



# Confession of Femdom Lover

**Erotic Novel**

Lexi Loverli

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*Lexi Loverli*

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I love women, especially those with big boobs and long legs. Ever since I remember, I have been ogling females. I developed a theory that if the woman's ankles are thin, her legs are shapely. I checked my idea everywhere I laid eyes on the opposite sex. It turned out to be accurate, but the caveat was that I seldom saw nice thin ankles.

Luckily, I am a good-looking guy, and dating was easy. I can charm a girl and win her over naturally, but I wasn't like that at an early age. As a child, I was shy and introverted. It didn't help that when I was fourteen years old, my parents died in a car accident on the way back home from dinner with friends. I moved in with my grandmother, the kindest person on earth. She had been a widow for a while and was happy to be my legal guardian and have company at home. She lived in a wealthy neighborhood far from where I lived with my parents, and I had to change schools.

It took me about two years to get over the loss of my parents. My grandmother sat with me daily and helped me with my homework because I had difficulty concentrating. By junior high school, I started to come out from under the rock. I began participating in social events, and girls started noticing me.

I loved to watch girls, mostly the pretty ones, but I was too intimidated to hit on anyone. Fortunately, my good look helped, and Ashley, an average-looking girl, asked me one day if I could give her a ride to the party. Of course, I agreed. When I picked up Ashley, she asked me if I didn't mind checking the vista point at the top of the hill before we went to the party because her friend, Naomi, told her that it is a beautiful place in the early evening, and she would like to see it. On top of the hill, I had my first lesson in kissing. Ashley was experienced and instantly figured out my skill in kissing. She instructed me to open my mouth wider; the rest was history. I picked up kissing quickly. We made it to the party very late.

I went out with Ashley for a few weeks and then moved on to a prettier girl. As time went by, I became confident and hit on girls quickly. After graduating high school, I went to college, where I had a blast partying and sleeping with girls non-stop. When I graduated from college, I went on to law school, and after getting a law degree, I started to work for a patent consulting firm, an easy job that did not require long hours.

I lived on my own in an apartment downtown, close to all the nightclubs, and picked up girls who sometimes became short-term girlfriends. The longest relationship was about six months because I always got interested in a new girl, especially if she had long, shapely legs.

I visited my grandmother every Friday. It was a tradition that sometimes interfered with my love life, but I cherish my time with her. Just before my

thirtieth birthday, my grandma passed away. I inherited her house and a good amount of money. I decided to move into my grandma's house. I couldn't bear the thought that someone else would live where my grandmother and mother grew up.

Time healed the wounds, and life returned to the routine of work and dating.

One evening I went to my favorite nightclub, standing at the bar sipping a vodka gimlet. Suddenly I was bumped by a girl that shouted at the bartender, "Two shots of Tequila." She looked young, and I was upset at her for disturbing my peace, "Aren't you too young to have alcohol," I said.

The girl turned her head, looked at me with two blue eyes twinkling with youthful energy, and retorted, "What are you, a cap?"

"No, I am a lawyer," I answered with a smile enjoying the view of her beautiful face.

"Well, Mr. Lawyer, why don't you mind your own business."

I realized I was out of line, "I am sorry, let me buy the drinks."

The girl turned around and shouted, "Hey, Georgina, Mr. Lawyer here is buying us the Tequila shots."

A dark-haired, pretty girl bumped in, "Great, thank you, Mr. Lawyer," she said, smiling at her friend for their good luck.

After they gulped the shots of Tequila, the girl with the blue eyes examined me, "What kind of lawyer are you anyway?"

"I am a patent lawyer," I replied, smiling at her. She was beautiful with long delicate blonde hair, luscious lips, and nice big breasts from which nipples protruded through the thin fabric of her tight dress. She and her friend Georgina wore an identical tight dress with sneakers.

"Well, Mr. Lawyer, if you buy us another drink, I'll tell a patent I have. Maybe you could make money out of that."

I laughed lightheartedly, "Sure, I'll buy another drink, but you must tell me your name first."

"Well, Mr. Lawyer, if you promise not to report us to the police, I'll tell you my name."

I laughed again. I liked her perky way of speaking and her boobs, “I promised,” I said solemnly, making the girl laugh cheerfully. I liked the sound of her laugh.

“I am Kay, and this is my friend Georgina.”

“Kay, I like that name. It fits you.”

“What do you mean by that?” Kay asked suspiciously.

“It is a nice name for a beautiful girl,” I said humoredly.

“Well, Mr. Lawyer, I am flattered that you think I am beautiful.”

I could detect the sarcasm in her voice, and I said earnestly, “I really think so.”

Kay looked me up with a light smile, “What is your name, Mr. Lawyer?”

“Tom.”

“Thomas is a good name for a lawyer,” Kay commented and surprised me with a question, “So how old are you, Thomas?”

I didn’t want to scare her off and tell her that I am in my mid-thirties, “I am thirty years old.”

Kay nodded as she grasped the information and surprised me again, “So thirty years old can dance?”

“I sure can.”

“Would you?”

“If you tell how old you are?”

Kay burst into laughter. She was a knockout and behaved with confidence which attracted me.

“I’ll tell you after seeing you dancing,” she challenged.

I burst into laughter this time, “Sure, I’ll dance with you,” I offered.

Kay looked at me with big blue eyes reproachingly, “I like to be invited properly.”

Wow, I thought, this girl is different, but I played along, “Kay, would you give the honor and dance with me?” I said, formally extending my hand.

Kay placed her palm on my, “Yes, I would,” she said, smiling sweetly.

I felt my cock stirring from her touch. She sure had her way with men, but I remained composed and led her to the dance floor.

They played disco music, but I decided to dance a swing. To my surprise, Kay danced elegantly, moving gracefully, following my lead, smiling with delight.

“That was very good, Thomas; I am impressed,” Kay said at the end of the dance.

I smiled at her, “Didn’t you forget something? Like you are welcome, and your age.”

“Well, thirty years old, Mr. Lawyer, I am twenty-two,” she said, avoiding my hint for a thank you.

At that moment, Georgina approached us, “Kay, I am going home with Victor. Okay?”

“Sure, Georgina, I think that Mr. Lawyer will take care of me. Won’t you, Thomas?” Kay asked as she put her palm on my chest seductively.

I felt again my cock stirring, “Yes, of course,” I said, not sure what taking care of her entailed; neither did I care. I was happy to have her around.

Georgina smiled knowingly and left.

“Let’s dance,” Kay said, and I promptly responded. We danced couple more songs and went back to the bar.

“Would you like another drink?” I offered.

“I would, but not here,” Kay said cagily.

“Where then?”

“Where do you live?” Kay asked.

“I live about fifteen minutes from here.”

“I meant, where like apartment or house?”

“Oh, I live in a house.”

Kay liked my answer, “Well, Mr. Lawyer, you can offer me a drink in your house.”

I was astonished. This girl is something else. But I liked her, “Okay, let’s go.”

I opened my Mercedes door for her, and she glided gracefully, sitting comfortably in the leather seat. I came around and sat in the driver’s seat, ogling her long legs exposed from the short dress she wore.

“Are you ogling at my legs?” Kay amazed me again.

“Hmmm, yes, I was,” I admitted.

“You like them?” she asked, stretching her legs teasingly.

“Yes, they are nice.”

“Nice?” Kay laughed and grabbed my hand, placing it between her firm thighs, “How about now, you like them better?”

I patted her smooth young flesh enjoying tremendously, “Yes, much better.”

“Okay, Mr. Lawyer, you looked and touched, now concentrate on driving.”

I nodded, smiling, wondering what else this young girl had under her sleeve. I had never had this kind of encounter with anyone.

As we approached my house, Kay said with appreciation, “This is a nice old house, Thomas.”

“Yes, my grandparents and my mother lived here. I inherited the house after my grandmother died.”

“Why didn’t she give it to your mother?” Kay was quick.

“Because my mother is deceased also,” I said as I parked the car in the circle driveway.

Kay changed the subject, “Give me a tour.”

I showed her the first floor, kitchen, my bedroom, and office and walked to the living room, “Would you like something to drink?”

“Red wine,” Kay said, strolling around the room, examining the pictures and the furniture. I had a chance now to look at her closely and was impressed. She had sculpted shapely legs and thin ankles that I could see even with her wearing sneakers.

Kay grabbed the wine from me and took a big gulp, “Hmmm, good wine, Thomas.”

“Thank you,” I said while ogling her incredible figure, wondering how it could happen to have a beautiful face with those sensual curves.

“Are you ogling me?” Kay interrupted my thought.

“Well, I am looking at you because you are beautiful.”

“Do you want to see me naked?”

She did it again and surprised me. I was dumbfounded, “Hmmm, yes....”

Kay smiled at me and took another gulp from the wine, “Let’s see the upstairs.”

“I live only on the first floor,” I stated solemnly.

“I figured that, but I want to see the second floor,” Kay insisted.

“It is unnecessary, Kay,” I said, trying to avoid going upstairs, where I rarely went.

“Are you hiding dead bodies up there?”

“No, but many memories.”

It seemed that my answer piqued her curiosity. She came closed to me. I could smell her delicate odor. She placed her palm on my chest and looked into my eyes with her big blue eyes, “I’ll get naked for you if you show me the upstairs.”

I felt my cock stirring and enlarging. There was something primal about this girl that invoked my desires.

Kay looked at me, waiting for me to make up my mind, “You want to see naked, don’t you?” she asked quietly for good measure as if she didn’t know I would say yes.

Her palm transmitted a heat wave into my chest. I couldn’t resist, “Okay, we can go upstairs,” I finally gave up. It was a lost battle to object to this girl.

We went upstairs. There were three bedrooms up there.



“This was my mother’s bedroom when she grew up,” I explained, “And this,” I said as we walked to a spacious bedroom with large bay windows, “Is my grandmother’s bedroom.”

Kay looked through the windows and checked the bed and the antique vanity with a large mirror, “I like this room,” she stated.

I watched her. She was so cute, exploring the room like a little girl wandering in Disney land. Kay was young but nothing like a little girl, and true to her word, she stood in front of the vanity mirror and slid her dress down, letting it fall on the floor.

I gasped with amazement and awe. Kay did not wear anything under the dress. I stared at her back and round ass, and through the mirror, I saw her pear-shaped, firm breasts with erect nipples pointing up. Her triangle was hairless and smooth, with two pink lips swelling out of her vagina like a flower. It was an incredible view, and I felt my cock fully erect, bulging through my pants.

Kay stood motionless for a long second. Silently let me absorb the view. She then turned and jumped on the bed, lying on her back, lifting her legs, “Take off my shoes, Thomas,” she chirped with a laugh.

I approached her slowly and removed one snicker and the other, staring at her vagina exposed teasingly as if I was hypnotized. I forgot that we were in my grandma’s bedroom or anywhere. My eyes were fixed on the staggering view of her sex.

Kay brushed my face with the soles of her feet, drawing my attention back to earth. Her soles were smooth with a pinkish shade and smelled good with a pleasant odor of soap.

“Kiss,” Kay said confidently, placing her feet in front of my face as if she knew I wanted to do it.

I couldn’t understand why. I had never kissed a girl’s feet before, but it came naturally to me with Kay, and I kissed her feet gently.

Kay looked at me with a slight smile; it felt like a conquering smile for controlling an older guy.

Suddenly, Kay lifted her legs from my face and spread them wide, “You may kiss me here,” she said, brushing the length of her glorious vagina with

the index finger and playing with her clit, which caused the vagina lips to open and close lustfully.

I choked, gazing at her beautiful vagina, standing dumbfoundedly, swallowing nervously.

Kay was aware of my cravings and confidently toyed with me, watching me with an amused smile, knowing I'd do what she wanted. And with a groan, I bent and reached that sexual treasure, gently licking the tip of the delicate lips.

Kay pulled me by the hair and looked into my eyes, "Get down on your knees, Thomas," she said in a commanding voice. There was no doubt in my mind that Kay was ordering me at that moment.

I did it without hesitation. I felt a desire to please this young goddess. I was captivated and dropped to my knees, smelling her sex scent, kissing, licking, and sucking that delicious organ she provided me. It felt beautiful and tasted good. I could stay there forever, incited by her low moans of pleasure.

But after some time, Kay pulled back. She sat on the bed and looked at me with an amused smile.

"Well, Mr. Lawyer," she said, "You got more than you bargain for."

I just stayed on my knees, looking at her with cravings. It wasn't often that I wanted to please a girl more than I wanted to be pleased. I made girls suck my dick, and I was not a pussy eater. This was a different and entirely new situation.

Kay looked at me as if she knew what was running in my head, "You enjoyed it," she stated, "but I need to get back home. Could you hand me the dress?"

I didn't move, just looked at her getting a few more seconds' views of her.

"The dress," Kay reminded me.

"Oh, yes," I mumbled and got the dress for her. She stood on the bed and wore the dress, concealing her gorgeous curves. She then sat on the edge of the bed and placed her feet on the floor, "Help me with my shoes, Mr. Lawyer," she said laughingly.

I smiled joyfully. I wanted to do it! I loved touching her velvety feet and legs.

After I was done with her shoes, Kay walked downstairs, and I followed suit. We got into the car silently, and she gave instructions on how to get to her place.

I parked in front of a modest apartment building, and as soon as I stopped, Kay opened the car door, ready to leave.

“Kay, wait,” I said, alarmed at her quick departure.

“What?”

“Could you give me your telephone number?”

She looked at me in silence for a couple of seconds, as if considering my request, and then she announced her telephone number and left quickly. I watched her walk and enter an apartment on the second floor and then wrote her number on paper, hoping I remembered it correctly.

I couldn't fall asleep that night. The images of Kay's naked body ran in my mind, and I licked my lips, reminding myself that it was not a dream. I am a man in my mid-thirties and was struck by a twenty-two-year-old girl. How can I explain that? I cannot. It was out of an ordinary encounter where I felt vulnerable like never before.

I kissed her feet, and I would lick them if I weren't embarrassed by what she would think of me. I ate her pussy and could do that for another hour if she would have let me do it. My thoughts swirled in my mind trying to resolve my feelings but to no avail. I couldn't grasp why I felt the way I did. Finally, I fell asleep, saving myself from those thoughts.

In the following days, I thought about Kay non-stop. And when the weekend approached, I called her.

“Hello,” Kay answered the phone with that sweet voice.

“Hi Kay, this Tom, the lawyer,” I added, thinking it would be funny to add the lawyer.

“Thomas the lawyer,” Kay stated.

“Yes.”

“Well, hello, Mr. Lawyer.”

“Yes, hello,” I said lamely. There was a pause of silence.

“Are you there?” Kay asked.

“Yes, Kay. I called to invite you to dinner and dancing,” I added quickly a line that I practiced. It was amazing that I was so nervous talking to a twenty-two years old girl.

“You mean like a date?”

“Yes, you can call it a date.”

“And what do you call it?”

She caught me by surprise. She is clever with a quick tongue.

“I would call it a date also,” I said for lack of better response.

“So you invite me for date dinner,” Kay stated to clear any misunderstanding.

“Yes,” I confirmed.

“I cannot accept,” Kay announced.

“Why?”

“Because you are too old,” Kay said, point blanc.

“But you spent an evening with me last week,” I protested, feeling the ground slipping under my feet.

“Yes, that is true,” Kay agreed.

“So what is the difference? We could have a nice dinner and dance like last time.”

There was a pause of silence. I waited patiently, hoping that I could change her mind.

“Beg me,” Kay finally said.

“What?” I exclaimed, astonished. But in response, the line went dead. She hung up on me.

I was in turmoil. What should I do? I wanted to see her desperately. In a spare of the moment, I dialed again.

“Hello,” Kay’s sweet voice sounded in my ear like a song. I was happy that she answered the phone and was ready.

“Please, Kay, would you have a date with me?”

“Why?”

“Because I like you and want to see you again,” I said sincerely.

“Beg.”

“Please, Kay, please, please have dinner with me,” I lost it totally. Kay had me by the balls.

There was another pause of silence.

“Pick me up Friday at seven,” she said, and the line went dead.

I sighed with relief. I didn’t care if she wanted me to beg. I wanted to see her again!

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I knocked on the door at seven excited. The door opened, and Georgina greeted me, “Hi, Mr. Lawyer, come in. Kay will be ready soon.”

I walked into a small living room, looking around. Georgina wore only a T-shirt that reached just under her butt. The last time I saw her was in dim bar light, but in the living room, I was amazed. Georgina had a bronze color complexion with long shapely legs.

“Would you like something to drink?” Georgina asked.

“I am fine, thank you,” I said with a polite smile, standing uncomfortable in the living room, trying not to ogle her.

“Sit down. I’ll put some music on,” Georgina said and bent down to turn on the stereo. It was too much to take. The T-shirt stretched when she bent, revealing a round bronze ass with a bathing suit triangle of a lighter shade. I knew she did it purposely and forced myself to look away.

After the music started to play, Georgina left the room, to my relief. A couple of minutes later, Kay walked into the living room. I was stunned. Her hair was in an elegant bun, and she wore a sparkling dress that hugged her curve snugly. But what blew me away was her high-heel pumps. It made her legs look lusty and longer. She looked like a goddess.

“Hi Thomas,” she greeted. I stood up, “You look stunning,” I said with appreciation.

Kay did not respond with the usual thank you. She just looked at me with that amused smile, “Let’s go,” she chirped.

As she settled in the car seat, Kay asked, “Where do you take me?” I told her the name of the nightclub, one of the most expensive in town. Kay nodded approval, stretched her legs, and didn’t talk much during the drive.

I gave the car to the valet guy, and Kay linked her arm with mine. It felt good to have her by my side. As we entered the club and were led to the table I reserved, I noticed a few heads turning to look at Kay. Not surprising, she was gorgeous.

During dinner, Kay asked about my work. She made intelligent and funny comments. The conversation flew quickly. I refrained from asking her personal questions, and she did not volunteer any information.

After dinner, we danced. Kay seemed happy dancing with me, and I was more confident that she had a good time and that our first date was going well.

We returned to our table after a few dances, and Kay looked at me and smiled.

“What?” I asked.

“I am ready to visit your grandma’s room,” she said mischievously.

Honestly, I wasn’t sure what to do after dinner and didn’t plan on going home to show her that I respected her, but she resolved my conflicts.

“Okay,” I said, trying not to show my excitement. But Kay was not finished. She held my hand over the table, looking into my eyes. Her blue eyes twinkled.

“I want to get naked for you, Thomas,” Kay said out of the blue. I choked with excitement and surprise and did not respond, just smiled meekly.

“You want to see me naked, don’t you, Thomas?”

“Oh, yes, of course.”

“And you want to kiss me, don’t you, Thomas?”

“Yes, of course,” I said, wondering where this conversation was going.

Kay stared at me sternly, “You’ll have to beg for it. Would you do that?”

Again, I was astonished. Kay was an unusual girl but a challenge I hadn’t encountered before.

“How do you want me to beg?” I asked lamely and knew I would do anything she asked me to.

“I’ll tell you when we get there. Let’s go.”

We drove quietly and went directly upstairs when we got to my house. Kay sat at the vanity and undid her hair. She picked one of my grandmother’s hair brushes, ran it over her hair once, and without a word, handed the brush to me.

I stood behind her and brushed her long blonde hair. I could tell it was a natural blonde. It was soft and delicate. I enjoyed touching it with my hands while brushing it gently.

Kay looked at me through the mirror and held my hand to stop my brushing. She placed the brush where she got it from and said, "Are you ready to see me naked and kiss?"

"Absolutely," I said with conviction. It felt like I am under a spell. I felt a desire to please this young girl. It was a new feeling I hadn't experienced with other women I dated.

"You know you need to beg, don't you?"

"Yes, you told me that in the restaurant."

Kay turned in her seat and faced me, "I want you to get down on your knees now."

I dropped to my knees without thinking. Kay pointed her index finger, "Kiss my feet, and beg me to get naked for you."

It wasn't embarrassing for me. I bent down, kissed her feet in high heels, and said, "Please let me see you naked."

"Take off my shoes," I heard Kay's voice. I pulled off the pumps and continued to kiss the feet. I liked doing it. It sounds strange, but it was true.

"You may," I heard Kay's voice.

"May what?" I was puzzled.

"I know you want to taste my feet with your tongue, and I gave you permission."

I didn't need more encouragement and felt an urge to lick those smooth velvety feet. I started to lick the feet and felt my cock hardening. Kay pivoted her feet, and I reached those soft soles and licked them. It felt heavenly. The soles were satiny and smelled clean, like baby's feet.

"That's enough, Thomas," Kay interrupted my pleasure as she stood up and slid her feet into the shoes. I stood on my knees watching her. She stepped back, undid the zipper on the back of her dress, and slid it down, stepping gracefully out of the dress. She wore nothing underneath and stood naked in high heels, tall and beautiful.

I gazed at her with awe. She looked like a celestial being.



Kay spread her legs and played with her clit, “Stay on your knees and kiss me,” she said quietly.

I was ready and drooling. I moved fast and buried my face between her sculpted legs. Kay patted my head while I licked her sex with moans of pleasure.

“You want me to bend over for you, Thomas?” she asked mockingly.

I was oblivious to her sarcasm and nodded, “Yes.”

“Beg.”

“Please bend over for me,” I said with no hesitation.

Kay stood tall in high heels and looked at me silently, not moving. I couldn’t understand what was happening, and I wanted to have her round ass in my hands. But then Kay pointed the index finger down without a word. I got it. I bent and licked her feet, repeating my plea. It wasn’t as if I was forced to do it. I wanted to do it. This girl had complete control over me. She knew it, I knew it, and I loved it.

Kay turned around and bent. I held her ass cheeks and spread them, looking at a tiny pink hole of her rectum, and impulsively kissed it. Kay moaned, and it got me excited. I ran my tongue over the rim of the pink tight opening. Kay’s moans grew louder. I concentrate on the asshole with tremendous thrill, licking and sucking my own saliva. I have never done it before with any woman, but it felt natural and pleasurable to lick Kay’s ass.

“You like my candy?” I heard Kay’s voice.

“Yes,” I said. My face was buried between her ass cheeks, and my voice sounded muffled. Kay extended her hand and grabbed my hair, pulling me into her. She kept me locked into her ass for a few seconds and then pushed me out, “Stand up, Thomas,” she ordered as she stepped forward and turned to face me. It was clear who was in control, and I obediently stood up.

Kay wrapped her arms around my neck affectionately and briefly kissed me on my lips. We stood hugging; Kay nibbled on my ear lobe, “I like it when you beg me, Thomas,” she talked into my ear.

“I like it too,” I said sincerely, hugging her and taking the opportunity to brush my palms on her back and ass.

“Hmmm, I am glad to hear that, Thomas,” Kay said, pecking my ear lobe and running her fingertips through my hair. I loved the intimate moment and hugged her tighter with growing emotions.

Kay kissed me again. It was a long kiss. Her tongue penetrated my mouth, exploring. I responded excitedly, and our tongues moved in rhythm from one mouth to the other. I was elated and filled with loving emotions. This young girl succeeded in effectuating in me to no end in sight.

I would have continued to kiss her forever, but Kay broke the kiss, “Take off your clothes, Thomas,” she said quietly and sat on the chair, watching me undress. When I took off the underwear, my penis strung out erect.

Kay smiled at the view and said, “Come closer, Thomas.” I stood before her like a schoolboy. She had complete control, and not only that I accepted it, but I also loved it. I didn’t have to make any decision, just waiting for instructions.

Kay gently touched my shaft with her index finger over the length of my shaft. My cock jerked.

“Spread your legs.” I did.

“Put your hands behind the back.” I did without questioning why.

Kay examined my penis closely, moving it from side to side with a gentle touch of her index finger. She then lifted my balls, inspecting them with interest. It seemed that she was satisfied. She looked up at me, smiled kindly, then held my penis and stretched the penis slit wide with two thumbs. I shuddered when she ran the tip of her tongue through the open slit and started to moan.

Kay inserted the penis head into her mouth. She sucked while running her tongue in circles over the mushroom head. Never letting my cock deeper into her mouth.

“I want you to look at me,” Kay suddenly said.

I looked down, meeting her seductive blue eyes. There was something very erotic and inciting with eye contact, and while we looked at each other, Kay stroked my penis. It was a light touch, like a feather, and my body

responded excitedly. I looked at her with a craving expression making low moans that I couldn't suppress.

"Tommy is getting really hard, Thomas," Kay said, her eyes laughing.

"Yes," I said, aroused, breathing heavily. She bent and licked the tip of the penis head.

"I felt the pre cum, Thomas," she said, meeting my eyes again. I didn't respond just breathed heavily. Kay cupped my balls in one hand and held my hard cock with the other hand. Her thumb massaged the bottom of the penis head with slow erotic motions.

My cock hardened like a rock, and I felt it was coming soon. I could ejaculate any second. Kay sensed it and stopped moving her thumb. She squeezed my balls, her eyes boring into mine,

"I'll let Tommy shoot on my tities. Would you like that, Thomas?"

"Yes," was all I was capable of saying.

"And you clean your cum," Kay continued as if it was a casual conversation over dinner.

At that point, I would say yes to anything. The pressure built inside me was unbearable.

"Yes," I repeated without thinking.

Kay smiled and took me into her mouth briefly, then resumed massaging the base of my penis head with her thumb. She started to move it faster, and I breathed in short quick intakes, feeling it coming.

Kay pressed her thumb and brushed it forcefully, aiming my throbbing cock at her chest. I closed my eyes, unsure if I screamed, but I ejaculated with euphoria all over her breasts. Kay changed the pattern. She stroked the entire length of my pulsating penis in long hard strokes, milking every drop of semen I had.

I moaned loud and reflexively moved my hands and held Kay's head. Kay reacted swiftly. I cried from the sharp pain as she twisted my testicle vehemently. "Your hands," she said quietly.

“Yes, I am sorry,” I mumbled and immediately placed my hands on my back. Kay released my balls and continued to stroke for a while longer. I looked down and saw the white gooey covering her big boobs. Some dripped to her stomach.

“Down on your knees, Thomas,” Kay ordered when she was satisfied with my ejaculation ritual. She leaned forward and pulled my head into her chest, “Lick me off, Thomas.”

I never licked my cum. And to be honest, the thought of it disgusted me. I was pressed to Kay’s chest, not moving.

Kay guessed that it was my first time doing it. She patted my head affectionately, “It is your cum, Thomas, not poison,” she said softly, “Take a small lick first.”

What could I do? I agreed to that in the heat of our oral sex. I took a tiny lick, tasting my cum. It had a salty taste but wasn’t too bad.

“That’s good, Thomas. You are doing great,” Kay encouraged, caressing my head. I took another quick lick bravely. “Wonderful, Thomas,” Kay complemented, “Now get your tongue out for a long lick.”

I couldn’t believe it, but I felt proud of her appraisal and took a long lick, then another, and another, and got into a rhythm until all the semen disappeared. While doing it, I also sucked her nipples with pleasure I couldn’t comprehend.

Kay lifted my face with two hands and kissed me. It felt like a reward for a good job, but I kissed her back enthusiastically.

“Get my dress, Thomas,” Kay said softly, breaking the kiss and looking kindly into my eyes. I felt small with this twenty-two-year-old girl ordering me around, and unbelievably, I liked that feeling. I got up and fetched the dress.

Still in the chair, Kay slid the skirt through her feet up to her legs and pulled the dress over her gorgeous breasts, standing up, “My shoes,” Kay reminded me as if I had forgotten to put on her shoes.

I collected her shoes and bent to slide the pumps over her feet, but Kay stepped backward, looked into my eyes, and said, “Do it properly on your

knees.” I dropped down instantly and gently held the shoe as Kay gracefully slid in her foot and then repeated for the other foot.

“Take me home now,” Kay said, smiling sweetly at me as if rewarding me for an excellent job.

I started to collect my clothes, but Kay’s voice was harsh and stopped me, “Stay naked.”

I was flabbergasted and protested, “I can’t drive you naked; a cap can pull me,

Kay thought about it for a second, “Put on your shirt.”

My penis dwindled under my shirt as we walked to my car. I was barefoot, and Kay was fully dressed in high heel pumps. We drove in silence. Kay looked straight at the road and reached for my cock, stroking it. I had a hard time concentrating on driving with a full erection. Kay felt my concern. She stopped stroking and held my penis as if it was the most common thing to do.

When we got to her apartment building, Kay slid out of the car, “Good night, Thomas,” she said and dashed to her apartment. I watched her until she closed the door behind her, never looking back at me.

I stayed parked for a few minutes collecting myself. It was a fantastic night. Girls that I had dated gave me hand jobs occasionally. They sucked my cock, inserting it deep into her mouth and sometimes throat. They stroked the entire length of my manhood, but no one made me ejaculate with one finger. Kay was different, and I was fascinated by her. Yes, I thought, a twenty-two-year-old got me by the balls. I was well aware that she knew she had me under her thumb but as strange as it sounded, I loved it.

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I tormented myself, debating when to call Kay again. It was apparent to me that she could refuse to see me again for whatever reason she might have. I wasn't secure with our relationship, but I couldn't bear the thought that I won't see her.

I was searching for an event, a concert that she might like to attract her. I saw an advertisement for an art and crafts fair next weekend and thought it might be a good idea to have a date during the daytime. It would reinforce my serious intentions toward her.

I picked up the phone and nervously dialed.

"Hello," Kay's sweet voice sounded in my ear.

"Hi Kay, this is Tom."

"Oh, hello, Thomas, how are you?" Kay chirped.

I was encouraged by her response. "I am fine, thank you," I said politely and then went on quickly, "Kay, there is an art and crafts festival at the park this weekend, and I thought it would be fun to go there," I finished talking and breathless, waited for her response.

There was a pause. My heart beat fast.

"Yes, I think it would be fun, Thomas," Kay replied.

I jumped on my feet exuberantly and continued, "So I could pick you up at eleven. Would that work?"

"Yes, that would be fine," Kay's voice sounded sweeter than ever.

"Great, I'll see you then," I said, but the line was already dead. Strange, I thought, but I was happy and looked forward to seeing her.

Georgina opened the door. She wore tight blue jeans and a bra, showing a flat bronze stomach. She turned and called, "Kay, Mr. Lawyer is here."

"Be right out," Kay's voice sounded from one of the back rooms.

I looked at Georgina closely. She had an exotic look with a pretty face adorned with black hair and light brown eyes. She smiled at me and left the living room without a word. I watched her behind. The tight jeans accentuated her round butt and shapely legs. I thought that she was a sexual creature walking on two.

“Hi Thomas,” Kay interrupted my thoughts about her roommate. Looking at Kay, I was amazed. She had her hair in a side braid and wore short pants, the floppy kind with a tank top that hung on her firm breasts and reached her naval. She walked in high-heeled ankle strap sandals with only one strip over the toes. I could, at that moment, lick her exposed sexy feet right there.

“Oh, Hi,” I said, recovering from the incredible view and concealing my thoughts about her feet the best I could.

Kay examined me as if reading my thoughts. I quickly opened the door for her. We drove to the art fair, and Kay placed her palm on my thigh in a possessive gesture and looked straight at the road.

We made small talk and started to explore the booths that exhibited paintings, pottery, and jewelry. Kay behaved like a loving girlfriend. She held my hand and pulled me to show exciting items. Other times she linked her arms with mine, pressing her tits into my arm. She got bubbly when she saw some paintings she liked and checked the jewelry displays closely.

We ate lunch that we got from a food track. The conversation with Kay was light and entertaining. As I got to know her better, I realized her smartness. After lunch, we continued and visited other booths with all kinds of arts. Kay stopped at a jewelry display and exclaimed, “Isn’t that pendant beautiful?” pointing at a gold pendant with blue sapphire.

“Why don’t you try it on,” I said. Kay declined, but I pushed it, “Go ahead, try it on.”

Kay wore the pendant and looked at the mirror. “It matches your eyes,” I said.

“Yes, it does,” Kay agreed.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes, it is beautiful.”

“Why don’t you keep it on your neck? I’ll get it for you.”

“You don’t have to, Thomas,” Kay said kindly.

“I know I don’t have to, but I want to.”

Kay did not respond; she just touched the pendant and looked at herself in the mirror, waiting for me. I paid and joined her, looking in the mirror.

“Nice of you to buy it for me,” Kay aloofly commented, not thanking me.

“It is my pleasure,” I replied, and I meant it. I was delighted to see her happy to have a new necklace.

We continued to walk until we saw the last booth and returned to the car. We did a lot of walking, and I was tired. Kay looked exhausted too. As we reached the car, we sank onto the seats with relief.

Kay played with her new necklace moving it back and forth, “Let’s go to your house,” she said quietly. I nodded and drove home. No matter what I wanted, Kay was the one who decided what to do. This time going to my place was a welcome decision.

When we walked into the house, Kay went upstairs into my grandmother’s room and announced, “I am taking a shower,” and disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. I thought it was a good idea and went downstairs to my bedroom, took a shower, and then went to the kitchen, rummaging for a snack.

“Are you hungry?” I heard Kay’s voice. I turned around and saw her in one of my grandmother’s robes. It was the black satin robe from the younger days of my grandmother. She undid her blonde hair, and it fell luxuriously on her shoulders.

“I see you made yourself comfortable in my grandma’s room,” I said sarcastically, but I gazed at her incredulity. She looked stunningly beautiful standing there in high heels, the robe hung on her firm breasts, the nipples poking up the thin fabric of the robe.

“Is that a problem?” Kay retorted, looking at me angrily.

“No, not at all,” I quickly smoothed things up. Kay examined me for a second, assessing if I was sincere, and then stated plainly, “I am hungry.”

“I can order something for delivery.”

“Order Chinese,” Kay said and left the kitchen. I was sure what she liked, and asking her was not an option I knew since she looked upset. I ordered a variety of dishes hoping that she would like some of them.



After I hung up, I went looking for Kay. I found her sitting comfortably in the living room watching TV. I sat beside her, looking at her, but she did not acknowledge my presence and looked straight at the TV screen.

I felt uncomfortable. It was ironic that I felt uncomfortable in my own home. I went to my office to read some emails. The doorbell rang. I picked up two plastic bags full of white Chinese food boxes from the delivery man and walked through the living room on the way to the kitchen, "Food is here," I announced.

"Set the table in the kitchen," came Kay's dry response.

A few minutes later, she sat at the table and picked food from some of the white boxes. We ate silently, and when Kay finished her meal, she left the kitchen, not saying a word. I put the white boxes in the refrigerator, thinking about Kay. She got upset by my sarcastic comments, and I wouldn't say I liked it when she behaved like that. I made a mental note to watch what I said.

Satisfied with my resolution, I went back to the living room. Kay sat on the couch watching a TV show. She didn't acknowledge me; her eyes looked straight at the TV. I didn't feel comfortable sitting beside her and sat on a chair next to the sofa watching the show.

A few minutes passed, and I got bored with the show on TV and sneaked stares at her. The robe slid off her knees, revealing her legs in high heels. It was an alluring view. Suddenly, Kay crossed her legs. The robe stretched back further down her toned thighs.

At that point, I stared at her foot hanging in the air, not even trying to conceal my adoration. The TV rambled on, and Kay seemed absorbed by the show. But then, her foot started to swing back and forth in free air. It got my attention, and when I saw Kay running her palm over her thigh and then pointing with the index finger at her hanging foot in a silent indication, I jumped out of my seat and dropped down to my knees to reach her foot.

Kay continued to look straight, watching the TV show while I attended to her foot, and as she pointed her finger to the buckle, I unfastened and treated the sole lovingly.

It would have sounded weird to me a couple of weeks ago, but now I wanted to lick her feet. It was an expression of admiration for Kay and to prove myself worthy of her forgiveness for the unfortunate comment I made earlier.

Kay watched the show and exchanged legs. I moved sideways on my knees, took off the other shoe, and massaged her foot with my tongue.

Suddenly, Kay pulled up her legs and placed her feet on the couch seat. The robe slid to the sides, presenting the beautiful vagina and asshole. Kay pointed her finger to her asshole and then covered the vagina with her hand. It was clear that Kay instructed me to attend to her tight pink opening.

I spend a long time licking her asshole. It became apparent to me that Kay punished me for the sarcastic comment I made. But it appeared that her anger was melting away as she started to pat my head while I devotedly and remorsefully shoved my tongue into her asshole. It was amazing how she controlled me without a single word, and I was happy to oblige.

Kay held my face with two hands and pulled me into her clit. Her scent drove my nuts. I dived into her vagina with the sound of excitement, licked and sucked as I was energized that finally, Kay was back and responding. She was not angry at me anymore, and I was happy about it.

Kay turned off the TV and turned her attention to me, running her fingertips through my hair, moaning quietly while I siphoned her clit, and making soft "Oh, Oh," when I glided my tongue from ass to vagina back and forth. I loved hearing her enjoyment. It invigorated me. I couldn't comprehend why, but I deeply desired to make her happy.

And then Kay shocked me, "Do you want to make love to me?" she asked, holding my face in her two palms and looking into my eyes.

"Yes, of course," I said.

"That did not sound exciting. We don't have to have sex."

"You didn't read me right," I cried, fearing that she slipped away, "I would love to have sex with you."

"You would love, or you want?" Kay stared at me with her big eyes, exploring.

“Both, I would love, and I want to.”

“Do you think that you are ready to fuck a twenty-two-old girl?” Kay challenged me.

“Yes, absolutely!” I confirmed proudly.

Kay looked at me for a couple of seconds, “Let’s see what you can do,” she said, getting up, peeling off the robe, throwing it on the floor, and walking upstairs. I rushed after her, gazing at the back of her naked body as she ascended the stairs.

As we reached my grandma’s bedroom, Kay turned and wrapped her arms around my neck, kissing me passionately. She broke off the kiss after a brief moment and said, giggling, “Take off your clothes, Thomas. I need to get Tommy ready for me.”

My penis was hard as a rock and was ready. I didn’t say a word; I just took off my clothes and stood with an erect penis in front of Kay, who sat comfortably on the edge of the bed.

Kay held my buttocks as she inserted my manhood into her mouth and pulled me in. I gasped when I felt the tightness of her throat and then screamed with pleasure when she kept me inside her throat and swirled her head. It was amazing how talented a twenty-two year was in the act of sex.

Kay didn’t stop there; she bobbed her head, sliding my cock in and out of her mouth while I moaned loudly, and then stroked it gently, “I think that Tommy is ready for me, Thomas,” she said, looking at me with a smile.

I smiled back feebly, trying to control my breathing. Kay held my penis and slid back on the bed. I got on top of her, leaning at arm’s length above her.

“I want you to keep eye contact with me, Thomas,” Kay instructed. I nodded, looking down into her eyes, lost in the sea of blue.

Kay rubbed the penis head over the rim of her vagina, not letting it in. I felt her wetness and trembled a bit from the sensations. Our eyes kept contact, arousing me to no end.

Suddenly, Kay released my penis, and it slid into her, “Welcome home, Tom,” she said with gleaming eyes. It was the first time she called me Tom,

which affected me immensely. A surge of emotions erupted inside me. I loved her, loved her, loved her.

Kay continued making love like no other girl I had been with. She wrapped her legs around my waist and held my testicles. I started to move fast, but she twisted my balls hard, “Slow,” she said, looking at me angrily.

I moved slowly. With each forward move, she countered me lifting her groin to make my cock go as deep as possible. Her eyes relaxed, and we moved in rhythm. Kay made low sounds of enjoyment. At a slow pace, she countered rhythmically. “Fuck me, Tom,” she said, looking at me challengingly.

At that moment, I didn’t care if she squeezed my balls; I moved faster and couldn’t hold back. I felt a primal urge to bang her, show her how good I could fuck her. Kay did not object. She let me lead and met my moves at my pace, moaning louder.

I wasn’t sure what happened next. I closed my eyes and felt like a feather floating in the air, and then boom, something exploded in my head, and I ejaculated with a scream like Tarzan in the forest. I huffed loudly and then collapsed on top of her. Kay brushed my head gently, then lifted my face and kissed me. I was grateful for the kindness she bestowed on me, thinking she also climaxed and was happy.

“Thomas,” Kay said softly, “Finish me off with your tongue.”

“I thought you had an orgasm,” I said, not believing what I heard.

“I enjoyed it but didn’t come yet,” Kay said gently.

“Oh,” I said. What a rude awakening! My head swirled with thoughts, and I didn’t move.

Kay ran out of patience, “Okay then, take me home now,” she said as she got up.

“No, wait,” I cried hysterically. Kay stopped moving, looking at me silently.

“Please, lie down,” I said, knowing that if she left unsatisfied, I wouldn’t see her again.

I went down on her, licking her, sucking her clit, feeling the familiar taste of my cum.

“Keep your tongue out,” Kay said and glided her groin up and down, holding my head with two hands. She moved faster and faster until she made a low cry, trembled slightly, and dropped her arms to the side, releasing me from my duty.

I slid up lying next to her. She turned and kissed me passionately; her tongue rotated over mine inside my mouth, arousing my emotions. I hugged her tightly until she broke off the kiss.

“You know Kay. This never happened to me before,” I said, trying to justify my inadequate performance.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that the girls I slept with in the past were always satisfied.”

“Were they twenty-two old,” Kay countered.

I was silent; I had no answer to that.

Kay kissed me briefly, “It would get better next time,” she said, kindly comforting me.

I didn’t say anything hoping she was right, and I hugged and kissed her face, neck, and breasts. She patted my head soothingly, letting me love her.

“I need to get going,” Kay said after some time.

“Why don’t you stay the night here?” I offered.

“I can’t.”

“Why?”

“Because I stay the nights only with boyfriends.”

I perked up, “I can be your boyfriend.”

Kay turned and lay her chin on my chest, smiling at me, “You want to be my boyfriend?”

“Yes, I would love to be your boyfriend,” I replied excitedly.

“You’ll have to get me a diamond necklace,” Kay explained, “All the boys in our group buy a diamond necklace for their girlfriends.”

I thought it was some ritual that the young generation had, but I had no problem with that, “I’ll buy you a nice diamond necklace,” I said decisively.

Kay smiled and brushed my chest affectionately, “Okay, Thomas, you got it. I’ll be your girlfriend. But I need to get back home now.”

I had more than I bargained for and readily agreed, “Sure, I’ll take you home.”

Kay kissed me gently, “Get me the shoes and the dress from downstairs.”

I got up and started to put on my pants, but Kay interrupted, “Stay naked for me; I like you better that way.” I smiled, dropped the pants, and went downstairs to fetch her clothes. I was happy as one could be.

When I returned to the bedroom, Kay was seated in front of the vanity, brushing her gorgeous blonde hair. She smiled sweetly at me through the mirror, “Help me with the shoes,” she said. I dropped to my knees, kissed her feet, and struggled with the tiny buckle of her shoe. When I finally made it, Kay stood tall in high heels and pointed at the dress.

Kay was fully dressed, and I was naked with only a T-shirt on while driving to Kay’s home. Kay held my cock all the way. She didn’t stroke and didn’t talk. I parked my car; Kay kissed me, then looked into my eyes, “I’ll see you next Friday at seven, make dinner plans, and wear a suit and tie.”

I nodded in understanding, and Kay kissed me again. She was very affectionate, and I assumed she was that way because I would become her official boyfriend. I watched her walking into her apartment and congratulated myself on a well-done job getting a new girlfriend.

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Dressed in a gray suit and blue tie, I knocked on the door. Georgina opened the door, dressed in an evening gown, "Hello Thomas," she greeted cheerfully. That was the first time she called me by my name; I assumed it was a result of my new status as the boyfriend.

"Hi Georgina," I replied, smiling back. She was stunning in that dress and high heel pumps.

"You have the necklace with you?" Georgina asked, concerned. I pulled a jewelry box from my pocket and showed it to her. Georgina relaxed and called, "Kay, your boyfriend is here."

Kay came to the living room, and I gasped again. She wore a sexy black slit dress; her long sculpted leg peeked out with every step.

"Hi Thomas," Kay chirped, kissing me lightly, "Do you have something for me?"

I handed her the jewelry box. She opened with Georgina next to her. "Nice, Thomas," Kay commented.

"Let me put it on," Georgina said and pulled the necklace from the box, gently fitting it on Kay's long smooth neck.

I noticed that Georgina had on a diamond necklace but turned my attention to Kay, who walked to a mirror and looked at herself, "Nice, Thomas," she said again.

"I am glad you like it," I said grandiosely, waiting for a thank which did not materialize.

Kay nodded, "Let's go. I am starving." I was disappointed she did not thank me but brushed it off and walked out with her.

In the car, I mentioned that Georgina had a diamond necklace. "Yes," Kay replied, smiling, "She has a boyfriend. You'll meet him tonight."

"I'll meet him tonight?" I repeated, dumbfounded.

"Yes, we are going to a party after dinner," Kay explained as if it was a fact that I had nothing to say about.

"What kind of party?"

"A party, with drinks and music, you'll see."

“You didn’t mention that to me,” I said carefully.

“No, I didn’t,” Kay agreed without saying anything else. She decided on what we did, whether it was in the bedroom or outside of the bedroom, and that was it.

I didn’t say anything, better not upset her. I had already learned my lesson.

Kay sensed my thoughts, “You’ll enjoy the party,” she added as if comforting me.

After a delicious dinner, we went to the party. It was in a lovely house with a swimming pool. Kay hung on my arm as we entered and proudly introduced me as her boyfriend.

Everyone there was in their twenties and dressed casually. I was the oldest, overdressed with a suit and tie.

Kay stopped talking to people hanging on my arm tightly. The young people at the party were polite and greeted me with, “Nice to meet you, Thomas.”

Georgina materialized next to us, hugged by a tall, muscular guy around her waist.

“Hi Kay, Hi Thomas,” Georgina chirped, then talked to me directly, “Thomas, this is my boyfriend, Victor,” she said proudly.

I shook hands with Victor, and we exchanged nice to meet you. Then Kay asked me to get her a glass of wine. Searching around where the wine was, I looked lost, but Victor saved me, “Come with me, Thomas, I’ll show you.”

There was a table with all kinds of liquors and wine bottles. I picked a glass and poured red wine. A guy stood next to me and started to chat, “You are Kay’s new boyfriend,” he stated, looking me up.

“Yes, I am,” I confirmed, keenly aware that he said, new boyfriend. Kay must have had a few before me.

“I’ll be damned,” he muttered.

“Why is that?” I inquired politely.

“Because she is one hot chick,” the guy said, gulped his drink, and smiled at me, “Good luck.”



I mumbled thank you, but the guy was already talking to a girl on his other side.

Kay took the wine glass, and she did not bother to thank me as usual. She talked to other girls she introduced me to, but I couldn't remember their names.

Suddenly, a guy approached me, "Hey Thomas, Georgina told me that you are a lawyer," he said. I confirmed it was accurate, and the guy started asking me about colleges and curricula. I was glad to have someone to talk to while Kay was busy with her girlfriends.

The party took steam when the music played loud, and a few people jumped into the pool, mainly with undies, but some naked. I just stood and watched, reminiscing about the parties I went to when I was their age.

"Are you ready to go?" I suddenly heard Kay's voice. "Yes, I am ready," I replied, happy to get out of there.

We said goodbye to a few people on the out. Victor shook my hand, "I hope to see you again soon," he said warmly and then returned to hugging his girlfriend possessively. I thanked him and said goodbye to Georgina, who silently looked at me with an amused smile.

Kay ran upstairs as we entered the house, dropping her slit dress on the floor on the way upstairs. I ran after her, and when we got to the bedroom, Kay turned, wrapped her arms around my neck, and kissed me. I hugged and kissed her, patting her silky naked body adoringly.

Kay nibbled on my earlobe, her hands brushing the back of my head. I felt my penis stirring and growing with the speedy erection only Kay could do to me.

"Take off your clothes and wait for me in bed," Kay said, pushing me away. She went to the bathroom and closed the door behind her. I undressed, lying in bed, waiting with anticipation and apprehension. I hoped my performance would satisfy Kay.

Kay returned a few minutes later. She sat on my stomach, extending an arm back, stroking my cock. Our eyes met, and we kept eye contact the way Kay liked.

“You are hard, Thomas. Are you ready for me?”

“Yes.”

“Check my pussy, Thomas; make me ready for you,” Kay said as she moved her sex in front of my face.

I licked those delicate vagina lips spreading them with my tongue, then moved up and sucked her clit, loving every second of it. Kay was delicious, and her low moans of pleasure invigorated me.

Kay slid back, “Look at me,” she reminded me as she inserted my erect penis into her and sat motionlessly. Then she started to swirl slowly, her inner wet abyss brushing me gently, arousing me to no end.

“You like being my boyfriend?” Kay asked out of the blue. I wasn’t sure where that came from, but I quickly assured her I loved being her boyfriend.

Kay seemed satisfied with my answer. She kept me inside her and lay on top of me, her head next to mine, “Spank my ass and fuck me, Thomas,” she talked into my ear.

I started to move my penis slowly, spanking her lightly with overflowing excitement. Kay moaned next to my ear, making soft, “Oh,” sounds.

“Faster, Tom, fuck me fast now,” Kay instructed, holding my head and pulling my hair.

I moved faster, banging with all the might I had. Kay’s moans grew louder and louder, “Oh, Tom,” she yelled. I was in sky nine. I was hugging her lovingly and banging as hard as I could. I loved it when she called me Tom during sex. It felt intimate and erotic.

“Make me come, Tom, make me come,” Kay whispered, and then, “Yes, yes, Tom!” she yelled.

It was too much for me. I couldn’t hold it a second longer and ejaculate.

Kay swirled her groin for a bit longer, then slid up in front of my face, “Clean me off,” she said quietly, pulling my head between her legs. I licked all the wetness off her vagina while she brushed my head affectionately.

Finally, Kay was satisfied with my handiwork. She lay next to me and placed her head on my chest, hugging me, “Let’s get some sleep, Tom,” she

said.

I was elated. I thought she must have had an orgasm if she behaved so lovingly. And she called me Tom! But I wasn't sure. I patted her soft blonde hair and hugged her with the growing emotions I felt so strong.

We fell asleep cuddling. Mine was deep and sweet sleep.

The morning sun penetrated through the large windows of my grandmother's bedroom and woke me up. It was a glorious sunny day, and I felt the glory of a lover. I watched Kay sleeping peacefully. Her face was relaxed and beautiful, and her big, firm breasts moved up and down slightly with her breathing.

I am unsure how long I was staring and admiring her, but Kay suddenly opened her blue eyes and smiled sweetly at me. It was a moment of happiness. I felt a surge of emotions exploding inside me, and I bent and kissed her lovingly.

Kay laughed at my emotional move. She kissed me back and said, "Do you have coffee down in the kitchen?"

It brought me back to reality from my romantic venture, "Yes, sure," I said, "I'll make some coffee."

As I poured the coffee into two cups, Kay showed up in the kitchen wearing my grandma's robe, "I don't have a toothbrush," she complained, sitting down at the table.

I beat myself for not thinking of having an extra toothbrush. "I am sorry," I said and then thought better of it, "I'll get you one for next time."

"And you'll get me clothes to change?" Kay asked sardonically, drinking the coffee greedily.

I looked at her silently, speechless. And then it hit me, "Why don't you bring some of your clothes here?"

"I guess I could," Kay said, pondering the prospect of having her stuff in my house.

"You should," I encouraged, thinking I'll see more of her that way.

"You want me to bring my stuff here?" Kay wanted to confirm.

“Yes, why don’t you do that?”

“Yeah, it would be nice to have my sleepers and other things,” Kay smiled mischievously, “Are you sure you want girly stuff around your house?”

I looked at her with a loving stare. She had no idea how strongly I felt for her. “Yes, I am sure.”

“Okay, give me your car’s key; I’ll drive home and bring some stuff.”

“You want to drive my car?” I was alarmed.

“Yes, is that a problem?” Kay’s eyes shot a warning stare.

I thought better of it, “No, not a problem at all,” I quickly said, “I’ll get the spare key for you.”

Kay nodded and drank her coffee. I went to my office and got the spare key, hoping everything would be okay with my Mercedes.

Kay grabbed the key from me, and still in my grandma’s robe, she left without saying a word.

I paced back and forth in my house, hoping everything would be fine. I was nervous, thinking she could get into an accident and other scary thoughts. But two hours later, Kay showed up, dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt, holding a small suitcase. She handed me the car key and went upstairs.

It became the norm to be silent and never say thank you. I got used to that, and honestly, I didn’t care as long as she was around.

Kay made two more trips to the car and returned with two big tote bags and another suitcase. Curious, I went upstairs and peeked into the bedroom. Kay was arranging something in the walk-in closet.

“How are things going?” I inquired from a safe distance.

“Everything is fine, Thomas; I just getting rid of some of your grandma’s old clothes,” her voice sounded from the closet.

“Oh, okay,” I said. I didn’t touch my grandma’s room since she died, and it was time to clean up some of her stuff. “Do you need any help?” I offered.

Kay came out of the closet with a bunch of my grandma’s clothes and threw them on the floor. She disappeared again into the closet and came out with more clothes throwing them on the floor.

“I need you to either throw them away or give them to Goodwill,” she said. I thought for a second and said, “I’ll take them to Goodwill.”

“Okay, get going then,” Kay said impatiently.

I picked up the clothes and stuffed them in the trunk of my car. When I returned home, the front door was closed and locked. I rang the bell, and Kay opened the door, “Are you already back?” she asked, pretending to be astonished.

“No, I just put the clothes in my car,” I said, wondering why she cared.

“Take them to Goodwill now. I am not riding your car with a bunch of dead woman’s clothes,” Kay snapped.

I nodded and turned around on a mission to Goodwill. There was no arguing with Kay.

When I came back, the door was locked again. I rang the bell, and Kay opened the door looking at me as if I was an unwelcome guest.

I walked in and wanted to break the ice I knew I had created when I doubted for a second if I should give her the car, “Where do you want to go out tonight?” I asked, hoping that would put her in a better mood.

“I stay home tonight,” she said.

A home, she said. She considered my house her home.

“Sure, that sounds good; we can order dinner when you get hungry,” I replied.

“Okay,” she said and went upstairs. I went to my office thinking about what was happening. I guessed by letting her bring some stuff to my place, and Kay considered it a move-in gesture. I didn’t mind. If she wanted to live with me, it was fine. I would love to see her every day.

My work was interrupted when Kay walked into my office without knocking. She looked at me curiously, “What are you doing?”

“I am doing some legal work.”

Kay nodded, unimpressed, and said, “I am hungry now.”

“What kind of food do you like?”

“Hamburger and fries.”

I ordered, and we sat at the kitchen table, eating still in silence. After Kay finished her meal, she said, “Show me your bedroom.”

“Oh, yeah, you never saw it,” I smiled.

Kay looked at me silently and did not smile back.

I started to be concerned about her mood but brushed it off and showed her my bedroom. Kay walked around checking the bed, closet, and bathroom.

“This is a comfortable room,” Kay stated.

“Yes, it is,” I agree.

“You sleep here tonight,” Kay said decisively.

“Why?”

“Because I am not your wife, only your girlfriend,” Kay explained the logic.

“But boyfriends and girlfriends sleep together in the same bed. We did it last night.”

“Exactly, that’s why we don’t sleep together tonight.”

I looked disappointed. Kay came close to me and ran her palm on my cheek, “Will sleep together tomorrow night, but you should shave better.”

The whiskers of my growing beard bothered her, but I was more at peace because she said tomorrow night. That means she plans to stay here over Sunday, which was fine with me.

“I understand,” I said, accepting whatever she demanded, pretending that it was fine with me.

The rest of the evening passed uneventfully. We watched a movie in the living room, and then Kay said goodnight and went upstairs. I waited a few minutes and then sneaked upstairs to see what she was up to. But the bedroom door was closed, and no sound came from there.

I was up early in the morning, made breakfast, and waited for Kay to come down after her beauty sleep. I almost dropped the cup I was holding when she walked into the kitchen. She wore black semi-see-through lingerie and walked in high heel sleepers. She looked like a model out of a magazine.

“Good morning, Thomas,” Kay chirped. She seemed to be in a good mood, and I was happy. I served her a cup of coffee and stared at her while she was drinking it. Kay was oblivious to my stare and sipped her coffee pensively. I wondered if she was aware of how beautiful she was. She must have, I concluded.

“I need to get some more stuff from my apartment,” Kay stated.

“Okay,” I replied. Kay nodded, finished her coffee, went upstairs, and returned dressed in short pants, T-shirt, and sneakers. Her blonde ponytail swung delightfully as she strode toward me.

“The key,” she said shortly.

I went to my office and handed her the car key without a word. Kay left, and I was stuck at home without a car and felt captive in my own home.

I went upstairs to check what Kay did in my grandma’s room. It looked different. Kay moved furniture around, and it looked nice. The chest drawer was placed next to the bed and piqued my curiosity. I opened one drawer. It was filled with black and red bras and panty sets, the sexy type. I looked in another drawer and saw sex toys, some of which made me shiver. I stepped into the closet. It was cleared of my grandma’s clothes and well organized with sections for dresses, lingerie, T-shirts, an erotic latex dress, and a couple of leather corsets. Kay was young but had more experience than I imagined in sexual ventures.

I went downstairs and worked in my office. It was already lunchtime, and no sight of Kay. I became nervous again but couldn’t do anything. She would get upset if I called her to ask what was happening. I knew that in my heart. The best way to cope with Kay’s manner was to wait and hope she would come home soon.

Kay arrived at four in the afternoon holding a suitcase, ringing the bell.

“Why is the door locked?” she asked me angrily when I opened the door.

“Oh, just a habit, I guess,” I replied, smoothing things up.

“I don’t like to be locked out,” Kay snarled at me and rushed upstairs.

I wanted to appease her, fearing that she would not sleep with me that night. I got the spare key for the house and went upstairs, “Here, Kay,” I handed

her the key.

Her reaction surprised me. She hugged me, kissed me affectionately, and took the key. But she did not return my car key, and I didn't dare ask her for it.

"I need some privacy to arrange my stuff," Kay said, "I'll be downstairs in a few."

"Oh, okay," I said and left quickly, happy with her affectionate hug and kiss, and thought it was an excellent decision to give her the house key.

I worked in my office and kept the door ajar to hear what was happening in the house. Suddenly the door opened wide, and Kay walked in without knocking and stopped by my desk, looking at me silently. I was startled, but she was so beautiful, wearing a floppy mini skirt and silk button-up shirt that hung on her erect nipples; I pretended that everything was normal. "Hi Kay," I said, smiling and looking up from my computer.

Kay did not return the greeting. She immediately got into what she wanted, "Let's go out to dinner."

"Sure," I said, "Let me just finish this letter," I said.

Kay slapped my face with her palm. It was hard-pounded and made a discernable sound.

"Now!" she barked.

I was shocked. This girl did not behave like a sweet twenty-two-year-old, but the more she demanded, the more I wanted to satisfy her. I got up immediately, and we walked to the car. As we exited the house, Kay grabbed my hand and interlaced her fingers with mine, affectionately squeezing lightly, "Where do you want to go, Tom?" she asked.

Her warm gesture melted any anger I had about the face slapped. Kay had a way of appeasing me, making me forget and brush off her unusual crude behavior. And she called me Tom!

"There is a good Italian restaurant nearby. What do you think?"

"Sounds good," she squeezed my hand lightly and got into the car.



During dinner, Kay was sweet. She asked what work I did at home and held my hand inimitably. I was a happy camper. She then explained that she wanted to arrange the living room furniture without asking me if I agreed. But mentally, I consented. She could do whatever she wanted as long as she was affectionate toward me. I loved her.

When we returned home, Kay hugged me at the entrance, “Give me a few minutes to get ready for you in bed,” she said, kissing me lightly.

I nodded with excitement. Kay went upstairs, and I was not sure what to do. Should I go up in a few minutes? No, I thought, that might upset her if she was not ready. I tipped toed upstairs to check and saw the bedroom door closed.

Anxiously I sat in the living room waiting. An hour passed by, and I started to get upset. How long does it take to get ready? But I contained myself and waited quietly. My body ached for her. I wanted her desperately.

Finally, Kay showed up at the top of the stairs wearing alluring lingerie that barely covered her ass, her long blonde hair caressing her bare shoulders. My heart skipped a beat.

“You may come up now, Thomas,” Kay said with a slight smile, standing tall in high heel sleepers.

I jumped out of my seat and rushed upstairs. Kay greeted me with a hug and a kiss, held my hand, leading me to the bedroom. I was exuberant with anticipations.

She walked into the bedroom with me behind her and sat in the vanity chair, smiling at me, “Take off my sleepers,” she said softly as if she was talking to a five years old child.

I dropped down, shaken with excitement, removed her sleepers, kissed her feet, and licked them with loving, long tongue motions. She smelled beautiful. Touching and pleasing this goddess felt so good. I moaned with pleasure.

Kay bent and brushed my hair, “You are a good boyfriend,” she complimented.

My heart filled with pride, and as she gently pulled me up by my hair, I licked her silky legs and thighs, reaching her sex. Kay lifted the lingerie and spread her legs in an inviting gesture, and I pressed my face into her with groans of desire.

Kay let me please her for a short while and then got up. She removed her lingerie, "Take off your clothes," she said, lying naked in bed waiting for me. I tore off my clothes and climbed onto the bed hesitantly. But Kay was affectionate. She hugged and kissed me, stroking my cock. I sucked her nipples hungrily, my cock hardening like a rock in her palm.

"Make love to me, boyfriend," Kay whispered.

I got on top of her and entered her warm deep chasm. She made a short "Oh," but stayed silent, letting me perform as I wished. I moved slowly, enjoying her counter bumps into me. She was an excellent sex partner responding to my moves instantly. I increased the pace, and Kay moaned louder, signaling she liked it.

It was beautiful lovemaking, and I came with a shout of exhilaration, panting heavily. I lay on top of her calming down, and after a brief moment, Kay pushed me down gently. I understood and lovingly licked off the cum dripping from her vagina. I would do anything for her!

Suddenly, Kay turned, opened the cabinet drawer next to the bed, and got a vibrator. I was still down between her legs, watching with interest.

Kay lifted her legs, "Get in my ass, Thomas," she said as she turned on the vibrator, pleasuring herself. I licked her asshole earnestly, hearing the sound of the vibration and Kay's moans as they became louder and louder until she trembled slightly with a soft cry and turned off the vibrator.

I continued to attend to her ass, feeling defeated. She did not climax during our lovemaking and finished my job with the vibrator. It was a shameful feeling of inadequacy. I failed her.

Kay did not say a word. It wasn't necessary. I knew she was disappointed with my performance, and it was a devastating feeling.

But Kay was kind to me. She pulled me up and kissed me, caressing me as if she were comforting. I hugged her lovingly, drawing relief from her gesture.

We didn't talk. There was nothing to say. I was confounded. But when Kay lay her head on my chest, kissing me gently, saying, "Let's get some sleep." I felt slightly better.

In the morning, I woke up and wasn't sure what to do. Should I go downstairs and make coffee, or should I stay and wait till Kay wakes up? The relationship with Kay was complex. One small wrong move and she became upset and punished by being cold. I needed her affection like air to breathe. My failure in bed amplified that feeling. I wanted to think that if she showed love, the sex performance was not the most important thing for her.

I waited in bed until she woke up. And I was overjoyed when she hugged and kissed me as if last night was fine with her. I hugged her, feeling she was the most precious thing in the world.

It was late, and I needed to go to work; I offered coffee which Kay was delighted to have. She came down to the kitchen wearing the lingerie from last night. Kay walked me to the front door and kissed me again, "Have a nice day at work, Thomas," she said and closed the door. I drove to work happily, thinking she wasn't upset or disappointed with my sexual ability, but I began to feel insecure about it.

In the evening, I gave her my credit card to order dinner. She didn't return the credit card to me, and I brushed it off. It would get her upset by asking it back. After dinner, she kissed me and said, "I'll see you tomorrow morning." It was clear that I should sleep in my bedroom downstairs.

The following day Kay came downstairs in the morning wearing red lingerie. She put her hair in two pigtails and looked adorable. As I finished the coffee and was ready to leave, Kay asked, "Thomas, could you take an Uber to work? I need to do some errands."

"Hmmm," I bought some time, "Yes, I don't see what not."

When the Uber car came to pick me up, Kay kissed me and wished good day at work.

When I arrived home, I saw my car to my relief, and as I entered, I heard voices from the living room. Kay saw me and immediately approached, hugging and kissing me. She then stood with an arm around my waist

possessively, “Georgina and Victor came to help to arrange the furniture in the living room,” Kay said.

I looked around and couldn’t see anything different than before, but I did not say anything.

Georgina and Victor said hi. There was an awkward silence, and Georgina broke it, announcing, “We better be going.”

Georgina went to the front door, and Victor shook my hand, “It is nice to see you again, Thomas,” he said politely.

“Likewise,” I replied.

Kay smiled, “I’ll take them home and be right back. I’ll take care of dinner. Wait for me,” she said and left. I was standing in the living room, speechless. Things happened so fast that I didn’t have a chance to react. Anyway, I couldn’t do anything.

The door dash guy came by with two packages, and a few minutes later, Kay arrived. We ate dinner, and Kay told me that Georgina and Victor liked the house and talked about other stuff. After dinner, we watched TV for a little while, and then Kay went upstairs.

Kay came down to the kitchen in the morning, led by the coffee aroma. She wore only a V-neck shirt that reached her butt, and the front hardly covered the shaved triangle; walking with those long legs in high heel sleepers, she looked magnificent.

As I got ready to leave, Kay said quietly, “Get an Uber to work.” There was no explanation or excuse this time around.

I nodded and left, thinking I better buy another car. Kay won’t give up on the convenience of riding a Mercedes.

When I arrived that evening, Kay greeted me with excitement, “Come see, Thomas,” she said, holding my hand and leading me to the living room. I gasped. All my grandma’s furniture was gone and replaced by a leather sofa, love seat, and recliner chair. I had to admit that the furniture set was beautiful with soft burgundy color leather.

“What do you think?” Kay asked enthusiastically.

“It looks very nice,” I admitted.

“I got it at a discount,” Kay said proudly.

“That’s very good,” I said, thinking I should see my credit card record online.

“Sit down, feel how soft the leather is,” Kay said.

I sat on the love seat, touching the arms of the sofa, “Yes, very soft,” I said to appease her enthusiasm.

“You like?”

“Yes, I like the furniture,” I said sincerely.

“Good, I’ll get dinner on the way,” Kay said and opened her laptop, ordering something. She didn’t bother asking me what I wanted or liked.

I went to my office to check the credit card and saw a charge just short of five thousand. Oh well, I thought, that wouldn’t break the bank. Money wasn’t a problem for me. I had a lot of it.

We ate dinner and then watched TV sitting in the love seat. Kay inserted her hand under my pants and started to stroke while looking straight at the TV screen. I opened the zipper to let her have more room to maneuver.

I wasn’t sure how it happened, but Kay expertly made me come in five minutes while watching the show on the big screen. I unzipped it, and we continued watching until the show’s end. Kay said goodnight kissed me and disappeared upstairs.

I lay in my bed downstairs thinking about what had transpired in the living room and resolved that Kay rewarded me with a jerk-off because I behaved nicely when I saw the new furniture. Kay had her way of showing appreciation and a very straightforward way of showing her anger.

The other days of the week passed uneventfully. Taking Uber to work was expected of me. When I arrived home on Friday, Kay greeted me, “Let’s go out for dinner.”

“Ok, let me change.”

“I like when you dress in a suit and tie,” she said, “We go now.” Of course, I agreed.

We got to the car, Kay sitting comfortably in a yellow silk mini dress and black high-heel pumps.

“Is there any place you want to go to?” I checked with her cautiously.

“No, surprise me.”

I took her to a Thai restaurant, and Kay loved it. On the way home, she complimented, “That was a good choice of restaurant, Thomas.”

I thanked her, and we drove the rest of the way silently.

We entered the house, and Kay grabbed my tie and pulled me behind her running upstairs, laughing vivaciously. I kept up with her, happy to get into what became her bedroom. As we entered the room, Kay peeled off her dress and wrapped her arms around my neck, kissing me.

“You like being my boyfriend?” she asked, playing with my hair at the back of the head.

“Yes, I love being your boyfriend,” I said honestly.

Kay was satisfied with my answer. It seemed that she was testing me every step of the way, and I knew very well what happened when she did not like my answers. Kay smiled and broke off the hug. She sat on the bed and lifted her feet. I knew what to do and pulled off the pumps from her pretty feet. But as I was ready to kiss them, Kay interrupted, “Undress for me, Thomas,” she said in that quiet voice.

I had quite a few clothing articles on me. I threw the jacket on the floor, untied my tie, and ripped off my shirt. Kay lay in bed, leaning seductively on her palm with crossed legs. It made me rush as I got out of my shoes and pants, throwing them everywhere on the floor. Finally, I was naked and joined Kay in bed.

She turned toward me, hugging and kissing me, and I patted her soft, smooth body, moaning with desire.

Kay grabbed my cock, “You are horny, aren’t you?” she laughed, stroking lightly.

“Aha,” I responded, sucking her nipples hungrily.

“Make me wet for you, Tom,” she said intimately, gently pushing me down.

I went down and pleasured her until she pulled me back up, “Make love to me, Tom,” she whispered, wrapping her legs around my waist. I entered her and moved slowly, enjoying her soft cries and countermoves. And then I started to move faster. I felt that my head was floating in clouds. My body was tense and shook as I climaxed and ejaculated.

Kay did not wait a second. She pushed down, “Clean me,” she barked. I went down between her legs, wondering what that was all about. We had a wonderful time making love. But apparently, Kay did not think so.

Kay sat up and picked a vibrator from the drawer, I watched her, and my heart sunk.

“Lie on your back,” she snapped and then sat on my face playing with the vibrator. I could hardly breathe, and Kay was not satisfied. She lifted her butt, turned, and slapped my face, “I want to feel your fucking tongue in my asshole,” she said and sat back on my face.

I wiggled my head till I reached her asshole, licking and listening to her mewling as the vibrator finished the job that I couldn’t.

After she came, Kay lay in the bed with her back toward me, “Good night,” she said and turned off the light.

I lay next to her, my heart beating fast, and scary thoughts ran through my mind. What if she broke up with me? No, I thought, she won’t give up the car, the house, the credit card. And what if she refused to have sex with me? I had no answer for that. There was no way to know how Kay would react.

I couldn’t sleep for a long time, and when I woke up, Kay was already wide awake, looking at me with ice-cold eyes.

“Well, Thomas, see what I found on the way to the bathroom,” Kay said and showed me my wallet. It must have felt off my pocket in a rush to undress. She then opened the wallet and presented it to me. My driver’s license was there under a transparent cover.

“So, tell me, Thomas, how old you are?”

“Thirty-six,” I admitted.

“And you told me that you are thirty years old. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, but it was the first time we met, and I didn’t want to scare you off,” I explain.

“I see,” Kay said as if my excuse was acceptable, “And when you became my boyfriend, you didn’t think that you should be honest?”

I had no answer to that, “I am sorry” was all I could come up with.

“I don’t like liars, especially when they are boyfriends.”

“I am sorry,” I repeated.

Kay looked at me for a few seconds. I had never seen such cold blue eyes.

“Get up and lie on the floor on your stomach,” she snapped. I was so surprised; I didn’t move. Kay slapped my face and looked at me angrily. I got the hint and did as told.

Kay went to the closet and returned, standing in front of me. She wore shining black pumps with super high heels.

“Spread your legs,” she ordered. I did. “Put your hands on the back.” I did. In that position, my chin was on the floor; all I could see was the shiny black shoes with those high heels.

“Keep your hands behind the back at all time,” Kay said as she walked around and stuck the pointy toe of her shoe between my legs, right on top of my balls.

And then she stepped down, smashing my balls. I made ear-piercing screams, but it didn’t faze Kay. She pressed harder, rotating a shoe as if she had put out a cigarette. I cried, and tears started to flow down my cheeks. I banged my legs on the floor and reflexively hit the floor with my hands.

Kay stopped and stepped in front of me, “I don’t like liars,” she repeated.

“I am sorry, I won’t lie again,” I shouted.

Kay ignored me. She bent and lifted my head by the hair, looking into my eyes coldly.

“Did I tell you to keep your hands behind the back?”

I didn’t answer; I was in excruciating pain. Kay slapped my face hard while pulling my head up.

“Did I?”



“Yes, you did,” I finally answered.

“I don’t like lairs and disobedient boyfriends,” Kay stated icily.

“Put your hand on your back,” she said with a slap on the face. I did, and she let go of my hair. My head dropped down, my chin hitting the floor with sharp pain.

“We’ll have to make sure that you obey,” she said as she stepped back between my legs.

“No!” I shouted, “Please, Kay,” I begged.

“We want to make sure that you won’t lie again, don’t we, Thomas,” she said and pushed down again.

My screams were louder. I held my hands clasped, trying to keep them on my back. Kay stepped harder; the pain was unbearable.

“Are you going to lie to me again?” Kay asked quietly in a menacing way, pressing harder.

“No, no, I swear, please stop,” I yelled.

Kay gave one last push that made me shake with pain, tears running uncontrollably, wetting the floor. And then she stopped.

“Turn around,” Kay ordered. I didn’t move fast enough to her liking, and she kicked me with contempt.

When I lay on the back, Kay placed her shoe on my penis, the tip of the high heel pressing my balls lightly.

“We want to make sure that you will not lie to me again,” she repeated.

“No,” I begged, seeing what was coming, “Please, please, Kay.”

“You’ll be a good boyfriend?” Kay asked as the sharp heel pressed down.

“Yes, yes,” I yelled.

“And you won’t lie again?”

“No, I won’t,” I cried, sobbing.

Kay stepped with all her weight down, inflicting pain that almost sent me into a comma. She then stepped back and watched me silently.

I was in a fetal position, my hands holding the sore balls, sobbing uncontrollably.

After a minute, Kay said quietly, "Get up on your feet." I tried to move, but it wasn't easy. Kay kicked me and barked, "Get up!"

Slowly I managed to raise myself and stood in front of her, my hands still covering my aching testicles.

"Hands behind the back," Kay snapped, looking into my eyes.

She then wiped the tears from my face. Her eyes were blank but not ice-cold as before.

"You broke my trust, Thomas," she said softly in an accusing tone.

"I am sorry," I replied and was rewarded with a slap on the face, "Shut up. I don't want to hear that you are sorry. I want a trustworthy boyfriend."

I stayed silent. We looked at each other for a long second, and then Kay said, "Pick up your clothes."

She put on a robe and changed into her high heel sleeper.

I held the bundle of my clothes in my hands, didn't dare to move, and waited for the next cue from Kay.

Kay picked up my wallet from the bed and threw it at me. It hit me and fell on the floor, and painfully, I bent and picked it up.

"Go to your room, and wait for me. Naked," Kay instructed.

I squirreled out, went to my room with great relief, and waited. Kay came down an hour later, fully dressed in short pants and tight T-shirts, holding her laptop.

"Open the door all the way," she said. I did. "Open the bathroom door." I did.

"From now on, you keep the doors open at all times. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Kay."

"You don't go upstairs. I'll come to you when I want sex. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Kay."

“Repeat what I said.”

“I keep the doors open and do not go upstairs.”

Kay seemed satisfied with my answer. “Come with me to the living room.” I followed her. She sat on the sofa and patted the space next to her. “Sit here.”

Feeling vulnerable being naked, I sat down and wondered what was happening. Kay opened her laptop and showed me a selection of whips on a sex toys website.

“I like this one,” she said, pointing to a snake whip, “What do you think?”

“Hmmm, I don’t know,” I mumbled.

“You should know because I’ll use it to punish you when you misbehave,” she said, implying that she expected that to happen.

I stayed silent. Kay put two snake whips on the shopping cart and added a flogger and a puddle without further questions. She moved to another page full of chastity cages. I choked.

“What do you think of this one?” she asked, showing a clear plastic chastity cage.

“What for?” I dared to ask.

“To keep your Tommy locked. This way, you will be able to perfume better. Don’t you want to fuck me better?”

“Yes, of course.”

She moved the chastity cage to the shopping cart and paid. My credit card info was already there on her computer. She then closed the laptop and went upstairs. I stayed on the sofa, fearing to move. She made me a frightened man.

Kay showed up a few minutes later, looking at me with approval for not moving.

“You may kiss,” she said, pointing her finger down to her feet. I bent and licked her feet devotedly.

“You’ll be a good boyfriend from now on, won’t you, Thomas?”

“Yes, I will be,” I said, licking her feet and enjoying myself. No matter what Kay did, I loved touching her.

Kay let me have her feet for a minute longer, then turned and left without a word. I heard the sound of the engine as she drove away.

Defeated, humiliated, and aching, I took a shower and lay in my bed. I was tired, didn’t sleep much the night before, and fell asleep.

I woke up from the sounds click-clack of Kay’s high heel. It was one in the morning.

Kay entered my room, checking if the doors were wide open, then sat at the edge of the bed.

“You are not sleeping, are you?”

“No.”

“Take off the cover.”

I kicked off the cover. Kay looked at me and said, “From now on, you sleep naked.”

“Okay, Kay,” I submissively replied.

“Go on, get naked.”

I took off the undies. My cock was already hard. Kay’s presence always did it to me.

Kay stroked my penis slowly, “You want to come for me?”

“Yes!”

She removed her hand, “Beg.”

I begged nicely, and she resumed the stroking. And then she lifted her T-shirt and bent, “Take it, Thomas, I know you need it.”

I latched to her breast sucking the nipple hungrily. She was right. I needed her breasts and drew comfort from her kindness.

Kay moved her hand faster. I moaned, sucking her tits with cravings. It didn’t take long. Kay twisted her palm over my penis head, sending sparks into my head, and I ejaculated.

Kay kissed me on the lips lightly, a quick touch, “Good night, Thomas,” she said and left.

I was happy, wondering when she would come to my room again. I am not allowed upstairs and won’t go there. I knew Kay wouldn’t hesitate to use the whips she bought for me.

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The package from the sex toys store arrived a couple of days later. Kay showed it to me and said, "You keep it in your room." I nodded. What else could I do?

She watched in my room as I unpacked and then said, "Put in this drawer," pointing to the top drawer of the chest drawer. I opened the drawer and stashed the whips.

"What do you have in that drawer?" Kay asked me.

"Just under wares."

"Get them out."

Kay checked the drawer making sure that it contained only whips. She seemed satisfied and left without a word.

The following day when I ordered Uber, I decided to buy another car. I was tired of getting Uber rides. Kay used my Mercedes exclusively.

On Friday we went to a nightclub, a double date with Georgina and Victor. We drove first to their apartment to pick up Georgina and Victor since they did not want to drive their car. I guess they wanted to be accessible for drinking.

In public, Kay was the loving girlfriend. She hung on me and held my hand. I loved going out with her. We sat at a table having dinner, chatting, and drinking. Kay watched me and said I shouldn't drink anymore since I was the designated driver. But the three of them drank a lot.

After some dancing, Kay paid the bill with my credit card, and we left the club. The three of them were drunk and in a good mood laughing and giggling nonstop.

"Hey guys," Kay said, "You want to come to our house for a nightcap?"

"Yeah, that's a great idea," Georgina exclaimed.

Kay put her palm on my thigh, "Drive home, Thomas," she ordered without checking with me if it was okay to bring guests to my house. It wasn't okay with me, but I drove home silently.

They had another drink sitting in the living room. I wished they would go home, but Georgina and Victor started making out on the sofa and kissing

and patting each other. Georgina dropped her dress to her lap, exposing beautiful light-shaded breasts. It was a contrast to her bronze complexion. Victor squeezed those tits and sucked while Georgina unzipped him, pulled his cock out, and stroked it.

I sat frozen and mesmerized.

“Thomas,” Kay said, getting my attention. “Georgina and Victor need some privacy; go to your room, and wait for me in bed.”

I smiled lamely and obediently went to my room, undressed, and lay in bed. I heard the sound of a couple fucking. Georgina was loud, and my door was open. And then I heard Kay’s voice. She moaned as if she was having sex. I tipped-toed and ventured out to see what was happening.

Victor was standing holding Georgina’s waist fucking her from behind. And Georgina’s face was buried between Kay’s leg, pleasuring her. The three of them were naked.

Suddenly, Kay turned her head, looking in my direction. I quickly stepped behind the door, hoping she would not see me. And then thought better of it and went back to my bed, covering my ears with the pillow.

After a while, the house was quiet. I wasn’t sure what was happening and listened to the sounds of the house. Suddenly, I heard the click-clack of high heels shoes. Kay entered my room, naked, wearing those shiny black shoes with super high heels.

It was semi-dark in my room. Kay approached the bed and pulled the cover. I lay motionless naked while she looked at me with cold eyes.

“Did you stay in your room, waiting for me?” She asked with that quiet voice.

I knew she might have seen me, and I didn’t want to lie, vividly remembering the balls crash.

“I went out for a second,” I admitted.

“That means that you did not stay in your room as I told you,” Kay stated factually.

I didn’t reply.

Kay pulled a short snake whip from the drawer. She swirled it in the air. It made a frightening swishing sound.

“I expect my boyfriend to listen to me,” Kay said while rotating the whip in the air.

“I am sorry,” I said.

“Whap,” the whip hit me on my stomach.

“Didn’t I tell you not to say sorry,” Kay snared. “Turn around.”

I lay on my stomach, and Kay relentlessly whipped my ass. It was painful but more so humiliating.

My butt was red and sore when she finally stopped. I wept quietly, but I felt my cock erect, to my surprise.

Kay threw the whip on my back, “Turn around,” she said softly.

She sat on the edge of the bed, hiding a smile at the view of my erect cock, stroking it gently, “You’ll be a good boyfriend, and listen to me?”

“Yes, Kay, I will be.”

“I believe you, and I know you want to be a good boyfriend,” Kay said, stroking and looking at me kindly.

My heart swelled with emotions. I loved her. And the whiplashes made me love her even more. I felt I deserved the punishment, and my penis hardened while she whipped me.

Kay stopped stroking, “I want you to thank me for disciplining you and promise that it won’t happen again.”

I looked at her puzzled, but she stood up and pointed down. I understood and got up from the bed, forgetting the pain, went down, and licked her feet in those black shiny high-heeled shoes.

“I don’t hear anything,” Kay reminded me.

“Thank you for disciplining me for bad behavior,” I said, licking her feet avidly.

“And?”

“And I promise that it won’t happen again.”



“And what if it will happen again?”

I thought the best answer would be, “Then you punish me.”

“Good,” she said, satisfied with my answer, “Lie on the bed now.”

Kay lay next to me and pulled me to her breasts. I sucked her nipple greedily while she stroked my penis. Kay increased the pace, “You want to come for me?”

“Yes!”

“And you’ll behave and listen to me?”

“Yes, yes.”

Kay held my penis and ran her thumb in circles on the top of my penis head. She then ran her tongue in my ear erotically,

“I am ready for you, Tom,” Kay said, running her thumb, pressing it down, and releasing.

My cock throbbed, and I breathed in fast intakes.

“Come for me,” Kay yelled with excitement.

And I did. It was magic. Kay controlled my body and emotions, and I surrendered, enjoying her power over me. And I admitted that I liked being her pet toy.

Kay got up and fetched a towel. She wiped my stomach gently and then bent and kissed me lightly on my lips,

“Sweet dreams, boyfriend,” she said and left.

I fell asleep with a happy smile.

In the morning, I made coffee, drinking it pensively at the table, and suddenly I heard footsteps coming down the stairway. Georgina and Victor walked into the kitchen greeting, “Good morning, Thomas.”

I wasn’t happy to see them but replied politely.

“Thank you for letting us sleep in your house,” Victor said and shook my hand. They drank some coffee in awkward silence.

“Do you need a ride home?” I offered, breaking the silence.

“Oh, yes. Would you?” Georgina exclaimed.

I drove them to their apartment and bought some pastries on the way back, rushing to see Kay. She was sitting at the kitchen table sipping coffee, dressed in blue jeans, a blouse, and her long hair in a ponytail.

“Great idea,” Kay said, rummaging through the bag and picking the pastry she liked. I sat and looked at her, enjoying the view. I loved her.

Kay finished eating, got up, and smiled at me, amused, “We go out to dinner tonight,” she announced and briskly left, not waiting for my response. I heard the sound of the car leaving and went to my office to do some work, happy about the prospect of spending time with Kay. It was amazing how this young girl got a hold of me.

Kay returned late afternoon. She walked into my office, “Get ready. I am starving,” she said and left.

I waited in the living room dressed in a suit and tie. Kay showed up an hour later, beautiful in an evening gown and high heels. She looked at me with approval, “Let’s go.”

Kay didn’t ask me where we were going, so I went to a fancy restaurant that usually required a reservation. I slipped a one hundred dollar bill into the host’s hand to ensure there wouldn’t be a problem finding a table for us.

We were led to a lovely table for two. “Nice restaurant,” Kay commented, placing her palm on my hand. I smiled, grateful that she liked it. We made small talk, and then Kay surprised me, “Did you like going out with Georgina and Victor?”

“Yes, it was very nice,” I said what I knew Kay wanted to hear.

“I am glad, and perhaps we would do it again.”

“It would be nice,” I contributed to Kay’s satisfaction.

When we finished dinner, Kay seemed happy and instructed me to drive home. I congratulated myself on the choice of restaurant and blissfully went home.

“Wait for me in bed,” Kay said when we entered the house and quickly went upstairs.

I lay in bed wondering what Kay would do tonight. She kept me waiting with anticipation for two hours. At last, I heard the click-clack of her high

heels.

Naked in high heels, Kay entered the room. She stood next to my bed and looked down at me,

“Are you ready for me, Thomas?”

My cock was already hard from the view of her exposed curves, “Yes, Kay, I am.”

Kay sat on my stomach, holding the penis shape vibrator, and said, “Open your mouth.” She shoved the vibrator into my mouth, “Keep it there for me.” She then stroked my cock and looked at me wittily.

My penis hardened like a rock in her palm. “You are hard. Are you ready to fuck me?” she asked. With the vibrator in my mouth, I could only nod yes.

Kay lifted her groin and guided my penis into her asshole. She made a short “Oh,” and sat down, getting the entire length of my cock inside her rectum. Slowly she went up and down. It felt wonderful. Her tight passage rubbed my cock with pleasant friction.

As she moved faster, she said, “Make me come, Tom.” I didn’t understand what she wanted, but Kay pulled the vibrator from my mouth, turned it on, and glided it on her vagina, “Hold it and make me come,” she instructed.

It was beautiful lovemaking. I played with the vibrator and stuck it inside her turning and twisting. Kay got excited and rode my cock faster and faster until she yelled, “I am coming. Give it to me, Tom, give it to me now!”

I pushed my cock up deep and ejaculated, thrusting the vibrator up her vagina. Kay trembled lightly with moans of pleasure, and we both stopped moving, panting ecstatically.

As we relaxed, Kay slid forward in front of my face, and I licked her pink opening lovingly, and with gratitude, I felt deeply. Kay patted my head, “Did you like making love to me?”

“I loved it,” I say and buried my face between her ass cheeks.

“And you made me come,” she said amusedly. I didn’t answer but shoved my tongue as deeply as possible into her asshole to acknowledge.

Kay rose and stood in her high heels, “Take a shower now,” she said quietly. Obediently, I got up and showered while Kay stood in the bathroom watching me. I felt great and not embarrassed at all.

After I wiped, Kay surprised me again, “Pee, before you go to bed,” she said, looking at me kindly like I was a little boy.

I stood in front of the toilet, concentrating. It was challenging to urinate under her stare, but I managed to get a weak stream.

”Get the vibrator and wash it and your hands.”

When the vibrator was clean and dry, Kay instructed me to put it in the drawer. I knew drawer she meant.

“Go to bed now,” Kay said, talking to me softly as if I was a child.

I lay in bed listening to the water running in the bathroom. Kay came out of the bathroom and silently looked down at me for a few seconds. I did not move, wondering what she would do next.

“You wait for me lying on the back uncovered until I come to say goodnight. And keep the light on, do you understand?”

“Yes, Kay,” I obediently replied, thinking it wouldn’t be a problem. I could kick off the cover when I heard her high heel click clacks.

Finally, Kay bent, held my cock that was hard again, and kissed me lightly, “Sweet dreams, boyfriend,” she said quietly, turned off the light, and left.

I lay in bed, smiling at the memories of the evening. I understood that Kay came up with a way to climax us both. It was fine with me as long as she was happy.

I was overjoyed, remembering the climax I had just had. And I accepted her growing demands and rules. I’ll lay down on my back naked for her anytime and for how long she wanted.

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A new routine emerged. Every night Kay came to my room to say. "Sweet dreams," and turn off the light. I never knew when it would happen. Some nights, she walked with me to the room, watching me prepare for bed. Other times, she came a few hours or a few minutes after she went upstairs. There was no way to tell when Kay would come to say goodnight. But she always came to my room after she went out to meet her friends.

One night Kay went out and returned in the early morning hours. She visited my room and, drunk-like, peeled off her dress and collapsed on my

bed. I could smell alcohol on her breath.

“You want to fuck, Thomas,” she asked, reaching for my cock.

“Yes,” I said carefully.

“Then get the fucking vibrator,” she said, turning and laying on her belly. I got the vibrator and handed it to her. She grabbed it impatiently, stuck it under her, and turned it on.

“What are you waiting for, Thomas? Get your worthless penis inside my asshole,” she shouted, spreading her legs.

I was humiliated but also aroused. I climbed on top of her, entered my erect cock into her tight opening, and held myself up at arm’s length above her silky back.

As I started to pump, Kay countered, raising her ass and bumping it into my groin. She played with the vibrator simultaneously and moaned loud.

“Faster,” Kay cried with excitement. I moved at a faster pace, aroused to the max. We moved in rhythm. I was trying to sustain without ejaculating as long as I could.

“I am coming,” Kay shouted, “I want to feel your cum in my ass.”

I ejaculated a few seconds later. Kay trembled as she felt the warm semen interjected into her rectum and moaned with satisfaction.

“Get off me,” she ordered, pointing her finger at her asshole. I licked off her ass with gratitude for the pleasure she afforded me. Then I heard her quiet voice, “Take a shower now.”

When I returned to my bed, Kay was lying there leisurely. She handed the vibrator, “Wash.” After I stowed away the clean vibrator, I stood confused, unsure what to do since Kay was in my bed. But she smiled at me, “Come to bed, boyfriend,” she said amusingly.

As I lay next to Kay, she hugged and kissed me, and I held her and ran my palms on her silky flesh feeling overpowering emotions. It was unbelievable how this young girl affected me.

“You liked fucking me in the ass?” Kay suddenly asked.

“Yes, very much.”

Kay nodded and looked at me with kind eyes, "I liked it too," she said and got up. I immediately lay on my back for the goodnight ritual. Kay looked at me with approval. She held my cock, which was hard again, and kissed me lightly, "Sweet dreams," she said, turned off the light, and left.

I listened to the fading sound of the click clacks and fell asleep instantly.

Many uneventful days went by. Kay stayed at home, watched TV in the living room, or spent time in her bedroom. I lay in bed awake until she came to say goodnight and turned off the light. Kay held me on my toes, waiting for her every night. I realized that it was a technique to keep my focus and dependency on her, and it was successful. Every day I thought of her, desired her, and felt grateful if she gave me a few minutes of attention.

One time Kay went out, and when she returned early morning, she entered my room announcing, "I am horny, Thomas, get it for me."

I knew what she meant. I jumped out of bed and got the vibrator from the drawer.

Kay sat naked on my bed as I returned with the vibrator. She grabbed my cock and looked at me, "Get the penis ready for my pussy." I didn't understand. Kay twitched my ball hard, "Suck the dildo," she ordered.

I stood and sucked the vibrator for Kay's amusement. She stroked me and made my penis rock hard. And then, to my astonishment, Kay turned and stood on all fours on the bed.

"Get your cock inside my ass," she instructed. And as I did that, she continued, "Hold me and fuck."

I held her waist and rammed my cock into her, moving fast. "Turn on the vibrator," I heard Kay.

The vibrator was still in my mouth. I turned it on and felt pleasant waves in my mouth.

"Faster, Thomas, I don't have all night for you," Kay yelled.

I pumped faster, getting excited. Kay was in a submissive posture but in complete control.

"Faster, Thomas, faster."

I moved fast and came with a cry.

Kay turned and sat on the bed. She pulled the vibrator from my mouth and lifted her legs, “Down, Thomas,” she barked impatiently.

I attended to her ass while she pleasured herself with the vibrator until she came with that familiar tremble. She sighed with relief, brushed my head, and pulled me up to her vagina, “You made the vibrator real wet, Thomas.”

I knew she was mocking me, but I didn’t care. I loved touching her, and licking her sex was a special treat.

“That’s enough,” Kay interrupted me, “Take a shower now.”

While I showered, Kay walked into the bathroom, fully dressed in a new beautiful evening gown she bought with my credit card. She watched me silently. When I got out of the shower, she made me pee before her and sent me to bed. I was a puppet in the hands of a twenty-two-year-old girl, and I liked it!

Kay wished me sweet dreams, turned off the light, and went upstairs to her room.

A few days later, Kay went out again. I lay in bed as usual with the cover waiting for her. I used to kick off the blanket when I heard the click-clacks of her high heels, but that night I slept deeply and didn’t hear the click-clacks. I woke up with a slap on my face.

Kay stood above me, looking down with cold blue eyes. I knew I was in trouble.

“Get up,” she snared. I removed the blanket and got up, trembling from the sudden cold I felt.

Kay walked to the drawer, pulled a long snake whip, and sat in a chair, crossing her long legs, hardly covered by the mini skirt she wore.

“I told you to wait for me uncovered, didn’t I?”

“Yes, you did,” I replied, swearing at myself for falling asleep.

“And were you uncovered when I came to say goodnight?”

“I was not.”

“You don’t want me to come and say goodnight?” Kay inquired.



“I do. I love it when you come to say goodnight,” I said with conviction, fearing that she would stop coming and I lose my sex adventures.

“I see,” Kay said, satisfied with my answer, “How many whiplashes do you deserve for insulting me like that?”

I was speechless but deep inside, glad that she would punish me and things would return to normal.

It was silent in the room for a long second, “You don’t know?” she asked in amazement.

“No.”

“We’ll start with ten, and that would be it if you behave,” Kay concluded. I stood motionless, accepting the decision. I didn’t have much choice.

“Go upstairs to my closet and get me the discipline shoes. You have thirty seconds,” Kay said, then looked at her watch, “Starting... now!”

I ran upstairs, got the shoes, and returned breathlessly.

Sitting comfortably in the chair, Kay looked at her watch, “That was thirty-six seconds. You earned five more whiplashes,” she said sarcastically.

I lowered my head submissively, feeling that I had failed her again.

“Take the shoes and put them exactly where you found them in the closet. Thirty seconds start... now!”

I ran upstairs again and returned as fast as I could. Kay looked at her watch and announced, “Thirty-three seconds, a bit better. You saved two whiplashes. We are at eighteen.”

I stood quietly, breathing heavily. Kay let me rest for a moment playing with the long whip, and then looked at me, “Are you ready? I need the discipline shoes.”

I nodded, and Kay looked at her watch, “Go... now!”

I returned with the shoes, out of breath. Kay looked at her watch and didn’t say a word. She just pointed her finger down at her feet. I dropped down and licked her feet. I was happy; I guessed I had made it in time.

Kay wore ankle strap shoes that provided max foot area to lick, and I loved it.

“I am very disappointed, Thomas,” Kay said sternly, like a teacher talking to an elementary schoolboy.

I wanted to say that I am sorry but held myself. Kay would get more upset if she heard that. I stayed quiet, enjoying her beautiful feet.

“Take off my shoes,” Kay said quietly, and when I did, she continued, “Put on the disciplinary shoes.”

I held the shiny black shoes with shaken hands and slid them onto her feet. Kay was sitting and watching me intently. “Stand up and put your arms up,” she ordered after I fit the shoes on her feet.

Kay took off her clothes, came closer, and pressed her body on my back. I felt her breasts squeezing and those erect nipples poking my back. Kay ran her palm over my chest, “Keep your arms up,” she instructed, “Count the whiplashes for me.”

I nodded, embracing myself for the worse.

I heard the swish of a whip rotating in the air, and then Kay lowered her arm and leather tail wrapped over my back and stomach. It wasn’t too bad, and I counted “One.”

Kay continued, and with each whiplash, she stepped backward. The pain increased. When we reached ten, the whip hit only the back. I wept and discouragingly counted.

Kay stopped whipping. She stepped in front of me and wiped the tears from my face with the back of her hand, looking into my eyes. Her eyes were softer, “How many left?” she asked quietly.

“Eight,” I said reluctantly. I was sore and ached.

Kay reached down and checked my cock. It was erect, and she was satisfied. She returned to her position behind me. I didn’t hear the swish sound anymore. Kay just lifted her arm and swung it. I am unsure how she did it, but only the end of the whip’s tail hit my butt. I counted painfully. The last three hits were enormously painful, only the tip of the tail hit me with high momentum, and I screamed my lung off.

“You may lower your arms,” Kay said and sat back in the chair.

I lowered my arms with relief and turned, seeing Kay sitting regally in the chair, naked. My penis was hard as a rock for no apparent reason.

“Stand in front of me,” Kay ordered, “Stroke your cock.” I stroked my erect penis before Kay as she reminded me to look into her eyes. The eye contact was erotic and arousing.

“Stop,” Kay suddenly said, “Hands behind the back.” She held my penis and examined it, then squeezed my balls.

“Okay, continue to stroke.”

I resumed masturbating under Kay’s intense watch. “Go faster,” she instructed. I felt that I wouldn’t last long and heard Kay’s voice warning me, “Don’t you dare come,” as if she knew what state I was in.

I tried to control myself and pace the strokes. Kay watched me, amused, “I want you to shoot on my feet, get down on your knees.” I went down, stroking lightly, cautious not to ejaculate.

“Faster, Thomas,” Kay admonished with a slight smile. She enjoyed toying with me, and I felt contrived and willing to participate.

“Now, Thomas, shoot your cum on my feet. Now!” Kay ordered. I aimed my penis, stroked fast, and ejaculated, spraying semen on her feet and shoes.

Kay pointed her finger down, “Clean,” she barked. I licked off my cum. I was used to that, and it didn’t bother me. The feeling of subservience was natural and saluted by me. It was as if I belonged down at Kay’s feet. I licked her smooth feet, lovingly expressing my emotion toward her, which I knew she was well aware of. Kay turned me into a different being than I was before I met her.

Kay made me shine on her black shoes with my tongue. When satisfied, she said, “Take off the discipline shoes and put on the other.” She then gave a thirty-second challenge to put the discipline shoes back in her closet.

When I returned, Kay checked the watch and said, “Lie in bed and wait for me.” Kay got up and left my room. To my surprise, she showed up a couple of minutes later, holding a small bowl with two ice cubes. She rummaged through the drawer of the whips, got the chastity cage, and sat on my bed.

Kay did not talk. She picked two ice cubes from the bowl and rubbed my penis till it became numb and reduced to a minimal size. And then Kay expertly fit the chastity cage on my manhood and locked it with a small padlock.

“I keep the key on my diamond necklace,” she said as she threaded the necklace’s chain through the padlock key. I was speechless. I just looked at the transparent plastic case that enclosed my penis.

“You won’t feel it after a while. It is very light,” Kay comforted me as she viewed my facial expression.

“But why?” I couldn’t resist protesting.

Kay seemed okay with my reaction and did not consider as misbehaving. She kissed my face affectionately, “So you can fuck me better, don’t you want to do that?”

“Yes, I do, but I don’t understand how chastity helps,” I said.

Kay ignored my question, “Get in bed now,” she said, like talking to a little boy. I didn’t say anything more and got into bed.

Kay got up. She held my balls, the only gentle organ outside of the plastic case, and kissed me lightly, “Sweet dreams,” she said and turned off the light on the way out.

My relationship with Kay developed in one direction only. She grew her power over me while I became more submissive, accepted punishments, and pleased any whim Kay had. And while my body ached from the whiplashes, deep inside, I admitted that I liked it when Kay punished me, and I was sure she knew it.

This young girl penetrated my soul. And she freed my sexual inhibitions with ease, boiling my desire for her.

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It took a day to get used to the chastity cage, but it wasn't bad. I couldn't wait for Kay's next sex time with me and fuck her. But for the next few days, Kay just held my balls and kissed me goodnight.

And then, one night, she returned home early morning. I heard her click-clacks approaching my room, and my heart beat fast. I knew Kay liked to have sex after a night out.

"Get it for me," Kay said as she walked into my room, peeling off her dress. She sat on my bed and pointed her finger down. I dropped to my knees, handing the vibrator to her. Kay started playing with the vibrator running it over her vagina without preliminaries.

"Get in my ass, Thomas," Kay interrupted my view of her playing

I was disappointed. I thought she would take off the chastity cage, but she didn't; she just pleased herself. I concentrated on her asshole, which I loved to treat. Kay's moans grew louder as she got close to climax, and then suddenly, she threw the vibrator on the bed and pulled me by the hair, "Stand up," she yelled, breathing heavily.

Kay used the key on the necklace chain and unlocked the padlock, throwing the chastity cage on the floor. My penis sprung out erect. Kay palmed my cock, and pulled me on top of her as she moved backward and lay on the bed.

"Fuck me," she shouted with excitement. She was close to climax and wanted me to finish the job. I was thrilled as I entered her and pumped. I was hot after a few days that my cock was locked without a masturbation option.

"Fuck me fast," Kay shouted excitedly, countering my moves rhythmically. And then I felt it! Kay was climaxing in my stewardship for the first time in our lovemaking. With a slight tremble and soft cry, Kay dropped her arms to her sides with a satisfied smile.

I responded emotionally with massive ejaculation, gleefully feeling that I owned the world. I was ecstatic beyond imagination. I made Kay cum. I made it!

Kay wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. A kiss of gratitude for the orgasm she had. It was the happiest moment in my time with Kay. I responded to her kiss lovingly, closing my eyes, feeling complete and relaxed.

“Are you good, Tom?” Kay asked softly, brushing my hair affectionately. Am I good? She asked and called me Tom. I was beyond good, beyond anything I felt in my life.

“I am fine,” I answered, trying to contain my emotions.

Kay nibbled my earlobe, “You made me come, Thomas. Now get down and clean,” she said and gently pushed me down.

I knew the climax wasn’t a big deal for Kay, but it meant the world to me. I went down and made love to her vagina. I would stay there forever if Kay hadn’t stopped me.

She lifted my head with two hands, looking at me with a slight smile, “Do you like the chastity cage?”

I knew she was toying with me, but I didn’t care and had no inhibitions or embarrassments with Kay.

“I loved it,” I exclaimed with overwhelming emotions.

“Perhaps I’ll put it on you again,” Kay giggled.

“Please do!” I immediately pleaded.

Kay did not respond to my plea, “Take a shower,” she said abruptly.

Disappointed, I got up and went to the bathroom. Kay came to the bathroom fully dressed in high heels and watched me.

“Get the vibrator and the chastity and wash them.” I rushed to do that. And when I was done, she instructed, “Put it in the drawer.”

My heart sunk. But when I turned from the chest drawer after placing the items there, I saw Kay sitting in the chair, smiling at me. She gestured for me with the index finger to come closer and then pointed her finger down. I dropped to my knees before her looking up submissively but with admiration.

“Do you want me to put the chastity on you?” she asked as if she didn’t know what I wanted.

“Yes, please!”

“Beg for it.”

I lay on the floor on my belly, reaching to her feet in high heels licking frantically to show her how much I desired to have the chastity cage and pleaded. I would do anything to feel her climaxing in my hands again.

“Okay, Thomas, you got it,” Kay said finally.

I breathed with relief and happiness, still down at her feet.

“Get two ice cubes; you have fifteen seconds starting... Now!”

I rushed and grabbed two ice cubes from the freezer, holding them in my hands, and sped back.

Kay looked at me with dismay. She slapped my face, “Bring the ice in a bowl. You have ten seconds or no chastity for you.” She looked at the watch and then, “Go... now!”

I was on fire. The prospect of not having a chastity cage on me scared the hell out of me. Kay was tough and never gave out anything free.

Fortunately, when I returned to the room with a bowl and ice cubes inside, Kay nodded with approval and sighed with relief.

“Lie in bed,” Kay said quietly and left the room.

I lay down, waiting. Kay left me stranded with thoughts. She was so unpredictable and always kept me on my toes. But that was what was so addicting about her. She knew how to play with my emotions and made me ache for her more and more.

Kay returned two hours later. I heard the click clacks approaching, and my heart beat fast. Kay entered my open-door room wearing a short robe that was not tightly close, and her big, firm breasts were covered half away. She was so sexy. I would love to make love to her at that moment. But to be honest, I would love to make love to her anytime if she allowed. And she expertly controlled the time I was allowed to touch her, keeping me yearning.

Kay looked at my erect cock, then reached to the bowl. The ice cubes melted into water.

“Looks like there is no ice to get your penis soft enough to get into the chastity cage,” Kay stated.

“I could bring some more ice,” I offered, looking at her with pleading eyes.

“That won’t be necessary,” Kay smiled slightly. She got the chastity cage from the drawer, sat in the chair, and crossed her legs. The robe slid down, revealing the entire length of her long legs. My cock hardened at the view.

“Stand before me,” Kay said quietly. I jumped from the bed and stood in front of her, my cock sticking out erect.

“You want the chastity cage?” Kay asked me.

“Yes, very much,” I confirmed.

“I’ll make your cock soft to fit into the chastity, but if you move or scream, I’ll stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

Sitting comfortably in the chair with crossed legs, Kay cupped my testicles and twisted them. She did it slowly, and the pain grew as she knotted further. I clenched my teeth and clasped my hands on my back, hoping my penis was softening. I didn’t feel it.

Kay let go of my balls, fit the chastity swiftly, and locked it.

“Congratulation, Thomas, you are locked in,” she said cynically.

I breathed with relief and smiled weakly.

“Get in bed,” Kay instructed. She then kissed me, said sweet dreams, and left.

As usual, Kay made me pay for my desires. This young girl conquered me at all levels, and I never ceased to be amazed by her skills. I wondered how she acquired that experience. She knew her way with men and particularly with me.

After that night, Kay came to my room every night to kiss me goodnight, and a few days later, she went out. I was hoping that she would have me



when she returned home. My penis was locked in for a while, and was ready for action.

Kay came home late. I heard the click-clacks of her high heels and lay with anticipation. But she said the usual goodnight. She left me very disappointed with aching balls.

The next evening, we watched TV. Suddenly Kay got up and went upstairs. It was early in the evening, but I went to my room and lay in bed waiting. It was an implicit understanding that if Kay went upstairs, I should be waiting for her ready. There was no way to tell when she would come to my room. It could be minutes or hours.

This time around, it was minutes. Kay walked into my room wearing a robe. She looked at me with approval, took off the robe, and got into bed next to me.

We kissed and touched each other. Kay was affectionate, and I was ecstatic. “Make ready for your cock, Tom,” Kay said intimately. I always get excited and emotional when she calls me Tom. I went down and treated her treasures with loving tongue touch.

Kay moaned delightedly, and after a while, she said, “Get the dildo, Tom.”

I jumped out of bed, feeling my penis banging the walls of the chastity cage. When I returned, Kay instructed me to lay beside her. She lifted her breast, “Take it,” she said, “And fuck me with the dildo.”

I sucked her tits earnestly, inserted the vibrator into her, moved in and out, rotated it, and rubbed her clit, sending her into high gear of moans.

Kay put her hand on mine and stopped me. “I need your cock now, Tom,” she whispered and handed me the key. I unlock my penis quickly. It instantly sprang out, elongating, and I climbed on top of Kay, looking down at her at arm’s length.

“Fuck me, Tom,” Kay whispered. Then louder, “Fuck me hard!”

I entered her and banged fast and furious, enjoying her loud moans. I felt like a real man at that moment. And when I felt the tremble of Kay’s body, I ejaculated with rapture, and sparks blew in my mind.

Kay pulled me down into her and hugged me. I wept from happiness, my face buried into her hair. Kay caressed my head and ran her palm over my back in a loving, comforting motion.

I relaxed after a minute and wanted to pull out my cock and lay next to her, but Kay pressed my ass and said, “Stay inside, Tom.”

She called me Tom throughout the night! It was an amazingly good fuck, and I felt a surge of loving emotions. I don’t think Kay realized how deeply I loved her.

We stayed entangled until my penis softened and slid out. Kay smiled at me, “I think your penis is soft. Do you want to wear the chastity?”

Of course, I wanted. And she knew that.

“Yes, I want to wear it,” I replied appropriately, not taking any chance that she would change her mind.

“Get it then,” she said, laughing.

She locked the chastity cage on me and gave me the key. “Put it on my necklace.”

When the key hung on the diamond necklace, Kay got up, kissed me, and wished me sweet dreams. I watched her silhouette disappear through the open door and closed my eyes. It was the deepest sleep I had had for days.

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As I walked in on Friday evening, tired from work, Kay announced from the top of the stairs, “We are going out tonight. Get ready at seven.” She didn’t wait for my reply. It didn’t matter.

Dressed in a suit and tie, I was ready at seven. I ensured I wouldn’t upset her after the last lovemaking we had.

Kay came downstairs dressed in a beautiful evening gown. I still gasped when I saw her. So beautiful. She smiled, linked her arm with mine, and we walked to the car. I loved when she treated me like that. And I loved her in any way she treated me. Kay penetrated my soul. She released inhibitions I suppressed and made me the man I became, a subservient to the goddess.

I realized that Kay was affectionate temporarily. She loved me when she felt like it, and, most of that time, she ignored me and sometimes was cruel to me. But I cherished her company for love or discipline.

“Get Georgina and Victor. They are coming with us,” Kay said, interrupting my thoughts. I nodded and drove to their apartment, and the four of us went to a restaurant with a lovely outdoor bar and dance floor.

Georgina asked me to dance with her, and Kay wanted to dance when we returned to the table. Victor wasn’t much of a dancer and not much of a talker. The three of them drank while I refrained at Kay’s order. When we left the place, Kay put her palm on my thigh, “Drive home,” she said quietly.

Like last time, Kay brought more drinks to the living, which I could share since I did the driving duties. The girls chatted and laughed, and then Georgina and Victor started to make out.

Kay did not wait for a second, “Go to your room, Thomas,” she said.

But Georgina perked up, pushing Victor away from her, and said, “Let him stay, Kay.”

“He is not ready,” Kay talked to Georgina.

“He would be fine, Kay,” Georgina encouraged. I looked at both of them talking. They had an implicit understanding. Kay was quiet and did not respond.

“And you can send him to his room before we do the Donny,” Georgina added. I wondered what Donny was but watched the two girls talking as if I wasn’t there. Kay stayed quiet, considering the matter.

Georgina got it, “Is he in chastity?” she guessed what bothered Kay.

Kay nodded.

“That’s great, Kay; Victor is wearing new chastity. They are compatible,” Georgina giggled.

“Victor has a new chastity?” Kay exclaimed excitedly.

“Ah-Ha,” Georgina replied with a smug smile.

Kay forgot about me, “Victor, come here!” she ordered. Victor got up immediately from the loveseat he shared with Georgina and stood silently in front of Kay. “Undress,” Kay snapped.

Victor took off his clothes and stood naked before Kay, who sat on the sofa. Kay lifted Victor’s balls and examined his penis, which was locked in a transparent chastity cage. When she was satisfied with what she saw, she quietly, “Victor, down.”

Instantly Victor dropped to his knees with hands behind his back.

Kay looked Victor in the eyes and asked, “Do you like the new chastity?”

“Yes, I like it,” Victor said. Kay slapped him hard on his face.

Victor understood why he was slapped, “Yes, I like it, Kay,” Victor repeated, adding Kay’s name.

I watched them intently. It was intriguing how Kay controlled Victor.

Kay looked at him angrily, “Kiss and apologize,” she said.

Victor dropped to the floor, licking from the tip of her shoe until the ankle, saying, “Forgive me for my mistake, please.”

Kay looked up and met Georgina’s eyes. Georgina nodded her head in a kind of no gesture. It seems that Kay understood and relaxed.

“Georgina,” Kay said laughing, “I can’t wait to see Victor’s cock released from the chastity.” Victor was licking her feet avidly, and I envied him.

“It is an amazing sight,” Georgina giggled, “You’ll enjoy it.” Then Georgina remembered me and called, “Victor, come here. Kay needs to talk to Thomas,” indirectly reminding Kay of an unfinished business.

What I saw next shocked me. Victor got on all fours and moved like a dog to the loveseat. Victor submissively placed his head on Georgina’s lap, and she brushed his hair affectionately.

Kay turned and examined me with cold eyes. As I expected, whatever happened in the past nights, meant nothing to her, “Down,” she said in that quiet voice.

Kay lifted my face with one finger under my chin and looked into my eyes, “If you stay, you will have to listen to Georgina the same way you listen to me.”

I nodded with agreement. “You reply to us politely, not yes or no, and end the reply with the name of the person who talked to you, you understand?”

“I understand, Kay,” I responded adequately.

“Repeat what I just said,” Kay ordered me.

“I listen to Georgina and obey her.”

“Okay, Thomas, you may stay and play with us. Undress.” Kay finally permitted me.

“Thank you, Kay,” I said.

Kay looked at me with a slight smile and pointed her finger down. I dropped down and licked her feet with gratitude. I didn’t want to be an outcast and was curious to see what they were doing.

Georgina got up from the love seat and joined Kay, sitting on the sofa.

“He looks like a good boyfriend,” I heard Georgina’s voice.

“Yeah, he is getting there,” Kay’s replied and lifted me by my hair, “Are you a good boyfriend, Thomas?” she mocked.

“Yes, I am a good boyfriend, Kay,” I answered adequately.

Kay and Georgina burst into a laugh. “Come here, Thomas,” Georgina ordered, pointing at the space in front of her.

Georgina looked at me, amused. A new toy boy to play with.

“So tell me, Thomas, how much you love your girlfriend?”

“I love Kay very much, Georgina,” I replied, wondering where this conversation was going. Georgina turned to Kay and nodded slightly.

“Victor, get in here,” Kay said, lifting her dress and spreading her legs. Victor obediently pressed his face between Kay’s legs.

I watched it, fascinated. My cock hit the chastity case. Seeing another man licking Kay’s beautiful vagina was surprisingly arousing.

“You like watching Victor pleasuring your girlfriend, don’t you, Thomas?” Georgina said, interrupting the show.

“Yes, I like it, Georgina.”

Georgina smiled and slapped my face lightly, “Kiss my feet,” she ordered.

I bent and reached her bronze feet in high heels. Georgina’s feet felt velvety, a pleasure to touch, and my tongue went overdrive.

“Keep your head sideways,” Georgina said as she bent and turned my head, “I like to see your tongue.”

I did as told.

“That’s better,” Georgina commented, “But I want you to lick long and slow.” I complied while hearing Kay’s moans. I couldn’t see Victor, but he appeared to be doing a good job.

“Do you like Georgina’s feet, Thomas,” I heard Kay’s voice.

“Yes, I like her feet, Kay,” I answered sincerely.

The two girls burst into laughter.

“Give me his key, Kay,” Georgina said. Then turning to me, she ordered, “Get up, Thomas.”

I looked at Kay as I straightened up. She was naked with her feet up on Victor’s shoulders while Victor was licking her asshole.

Georgina unlocked the chastity cage, and my penis strung out erect.

“Oh, what a cute penis you have, Thomas,” Georgina giggled. I was standing under the stare of the two girls, feeling embarrassed.

“Do you want to fuck me, Thomas,” Georgina asked humorously.

“Yes, I want to fuck you, Georgina,” I answered as I should.

The two girls burst into laughter again. They had a good time playing with me, the new kid around the block.

“You’ll have to ask permission from your girlfriend,” Georgina said sternly. I stayed silent, unsure what to do. Georgina slapped my erect cock, “Ask her now!”

I turned to Kay and obediently asked, as expected from me, “May I fuck Georgina, Kay?”

The girls laughed amusingly. Kay dropped her legs over Victor’s broad shoulders, banging her shoes on his back, laughing delightfully.

“Beg me,” Kay said, pointing her finger to her feet over Victor’s back.

I started to move, but Georgina’s voice stopped me, “Get down on your knees,” she said and kicked my balls hard. I made a loud “Ow” and dropped down, moving on my knees to the delight of the two girls.

Victor was licking Kay’s asshole devotedly. I stood behind him, trying to reach Kay’s feet to lick them. My erect cock touched Victor’s back as I leaned forward. It felt weird, but I ignored it.

“Take off her shoes, Thomas,” I heard Georgina’s voice, and I thanked her silently as I removed the shoes. It was easier to reach the soles than the top of the feet.

I licked Kay’s sole lovingly. I loved the smooth pinkish flesh, then remembered that I needed to beg and said, “May I fucked Georgina, please.”

The girls laughed, “I want to hear it loud and clear,” Kay said, looking at me fondly. I repeated louder.

“What do you think, Georgina,” Kay looked at her friend.

“Let him have it,” Georgina responded, smiling.

“Okay, Thomas, you may,” Kay gave me the green light. I licked her sole fervently, thanking her silently. Kay giggled at my licking gesture and said, “Go to Georgina, Thomas, and make her pussy ready.”

I moved sideways on my knees. Georgina was already naked, sitting with spread legs, waiting for me. She rubbed my head as I buried my face between her bronze thighs and licked her brown vagina lips. It felt different than Kay's lips, but I enjoyed it tremendously.

The girls watched me as I moaned with pleasure. Georgina instructed me to suck her clit, and she was satisfied.

"Get up, Thomas, and lean with your hand on the back of the sofa," Georgina said.

I hovered over Georgina, and without prelude, she shoved my cock inside her. I moaned with pleasure. Georgina's vagina was tight and warm.

Georgina looked up at me, "You like my pussy, Thomas?" she asked.

"Yes, I like it very much, Georgina," I replied excitedly.

Suddenly, I felt a spank on my butt. Kay stood behind me, spanking, "Bang her," she shouted.

I moved fast, trying to contain the urge to ejaculate after being locked in chastity, and breathed deep to control myself.

"You like it, Georgina?" Kay talked to her friend as if they were at dinner.

"Yes, but make him move faster," Georgina replied.

Kay spanked my ass in quick short hits, "Faster, Thomas," she said and then held my butt and pushed me in and out.

"Better?" she asked Georgina.

"Yes, he has a good going," Georgina said, moaning. It looked like she enjoyed my lovemaking.

At that moment, I couldn't hold it anymore and ejaculated, shaking with joy.

"You came, Thomas," Kay asked with dismay.

"Yes, I did, Kay," I replied, embarrassed.

"Get down and clean her," Kay ordered, let go of my ass, and sat on the sofa.

I went down and licked Georgina, gulping my cum that dripped out.



Georgina seemed happy. She patted my hair and asked, “You like to lick cum, don’t you, Thomas?”

“Yes, I do, Georgina,” I replied.

“You do what, Thomas,” Georgina inquired as to if she didn’t understand.

“I like to lick cum,” I said obediently.

“I think we have here a cum eater,” Georgina turned, talking to Kay.

Kay laughed with Victor between her legs.

“I think we need to feed him more cum,” Georgina said naughtily.

Kay laughed again, “Yes, that is a great idea, Georgina.”

“Victor,” Georgina called, “Fuck Kay. Now!”

Kay laughed, “He can’t. Give me the key.”

I was buried between Georgina’s legs attending to her sex, and couldn’t see what was happening. Kay noticed that and said to Georgina, “Let him watch, Georgina. He might learn something.” Georgina laughed joyfully and got up.

“Get closer to the sofa, Thomas,” Georgina instructed, then pulled my cock, placed it on the sofa seat, and stepped on it with the sole of her high heel shoe, pressing so I couldn’t move. She held my head and turned it toward Kay, “Watch your girlfriend,” she said, giggling.

Kay was sitting, and Victor stood in front of her with an erect cock. He has an enormous penis, long and thick. Kay looked at me teasingly and stroked his cock. She then licked the tip of the penis head, keeping an eye on me, silently telling me that she liked Victor’s big cock.

Georgina rubbed my head, “Do you like Victor’s cock, Thomas?” she said as she rotated her shoe over my penis.

I knew what was expected of me, “Yes, I like Victor’s cock, Georgina,” I answered faithfully.

“Is it big cock, Thomas?” Georgina asked while she and Kay exchanged smiles.

“Yes, it is a big cock, Georgina,” I forced myself to say.

“Is it bigger than your penis, Thomas?” Georgina tortured me, rotating her shoe over my penis, reminding me I needed to answer correctly.

The three of them looked at me as I painfully admitted, “Yes, it is bigger than mine, Georgina.”

The girls laughed, enjoying their game. Kay stroked Victor’s cock with two hands, exhibiting how long it was. Victor stood silently and did not look in my direction.

Georgina pulled my head back by the hair until I met her brown eyes that twinkled with joy above me, “I want you to say it, say Victor’s cock is bigger than my cock,” she said and let go of my hair.

I said in a weak voice.

“That wasn’t convincing, Thomas,” Kay said. “Look at me and repeat loud and clear.”

I felt humiliated at the hands of these two beautiful young girls, but I agreed to play their game. I looked into Kay’s eyes while she stroked Victor’s penis and repeated loud. The girl laughed delightfully. And then Kay looked me in the eyes, “You want to watch this big cock fucking me, don’t you, Thomas?”

What choice did I have? I answered, “Yes, I do, Kay.”

Kay looked at Georgina and nodded slightly. Georgina placed the heel tip on my penis, daggering me hard. I made an “Ow” from the pain, but Georgina kept the sharp heel pressing my cock, “Say you want Victor to fuck your girlfriend,” she said viciously. These two girls worked in tandem, and I was helpless.

I said it loud and clear to save myself a repeat. The girls laughed as if I had told them a joke, and Georgina changed, pressing my penis with the bottom of the shoe. I breathed, relieved from the pain.

Without further word games, Georgina said, “Victor, fuck Kay.”

Victor silently placed his palms on the back of the sofa, and Kay inserted his big cock inside her with an “Oh” of joy. It appeared that it wasn’t the first time Victor was doing it. As Kay liked it, he moved his cock slowly, and she moaned with pleasure.

I watched, mesmerized. Kay's face reddened, and she made sounds I had never heard before. Suddenly, Georgina brushed my hair, "Do you like watching your girlfriend fucked, Thomas?"

"Yes, I like watching her fucked, Georgina," I answered sincerely. It was an unbelievable show.

"Do you see what a big cock does to your girlfriend?" Georgina did not let it go.

I answered her appropriately while intently watching Kay and Victor fucking. Victor started to bang faster, and Kay wrapped her legs around his waist, countering him with a loud "Ah," each time their groins met.

Georgina stood with her shoe holding my penis in place, and we both watched with interest.

Victor increased the pace, and Kay's moans grew louder.

Then out of the blue, Kay trembled in that familiar way when she climaxed and dropped her legs.

"You may give it to her, Victor. Give it now!" Georgina shouted excitedly.

Victor groaned and ejaculated. Kay didn't wait a second. She lifted her legs, placed her feet on Victor's chest, and pushed him out. "Down, Victor," Kay ordered, and Victor dropped to his knees, panting.

Kay swiveled her butt on the sofa, presenting her dripping vagina to me.

Georgina lifted her shoe from my penis and rubbed my head, "Go ahead, Thomas, kiss your girlfriend's pussy," she giggled.

I didn't move.

"Do you refuse to kiss your girlfriend, Thomas?" Georgina asked in an astonishing warning voice.

I looked at Kay, who met my eyes with a cold stare and understood that I had failed her. Slowly I bent and took a lick of her vagina, tasting the salty liquid of Victor.

Georgina held me by the hair, "Do you like to eat Victor's cum, Thomas?" she asked, taunting me.

I answered her, but she wanted to hear it again louder, and I repeated that I like to eat Victor's cum.

Georgina laughed, but Kay looked at me coldly, "Some dropped in my ass," she said quietly. I immediately licked her asshole.

Kay looked up at Georgina, and Georgina understood, "I'll take care of him later, Kay," she said.

"You better," Kay replied firmly. She then looked at me and said, "Go to your room and wait for me."

I got up and started to walk, but Georgina kicked my ass with the pointy toe of her shoes, "On all fours, Thomas," she shouted.

I dropped on all fours and moved as quickly as I could. When I was out of their view, I got up and rushed to my room, lying in bed, thinking about how they would punish me. I knew Kay was upset, and Georgina felt responsible for my misbehavior.

A minute later, I heard the click-clack of the high heels approaching. I was mortified for the worse, but Kay turned off the light and closed the door, saying behind her back, "Keep the door close until the morning."

I breathed relief, got up, and put my ear on the door. I heard their voices, laughs, and moans, having a good time.

I went back to bed but couldn't fall asleep for a long time.

The sun shined warmly in the morning. I dressed in short pants and went to the kitchen to make coffee. Suddenly, I heard the click-clacks of high heels. Georgina entered the kitchen wearing one of Kay's robes and the black shiny high heels I knew well.

I pretended everything was fine and offered, "Would you like a cup of coffee, Georgina?"

Georgina did not answer me. Her eyes were intense and cold, "Show me your room," she said.

We walked to my room, and Georgina opened the whips' drawer saying behind her back, "Undress."

Georgina, still with her back to me, dropped the robe. I looked at her with awe, and my penis hardened. Her complexion reflected light sensually. She was beautiful.

Finally, Georgina turned and faced me holding the leather paddle. I shuddered under her cold stare.

“Get on all fours,” Georgina said quietly.

She then sat on my back backward and spanked my ass, “Spread your legs and do not drop me down,” she said. It was silent for a few seconds. I felt her wet pussy on my back. And I screamed as she hit my balls with the paddler hard. My arms bent, and I almost dropped her from my back.

Georgina stayed on with the help of her legs and hit my ass, “I told you not to drop me, didn’t I?”

“Yes, you did tell me not to drop you, Georgina,” I said as I was supposed to.

“Stay up, you worthless scum bag,” Georgina shouted and smashed my balls. My scream was ear-piercing, but Georgina continued to bang my balls relentlessly. I am not sure how I was able to stay on four. The pain was excruciating, and I screamed loud with each smack.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Kay and victor entering the room. I guess my screams attracted their attention. Victor was naked, and Kay wore a robe with high heel sleepers.

“Give me a tour of your room,” Georgina yelled, whipping my ass hard. I started to move around, and she banged my balls hard, enjoying my screams. “Faster, you worthless scum bag,” she shouted, spanking me hard. I tried my best to move faster, but Georgina was not satisfied. She made my ass red, “Faster,” she yelled, sitting comfortably on my back. And then she stopped and got up.

Kay looked at her and nodded. Georgina turned at me, “Lie down on your back,” she barked at me. She then sat on my stomach, “Spread your legs.” And as I did, she lifted her arm and hit my balls with the paddle. I screamed and sobbed uncontrollably.

Kay stood above me and looked at me with cold blue eyes. "He needs more, Georgina," she said quietly. And Georgina lifted her arm and sent me into a comma.

I woke up feeling cold water running on my face. Georgina was still sitting on my stomach, looking back at me, and as I opened my eyes, she turned and beat me again. The pain and humiliation were beyond imagination.

Georgina did not stop there. She beat me on my stomach, chest, and thighs. My body turned red all over.

Kay finally saved me and said, "That would be enough, Georgina."

I lay on the floor in the fetal position sobbing with tears running on my cheeks. The three of them stood and watched me silently.

Georgina stroked Victor's penis, making it long and hard. She then kicked me, "Get up on your knees." Slowly I got up on my knees and looked at them. Victor avoided me and looked elsewhere, but Kay and Georgina stared at me coldly. It was dead silence except for my weeping.

"Are you ready, Kay?" Georgina suddenly asked.

Kay bent and held my shoulders. Georgina led Victor behind her.

"I am wet. Get him in," Kay said, looking into my eyes.

Georgina inserted Victor's big cock into Kay's vagina, then spanked his ass, "Fuck her, but do not come."

Obediently, Victor stood behind Kay and pumped his cock.

Kay started to moan. I looked away, but Kay slapped my face, and I understood. I kept eye contact with her while Victor fucked her.

Georgina spanked Victor's ass, "Faster boy," she said. And Victor did. I felt his bangs as Kay held my shoulder for support, pushing me slightly backward in the rhythm of Victor's bangs.

Kay moaned louder and louder, looking into my eyes. And then she closed her eyes and trembled slightly as the orgasm inclosed her.

Georgina was watching and pulled Victor out of Kay. She then stood at Kay's side, caressing her long blonde hair, "Are you good, Kay?"

Kay nodded and straightened up. Georgina hugged her, and they engaged in a passionate kiss. When they broke off their long lusty kiss, Georgina said softly, "Sit in the chair." Kay nodded and sat in the chair, placing her long legs on the arms of the chair.

Georgina pulled Victor by his cock, and they stood in front of Kay. Georgina stroked Victor's cock expertly, "Give me your cum Victor," she said, gently rubbing his penis with one hand and cupping his balls with the other. It didn't take Victor long, and when Georgina gripped his manhood and stroked him fast, he groaned and ejaculated while Georgina aimed his penis at Kay's stomach.

"Give me more, Victor," Georgina cried with excitement. She knew Victor well. And he shot more semen with Georgina directing it on Kay's vagina.

It was the silence after the storm in the room. Kay sat in the chair, her stomach and sex covered with Victor's cum. And then Kay nodded slightly to Georgina. These two had a deep connection.

"Let's go, Victor," Georgina said, and they left the room.

I was still on my knees, aching, and didn't dare move.

Kay looked at me. Her eyes relaxed a bit, not as cold, "Come closer, Thomas," she said in a low voice. I moved to my knees sideways and stood before her. Kay pointed her finger to her stomach, and I knew what she wanted me to do. I licked off her belly, following her finger where I missed a drop and then following her finger to her vagina, which I enjoyed treating with or without cum.

Kay pushed me away from her treasure and put her feet down. She silently looked at me for a long time and said, "You disappointed me, Thomas."

I didn't know how to respond, and I stayed quiet. Her eyes were not cold anymore, which was a good sign.

Kay stood up and pointed her finger down, "You may apologize."

I dropped down and licked her feet, "I apologize for disappointing you," I said sincerely.

"And?" Kay asked.

"And I will never disappoint you again."

Kay considered my answers for a couple of seconds. “I accept your apology, but I do not forget.”

I licked her feet fervently to show my gratitude for her generosity.

Kay stepped away and walked out, saying behind her back, “You stay naked today.”

I showered. My body was red and sore, and I rested in bed, closing my eyes and drifting off. I woke up to the sound of my name. Georgina was at the doorstep, “We are having lunch, Thomas. Why don’t you join us?”

I felt my stomach growling. I haven’t eaten since last night, “Yea, sure,” I said and got up. I was happy to see that Victor was also naked, sitting at the table. Kay greeted me with a cheerful hello, and when I sat in a chair next to her, she put her palm on my thigh and looked at me with concern, “How are you, Thomas,” she asked.

I assured her I was fine, and the four of us ate with a good appetite. The girls chatted, but Victor and I were mostly quiet.

The conversation caught my attention when Georgina asked casually, “Kay, what time do you think we should start the party?”

“six-thirty,” Kay said after pondering for a second.

“Why don’t you invite Thomas?” Georgina probed Kay.

“It is a red party, Georgina,” Kay reminded her.

“I know that,” Georgina countered.

“Drop it,” Kay shot a warning look at Georgina, who immediately changed the subject and talked about a movie she would like to see at the theater.

I was mystified. A red party at five-thirty. What does it mean?

After lunch, the girls went upstairs, and I joined Victor in the living room watching a basketball game on TV. Voices of laughing came from upstairs. Kay did not bother to close her bedroom door, and we could hear the girls’ voices, but not clear enough to understand. And then moans started and grew louder. I could listen to Kay’s voice yelling “Fast” and the noisy “Ah,” of Georgina.



I looked at Victor, who sat at the other end of the sofa with a dwindling long penis. “What are they doing?” I asked as if I didn’t guess.

“Making love,” Victor said in a short, disturbed manner.

“What is the red party,” I couldn’t resist and asked.

“Can’t tell,” was Victor’s stoic answer, and I quit talking.

The girls’ lovemaking sounds lasted for a while, and then the house became quiet. I went to my room to rest but watched the clock. At five-thirty, I decided to venture out and see what would happen. A few minutes later, Georgina came downstairs wearing a robe and high-heeled sleepers.

“Boys,” Georgina called, “I need to arrange the room for the party. Move the loveseat next to the sofa and the table back to the wall.” Georgina watched us doing as she instructed.

“Victor, go upstairs and bring down the bench,” Georgina instructed. When Victor was gone, Georgina pulled my penis, “Are you excited about the party?”

“I am, but I am not sure Kay will invite me,” I said, remembering the conversation during lunch.

At that moment, Victor showed up with a bench, and Georgina’s attention focused on the bench as Victor placed it on the floor and fiddled with some bolts until the bench turned to be a sixty-degree chair that looked like a gym bench, but its back had a long oval hole.

Georgina showed Victor where to place the bench and sent him back to bring two large plastic bags full of soft pillows. When they were done, the center of the living room was empty of furniture, with scattered pillows. The sofa and loveseat were on one side, and the coffee table was on the other side of the room.

Georgina looked at the rearranged room with approval and went upstairs without further discussion, forgetting our unfinished conversation about Kay inviting me to the party.

Victor returned to his spot on the sofa, watching TV stoically. I sat at the other end of the couch, waiting to see if Kay would let me join the party.

At six-thirty, the girls descended downstairs. My mouth dropped with awe. Georgina wore a black latex dress that hardly covered her upper body holding a riding crop whip. She had black nylon stockings reaching mid-thigh and walked in red high-heeled shoes. Kay wore a black leather corset with a tiny thong over her triangle, and she also had black nylon stockings, red high-heel pumps, and held a puddle in hand.

Victor saw the girls and immediately dropped down to his knees. I did the same without understanding what was going on.

“What are you doing here, Thomas?” Kay said as she put a tote bag on the floor that seemed full of stuff.

I didn’t know how to respond, but Georgina came to my rescue, “He is here for the party.”

“I did not invite him,” Kay snapped.

“Come on, Kay,” Georgina looked exasperated with her friend.

“I don’t want to be disappointed again. It will ruin the party,” Kay declared.

Georgina hugged Kay by her neck, and their forehead touched. They looked at each other close, and Georgina said, “He learned his lesson, Kay. Let him be.”

“Why do you want him here?” Kay countered while Georgina patted her blonde hair affectionately as if calming a child.

“It would be nicer with two boys,” Georgina said, looking at Kay with a smile. Kay cracked a smile. She understood what Georgina meant, which was a mystery to me.

Georgina kissed Kay. They engaged with a passionate kiss diffusing any disagreement they had.

When they broke off, Georgina ran her palm on Kay’s cheek lovingly and said, “Talk to him.”

Kay nodded in agreement and turned her attention to me.

“Thomas, this is a hard-core slave sex party. Are you sure you want to be invited?”

“Yes, I am sure I want to be invited, Kay,” I said how I learned to respond last night. I wanted to belong to the club of three and be an equal member.

“Okay, Thomas, I’ll invite you, but you listen to me carefully; there are rules for the red party that you must obey.” Kay paused for a second to ensure I understood the gravity of the situation.

“The party starts when you see me in red high heels. This means the party has already started and will end only when I announce it to you. During the party, you address me as Miss. You cannot stand up. You walk on all fours or with your knees and never leave the perimeter of the party, this living room, for any reason until the party is over when I say so.”

Kay paused again, looking at me sternly. “Did you understand everything I said?”

“I understood everything you said, Miss Kay,” I said as expected.

“You do not talk to anyone unless Miss Georgina or I address you by your name.”

I looked and nodded since she did not address me by my name.

“And last but not least,” Kay continued, “You’ll be punished severely if you don’t obey the rules. Do you understand and accept, Thomas?”

“Yes, I understand and accept, Miss Kay.”

“You won’t disappoint me again, Thomas,” Kay said gently with kind eyes.

“I will not disappoint you, Miss Kay,” I quickly responded.

Kay gave me the last scanning look and turned to Georgina, “Okay, let’s go.”

I heard the voices and laughter from the kitchen, and then the girls returned to the living with a bottle of Tequila, two shot glasses, and a tall water glass. Georgina lay on the table four pills, two small white pills and two larger greenish-blue pills. She turned to Victor and me, “You two, come closer to the table.”

I saw Victor go on all fours, and I did the same approaching the table.

Georgina picked one of the white pills and swallowed it with a gulp of water, “For a good party!” she smiled. Kay followed suit, and then

Georgina handed Victor the other pill with the glass of water, watching him swallow it, and handed me the last tablet.

“Victor, wait for me by the sofa,” Georgina said. “Yes, Miss Georgina,” Victor said and left, moving on all four.

Kay looked at me and pointed her finger down. I bent and licked her feet. I felt different with the stockings.

“Do you prefer my feet without stocking, Thomas?” Kay asked.

“Yes, I prefer your feet without stocking, Miss Kay.”

“Straighten up, hands behind the back,” Kay ordered, spread her long legs in high heels, and said, “Take off my stocking. Don’t touch me with your teeth.”

I struggled with the stocking. I tried to insert my tongue between the hose and her thigh to pull the stocking and clench it with my teeth. But the sock was tight, and I couldn’t get my tongue between the pantyhose and the thigh.

The girls laughed at my attempt, and finally, Kay pulled out the end of the stocking, and I clenched my teeth, pulled it down a bit, and went around sliding it with teeth clenched and removed the other side and repeated.

The girls laughed joyfully, enjoying the show. When I reached the knee, the stocking became looser, and pulling it down to her foot was easier.

“Take off the shoe,” I heard Kay’s voice. She stood with shoes on the floor, and I lay on the floor clenching the high heel while Kay gracefully lifted her foot out of the shoe and placed it on my face, laughing at me.

“Finish the job,” Kay ordered. I couldn’t move with her foot on my face. Georgina laughed with Kay and called, “Victor, come here.” Victor approached on all four, “Straightened up; Miss Kay needs support.”

Kay held Victor’s shoulder and lifted her foot from my face. I managed to rip the stocking from her foot at the laughing sound of the girls. Then I lay on the floor holding the red heel until Kay slid in her foot.

“That was good,” Kay talked to Georgina, who was still laughing, “Yes, he did a good job.” She then turned to Victor, “Take off the other stocking from Miss Kay’s leg.”

I was still on the floor when I saw Kay's finger pointing down, and I licked her foot while Victor battled the other stocking for the girls' delight.

"You like my foot better, Thomas?"

"Yes, I like it better, Miss Kay."

"I am glad," Kay said sarcastically, and she and Georgina burst into a laugh. I assumed the girls took a sort of ecstasy pill that made them laugh.

After Victor removed the other sock, the girls got tired of standing and sat on the sofa. Kay called me, and I moved on all fours standing in front of her, "Get me a shot of Tequila," she ordered, smiling at me sweetly. I went to the table on all fours and returned sideways on my knee. Kay took the glass, gulped it, and handed it to me, "Put the glass back on the table and come back here."

I made the trip back and forth, and when I returned, Georgina said, "I like a shot too. Get it for me, Thomas." Since she mentioned my name, I responded politely, "I will get it for you, Miss Georgina." I made the trip again, my knees ached, but I was determined to show Kay I was suitable for the party. Georgina sent me back to return the glass, and when I came back, Kay was sitting without the tiny panties.

"Kiss me," she said, pointing at her exposed vagina. Georgina sat next to Kay with Victor between her legs. It was a treat to kiss and lick Kay, and I did it with enthusiasm.

The girls chatted while Victor and I pleasured them, and after a while, Kay turned to me, "Do you want to fuck me, Thomas?"

"Yes, I want to fuck you, Miss Kay," I said appropriately. The girls burst into laughter.

"But how am I going to come? we don't have the vibrator, and you know the rules; nobody leaves the room until the party is over."

I looked at her dumbfounded.

"I know!" Kay exclaimed, "I'll have Victor prepare my pussy for your cock. Do you like the idea, Thomas?"

According to the rules, I knew I must reply and forced myself to say, "Yes, I like the idea, Miss Kay."

“Wonderful,” Kay said excitedly. She then instructed me to move back and sit on a pillow on the floor, calling Victor, “Victor, come here, give your cock.”

Victor obediently left Georgina and entered Kay swiftly

“Thomas,” Kay called, “Come here, lay your head on my stomach. I want you to observe this big cock fucking me.”

Kay held me by my hair on her belly, and I watched Victor banging her. Georgina watched the show from the sofa, giggling, and got up and spanked Victor’s ass with the riding crop, “Do a good job, Victor.”

Victor moved faster. Kay began to moan, pulling my hair, “Take a good look, Thomas,” she taunted me. I had no choice but to watch Victor’s long penis move in and out. Kay moaned louder and then shouted, “Victor, get out.” Georgina pulled Victor by his hair, and he moved back.

“Taste my pussy, Thomas,” Kay said.

Georgina was at my side, spanking me with the whip, “Get up and move,” she shouted. The atmosphere was tense. I moved quickly on all four and licked.

“Do you feel how wet my pussy is, Thomas?” Kay teased me.

“Yes, it is wet, Miss Kay.”

“Dry it out for Victor’s cock.” I attended to her sex while she moaned, and Georgina spanked for good measure. Kay was satisfied and ordered me back on her belly, and Georgina hit Victor’s ass, “Get back in,” she yelled. The girls worked in collaboration and excitement.

Victor continued his tireless work until Kay shouted, “I am ready now!”

Georgina pulled Victor out, and Kay ordered, “Get your cock inside, Thomas.”

I entered her with the encouragement of whiplashes. I admitted that it was exciting and arousing.

And then I heard Kay, “Are you in yet,” she looked at me with a devious smile. Georgina burst into laughter again.

I was beyond humiliation. But Kay started to rotate her vagina over my hard cock, “Fuck me!” she cried. I banged as hard as I could. Kay moaned loudly and then trembled as she reached the climax. I slowed down to let her calm for a moment, but she shouted, “Go on, Thomas, fuck me.” I moved faster. I didn’t care about the humiliation. I didn’t care about anything. I felt like a man.

Kay sensed my feeling, “Yes, Thomas, fuck me and give me your cum, yes, yes!” I banged and came with a tremendous orgasm. My penis pulsed rapidly, and I ejaculated with exhilaration.

Kay kissed me while my cock was throbbing inside her. It was the most incredible feeling, and I kissed her back passionately. “Get out now,” Kay said softly, and turning to Victor, she said, “Victor, get in here and taste Thomas’ cum.”

Victor licked her dripping vagina with no hesitation.

“Do you like Thomas’ cum, Victor?” Georgina asked, laughing.

“Yes, I like It, Miss Georgina.”

“Kay, I think we need to feed more cum. They like it,” Georgina said.

“Yeah, that is a good idea,” Kay responded and then turned to me, “Thomas, lie down on your back.”

I did, and Kay got up and brought Victor’s cock above my face stroking it. The girls read each other minds. Georgina bent and held my face, “Open your mouth wide and stick out your tongue.”

Kay stroked faster Victor’s cock above me, and Georgina shouted, “Victor come for me.” Victor seemed to be trained in sex games. He groaned and ejaculated right into my mouth. Georgina pushed my mouth closed, “Swallow!” And the two girls laughed at my disgusted facial expression as I swallowed.

Kay seemed happy. She patted my head, “Did you like Victor’s cum, Thomas?”

I answered adequately, and the girls laughed joyfully. “I need another drink,” Kay said, “Thomas, get me another shot.” I was happy to get off the

floor and fetch Kay's drink. She gulped it and handed me the glass. No instructions were needed, so I returned the glass to the table.

When I returned, Victor was lying on his back. His cock was erect like mine. I wondered why my penis was hard as a rock after ejaculating, and it dawned on me that the pill I took was doing it.

Georgina peeled off the latex dress and sat on Victor's cock, riding it and moaning softly. She looked at Kay, "I need another cock, Kay," she said. I couldn't comprehend what she said, but Kay understood. She stood between Victor's legs, kicking them, "Spread your legs, Victor." She then turned to me, "Come here, Thomas."

Kay pushed me toward Georgina, "Get your cock inside her ass," she said, pulling my penis and inserting it into Georgina's butt hole. And then she spanked my ass with the puddle, "Move it!"

I started to pump, feeling Victor's penis through the thin membrane of Georgina's rectum. Victor and I didn't move in rhythm, and our cocks collided. It was a new experience for me, and it was exciting. Georgina moaned with pleasure, "Move faster!" she shouted. I wasn't sure to whom she meant it, but we both did our best to satisfy her demand.

Kay stood next to me, spanking. It was a light spanking of stimulus, not punishment, and I responded excitedly. I pumped, and when Georgina shouted, "Give it to me," her body shaking with ecstasy, I ejaculated. The second time, minutes apart.

Georgina lay on top of Victor. Kay patted my head, "Get it out and clean her." I licked Georgina's brown hole thoroughly. Kay was kind. She pulled me out and wiped my erect penis with an alcohol tissue.

"Did you like fucking Georgina in the ass, Thomas?"

"Yes, I liked it, Miss kay."

"Are you having a good time yet?" she said, smiling at me. I nodded, silently keeping the rules.

"Good, now get me another shot," she said, returning me to my duties to serve her.



The girls did not offer us a drink, and of course, I didn't dare ask but could use one.

"I am getting hungry," Georgina announced. Kay nodded and picked up the phone.

We relaxed for a while. Kay and Georgina sat on the sofa. I licked Georgina's feet, still in stockings, envying Victor, who licked Kay's bare feet. We waited for the food, and when the doorbell rang. Kay put on her robe and got the food.

The girls order us to be on all fours and put the food containers on our backs. They ate and chatted, having a good time. My stomach growled as I smelled the food.

When they finished eating, Kay placed the containers on the floor. It was leftover chicken strips.

"You may eat now, do not use your hands," Kay instructed, giggling. Victor and I bent like dogs, and the girls laughed at us, commenting about how I grabbed the chicken strip and how Victor chewed and dropped a piece on the floor.

Georgina stepped on the piece of chicken that fell on the floor and smashed it. Then she looked at me, "I just prepared the chicken for you, Thomas. Eat it." Kay looked at me intently, and I knew the girls tested me. I picked the chicken from the floor with my mouth and ate at the approval of Kay's stare.

When we finished the chicken, Georgina wiped my mouth with alcohol tissue, "You are doing well, Thomas," she said kindly. I was very proud of her gesture and smiled broadly.

As "Okay," Georgina perked up, "Time for Donny." She got a strap-on dildo from the tote bag and expertly fit it on her waist.

"Who wants to go first?" Georgina asked no one. She looked at me, "You never had Donny in your ass, Thomas?"

"No, I never had it, Miss Georgina."

"You liked fucking my ass, didn't you?" I nodded, and Georgina turned to Kay, "What do you think, Kay?"

Kay did not answer. She got up and snapped, "Thomas, on all fours, come with me." I moved on all fours after her. Kay stopped in front of the bench, "Get on the bench on your knees."

I climbed on the bench, and Kay pushed me forward, pressing my chest to the back of the bench. My cock stuck out of the hole of the bench. Kay stroked the end of my cock that stuck out. "He is ready, Georgina," she said smiling.

Georgina stepped in front of me, "Suck my cock, make it ready for your asshole." She patted my head gently while I sucked the black dildo. To my surprise, the dildo was soft and flexible, not rigid as I thought it would be.

Georgina moved to the back, and Kay gripped my cock. She looked up and nodded to Georgina.

At first, it hurt and felt strange, but as Georgina moved in and out, I started to enjoy it. And when she banged, and my cock slid into Kay's palm, it felt beautiful.

"You like fucking in the ass, Thomas?" Kay asked.

"Yes, I like it, Miss Kay."

"Georgina," Kay called. Georgina knew what Kay meant and came around, "Here, Thomas, taste your ass," she said as she shoved the dildo into my mouth. I was disgusted and felt like a toy for the girls' games, but I sucked the dildo obediently.

Georgina went back and thrust the cock into me. She held my waist and banged while Kay gripped my cock, and it moved in and out of her grip. Kay then grabbed my cock tight while running the thumb in circles over my penis head, and Georgina ran the dildo in my rectum. It was intense stimulation. I huffed and buffed, screamed, and moaned.

"Are you ready for me, Thomas?" Kay asked.

"Yes!" I answered inappropriately in the heat of the fuck. I was in a trance with Georgina fucking my ass and Kay sending electric currents into my penis, and I didn't notice how Kay's eyes turned to ice for a second. I moaned loud and ejaculated with a scream.

Kay nodded to Georgina, and Georgina stopped banging and called, "Victor, your turn."

"Get off the bench," Kay said to me. I got off when I heard her voice again, "Stay on all four where you are and wait for me."

Georgina ordered Victor on his knees in front of the bench and stood behind him, ready. Kay lay on the bench, adjusted the height, then pulled Victor's penis inside her, "Georgina," she called. Her friend reacted instantly and shoved the strap-on dildo into Victor's ass. The three of them fucked in rhythm until Kay reached climax. Kay moved back on the bench, sat up, and stroked Victor's cock while Georgina banged his butt until Victor came with that familiar groan.

The girls tortured and played with us but also ensured that we would be sexually satisfied. And they did it with ease, expertly collaborating.

Kay got up from the bench and turned to me, "Get me a drink, Thomas," I brought her a shot of Tequila, and she gulped it, sitting at the edge of the bench, and ordered, "Put back the glass and bring the paddler over here."

When I returned with the paddler, Kay ordered me to straighten on my knees. She adjusted the height of the bench again and, without a word, pushed forward and lay my erect penis on the bench. Then she pulled the paddler from my mouth and smashed my cock. She hit my penis so hard it sent me shrieking from pain.

"Do you know how to address me, Thomas?" Kay asked in that quiet voice.

"Yes, I know how to address you, Miss Kay," I answered with a shaking voice, still recovering from the pain.

Kay hit my cock hard again. I screamed, and she smacked me again.

"Did you address me properly when Georgina fucked your sorry ass?"

"I made a mistake, Miss Kay."

Whap, Whap, Whap, the paddler hit my penis. "I asked you if you addressed me properly, not if you made a mistake," Kay snared at me, visibly irritated.

"I did not, Miss Kay," I answered.

Kay hit over and over again with rage. The room echoed my screams until Georgina came and looked at her friend, "Kay!" Georgina admonished. Kay stopped beating me. My poor penis was red and blue but still erect.

Georgina slapped my face, "Get down and apologize to your girlfriend." I slowly moved away from the bench, aching badly, and bent down in front of Kay, licking her feet and saying, "Please forgive me for not addressing you correctly."

Kay did not respond, and I repeated my plea, licking her feet. Georgina acted again, "Kay!" she said, reminding her friend that she needed to respond.

"Get him the tail, Georgina," Kay said, looking down at me with contempt, then sat on the sofa, crossing her legs.

Georgina nodded in understanding and acceptance. A second later, she called, "Victor, the party is over for you. Go to bed."

"Okay, Georgina," Victor replied casually. The rules did not apply to him any longer. He went upstairs whistling happily.

"Come here on four," Kay said, looking at me coldly. I stopped in front of her, apprehensive. She warned me that a rule infraction would result in punishment. And now I am with two girls that wouldn't hesitate to teach me a good lesson.

Georgina stepped next to me, showing a black plastic tube that looked like a narrow balloon ending with a butt plug.

"This is a dog tail, do you understand, Thomas?" Georgina asked.

"I understand, Miss Georgina."

"Good, when I plug this into your ass, I want you to wiggle the tail and bark. Do you understand, Thomas?" Georgina's eyes were intense, and I said that I understood.

Kay was watching quietly but perked up, "Let me have the tail," she said to Georgina and turned to me, "Turn around." She inserted the butt plug, and the flexible black tube stuck out of my butt.

"Wiggle," Kay said. I moved my ass back and forth. The tail vibrated in the air, but Kay wasn't happy. She kicked my balls hard, "Sway your ass," she

said. I did my best, and she seemed satisfied.

“Turn, look at me,” I stared at the cold blue eyes standing on all fours.

“Bark!” she commended.

“Woof, Woof.”

Kay nodded to Georgina, who stood behind me, and she kicked my balls hard. I screamed and bent, lying on the floor in agonizing pain. Kay put the pointy tip of her shoe under my chin, “Stand on all fours.”

I slowly lifted myself, aching, and looked at her. Kay was cold without a slight sign of sympathy.

“Bark louder and wiggle your tail,” she said, looking straight into my eyes. I barked loudly.

“Good, from now on, you respond to me only with barks, do you understand, Thomas?”

“Woof.”

Kay turned to Georgina, “Did you see Thomas’s tail wiggling when he barked?”

“No, I didn’t,” Georgina answered.

“I think I need to teach him how to wiggle,” Kay said.

“Yes, I think you should,” Georgina played along and handed Kay something that looked like a remote control.

Kay pushed the remote control, and I jumped from the electric shock the butt plug sent into my rectum. The girls laughed with joy. “That was a good wiggle. Do you want to wag the tail for me some more, Thomas?”

“Woof,” I answered.

“He wants,” Georgina giggled, and Kay pressed the remote again.

“Did you like fucking Georgina, Thomas?” Kay suddenly changed the subject.

“Woof.”

“I didn’t understand. Did you say you liked it, Thomas?”

“Woof, woof,” I barked.

“And you like when she fucked your ass?” Kay continued to torment me.

“Woof,” I barked.

“I didn’t see the tail wagging,” Kay said and pressed the remote control inflicting sharp pain and making me jump on my knees.

“How many times you cum tonight, Thomas,” Kay asked.

“Woof, woof, woof,” I answered.

“Three times!” Kay exclaimed and pressed the remote. I jumped again to the delight of the girls.

“Are you thirsty, Thomas,” Kay changed the subject.

“Woof.”

“I think he said he was thirsty; what do you think, Georgina?”

“I think you should ask him again,” Georgina giggled.

Kay pressed the remote control, “I want you to tell me clearly if you are thirsty, Thomas.”

“Woof, woof,” I tried to satisfy her.

“Hmmm, I think he said that he is thirsty, Georgina. What do you think?”

“I think you should give him something to drink,” Georgina suggested with a devious smile.

“Lie down on the floor, stick your hands under your back,” Kay commended. Georgina bent behind me, setting a pillow under my head, and Kay stood above me and took off the robe.

“Open your mouth. Keep your tongue inside,” Georgina said, holding my nose and chin and ensuring my mouth was wide open.

Kay squirted and peed into my mouth. I couldn’t breathe as the urine streamed into my mouth, “Close your mouth,” Georgina instructed, pushing my chin up and releasing the hold on my nose. I swallowed Kay’s urine, coughing.

“Did you like the drink, Thomas?” Kay said, standing above me and looking down at me.

“Woof,” I barked.

“He liked it, Georgina, he liked it,” Kay mocked.

“Give him some more,” Georgina laughed.

“Open your mouth wide,” Kay said as Georgina pushed my chin down, holding my nose.

Kay bent and filled my mouth again. And then she repeated it for the third time.

I was beyond humiliated.

Kay seemed content. Her eyes softened. She put on the robe, “Let’s go to bed, Georgina,” she said to her friend.

Georgina hugged her by the waist, and they left the room, climbing upstairs. I knew that Kay was testing me again. She did not tell me that the party was over. I stayed in the living trying to control my urge to pee. My bladder was full. I carefully moved on all fours to the table and took a shot of tegula to get rid of the taste of Kay’s urine. And then I lay on the floor resting.

I heard the moans of the girls upstairs making love. A couple of hours later, I heard the sound of high heels coming downstairs and changed my position, standing on my knees, bracing for more.

Kay walked into the living wearing a robe and high heel sleepers. She pulled the butt plug tail out of my ass and said, “Party is over for you. You may go to your room and pee.”

How did she know that I needed to pee? I had no idea, but I sped to the bathroom and urinated with immense relief. Kay showed up in my bathroom and watched me. “Take a shower,” she said.

After I showered and dried, Kay ordered me to bed. She looked relaxed, and her eyes were kind. She came to my bed, covered me with the blanket, and then sat on the bed. She pulled the robe, exposing her breast, and bent on top of my head, “Take it,” she said softly. I latched her nipple, sucking it hungrily. I needed Kay’s affection. Kay pulled that other side of the robe and fed me the other nipple.

“I forgive you,” she said quietly.

I wept from relief and happiness, kissing her tits. Kay caressed my head, silently comforting me. It was amazing how she was so cruel to me a couple

of hours ago, and now she was affectionate. But that always happened with Kay. She punished me severely, and then I forgot all about it if she gave a minute of affection.

Kay wiped tears of happiness from my cheeks, “It is all good, Thomas,” she said gently while I siphoned her nipple greedily. She brushed my head gently, lovingly, making me the happiest person on earth.

“Get some sleep now, and you can dress in the morning,” Kay said, got up, smiled at me encouragingly, and then turned off the light.

I felt great after Kay left. All my apprehensions about my relationship with Kay melted away, and I fell into a deep relaxing sleep.

Sounds of laughs woke me up a few hours later. I got up, put short pants on, and went to the kitchen to see what was happening. The three were sitting at the kitchen table eating pastries with coffee.

When they saw me, they smiled, “Good morning, Thomas,” Kay greeted. “Get some coffee and join us,” Georgina chirped. Even Victor cracked a smile at me.

I felt welcome and accepted into the group. It felt rewarding. I guess last night’s party inaugurated me. The conversation continued, and as usual, Kay and Georgina talked, and Victor and I contributed to the discussion with a smile and “Ah-Ha,”

“You guys want to go to the movies? There is a matinee show starting soon,” Georgina said excitedly.

“Yeah, let’s go,” Kay gave her approval.

It was a lovely afternoon with popcorn at the theater. Kay held my hand during the movie, and I was happy as one could be. After the movie, Georgina wanted to go for a pizza. We laughed a lot about scenes from the film we had just watched, drinking beer at pizza parole. I love watching Kay laughing with that sweet ringing sound. I laughed too, from the jokes and happiness. I belonged to the group and had the most beautiful girlfriend by my side.

When we got home, Georgina and Victor went upstairs to pack. Kay turned on the TV and ignored me as if I wasn’t there, ending my good time with



her. She set the boundaries, and I accepted.

I drove Georgina and Vector to their apartment. Kay was already upstairs when I returned. I went to my room and waited for her. Kay came down an hour later, kissed me goodnight, and turned off the light. Kay did not mention the chastity cage, and I wondered why she didn't lock my penis. But, of course, with Kay, there is no way to know why, what, or when. I learned to accept and be happy with whatever she bestowed on me whenever she decided to do it.

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In the following days, Kay came to my room at night, sometimes jerking me off and sometimes just saying goodnight. Life with Kay returned to a familiar routine.

Then, one night, Kay came home late and went directly upstairs. I thought that it was strange, and perhaps she would come later. But she didn't. I got up in the morning and went to work puzzled.

When I came home from work, I didn't see the Mercedes. I went to bed early, waiting for her. When Kay came home, she did not visit my room. I started to worry that something was happening, and with Kay, I knew the only thing that could happen was related to sex.

Kay was home when I arrived from work that evening, and I breathed relief. We ate dinner, watched TV, and when Kay went upstairs, I went to bed waiting for her.

Kay came down a couple of hours later. She sat on the edge of the bed and stroked my penis gently, "Are you horny, Thomas?" she asked. I was used to this question. Kay asked it often before she jerked me off.

"Yes, very horny," I said, smiling happily. Kay worked her magic, and I came a few minutes later with a euphoric cry. At her instruction, I took a shower. Kay kissed me goodnight, turned off the light, and left. My mind was in peace; everything was fine, I thought, and I fell into a sweet sleep.

I dressed and went to work in the morning, happy that things had returned to the routine. When I arrived home from work, I saw the Mercedes, and with a smile, I entered the house to greet Kay. But the place felt eerie. I went to the kitchen. The house key, car key, and credit card were on the table.

My heart beat fast. I ran upstairs. The door to Kay's room was wide open. I walked gingerly into the room. All her stuff was gone from the vanity. I checked the closet. It was clear of all her belongings. I ran downstairs to my room and checked the whip drawer. All the whips were there, except for the vibrator.

Kay left me an unmistakable message. She was out of the house and out of my life. I called her cell phone but got a statement that the number was disconnected.

I paced in the empty house like nuts. This was not happening, I said to myself. I cannot live without Kay! I couldn't fall asleep. I couldn't watch TV or do any work. I was obsessed with thoughts about Kay.

The morning light penetrated through the windows. I will skip work, I thought, and try to find out what happened to Kay. The only connection I had was Georgina. I drove speeding to her apartment and knocked on the door.

Georgina opened the door half asleep, "What are you doing here, Tomas," she asked with a yawn.

"I need to talk to you desperately, Georgina. Can I come in, please?" I pleaded emotionally.

"Yeah, okay," Georgina said, yawning again.

"Georgina," I said, "Kay left the house. All her stuff is gone."

"Yes, I know," Georgina said, not impressed with the news.

"You know! Why did she do it? Why?" I yelled.

"Because she has a new boyfriend," Georgina said impatiently, wanting to end the conversation and get back to bed.

I felt the ground slipping under my feet, "She has a new boyfriend! She cannot do that to me!" I yelled.

"Lower your voice, Thomas," Georgina warned me.

"But she cannot do that to me," I insisted.

Georgina looked at me silently. She had nothing more to say to me.

"I need to talk to her. I have to. Could you give me her telephone number?"

"No, I cannot."

I knew she wouldn't give Kay's new phone number and pleaded from a different angle.

"Could you ask her to call me?"

"Why?"

"Because she left without any explanations and I need to talk to her. It is not fair!"

Georgina pondered for a second and said, "Okay, I'll ask her. Now get out."

"Will you tell me please when I can expect to hear from you? I cannot go on like that," I begged.

"I'll call you today," Georgina said and opened the door in a clear message to me.

"Thank you! You have no idea how much it means to me."

"I think I do," Georgina smiled and closed the door on me.

I went back home and paced the empty house. I couldn't concentrate on anything and checked my phone every few minutes to make sure I didn't miss the call I expected. The call was an essential thing in my life.

To Georgina's credit, she called around noon.

"Hello," I said with a shaking voice.

"Kay will visit you tonight at seven. She wants you to greet her with a suit and tie," Georgina said and hung up, not waiting for my grateful words.

At five o'clock, I already wore my best suit, pacing and watching the driveway with anticipation, rehearsing what I would say to Kay. The two hours elapsed painfully slowly.

By seven-thirty I was starting to fear that Kay wouldn't show up, but then a black Audi glided into my driveway. I watched intensely through the window.

Kay emerged from the car wearing a black skirt and a button-down sky blue silk shirt. Her tits bounced lightly as she walked in white high-heel pumps.

I rushed to the door and opened it before she rang the bell.

"Hi, Thomas," Kay greeted me with a slight smile.

Her appearance struck me.

"Are you going to invite me in?"

"Oh, yes, excuse me, please come in," I recovered and answered politely.

Kay passed me and went to the living room. She sat in a chair, crossed her legs, and pointed down her finger.

I dropped to my knees, craving to kiss that foot that hung in the air.

“What do you want to talk to me about,” Kay asked casually.

“Kay,” I started my rehearsed line, “We lived together for a few months and had a good time. I love you and wanted to ask you to come back.”

“I have a new boyfriend,” Kay stated simply.

“Yes, Georgina told me that, but I could still see you.”

“How would you have felt if I saw an old boyfriend while we were together?”

I didn’t have an answer for that, but I asked the question that bothered me the most, “Did you leave because I disappointed you in the red part?”

“It has nothing to do with that,” Kay replied. She then looked at me kindly and continued, “You know Thomas, I made a mistake with you. I knew that we were not a good match from the start. But I liked you and let things slide.”

“But I love you and want to see you,” I said like a child.

“It takes two to tango, and I don’t love you,” Kay stated, looking into my eyes to clarify the point.

“Kay,” I yelled with desperation, “I cannot live that. I need you in my life!”

“I think that you need closure, Thomas. What if I visit you with my new boyfriend?” Kay said softly.

I grabbed the opportunity to see her again, “That would be fine,” I said. I was also curious to see her new boyfriend.

Kay got up from the chair, “I’ll visit you tomorrow evening at eight with Dario. I want you to greet us with a suit and tie. A bottle of wine wouldn’t be a bad idea.”

“Yes, of course,” I said, getting up. But Kay stopped me. “Stay on your knees until I leave.” I dropped to my knees, watching her with yearnings that were not materialized.

Kay turned and walked out. The high heels clicked loud. I got up when I heard the door close and watched her from the window. So beautiful. Her blond hair swayed, and her breasts bounced with each step of her long legs. She walked in vast strides deliberately because she knew I was watching

her from the window. Kay always loved to tease. She never looked back. She got into her car and sped out of the driveway.

The next evening, I placed a bottle of red wine and three glasses on the living room table and waited anxiously for the arrival of Kay and her new boyfriend.

A black Range Rover rolled into the driveway, and Kay, wearing a black strapless dress tight over her glorious curves and her new boyfriend dressed in a suit and tie, got out of the car and rang the bell. I watched them from the window and rushed to the door.

“Hello, Thomas,” Kay greeted, “This is my boyfriend, Dario,” she introduced. I shook Dario’s hand and exchanged nice meeting you. He looked in his late twenties, tall and skinny.

“Would you like a glass of wine?” I offered. They both said yes, and we sat in the living room, Kay and Dario on the love seat, and I in the chair.

Kay put her palm on Dario’s thigh possessively and said, “You know, Dario, Thomas is a lawyer.”

“Oh, interesting; what kind of lawyer are you?” Dario asked politely.

I told him that I was a patent lawyer. He asked another polite question, and then Kay informed me that Dario was a stock broker. I nodded with appreciation.

“Dario,” Kay suddenly exclaimed, “Do you want to see my old room?”

“Yes, of course.”

Kay grabbed Dario’s hand and led him to the stairs. I got up to join them, but Kay ordered, “Thomas, stay here until I call you.” Obediently I sat back in the chair.

I heard Kay moaning and yelling a minute later, “Yes, fuck me harder.”

I tipped-toed upstairs. The bedroom door was wide open, and I watched them make love on Kay’s bed.

Dario was on top of her, pumping, and Kay moaned with pleasure until she trembled lightly, climaxing joyfully. She hugged her new boyfriend lovingly as if thanking him for the orgasm he bestowed on her.

“Give it to me, Dario. I need it,” Kay murmured, her legs still clutching Dario’s skinny waist.

Dario banged hard and came with a loud shout.

They cuddled for a minute, and then Kay called, “Thomas, you may come over.”

I waited a few seconds as if I had come downstairs and entered the room.

Kay was sitting on the bed, and she pointed down her index finger when she saw me. I dropped and looked at her, puzzled.

“Dario, get up on your feet,” Kay ordered. Dario immediately got up and stood next to her.

Kay grabbed her new boyfriend’s penis and, looking into my eyes, licked the entire length from the balls up to the penis head. I watched, mesmerized, and understood what she was telling me. Dario’s cock was longer and bigger than mine.

Kay licked the tip of the penis head and brushed her index finger over the length of Dario’s manhood, exhibiting its dimension. When satisfied that I got a good view of Dario’s large penis, she ordered, “Dario, get dressed.”

Dario obediently picked up his clothes and got dressed. Kay, still sitting naked on the bed, waited until Dario finished and ordered, “Dario, wait for me downstairs.” Dario left without a word.

Kay turned her attention to me, looking with a slight smile. I looked back at her with desire written all over my face.

“You may taste my new boyfriend’s cum, Thomas,” she said, pointing the finger at her vagina.

I buried my face between her legs, gulping, licking, sucking her clit. I missed her so much.

Kay spread her legs and let me enjoy it for a minute. She did not touch me and caressed my head like always when I treated her treasures.

“You watched us fucking,” Kay said. She stated it, not asking. She knew that I watched.

I did not answer. What was the point? I made love to Kay's vagina, absorbed by her scent and taste.

Kay let me have it for a few more seconds, then got up, slipped into her black pumps, and grabbed her dress, "Stay here. We'll see ourselves out," she said.

As Kay walked out of the room, I stared at her long legs in high heels, round ass, and silky-smooth back and realized it was the last time I saw my beloved, cherished, adorned soul mate.

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My life was not been the same since Kay left me. I did not attempt to contact Kay again. She made it very clear where I belonged in her life.

I started going to bars again and brought home girls fucking them but couldn't climax and ejaculate. Most of the time, I finished off masturbating.

As time went by, I was less obsessed with thoughts about Kay. And after a few failed short affairs with girls, I understood that I needed a woman that would order me like Kay, a femdom.

I started to search escort websites and found a femdom service. But the women were not beautiful, and I didn't feel like kissing their feet. That idea failed miserably, but it made me realize that Kay changed me. Or perhaps she did not change me but brought out hidden desires that I suppressed or was unaware of.

One day I went to a law office I had done business with for some time. A new legal aid greeted me with a warm smile. On subsequent visits, the girl always smiled at me, happy to see me. She was pretty blonde with blue eyes. I managed one day to peek at her ankles. She had the narrow type I liked, but she wore conservative long skirts, and I couldn't see much of her legs.

Her name was Bree, and I decided to make a pass and invited her for lunch. We walked to a nearby diner. It turned out that Bree was an energetic and intelligent girl in her early thirties. It was refreshing how grateful she was and thanked me for lunch.

The next time I saw her, I asked if she would like to listen to jazz. She smiled excitedly, and that was how we had our first date. When I picked her up, I was astonished! The conservative girl wore a mini tight dress with shoestring shoulder straps and exhibited a pair of long shapely legs.

Bree laughed at my facial expression, "I dress conservative for work," she chirped in her cheerful way.

We ate dinner and listened to jazz music. Bree told me that she broke up recently with her boyfriend after a few years of dating. Our conversation was entertaining. I liked her, and when I saw a couple dancing a slow dance, I asked her for a dance.

Bree was not the shy type outside of the office. She wrapped her arms around my neck and stuck her leg between mine. We danced close, and I felt my cock stirring and hardening.

We went to our table for a sip of the drink, and it was apparent the evening had ended.

“Shall we go?” I asked.

Bree nodded with a smile, and when we arrived at her apartment building, she invited me in for a nightcap.

As we entered her apartment, I hugged her, and she responded with a kiss. We stumbled to her bedroom tearing clothes on the way and made love.

Bree moaned loudly during lovemaking and made a high-pitched cry when she reached orgasm. I did not come, but I saw the potential in her.

With implicit understanding, I stay the night.

The relationship with Bree moved forward fast. We saw each other often. I liked sleeping with her, and sometimes I came.

One evening, I came up with an idea.

“Bree, I saw a porno film where the girl spanked the guy with a paddle. I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind doing that?”

“Sure,” Bree said, perking up, “But I don’t have a paddle.”

“I got one,” I said smiling and fetched the paddle from my drawer.

Bree was a good game. At first, she did it lightly, but I encouraged her to do it harder, and it worked well. I fucked her while she spanked me, and I came quickly.

“You liked it?” I asked Bree.

“Yes, that was fun, and you fucked me like a tiger,” Bree giggled.

Next, I bought her a couple of high heel pumps and asked her to wear them and spank me.

“Ask me to kiss your feet,” I explained to her after a few spanks.

Bree got the idea quickly. She stood in high heels, “Kiss my feet,” she said and enjoyed my treatment.

“You like kissing my feet,” Bree inquired with curiosity.

“Yes, they are smooth and nice,” I replied.

I taught her to order me, and Bree gladly complied. We progressed as I introduced to her the other whips I had in the drawer.

Bree seemed to enjoy the games, but she was smart enough to understand my fetishes and became more demanding.

One day she walked into my office and said, “Make me coffee.”

“Okay, just a minute, let me finish here something,” I replied.

The next thing I knew, Bree pulled the whip and beat me, “I want it now!”

I got up and made her coffee. She sipped leisurely and said, “Undress for me.”

We were in the kitchen, and she caught me by surprise. I didn’t move.

Bree started to whip me until I was naked.

“Now you look better,” Bree said with a slight smile, “Kiss my feet.”

And as I did, she started to whip my ass with the snake whip, “I want you to respond to me instantly, you understand?”

“Yes, Bree.”

And that was the beginning of our new relationship where Bree assumed complete control of me. I liked it, and I needed it.

But it was different than the relationship with Kay. Bree loved me and was affectionate while fulfilling my fetish needs.

I created a femdom girlfriend, and she slowly but surely conquered my life.

The affair with Kay became a rear view image. I saw her one more time.

We went to a fancy restaurant for Bree’s birthday. When we walked out, Kay, beautiful as ever, hanging on the arm of a man with silver hair, walked in.

Kay’s blue eyes stared at me briefly, “Hi Thomas, how are you?”

“I am good,” I answered.

“Good to hear,” Kay said, pulling her new boyfriend and passing us walking into the restaurant.

“Who was that?” Bree asked.

“Oh, someone I dated some time ago,” I said absently.

Bree looked at me and didn’t respond. But when we came home, she ordered me to undress and put me on her lap, spanking my ass hard.

“Did she spank you too?” Bree asked.

“Who?”

“The girl we met at the restaurant,” Bree said, beating me harder. My penis was pressed between Bree’s thighs and hardened like a rock.

“I don’t remember,” I tried to avoid the question. But Bree was intelligent and had the sharp instincts of an animal.

“Don’t lie to me, Tom,” she shouted, beating me harder.

The memories of Kay and the beating of Bree aroused me, and I ejaculated between her thighs.

“Look what you did,” Bree exclaimed, pushing me away. Semen dripped on her legs, “You better clean me now.”

I licked her legs and thigh. She spread her legs for me, and I made love to her sex until she climaxed.

A new chapter began with our relationship. Bree demanded more and more, and I submitted, loving it.

I learned from my experience with Kay and decided to make our relationship permanent. I proposed to Bree, and she accepted. We got married a few months later.

I got the life I wanted with a femdom wife. Thank you, Kay!

END







