tight pink asshole.

Nicole put on a robe, slid into high heel sleepers, and walked out of the bathroom.

"Get dressed and leave. I'll call you on your cell," Nicole said behind her back.

In her bedroom, Nicole picked up the phone and dialed a familiar number.

"Yes?" A woman's voice greeted.

"Hi, it's me, Nicole."

"Hi, Nicole," the woman reciprocated.

"I have a new boy for you," Nicole said.

"Good news. When?"

"Marshall will be ready for you soon."

"Great, I am getting tired of Alex."

"Yes, I realize it, but I need to confirm your appointment for this week. It will be double the usual fee."

"Confirmed," the woman said shortly and hung up.

Nicole smiled to herself. She could detect the veiled excitement in the woman's voice when she told her about the new boy.

Nicole knew people, and even if they hid their true feelings, she had that sixth sense and never missed a behavioral clue.

Nicole used her talent to control, dominate, and make a living.

### Chapter 3

Marshall's life had altered again. Living with a penis locked in a chastity cage wasn't easy. At night Marshall had a hard time falling asleep. He changed positions, side, back, tossing, and turning. During the day at work, he was aware of his body and was uncomfortable.

Marshall kept the cell phone on him, waiting for Nicole's call. Three days passed by, and then the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Hello Marshall, how are you?" Marshall heard Nicole's voice.

"I am Okay," Marshall tried to be nonchalant.

"You may come tonight at seven," Nicole said and hung up.

Marshall looked at the phone he held tightly with awe and delight. Tonight! He thought. Tonight!

At seven o'clock sharp, Marshall knocked on the door.

"Come in," he heard Nicole's voice.

Marshall entered an empty living room. He looked around impatiently. A few seconds passed by, and then he heard Nicole's voice,

"Undressed and wait for me on your knees."

Marshall tore his clothes fast and stood on his knees, waiting anxiously.

It took five more minutes, and then Nicole walked into the living room

Marshall gasped. Nicole looked incredible, with a red corset hugging her upper body and showing deep cleavage. She wore red silk side bows tied thong, red high heel pumps, and held a crop with a leather flap.

Nicole walked behind Marshall, lifted her arm, and whipped his ass cheek hard. Marshall yelled from the pain. Nicole smiled and hit the other ass cheek.

"Hands are on the back, Marshall. You don't want to be handcuffed, do you?"

"No, Nicole," Marshall said obediently with hands on the back.



Nicole stepped in front of Marshall and looked him in the eyes, "I took a long hot shower for you, Marshall."

Marshall felt his cock banging the wall of the chastity cage.

Nicole put her hand on the back of Marshall's head and pulled him between her legs, "Take a sniff," she whispered.

Marshall rubbed his nose on the silk thong and sniffed while Nicole stroked his head affectionately, "Your balls must be full. We need to empty them, don't we?" she said in a hushed voice.

"Yes, yes!" Marshall replied, excitedly kissing the silk underwear avidly with yearning.

"Let's see how your cock is doing," Nicole said with a smile. She bent and unlocked the chastity cage, removed the ring, and pulled the tube, throwing it carelessly on the floor.

Marshall's penis sprung out hard as a rock jerking lightly with excitement.

Nicole ran her fingertips over the erect penis. "Poor baby," she said with a smile. She then straightened up and pulled the strings of the bows. The thong fell silently on the floor.

Marshall gazed at the pink lips of the vagina like a puppy. He licked his lips, and his penis jerked reflexively.

"Lie down on the floor, keep your hands on the side," Nicole ordered.

She then sat on Marshall's stomach and held his penis between her palm massaging it slowly.

Marshall moaned. His body was tense and aroused.

Nicole moved backward, positioning her butt in front of Marshall's face.

"You may worship my ass, Marshall."

Marshall lifted his head, kissing and licking the ass above him with excitement.

Nicole started to stroke the aroused penis in fast movements.

Marshall moaned loudly, and Nicole knew he couldn't last much longer. She moved forward and stroked his cock in front of her vagina.

"Come for me, Marshall," Nicole screamed with excitement as her skillful hands stimulated Marshall's aroused penis.

Marshall squealed and shot a massive load all over Nicole's vagina.

Nicole smiled with satisfaction and turned around. She lifted Marshall's head with her hand, and without instructions, Marshall licked the vagina eagerly.

Nicole put her hand back and grabbed Marshall's cock. It was hard again, as if Marshall did not ejaculate. Nicole decided to move on to the next step. She slid back and stood on her knees, holding the penis in front of her vagina.

"You want to feel a real vagina, Marshall?" she asked playfully.

"Yes, yes," Marshall said, his penis jolting in Nicole's hand.

Nicole rubbed the penis head between the open lips of her vagina, "Tell me you want to fuck my pussy, Marshall."

"I want to fuck your pussy," Marshall screamed excitedly.

"Put your hands behind your head and look at me," Nicole instructed.

Marshall looked at her with desire.

Nicole inserted the penis head into her vagina. She stood motionless and slowly took off the corset. Marshall's body shook with anticipation.

Nicole lowered her body slowly and let the entire length of the penis enter the warm, welcoming vagina. She watched Marshall's reactions intently while she moved up and down at a slow pace, "You like, baby?"

"Yes, yes!" Marshall was beyond excited.

Nicole smiled at him, "You keep your hands where they are and watch me," she said as she started to ride up and down, her tits bouncing gently.

"You fuck good, Marshall," Nicole praised as she watched Marshall's expression with each move enjoying her control over him.

Abruptly, Nicole stopped. She sat on Marshall's hard penis for long few seconds and started swirling her groin.

Marshall couldn't hold it any longer, "I am coming, Nicole," he screamed.

Nicole pulled out, "Not yet, baby," she said as she bent and pulled Marshall's head into her breasts.

Instinctively, Marshall sucked her nipple hungrily as if his life depended on it.

Nicole stroked his head gently, letting him calm down.

"Let's fuck again, Marshall, and this time you may come for me, Okay?"

"Hmm, Hmm," Marshall moaned, sucking the nipple.

Nicole moved back and inserted the hard penis into her vagina.

Marshall felt the warmth of Nicole's body enveloping him. He groaned aloud and started to move his groin up and down with ecstasy he couldn't control.

Nicole smiled and let him fuck her until he came with a scream.

Nicole sat on Marshall until he calmed down and then got off and lay down next to him.

"You like fucking?"

"I loved it!"

"You be a good boy now and kiss where you fucked," Nicole said gently.

Marshall slid between her legs. Nicole lifted her legs, rested her feet on Marshall's back, and watched Marshall licking and kissing her devotedly.

After a while, Nicole pushed him away and got up.

"Pick up the chastity cage," Nicole ordered.

Marshall grabbed the two parts of the chastity cage and looked at Nicole, waiting for more instructions.

"Come with me," Nicole said as she walked to the bathroom.

"Get into the shower."

Nicole turned on the cold water, “Boys get a cold shower,” Nicole said as she aimed the showerhead at his penis until the penis shrunk and then locked the chastity cage.

Nicole made him urinate in front of her, and then Marshall stood on his knees and watched her take a shower.

When Nicole got out of the shower, she told Marshall to get dressed, leave, and then disappeared into her bedroom.

Marshall was thrilled. It was the first time he fucked, and it was beyond exciting. He got dressed and rode his bike for a long time unwinding from the evening events.

It took four days until Marshall got the next call. He showed up at seven o’clock, undressed, and waited on his knees with hands on the back.

Nicole emptied his ball, stroking fast. After that, she trained him to fuck from behind. Marshall followed instructions carefully to spare punishments.

Marshall always ended his encounter with a cold shower. Nicole instructed him how to put on the chastity cage, locked it, and let him watch her taking a shower.

Each visit, Nicole trained him to fuck in a different position and instructed him how to move his cock, sometimes slow, other times fast.

Marshall loved it and couldn’t wait to get a call from Nicole.

Nicole was content with Marshall’s sex acts and felt that he was ready to move on to the next stage.

## Chapter 4

One day Marshall arrived at Nicole's place, and as usual, he undressed and stood on his knees, waiting for his beloved mistress.

Nicole walked into the living room, and an older woman was beside her.

Marshall felt embarrassed in front of a stranger, but Nicole made things more comfortable. She took off her skirt and pulled Marshall's head between her legs. Marshall forgot about the other woman and concentrated on that delicious vagina.

Nicole stroked his head lovingly and talked in a low sweet voice, "Marshall, this is my friend Donna." She then turned to Donna and said, "Donna, why don't you sit on the sofa and get comfortable."

Donna looked at Marshall with approval and sat patiently on the sofa.

"Stand up, Marshall," Nicole ordered.

When Marshall stood on his feet, Nicole took off the chastity case.

"I told Donna how beautiful your penis is, Marshall. Why don't you get closer and show it to her."

Marshall was embarrassed, but Nicole stood behind him, patted his ass, and whispered in his ears, "You be a good boy now."

Marshall moved and stood in front of Donna. The older woman looked him over and nodded to Nicole.

"Marshall, you want to have experience with women, don't you?"

"Yes, sure."

"I invited Donna today so you could experience someone other than me."

"Oh," Marshall said, looking at Donna, who sat quietly.

"Donna took a nice shower for you, Marshall," Nicole cooed.

"Oh," was all Marshall could say. He was disoriented.

"Get down on the knees," Nicole ordered sternly. Marshall dropped immediately to his knees in front of the woman.

Donna slid forward on the sofa and lifted her dress. She didn't have underwear, and Marshall looked at her vagina with curiosity. It was

different than Nicole's.

Nicole put her hand on the back of Marshall's head, "Kiss her," she whispered in his ear.

Marshall moved forward and kissed Donna's vagina. "Lick," he heard Nicole's voice. Marshall complied. It felt different from what Marshall was used to, but he liked it.

"Get the clit," Nicole whispered as she caressed his head. Marshall knew what to do and got into the act. Donna started to moan loudly.

"Are you ready, Donna?"

"Yes, he is good," Donna spoke for the first time.

"Stand up, Marshall."

When Marshall stood on his feet, Donna got up from the sofa, turned around, and bent. Nicole held Marshall's cock and shoved it into Donna's wet vagina.

"Ohhh," Donna cried with pleasure.

"Start slow," Nicole whispered in Marshall's ear.

Marshall enjoyed the new experience and moved his cock slowly. He felt Nicole's finger poking his asshole.

It was very arousing to fuck a new woman, and Marshall was excited. He moved faster, banging Donna hard.

Donna liked it and screamed joyfully, "Yes, harder, harder!"

Nicole watched with satisfaction as her trainee fucked her client. Marshall was performing well. After a short while, Nicole moved next to Donna's head and stroked her hair, "You want him inside?"

"Yes!" Donna screamed.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes!" Donna repeated the scream.

"Marshall, look at me."

Marshall met Nicole's eyes, "Do it and come for me," Nicole said in a low voice.

Marshall was well trained. It took three more bangs, and Marshall ejaculated a considerable load. Nicole came quickly behind him and pushed him forward, "Don't move," she whispered.

Donna tremored and moaned loudly while moving her groin in circles, stopping.

It was quiet for a few seconds, and then Nicole whispered, "Get it out now."

Marshall pulled out his cock, still hard as a rock.

"Come with me," Nicole said. She led Marshall to the bathroom and into the shower stall.

Nicole rinsed Marshall with cold water. After he wiped, she ordered him to pee without the chastity cage.

Nicole watched with satisfaction how Marshall followed her instructions.

"You were a good boy with Donna. Did you like fucking her?"

"Yes, it was nice," Marshall said.

Nicole grabbed his cock and started to stroke. "I don't think your balls are empty yet," she said mischievously.

Marshall's penis hardened again. Nicole put one leg on the toilet seat spreading wide.

"You may use your hands, Marshall," she said as she wrapped her arms around his neck lovingly.

Marshall did not waste a second. He shoved his cock inside Nicole's vagina and grabbed her ass with his hands moving fast.

Nicole smiled, "That's a good boy," she said, enjoying Marshall's enthusiasm.

Marshall came again, this time inside Nicole. He then went down on his knees and licked her vagina clean.

Nicole rubbed his head affectionately, "It is time for you to put on the chastity cage, Marshall, go and get it."

Marshall went to the living room to collect his chastity cage. The living room was empty. Donna left the house while Marshall was busy in the bathroom.

“Put it on,” Marshall suddenly heard Nicole’s voice behind him.

“What?”

Nicole slapped his face hard and looked into his eyes coldly. The change in Nicole's demeanor was striking.

Reflexively, Marshall hurried, put the chastity cage on his penis, and Nicole locked it. She then disappeared into her bedroom without a word.

Marshall always wondered where Nicole disappeared so quietly. He dressed but didn’t leave right away. He looked at the sofa and thought about the evening’s events that had transpired.

It was interesting fucking another woman, Marshall thought, but nothing is compared to sex with Nicole. Marshall sighed deeply and left the house.

A few days later, Marshall got a call. When he arrived, standing naked on the knees, Nicole came to the living room with another woman.

Nicole instructed him how to fuck the new woman. It was fun. Marshall enjoyed the unique experience but waited patiently for his turn with Nicole.

After a cold shower, Nicole took him to her bedroom. Marshall made love to her on the bed. His feelings toward Nicole grew deeper.

The calls from Nicole arrived sporadically. Sometimes a day later and sometimes three or four days later.

Each time he arrived at her house, she had a friend. Marshall fucked only one time. And different women wanted him to ejaculate where they wanted it. Some wanted it on their ass or breasts, others in their mouth or inside their body.

Nicole orchestrated the encounter with the women. She knew well what they wanted and instructed Marshall to satisfy their fantasy.

Marshall always ended the evening with Nicole, and he couldn’t get enough of her.

As time went by, the women came repeatedly. When his first fuck, Donna, came the second time, Marshall treated her like an old friend. She liked different positions and screamed with delight as Marshall fulfilled her wishes.



Nicole was kind but very strict. Marshall accepted punishments when he did not follow instructions. Nicole disciplined Marshall in private, never in front of her women's friends.

Marshall wore the chastity cage regularly, and Nicole took it off only in the evenings at her house. He never left Nicole's house without it.

## Chapter 5

“Hello, Nicole?”

“Yes, Donna,” Nicole answered, recognizing the voice at the other end of the line.

“Nicole, I have a special request,” Donna said.

“Yes, of course, Donna,” Nicole replied. It was not unusual for her clients to call with requests for their next appointment.

“I have a niece who is inexperienced and has hard times with boys, and I was wondering if it would be possible to have a session for her with Marshall.”

“Hmm, that’s a bit odd, Donna,” Nicole said reluctantly.

“Yes, I understand, but Ruth is a sweetheart and could benefit from some tricks you teach her.”

“How old is Ruth?”

“She is eighteen years old,” Donna said and added quickly, “but she is not a virgin.”

“I don’t understand,” Nicole said, puzzled.

“Well, her boyfriend left her, and I suspect she is too shy and inexperienced to keep him coming back.”

“I see,” Nicole got the picture, “It will be an extra fee.”

“That’s not a problem,” Donna replied. Money was not an issue for Donna.

There was a pause as Nicole thought about it, and then she decided, “Okay, I’ll let you bring her. When would you two want to come?”

They set a date, and then Nicole asked questions about Ruth and what Donna wanted her to learn.

A few days later, Marshall knocked on the door at seven o’clock. To his surprise, Nicole opened the door.

“Come in, Marshall,” Nicole said in a sweet voice. She then instructed him to remove his pants and then took off the chastity cage.

“Today will be different,” Nicole explained. “You will be fully dressed and meet Donna’s niece, Ruth. I will instruct Ruth on what to do. You be a good boy and keep your hands on the back. You understand?”

Marshall looked puzzled, “Yes,” he said hesitantly.

“You’ll have fun,” Nicole said with a smile, “And you may ejaculate freely, but you don’t talk unless I tell you to.”

Marshall smiled back, “It will be interesting,” he said in his head, looking at Nicole for instructions.

“Sit on the sofa and don’t move. We’ll wait for Donna and Ruth,” Nicole said and left the living room.

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang. Nicole showed up and opened the door.

“Hi, Donna,” Nicole greeted as she examined the young girl next to Donna. Nicole thought Ruth could look good if she took off her glasses and better cared for herself.

“Very nice to meet you, Ruth,” Nicole said, smiling at the young girl who looked nervous.

“Nice meeting you too,” Ruth replied politely.

“Donna, please sit on the chair,” Nicole invited, “And you, Ruth, sit on the sofa next to Marshall.”

Nicole sat on the other side of the sofa next to Ruth and smiled kindly at her.

“Marshall is a shy boy and doesn’t talk much. I’ll teach you how to make him scream with pleasure today, Okay?”

“Yes, sure,” Ruth said as she looked at Marshall, smiling feebly.

“Good, let’s pretend that you are dating Marshall and sit on the sofa in your home. You want to make your boyfriend happy, don’t you, Ruth?”

“Yes, of course,” Ruth said and looked at her aunt for reassurance. Donna smiled at her and nodded her head encouragingly.

“Okay, let’s start,” Nicole continued with a smile, “I want you to put your arm around Marshall's neck and talk into his ear. Say I want to take care of you, baby.”

Ruth put her arm around hesitantly and talked into Marshall’s ear in a weak voice, “I want to take care of you, baby.”

“Good, Ruth, now I want you to repeat what you said while rubbing Marshall’s crotch.”

Ruth got into the act. Marshall was smiling quietly, making her more comfortable.

“Do you feel his penis?” Nicole asked Ruth.

“Yes, it is getting hard,” Ruth said as she rubbed her palm over Marshall’s pants.

“Great, now open the zipper and talk into his ear. I want to take good care of you, baby, okay?”

Ruth followed the instructions enjoying the fact that she made Marshall’s penis hard.

She then pulled out his cock, following Nicole's instructions, and started to stroke.

“Moan in his ear, and run your fingertips on his penis. Sounds are essential in intimate encounters, go ahead, let me hear you.”

Ruth moaned softly in Marshall's ear and ran her fingertips over his penis. She was delighted as she felt the penis jolting under her touch.

Nicole continued her lesson by explaining to Ruth how to stroke, twist her hand over the mushroom head, and talk into Marshall’s ear.

Marshall was very aroused. He breathed in short puffs, turned on by Ruth’s touch.

“You see how the penis started to throb. Marshall is ready for you, Ruth. Say come for me, Marshall.”

Ruth talked into Marshall’s ear, moaning and repeating, “Come for me, Marshall, come for me.”

Ruth was ecstatic when Marshall ejaculated. She liked her control, and making Marshall come so quickly was exhilarating.

“That was great, Ruth,” Nicole said with satisfaction, “You know that men have huge egos all concentrated in their penis. I want you to kiss the penis head and say, You like that, baby.”

Ruth bent and kissed the penis head and then, without any further instruction, wrapped her lips around it and sucked.

Marshall moaned loud, and Ruth loved it.

Nicole smiled at Donna, who was smiling too.

“Okay, let’s move on,” Nicole interrupted. “Marshall, come with me.”

Nicole led Marshall to the bathroom and ordered him to undress and take a cold shower. Marshall came out of the shower with a shrunk penis, just as Nicole wanted.

They returned to the living room, Marshall naked, walking behind Nicole.

Ruth was sitting on the sofa, watching the arrival of Marshall.

“Marshall, stand in front of Ruth,” Nicole ordered, “And you, Ruth, make him hard again.”

Nicole sat on the sofa beside Ruth, watching and suggesting a few hand movements. Marshall’s penis hardened in Ruth’s hands.

“Ruth, look into Marshall's eyes and tell him that you want him to fuck you.”

“What?” Ruth exclaimed.

“Ruth, men are aroused by women’s voice as much as by their touch,” Nicole explained patiently, “You control men by talking to them, and they love it.”

“Marshall, I want you to fuck me,” Ruth said with determination. She felt a Marshall’s cock jerking slightly in her hands. Ruth was bright, and she got the idea quickly.

“Yes, Marshall, I want you to fuck me good, Okay?” she improvised on her own.

Nicole smiled contentment, “Now lean back on the sofa, pull up your dress, and play with your pussy. Keep your eyes locked with Marshall’s.”

“That’s good, Ruth,” Nicole encouraged, “Now tell Marshall to kiss your pussy.”

Ruth said meekly, “Marshall, kiss my pussy.”

“No, Ruth, you order him to do that, not begging, you understand. You already told him that you want to fuck him. Men will do anything it takes to fuck.”

Ruth repeated in a commanding voice, and Marshall complied. He liked Ruth’s body. She had a fair complexion, and it was soft and smooth.

After a short while, Nicole ordered Marshall to stand up and then turned to Ruth, “I want you to hold his hard penis and insert the penis head into your vagina, and when it enters, I want you to make a loud, Oh.”

Ruth was a quick learner and made an excellent sound when she shoved Marshall’s penis into her vagina.

“Now, Ruth, tell Marshall how you like it. Don’t hold back. I want to hear exactly how you like it, and I want you to look into his eyes, Okay?”

Ruth nodded and looked into Marshall’s eyes, “Fuck me slowly.”

Marshall moved slowly in and out.

“Ruth, I don’t hear you. You have to make sounds or talk to Marshall.”

Ruth started to moan.

“That’s good, Ruth. I want to hear you louder and tell Marshall how he is doing. Say things like that is so good, Marshall.”

Ruth performed well under Nicole's supervision. She then made Marshall go faster and moaned loudly.

“Tell him when you are ready to come. Men love to hear what women enjoy. It beefs up their ego.”

Ruth had no problem as she got into the act. She screamed that she was coming, and her body shook with excitement.

Marshall couldn't hold it anymore and ejaculated right then. They both breathed heavily.

"That was very good," Nicole summed up. "Marshall, come with me."

After a cold shower, Nicole let Marshall into her bedroom. She undressed in front of him, watching with a smile as his penis erected again.

"Stroke your cock for me, Marshall," Nicole whispered as she climbed on the bed and lay on her stomach. She then gestured to Marshall with her index finger to come closer.

Marshall's penis was hardened when Nicole took him into her mouth. She held his balls and slowly swallowed the entire length of his cock, sliding it into her throat.

Marshall went crazy from the sensations in his penis and moaned loudly. Nicole kept him inside her mouth for a few seconds and then let go. Smiling to herself, Nicole turned around and bent in front of Marshall.

"Fuck my ass, Marshall. I want you to shove cock into my ass, now!"

Marshall shook with excitement. Whatever happened earlier with Ruth became a vague memory. His eyes focused on Nicole's pink butt hole, but he did not move.

Nicole put her hands on the ass cheek, stretching wide, "Fuck my ass!" she ordered.

Marshall held his cock and gently pressed it into Nicole's asshole.

"Shove it in!" Nicole screamed.

Marshall felt like he was in a dream. He pushed his penis into Nicole's ass. It was difficult initially, but after the entire shaft length was inside Nicole, it became more comfortable, and Marshall started moving in and out slowly.

"Fuck my ass!" Nicole screamed again, arousing Marshall to his limit.

Marshall was in a trance. He banged his cock faster and faster. It was fascinating, like millions of sparks running through his body. And then he exploded and ejaculated for the third time.

Nicole lay down quietly, listening to Marshall's sounds, and let him fuck her with no further instructions. She smiled to herself with contentment when he ejaculated after a short visit inside her asshole.

"Down on the knees," Nicole ordered as she turned around and sat on the bed. Marshall dropped down, looking at her with awe.

Nicole fondly stroked his head, "Worship," she quietly said as she lifted her legs and put them over his shoulders.

Marshall avidly kissed and licked every square inch of Nicole's smooth round ass with loud moans of pleasure. After that, Nicole took him to the bathroom, rinsed him with cold water, and locked his penis.

Marshall watched Nicole taking a shower standing on his knees, wishing he could wash her body with his hands.

Nicole washed her body thoroughly, and when she finished, she wrapped herself with a towel and left the bathroom without a word, as if Marshall did not exist.



## Chapter 6

After the encounter with Ruth, Marshall's life returned to a familiar routine. Nicole called, and Marshall served her friends devotedly.

One day, when Marshall was busy behind at the cashier, he suddenly heard, "Marshall, is that you?"

Marshall looked up and saw Ruth smiling at him. He smiled back, embarrassed a bit.

"I didn't know you work here," Ruth said gently.

"Yes, I have been working here for a while," Marshall replied, trying to gain composure.

"That's great!" Ruth said as if it was the best job on earth.

Marshall did not respond. He just smiled meekly.

"Hey, you want to hang out sometime?"

"Hmm, yes, sure."

"Great," Ruth said as she picked up her change and left the store.

A few days later, Ruth showed up at the store. She was dressed in sexy shorts and a tight tank top and browsed the aisles slowly.

Marshall saw her but pretended to be busy behind the counter.

"Hi again," Ruth said as she approached the cashier with a few candy bars.

"Hi, Ruth."

"So, how is life, Marshall?"

"Fine."

Ruth smiled at him, "How about we hang out tonight? I can come by when you finish work."

It took Marshall a couple of seconds to digest what Ruth was saying. He then nodded and told Ruth the time he finished work. Ruth smiled broadly, "I'll be here," she said mischievously.

After work, Marshall walked outside and saw Ruth waiting in a red BMW, “Hop in, Marshall,” Ruth chirped.

They went to a nearby burger joint and sat at the table, chewing their food earnestly.

Marshall was quiet, but Ruth was cheerful and talked about her life. She was a student at the local college. She liked studying but didn’t like the guys at school.

Marshall nodded with understanding and slowly warmed up. Ruth asked him about his high school and family, and Marshall opened up to Ruth and told her about his life and work.

When they finished their meal, Ruth drove to the city park, and they padded side by side, rubbing each other groins.

Marshall finally made a move and touched Ruth’s hand. She immediately held his hand with affection. They walked hand in hand in the park, and as they reached a bench, Ruth suggested taking a break.

It was a warm weekday evening, and the park was empty. Marshall turned toward Ruth, “You know, I really enjoyed our evening at Nicole’s.” It was the first time that Nicole’s name was mentioned.

Ruth looked at him fondly and put her arms around his neck. Slowly their lips met, and Ruth's tongue explored, feeling the sensations of their mutual touch.

Marshall responded excitedly, and they kissed passionately.

Ruth stroked Marshall’s hair tenderly, “I would love to stay longer, but I need to be at my Aunt's house soon.”

“Oh, that’s fine, Ruth.”

They walked back to the car, and Ruth dropped Marshall at the store with a loving good-bye kiss.

A few days later, Ruth showed up at the store, “Tonight?” she asked, smiling at Marshall.

“Will be looking for your Beamer,” Marshall responded with a laugh.

Later in the evening, Ruth showed Marshall her home in a luxury apartment building close to the university.

They sat on the sofa in the living room and kissed as Ruth's hand stretched out and rubbed Marshall's groin.

"What's that?" Ruth asked with surprise when she felt the chastity case.

"It is a chastity case," Marshall replied, embarrassed, "Nicole makes me wear it."

"I can't believe that," Ruth exclaimed, "Show me."

"There is nothing to see," Marshall tried to avoid the subject.

"Marshall, stand up and show me," Ruth ordered angrily.

Obediently, Marshall dropped his pants.

Ruth examined the chastity cage turning it left and right.

"Where is the key?"

"Nicole has it."

"And when does she take it off?"

"During the time I am at her house."

"So, you always have this cage on your penis."

"Yes."

"Wow, that is something I'll have to talk to my aunt about it."

"Ruth, let me take care of you."

"What?"

Marshall dropped to his knees and lifted Ruth's skirt, "Let me take care of you, please."

Ruth smiled at Marshall and slowly took off her underpants. She then put her feet on the sofa spreading wide.

Marshall expertly worked her vagina and ass, and Ruth came with screams of joy.

“That was wonderful. I never came this way.”

“Thanks.”

“I’ll need to take care of you too, Marshall, and get this chastity cage off your penis.”

“You think you can do that?”

“Would you want me to do that?”

“Oh, yes, sure!”

“I’ll talk to my aunt and see what we can do.”

“That would be great,” Marshall said excitedly.

Ruth looked at him warmly, “Let’s get going; I need to get up early tomorrow for math class.”

Ruth drove Marshall to his bike and kissed him goodbye. As she drove off, she picked up the phone and called her aunt.

Donna was not surprised to hear that Marshall’s penis was locked in a chastity cage and offered her help.

The next day Donna called Nicole and checked the possibility of freeing Marshall.

“It will cost a fortune,” Nicole told Donna.

“What would it be?” Donna countered.

After they agreed on the price, Nicole instructed Donna to tell Ruth to be at her place and get the key.

Ruth was delighted to hear from her aunt and went to Nicole’s house to get the key. She rang the bell with excitement and waited anxiously.

“Hello again, Ruth,” Nicole greeted with a warm smile, “Come in.”

“Hi,” Ruth said and stepped in quickly.

“Sit down,” Nicole invited.

Ruth sat quietly on that familiar sofa and looked at Nicole anxiously.

“So, you like to have the key, right?”

“Yes.”

“Here is the key and a start-up kit,” Nicole said with a slight smile as she handed Ruth a small key on a gold chain and a leather bag.

“What is a start-up kit?” Ruth asked with surprise. Her Aunt did not mention any start-up kit when she told her to get the key.

“See for yourself,” Nicole giggled.

Ruth gasped as she opened the leather bag and pulled out handcuffs, flaggers, and a paddle.

“What is that?”

“These are disciplinary tools, and I have one more that does not fit in the bag,” Nicole said as she handed her a crop.

“I don’t need all that. Why would I use that?”

“You don’t have to use it, but you might want to when Marshall misbehaves.”

“Misbehaves?”

“Yes, you would know when that happens.”

“I would?”

“Yes, and never let Marshall leave your home without the chastity cage,” Nicole said and got up, signaling that visit time was over.

Ruth was confused but collected the “tools” and walked toward the door.

“Good luck, and enjoy your time with Marshall,” Nicole said as she opened the door for Ruth.

“Thank you,” Ruth mumbled and hurried out to her car.

When Ruth was in her apartment, she opened the bag again and examined the items. Then with decisiveness, she stashed the bag and the crop in her closet.

Later in the evening, she drove to the convenience store. She stormed in and waved the key in front of Marshall, "I got it!"

Marshall looked up and smiled broadly. It was the end of his shift, and he left with Ruth.

They were excited and tore their clothes as they entered Ruth's apartment. Ruth unlocked the chastity cage and delightfully stroked Marshall's erect penis.

They made love for many hours, enjoying each other bodies, and then fell asleep exhausted.

In the morning, Marshall made breakfast and then got ready to work.

"You need to put the chastity cage before you leave," Ruth quietly said.

"What?"

"You heard me, put on the chastity cage."

"But why, Ruth?"

"Because I say so," Ruth replied with authority.

"It is not necessary, Ruth."

It was Ruth's first confrontation with Marshall, and she knew she must prevail. She lifted her leg and smashed Marshall's balls with her knee.

While Marshall bent and screamed from pain, Ruth went to her closet and got the flogger. She went back to the kitchen and angrily started to whip Marshall.

To her surprise, Marshall went down on his knees and kissed her feet,

"Stop, Ruth, please stop."

"Put on your chastity cage," Ruth screamed angrily, whipping Marshall relentlessly.

"Okay, please stop," Marshall begged, kissing Ruth's feet fervently.

Ruth stopped and watched with satisfaction as Marshall put on the chastity cage. She then put her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

“You’ll be good, Marshall, won’t you?” she said while looking into his eyes.

“Yes, Ruth.”

“That’s what I like to hear, Marshall. Now go to work and be back here by seven.”

“Yes, Ruth,” Marshall reply obediently.

Ruth watched Marshall leave her apartment, “I think I like to be in control,” she mumbled, smiling with satisfaction.

When Marshall showed up at seven o’clock, Ruth greeted him with a passionate kiss, then looked him in the eyes and said in a commanding voice, “Marshall, there are chicken fillets in the fridge. Make us dinner.”

“Yes, sure, Ruth.”

“And try to be quiet. I need to study.”

“Yes, of course,” Marshall replied and headed to the kitchen.

An hour later, Marshall announced that dinner was ready. Ruth came to the kitchen and examined the food, “It smells good, Marshall,” she said with satisfaction.

They sat at the table and ate quietly. Ruth wasn’t in a mood to chat. At the end of the meal, Ruth said, “That was delicious dinner, but I need a dessert, don’t you, Marshall?”

“Hmm, I didn’t make any,” Marshall said in a concerning voice.

“I like carrots, peel one for me.”

Marshall got up to pull out a carrot from the fridge and peeled it.

When he returned to the table, Ruth sat with her skirt, revealing her shaved vagina and tight ass opening.

“The carrot goes here,” Ruth said, pointing to her vagina, “And your dessert is right here,” she continued rubbing her asshole.

Marshall stood in front of Ruth, holding the carrot, trying to comprehend what was happening.

“Get down here!” Ruth screamed impatiently.

Marshall dropped to his knees and kissed the asshole tenderly.

Ruth grabbed the carrot and shoved it into her vagina, moving the carrot in and out in fast movements, “Fuck my asshole, Marshall. I want to feel your tongue deep inside my ass.”

Marshall worked his tongue while Ruth masturbated until she came with joyful loud sounds.

“That was a delightful dessert, Marshall, don’t you think?”

“Yes, Ruth.”

“Here, eat the carrot.”

Ruth watched Marshall until he finished eating the carrot.

“Very good, Marshall, now come with me. I want to show you your room.”

“My room?”

“Yes, you are my boyfriend now. I want you to live here. Don’t you want to be close to me?”

“yes, but..”

“Good,” Ruth cut him off, “Maybe tomorrow we won’t need a carrot, and we’ll use the real thing.”

Marshall’s penis stirred in the chastity cage.

“Come on, I’ll show you the room,” Ruth said, walking out of the kitchen.

Marshall followed her to a room next to the master bedroom. The room was furnished nicely with a beautiful private bath.

“It is a very nice room,” Marshall said.

“I am glad you like it. Won’t you be thrilled living here close to me?”

“Yes, I’ll be happy, but there is no door to the room or the bathroom,” Marshall noticed with surprise.

“Why? do you have anything to hide from me?”



“No, but...”

“You are my boyfriend now,” Ruth cut him off, “And I want you to share with me everything.”

“Yes, of course,” Marshall said weakly. He knew better than voicing objections to Ruth.

“Good, I need to study now. Make breakfast ready at eight in the morning,” Ruth said as she walked into her room and closed the door behind her.

Marshall was overwhelmed but knew there was no choice but to accept the new reality. Ruth is in control, just like Nicole was. In a way, he was glad to have Ruth running his life and liked to serve her.

Marshall watched a TV show and then went to bed.

In the morning, Ruth and Marshall ate breakfast in harmony.

“You can use my car today to bring your stuff, and I prepared a list of groceries we need,” Ruth said and handed him the car key with a one hundred bill for the groceries.

“Thank you,” Marshall said with appreciation.

“I want dinner by seven tonight, Marshall. You don’t want me to give you more carrots, do you?”

“No, Ruth,” Marshall said, hoping that tonight Ruth would free him from the chastity cage.

Ruth put her arms around Marshall’s neck, kissed him passionately, and strode out of the apartment.

## **Chapter 7**

“I have a surprise for you,” Ruth said to Marshall one day when he came home from work.

“Really? What is it?” Marshall asked.

“I put it in your room,” Ruth said, laughing as she walked to Marshall’s room. There on display was an exercise bench and a rack of weights.

“What do you think?” Ruth asked mockingly. She didn’t wait for an answer, “I like muscular boyfriends, and you will exercise every evening to build up your muscles.”

“Hmm, Okay.”

“Here is a list of exercises you will do every evening before making dinner. Now undress.”

“What?”

“That’s another carrot. How many carrots do you have?”

“Three with this one,” Marshall meekly replied.

“I will not repeat myself, Marshall,” Ruth said with a threatening look.

Marshall got the hint and undressed. He stood with only a chastity cage locking his penis and looked at Ruth submissively.

“I want to see you exercise now. Follow the list. You can start with the lightest weight.”

Marshall looked at the list and started lifting weights while Ruth sat on a chair and watched him.

When Marshall finished all the exercises, Ruth looked at her watch, “That was forty-five minutes, come here. I want to feel your muscles.”

Marshall stood in front of Ruth as she got up from the chair and patted his arms and chest, “Not bad, but you have a long way to go. I like to feel strong muscles when I make love. You understand?”

“Yes, Ruth.”

“Good,” Ruth said, wrapping her arms around Marshall's neck affectionately, “You are a good boyfriend, Marshall. I would let you fuck me, but you have three carrots, so your penis has to wait until you eat all those carrots.”

Marshall looked at her, helpless, without a word.

“You want to earn a carrot?”

“Yes, sure,” Marshall responded excitedly. Marshall loved to fuck Ruth whenever she let him. And reducing the number of carrots he would get for misbehavior would bring him closer to his goal.

“Okay then, fill my bath with hot water,” Ruth said, giggling and enjoying Marshall’s torture.

Marshall hurried up to Ruth’s bathroom and ran the water. His penis banged the chastity cage wall trying to erect to no avail.

Ruth walked into the bathroom and pointed down at her high-heel sleepers. Marshall dropped down and took off the shoes kissing Ruth’s feet affectionally. Ruth turned around, “Undress me.”

When Ruth was naked, she dipped into the warm water. Marshall grabbed a sponge and soap and started to rub Ruth’s back.

Ruth ran her fingernails over Marshall’s testicles, “How is the penis doing, Marshall?” she mocked as she slid her finger up the ass crack and pushed her finger inside Marshall’s ass hole.

“Tell me again, how many carrots you have?” Ruth asked while twisting her finger inside Marshall’s ass.

Marshall breathed heavily, “I have three carrots,” he admitted painfully.

“Three carrots!” Ruth exclaimed as if she did not know it, “You must have misbehaved. Is that right, Marshall? You were a bad boy?”

“Yes, Ruth, I am sorry.”

Ruth pulled her hand out of Marshall’s ass. She was furious and slapped Marshall's face hard, “I told you I don’t want to hear sorry.”

“Yes, Ruth.”

Ruth got up from the bathtub, “It looks like carrots do not work well enough,” she said and pulled the handcuffs from the drawer. She stood naked tall in her black high-heel sleepers and locked Marshall’s hands behind his back.

“Down,” Ruth ordered.

Marshall dropped to his knees. Ruth kicked his butt, and with handcuffed hands, Marshall lost balance and fell on the floor face down.

Ruth pushed the pointy sleeper between Marshall’s legs and stepped lightly on his testicles.

“Didn’t I tell you I want obedience, not sorry?”

“Yes, Ruth.”

Ruth pressed her foot with all her weight, smashing Marshall's balls.

Marshall's scream was ear-piercing.

“And what did you say today?”

“I was wrong. I said what I shouldn't say,” Marshall was careful not to repeat the word sorry.

“That's right,” Ruth said and stepped again on Marshall's balls.

Marshall cried. His body shuddered from pain.

Ruth lifted her foot and looked at him scornfully, “Beg for forgiveness,” she quietly said as she uncuffed his hands.

Marshall crawled to her feet, kissing and begging for forgiveness.

Ruth looked at Marshall pitifully, “Get out of here,” she said.

Marshall got up on his feet and squirreled quickly to his room.

Ruth emptied the tub and took a quick shower. She felt terrible about hurting Marshall.

Ruth loved Marshall. But when Marshall broke the rules, she had to assert her dominance over him and punish him. She couldn't accept ‘Sorry’ for disobedience.

After this incident, there was a period of calm. Marshall tried his best to appease Ruth. As time passed, Ruth and Marshall started to live a routine life. They went out for dinners or to a dance club. And in public, they look like any other couple having a good time.

At home, Ruth ruled, and Marshall obeyed. It was an arrangement that suited both of them. Ruth was in control, and Marshall fulfilled his subservient emotional needs.

One day they went to dinner, and when they finished the meal, Marshall pulled out of his pocket a small jewelry box and put it on the table between him and Ruth.

“Ruth,” Marshall said, “I was thinking about this moment for a long time.”

Ruth looked at him with an amused smile, “And...” she said.

“And I want to marry you and live together for the rest of our lives.”

“That is very romantic, Marshall,” Ruth mocked, “Do you think that if you are my husband, I won’t punish you or lock you in a chastity cage?”

“No, I didn’t think so. I love you.”

Ruth looked at Marshall silently for a while and then said abruptly, “Let’s go home now.”

Marshall grabbed the jewelry box and hurried after Ruth as she walked fast out of the restaurant.

Ruth walked into her bedroom home with Marshall in tow, “Marshall, undress,” she ordered. When Marshall was naked, Ruth removed the chastity cage and stroked his erect cock.

“You show me how you fuck me as a husband, and I’ll consider your offer,” Ruth whispered in Marshall’s as she held his hard cock in her hand and circled the mushroom head with her thumb.

Marshall did not disappoint. He made Ruth wet, kissing and licking her shaved triangle, then got on top of her and mustered everything he had learned from Nicole to satisfy Ruth.

After the climax, they lay down side by side, and Ruth turned to Marshall, “That was a good fuck, Marshall.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“If I marry you, I will expect you to obey unquestionably, you understand?”

“Yes, Ruth.”

“And I’ll punish you severely if you misbehave,” Ruth said threateningly.

“Yes, I understand, Ruth,” Marshall said with eagerness.

“Okay, let’s try a week as husband and wife,” Ruth said and turned around, signaling that the conversation was over.

Marshall lay next to Ruth and smiled with happiness. Ruth did not send him to his room as she usually did. And he was ready for whatever tests Ruth would put him through.

In the morning, when Ruth got up, breakfast was ready in the kitchen.

“Are you going to work?” Ruth asked Marshall.

“Yes, in a few minutes.”

Ruth sat at the table and did not look at Marshall as she quietly said, “Drop your pants.”

Marshall obeyed immediately. Ruth turned and looked at Marshall. He wore the chastity cage as expected before leaving for work.

Ruth motioned Marshall to get closer and check the chastity cage. It was correctly locked, and Ruth was satisfied.

“You have the list for tonight?” Ruth asked, referring to the grocery list.

“Yes, Ruth.”

“Good, you may go now.”

Marshall put up his pants and left to work without a word.

It was a tough week for Marshall. Ruth made him follow her naked on all four everywhere. She used a strap-on she recently purchased and had Marshall lick every square inch of her body.

At night, Ruth sent Marshall to his room, and then she walked into his room when he was asleep, woke him up with whiplash demanding him to service her body.

Marshall was determined to follow Ruth's orders, and at the end of the week, Ruth accepted Marshall's offer to marry him.

It was a small wedding with close relatives and a few friends.

Ruth and Marshall lived in harmony with known rules that made both of them happy and thankful for each other.