



# Femdom Captives

Erotic Novel

**Lexi Loverli**

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*Lexi Loverli*

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"He is looking. Smile at him," Tara said quietly.

Tammy stretched her long silky legs in black high heel shoes, turned slightly, smiled, and turned back to the bar counter she was sitting at with her friend Tara.

Nelson Wilbur met two college friends, Dak and Travis, in the piano bar of the upscale downtown hotel. While talking, drinking, and laughing with his friends, Nelson noticed the beautiful blonde girl sitting at the bar with her girlfriend. And when he saw her smiling at him with sparkling blue eyes, Nelson was enchanted.

"Two drinks for you ladies," the bartender announced.

"We didn't order any," Tara said with a laughing tone.

"The gentlemen over there ordered it for you," the bartender smiled knowingly.

Tara and Tammy turned around, lifted their drinks, and mouth to Nelson, "Thank you."

That was the clue Nelson was waiting for, "I need to do this," he said to his two friends.

Dak and Travis smiled fondly, "Go for it, Bro," Dak said. "Yes, she is worth it," Travis chimed in.

Nelson got up and approached the two girls.

"Hi, I am Tara," greeted the good-looking girl with black hair dressed in tight leather pants and a bra-like top that revealed a flat bronze stomach. She stood up tall and proud in red stiletto high heel shoes extending her hand politely.

Nelson shook Tara's hand, "Nice to meet you," he said and then turned his attention to the beautiful blonde girl with sparkling blue eyes and luscious lips. She wore a mini black dress that hung on two spaghetti strings, accentuating her smooth, creamy shoulders, firm breasts, and long shapely legs.

Tammy watched Nelson with a slight smile. Nelson was attracted to her like most men. She knew how to play it and waited for Nelson to make his move.

"Hi, I am Nelson," Nelson said, extending his hand to Tammy.

Tammy looked him in the eyes. Her blue eyes were warm and inviting. She crossed her legs, revealing toned thighs, and then shook Nelson's hand, "Nice meeting you, Nelson. Thank you for the drinks," Tammy said in a husky voice.

Nelson felt his penis stirring from Tammy's touch and the view of Tammy's big, firm breasts and the erect nipples that protruded from the thin fabric of her dress, "You are welcome," he finally replied grandiosely.

Tammy stretched one leg slightly, rubbing the high heel of her shoe on Nelson's thigh, "Are you from here, Nelson?"

"Oh, yes. As a matter of fact, I live nearby."

"Really! In downtown?" Tammy faked an exciting surprise.

At that moment, Tara got up and pulled out the cell phone, "Excuse me, I have to take it," she said apologetically and walked away.

Tammy smiled at Nelson, waiting for his response.

"Yes, I live in the downtown area," he confirmed.

Tammy's shoe brushed Nelson's thigh again, "Wow, I never met anyone that lives downtown. Do you have an apartment?"

Nelson couldn't reply as Tara cut in, "I am sorry to interrupt, but I got to go now. You'll be okay, right Tammy?"

"Oh sure, I'll take a cab home, don't worry, do what you have to do," Tammy said encouragingly.

Tara rushed out, and Tammy turned to Nelson smiling warmly, "So, you have an apartment downtown?" she continued the conversation.

"Yes, I have a penthouse, two blocks away from here."

"Shut up! I can't believe it," Tammy exclaimed.

Nelson smiled proudly, "If you like, I can show it to you."

"You mean, we can walk from here to your penthouse?"

"Yes, it takes like five minutes."

"I would love to see your apartment," Tammy chirped and ran her palm over Nelson's arm provocatively.

Nelson felt his penis jerking again, "Let me tell my friends, I'll be right back," he said excitedly.

Tammy watched Nelson with a smile as he talked to his friends. And when he returned to the bar, Tammy got up, standing tall on high heels, irresistibly gorgeous. "Ready?" she asked, her blue eyes sparkling with a challenge.

"Ready," Nelson said, smiling proudly.

Tammy hung on Nelson's arm as if they were an item for some time and let him lead to his apartment.

"This is the living room," Nelson explained as they walked into the apartment.

Tammy looked around. It was a nice room with large windows overlooking the city. She dropped on the sofa, took off her shoes, and tucked her feet under her butt. "I can use a glass of wine," she announced.

"Sure, I have a great cabernet," Nelson was quick to offer, blessing his good luck to have this beautiful girl in his living room.

"I love cabernet," Tammy said, placing her arm over the back of the sofa stretching the dress over the firm breasts.

Nelson stared at her with awe for a second, then recovered, "I'll get it," he said and dashed off the living room. A minute later, Nelson returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses. As he poured the wine, Tammy said, "Oh, Nelson, I dropped my purse at the entry room. Would you be kind and bring it over. I like to have my cell phone next to me, just in case."

"Of course," Nelson said and went to fetch the purse.

Tammy quickly unscrewed her ring and poured the white powder into one of the wine glasses. The powder sizzled for a second and then disappeared.

When Nelson returned, Tammy was sitting on the sofa with a glass in her hand. She took the purse from Nelson and dropped it on the floor next to her.

“Cheer,” Tammy said, watching Nelson sipping the wine.

“Hmm, this is a good wine,” Tammy said with appreciation taking another sip. Nelson watched her with admiration, drinking the wine leisurely.

“How long have you lived here,” Tammy made small talks, watching Nelson.

“A couple of years, as soon as they finished the building.”

“You want to give me a tour?” Tammy said mischievously.

“Sure,” Nelson said.

Tammy got up, holding the wine glass, and Nelson followed suit.

“Let’s start with the bedrooms. How many you have?”

“There are three bedrooms and a master bedroom. One bedroom, I turned to an office,” Nelson gladly explained.

Tammy estimated that Nelson had enough wine to knock him down in fifteen minutes.

“Show me the master bedroom, Nelson,” Tammy whispered erotically in Nelson’s ear, running her palm over his chest.

Nelson felt his penis erecting. He drank more wine to recover and led Tammy to the master bedroom. It was a large bedroom with a king-size bed at the center and a private marble bathroom.

“Very nice,” Tammy chirped. She turned to Nelson and unbuttoned his shirt. Nelson excitedly finished the job and tore off his shirt. Tammy ran her palms on Nelson’s bare chest, “Nice muscles, Nelson,” she complimented.

Nelson proudly smiled while Tammy extended her arm down, brushing her palm on Nelson’s crotch, “I need to go to the bathroom to freshen up. Why don’t you undress and wait for me in bed?”

“Sure, Tammy,” Nelson said and watched Tammy walking to the bathroom, peeling off her dress on the way, dropping it down to the floor. Naked, she closed the bathroom door behind her. Tammy never looked back, but she felt Nelson’s stare at her bare round ass and long legs in high heels

After Tammy disappeared from view, Nelson undress, remove the covers, and lay in bed with anticipation.

Tammy came out of the bathroom a few minutes later with her long blonde hair caressing her smooth shoulders and firm breasts. She smiled at Nelson and sat at the edge of the bed, tenderly stroking Nelson’s erect penis.

“How do you feel?” Tammy asked, looking at Nelson with warm, friendly eyes.

“I am good,” Nelson replied, his eyelids getting heavy.

Tammy climbed up the bed, her head just above Nelson’s head. She held her breast, pointing up, and brought it to Nelson’s lips. Nelson lunged at the delicious pink nipple and sucked it like a baby.

Tammy watched him with an amused smile. Nelson’s eyelids opened and closed rapidly, and a minute later, he fell asleep.

Tammy placed a pillow under Nelson’s head and got up. She picked the cell phone from the living room and dialed.

“All good?” Tara's voice sounded from the other end of the line.

“Sure is.”

“I’ll be there shortly,” Tara said and hung up.

Tammy walked around the apartment, exploring until she heard the doorbell.

Tara walked in with a large handbag.

“Where is the prince?” she asked, smiling.

“In the bedroom, sleeping like a baby.”

They went to the bedroom, and Tara got right to work. She pulled two leather handcuffs and tied Nelson’s wrists to the bed headboard. She

then fit a leg restraining bar on Nelson's ankles.

"Looks good," Tammy said and pulled a remote shock device from the bag. "I'll take care of that," she said and fit the shocker behind the balls with a secure key latch.

The two girls looked at Nelson sleeping heavily. "Let's party. He has some good selection of liquors," Tammy giggled, and the two girls went to the wet bar in the living room, chatting and laughing happily.

A few hours later, Nelson woke up, He heard voices from the living room and tried to turn, but to his surprise, his hands were tied to the headboard with handcuffs. Angrily he pulled hard, rattling the bed, but to no avail. Nelson strained to lift his legs to have more pulling inertia, but it was difficult to move the legs tied with the restraining bar.

"What's going on here?" Nelson yelled angrily.

The sounds of voices ceased, and Tammy wearing Nelson's college T-shirt and black high heel shoes walked into the room,

"Hi Nelson, how are you, sweetie?" Tammy asked mockingly.

"What are you doing here?" Nelson shouted angrily.

At that moment, Tara entered the room wearing a red corset, a tiny thong, and red high heels. Her long bronze legs shimmered in the light. She stood tall and looked at Nelson with cold eyes.

Nelson looked at the two girls, "Free my hands, you bitches!" he shouted.

Tara watched Nelson silently and then pushed the remote button.

Nelson's body jerked from the pain transmitted from his groin. He screamed, twisting his body left and right. Tara held the button for a few seconds watching Nelson bouncing on the bed. She then released the button. The pain stopped, leaving Nelson panting in shock.

"The first rule, Nelson, you do not talk. You only reply when we address you," Tara said in a quiet voice. Then, she picked a riding whip with a silicon flap and banged Nelson's nipple. Nelson screamed again from the pain.

Tara smiled with content and hit the other nipple hard. Nelson's scream was ear piercing.

Tammy stood quietly and watched Tara training Nelson.

“Now Nelson,” Tara said in that quiet voice, “When I ask you a question and end it with your name, you reply, yes Miss Tara, you understand?”

Nelson looked at Tara with fearful eyes and nodded.

“Good, I like it when you are a good boy, you understand, Nelson?”

“Yes, Miss Tara,” Nelson replied in a weak voice.

Tara pushed the remote, and Nelson jerked from the pain. It was a short transmission.

“I want to hear it loud and clear, you understand, Nelson?”

“Yes, Mis Tara,” Nelson shouted.

“That was very good,” Tara complimented. She nodded to Tammy and left the room.

Tammy held a small box. She placed it on the bed in front of Nelson and smiled sweetly.

“Nelson, I am your girlfriend now, and you’ll learn to love me,” Tammy said and opened the box.

Nelson did not say a word. Instead, he intently watched Tammy opening the box and saw six stainless steel urethral catheters of different thicknesses.

“What the hell..,” Nelson blared, but before he finished the sentence, Tammy pushed the remote, and Nelson tremored and twisted on the bed, screaming.

Tammy kept the pain for just a couple of seconds. When she stopped, Nelson leaned back and looked at her with a painful expression.

“You don’t talk without permission, honey,” Tammy said in a sweet voice. “You understand, don’t you?”

Nelson nodded helplessly. “And you don’t need to call me Miss Tammy, just Tammy, you understand Nelson?”

“Yes, Tammy,” Nelson answered in a loud voice.

“Good!” Tammy said sardonically, “I want to play with your penis. You are goanna enjoy it.”

Tammy stroked his penis, which hardened up immediately.

“I like how your penis is getting hard quickly,” Tammy said, picked the thinnest catheter from the box, and slowly inserted it into the open slit.

Nelson was quiet. He enjoyed the feeling in his penis and wondered what else these girls want.

Tammy gently turned the metal bar back and forth until it was entirely inside Nelson’s penis while tenderly stroking the erect penis.

“You like it, don’t you?” Tammy said, looking at Nelson smiling. Nelson nodded, enjoying the tingling in his penis.

And then, abruptly, Tammy clasped her hand holding Nelson’s penis tightly and pulled out the catheter fast.

Nelson's screams were ear-piercing.

Tammy waited a few seconds and then put the shiny metal in the box and picked the next one. Nelson watched her intently and didn’t notice that Tara walked into the room with his laptop.

Tara sat across from Nelson, watching Tammy stroking Nelson’s penis and inserting the second catheter.

“Nelson, Tara will ask a straightforward question, and I want you to be a good boyfriend and answer her right away,” Tammy said while gently turning the metal rod back and forth.

Tara looked at Nelson with cold eyes, “What is your password?” Tara asked in that quiet voice.

Nelson felt Tammy’s hand tightening over his penis and shouted, “wilnel76\*!”

Tara typed the password and then nodded to Tammy and left the room again.

Tammy turned the shiny metal and slowly pulled it out.

Nelson admitted that he enjoyed the sensation and was relieved that Tammy didn't inflict any pain.

Tammy put the catheter meticulously in the box. Then, she undressed, lay next to Nelson rubbing his chest lovingly, and kissed him on the lips.

"You see, Nelson, you can choose pleasure over pain," Tammy whispered in Nelson's ear while rubbing her crotch over Nelson's hard cock.

Nelson aroused instantly, and his penis hardened like a rock. There was a feeling of subservient Nelson never encountered before.

"You want to fuck me, Nelson?"

"Yes, Tammy."

Tammy rubbed Nelson's penis head over her pussy lips, "I let only boyfriends fuck me. You want to be my boyfriend, don't you, Nelson?"

Nelson felt defeated but excited and aroused to the max, "Yes, Tammy," he shouted.

Tammy sat on Nelson's cock and swirled, moaning with pleasure.

Nelson breathed with short intakes. He couldn't believe how exciting and pleasurable Tammy's lovemaking was. And when Tammy rode his cock Nelson couldn't hold it any longer and came with sparks of lights exploding in his head. It was the best orgasm he ever had.

"Nelson, you came too soon, baby. We'll have to work on that," Tammy said in an accusing voice.

"I am sorry, Tammy," Nelson said impulsively.

Tammy slapped his face hard, "Did you get permission to talk?" she growled and hit him again.

Nelson was quiet, wondering how Tammy can be loving and cruel at the same time.

Tammy didn't want to spoil the moment with more brutal punishment. She slid up Nelson's stomach and chest and placed her wet vagina in front of his face.

“Clean it up, you disobedient boy,” she said with a soft voice.

Nelson closed his eyes and forced himself to lick his cum. It wasn't too bad, much better than punishment.

Tammy caressed Nelson's head while he treated her vagina with long tongue licks starting to enjoy himself.

While Tammy and Nelson were busy moaning with pleasure, Tara walked in with another laptop. She sat on the chair across from Nelson and waited patiently.

Tammy turned her head and looked at Tara. They smiled at each other, and then Tammy got off Nelson and sat next to him.

“Nelson,” Tammy said while picking the third catheter from the box, “Tara has a few more questions for you, and I want you to be a good boy and answer immediately. Do you understand, Nelson?”

Nelson watched Tammy inserting the thicker shiny metal into his penis and said, “Yes, Tammy.”

Tammy turned the catheter back and forth, stroking gently, and nodded to Tara.

“Nelson,” Tara said in a low voice, “What is your checking account password?”

“Checking acc...” Nelson started to say and then screamed loud as Tammy pulled fast the shining metal inflicting unbearable pain.

Tammy methodically put the third catheter in the box and picked the fourth one. She looked at Nelson warmly and slowly inserted the rod into Nelson's penis. “Tara, never asks twice, Nelson,” Tammy said in a warning voice.

“It is law23?#,” Nelson shouted. Tara typed it into the new laptop and nodded to Tammy.

Tara then continued, asking Nelson for the passwords of his Fidelity account and other accounts.

Tammy just turned the rod back and forth while Nelson answered Tara's questions.

“Okay, that's good,” Tara said when she finished.

Tammy smiled at Nelson and slowly pulled the rod out.

Nelson breathed with relief, watching Tammy placing the catheter in the box and closing the box.

The two girls left the room without a word.

Sitting at the kitchen table, Tara and Tammy went over all of Nelson's accounts.

"What do you think, Tara?"

"He is richer than I thought. Look at this. He has sixty-five lawyers working for him."

"Yeah, big moneymaker, I wondered how he got that big."

"Well, his grandfather started the company over one hundred years ago. Old money."

"Yeah, old money," Tammy agreed.

"I am going to change the passwords on his personal accounts. Write down the new passwords," Tara instructed.

"What about business accounts?"

"It is too dangerous to play with business accounts. They go through audits," Tara said with finality.

"Okay, I am writing down," Tammy said, ready with pen and paper. Tara changed the passwords methodically, and Tammy wrote them down.

"Where is his laptop?" Tammy asked after they finished all the accounts.

"It is where we found it, in his office. We don't need it. This laptop is a clone of his laptop, and I'll get another clone for you."

"I am sure that Nelson will be happy to hear that," Tammy said sarcastically.

"Yes, by the time I am finished with him, he will," Tara said, laughing.

"You think you can break him?"

“Oh, yes, easily. Nelson is a spoiled rich boy, not strong at all,” Tara said with confidence.

“That’s good. I kind of like Nelson,” Tammy admitted.

“That’s helpful if you live here with him,” Tara countered tersely.

“Yes, I guess so,” Tammy said absently.

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Tammy and Tara walked into the bedroom. Tammy changed into the black dress she wore last night, and Tara was still in a red corset with the tiny thong holding the riding-whip in her hand.

Tammy released Nelson's wrists without a word while Tara, tall in red high heels, watched them.

Nelson breathed with relief shaking his arms.

"Take off the restraining bar and come to the kitchen," Tammy said and left the room.

Nelson got up, stretched, and as he was reaching for his pants, Tara spanked his ass with the whip.

Nelson made a low cry sound. Tara whipped him hard again, "What did Tammy say, Nelson?" Tara asked.

"To go to the kitchen, Miss Tara," Nelson responded.

Tara whipped Nelson relentlessly, "Did Tammy said to put clothes on, Nelson?" she shouted.

Nelson screamed, "No, Miss Tara," hoping to satisfy Tara, but Tara continued to beat him a few more times and then stopped. She looked at Nelson with a slight smile, then lifted her hand and slapped Nelson's penis. The whip flapped made a "Wham" sound as Nelson bent down from the pain, tears in his eyes.

Tara didn't wait for a second, "Get going, you disobedient scum bag," she said and banged Nelson's ass. Nelson dashed out of the bedroom and went to the kitchen.

"Hi, Nelson," Tammy greeted him with a warm smile, "Sit down, I am making you breakfast. How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled, please," Nelson said as he slowly sat down on his sore ass.

Tammy smiled at him sweetly and served him eggs, bacon, hashbrowns, and a bowl of fruits. Nelson didn't realize how hungry he was. He wolfed the food while Tammy leaning back on the kitchen counter watched him amusingly.

Nelson finished eating, happy that Tara wasn't around.

“You want more coffee?” Tammy offered. Nelson nodded and sat quietly, enjoying the coffee. He looked at Tammy, wanting to say how good the food was but refrained from talking.

As if Tammy felt it, she said, “Do you want to say something, Nelson?”

“Yes, the food was delicious, Tammy.”

Tammy ignored the compliment, “Tara will teach you how to ask permission to speak,” she said, “Now get up and come with me.”

Nelson followed Tammy to the closet of the master bedroom.

“I want you to clear this half of the closet for my stuff,” Tammy ordered, pointing at one side of the walk-in closet.

Nelson nodded but didn’t move.

Tammy slapped his face, “You have ten minutes to do it,” she said and left.

Nelson was hard at work in the closet when he heard Tara’s voice, “Are you done yet, Nelson.”

“Almost done, Miss Tara.”

“Come out. I need to train you how to be a good boyfriend for Tammy,” Tara said, standing at the door of the closet.

Nelson dropped what he was doing and walked out of the closet. Tara, holding a thin cane whip, was waiting for him with a smile.

Nelson admitted that no matter how cruel Tara was, she was also unbelievably attractive with that red corset and long bronze legs in red high heels.

Tara removed the thong, exposing a smooth triangle with a beautiful vagina, and looked at Nelson with a slight smile.

“This is Caney,” Tara said as she lifted her arm and came down fast. The thin, flexible cane made a ‘Swish’ sound slicing through the air and left a red mark on Nelson’s ass.

That whiplash was painful compared to anything Nelson experience previously. He made a loud sound of pain and felt his butt burning

from the cane's whip.

"You don't want to feel Caney again, do you, Nelson?"

"No, Miss Tara," Nelson quickly replied.

"Good, now put your hands behind the back palms around the elbows," Tara instructed as she stepped behind Nelson and checked his arms' position.

"You keep your hands back like that at all times, you understand, Nelson?"

"Yes, Miss Tara."

Tara looked at Nelson silently for a few seconds, then turned and said behind her back, "Follow me."

Nelson walked behind Tara to the living room. "Stop here," Tara pointed the finger at a red area carpet. She then stepped back and said, "When I call your name and point my finger down, you drop on your knees. You may use your hands to drop down."

Nelson stood with hands behind the back and looked at Tara with awe combined with fear. And when she said "Nelson" and pointed her finger down, he dropped on his knees and put his hands behind the back.

Tara walked around Nelson, and as he heard the 'Swish' sound, he felt the cane cutting his ass with tremendous pain.

"You drop down like an old man," Tara said in an accusing tone, "I need you to drop with enthusiasm." Tara stepped away a few feet and ordered, "Get up on your feet."

Nelson stood again with hands on the back. "Nelson," Tara said as she pointed the index finger down.

This time Nelson swiftly dropped down and put his hands on the back.

Tara repeated the exercise a few more times and then continued, "When I order on four, you get on all four and put your head up looking at me."

Nelson nodded. He stood on his knees watching Tara, who stood a few feet away.

“On four,” Tara ordered, and Nelson changed position and stood on all four.

Tara smiled with satisfaction and gestured to Nelson with her index finger to come over. Nelson moved on all four, looking up at Tara.

When Nelson stopped in front of Tara, she pushed his head down with her shoe, “When I tell you to worship me, you lick my feet,” Tara said.

Tara trained Nelson to lick her feet with long tongue movements and then let him lick up her legs and get into her ass. If Nelson did not show enthusiasm licking her feet or butt hole, Tara punished him.

Nelson had to repeat standing up, dropping on the knees, moving on all four, and licking Tara’s feet and asshole many times until Tara was satisfied. Tara was very generous with punishments. She used the cane, shocker and often slapped Nelson’s face. Nelson tried to do his best to spare punishment because he couldn’t take the pain very well.

“You are doing good,” Tara encouraged exhausted Nelson, “The last thing you need to know is how to ask for permission to talk.”

Nelson looked at Tara intently. He needed to pee badly but didn’t dare talk.

“You go down on one knee in front of me and wait for permission,” Tara explained.

Nelson immediately went down on one knee and looked up at Tara.

“You may speak, Nelson,” Tara said amusingly.

“I need to go to the bathroom, Miss Tara,” Nelson said meekly.

“On four,” Tara ordered, “Follow me.”

Nelson moved on all four following Tara’s long legs in red high heels. By that time, moving on all four seemed natural.

When they reached the bathroom, Tara ordered Nelson to stand in front of the toilet.

Nelson stood moving from one leg to the other, waiting for permission.

Tara watched him for a few seconds. I finally broke him in, she thought with content and then said, “You may pee.”

Nelson did not care that he has no privacy since Tara was watching him, and he urinated for a long time with a sigh of relief.

Tara ordered him on all four when he finished, and they went back to the living room.

Tammy just walked in with two suitcases and watched with a smile Nelson following Tara on all four.

“Nelson, take my suitcases, put them in the closet, and wait there,” Tammy said.

Nelson obediently got up and carried the suitcases to the bedroom. He left the living room feeling defeated and humiliated, but he admitted that he liked licking Tara’s smooth feet and the tight asshole.

When he was out of earshot, Tara smiled at Tammy, “We are ready. You got the camera?”

“Yes,” Tammy smiled broadly and pulled a small HD video camera from her handbag.

“Good, you sit there and make sure to take a closeup when he licks me.”

“Sure will,” Tammy replied happily.

Tara tightened the red corset and picked another whip, a flogger with leather tails.

“Nelson, come here,” Tara called.

Nelson appeared at the living entry, standing with hands behind the back.

“Nelson, I want to demonstrate to Tammy how good boyfriend you are. You obey and look at me at all times, you understand?”

Nelson nodded his head, and reflexively his eyes glanced at Tammy, who sat in the chair wearing shorts and snickers.

Tara saw Nelson’s eyes movement and was furious. She picked the legs restraining bar and threw it at Nelson.

“Put it on, now!” Tara shouted, whipping Nelson's butt with the flogger. Nelson bent to tie his ankles when he felt Tara’s whiplash, “In

front of the mirror and lie on the stomach,” she shouted.

Tara left the room and returned with two ice cubes on a plate. It was dead silent in the room. Tammy sat quietly watching Tara disciplining Nelson.

Tara inserted one of the ice cubes into Nelson’s rectum and pushed it in with the heel of her shoes. Then, standing on Nelson’s ass, Tara bent and pulled Nelson by his hair, looking into his eyes in the mirror.

“Did I say look at me at all times, Nelson?”

“Yes, Miss Tara.”

A few seconds passed by in silence, and then Nelson started to yell, thumping his hands on the floor.

“I’ll keep it longer if you don’t look at me,” Tara warned.

Nelson forced himself to look at Tara through the mirror. His face turned red. He couldn’t handle the pain anymore, “Please, Miss Tara, please,” Nelson cried, still trying to keep contact with Tara’s cold eyes.

Tara didn’t say a word, just stepped harder on Nelson’s ass.

Nelson's screams became louder, and his body shuddered.

Tammy came over and patted Nelson’s head, “You obey or be punished, Nelson,” she said in a sweet voice.

“Yes, I’ll obey, I’ll obey, please, please stop.”

Tammy looked at Tara and signaled her to stop. Tara lifted her foot from Nelson's ass and stood in front of him, “Lick and apologize,” she said quietly.

Nelson was in unbearable pain. He lunged at Tara’s feet, licking frantically.

“You will obey, Nelson?” Tara asked, looking down at him with a smile.

“Yes, Miss Tara, yes, yes, I’ll obey,” Nelson screamed, overwhelmed by the pain.

“Okay, Nelson, go to the bathroom, relieve yourself, and wait until I call you.”

Nelson turned around, unhooked the restraining bar, and ran to the bathroom as fast as he could.

Tara smiled at Tammy, "I think that we can go on with the movie now with no more interruptions."

Tammy smiled back, "Yes, Miss Tara," she replied, giggling.

Tara laughed and then called, "Nelson!"

Nelson appeared in the living with hands behind the back, "Yes, Miss Tara." Nelson made good eye contact with Tara, and when she pointed the index finger down, he drooped immediately on his knees. Tara ordered Nelson to move on all four, lick her feet and ass.

Tammy filmed the encounter taking closeups of Nelson's tongue inside Tara's butt opening.

"You like my ass, Nelson?"

"Yes, Miss Tara," Nelson replied, obediently standing on his knees with hands on the back.

"Tell me how much you love to lick my asshole, Nelson," Tara talked dirty for the movie.

"I love to lick your ass very much, Miss Tara," Nelson replied obediently, and he really enjoyed the taste in his mouth, and surprisingly, he felt good being humiliated.

Tara turned and slapped Nelson's face, "Did I say ass or asshole, Nelson?"

"I am sorry, Miss Tara, I love licking your asshole," Nelson said, looking with apprehension into Tara's cold eyes.

Tara turned around and put her hands back, pulling her ass chicks, "Get in there and show me how much you love it."

Nelson lunged and licked enthusiastically.

"Tell me again, Nelson," Tara demanded.

Nelson repeated, "I love licking your asshole, Miss Tara."

"Louder!"

Nelson shouted, "I love licking your asshole, Miss Tara," never taking his eyes off Tara's ass.

Tammy filmed the scene closeup and then stepped back.

Tara pushed Nelson's head away and turned around. She fingered her vagina erotically, "You think you deserve my kitty?"

Nelson just nodded with excitement.

Tara slapped Nelson's face with contempt, "You don't! You belong in my ass." Then Tara bent and lifted Nelson's face with a finger under his chin, looking into his eyes, "Tell me where you belong, Nelson."

"In your ass, Miss Tara, I belong in your ass!" Nelson shouted.

Tara looked at him for a couple of seconds. A good performance, she thought and let go of Nelson, straightening up.

"On four," Tara ordered as she started to walk to the other side of the room, Nelson on all four following her.

Tara sat in a chair and gestured to Nelson to stand on his knees. She then removed her shoes and brushed her feet on Nelson's penis.

"You are hard, Nelson. You want to come for me?" Tara asked, looking into Nelson's eyes teasingly.

Nelson was aroused. His penis was hard as a rock.

"Yes, Miss Tara," he replied.

Tara lifted one leg and brushed the sole of her foot over Nelson's face, "Lick and beg me to let you come, Nelson," she whispered.

Nelson avidly licked the bottom of her foot, "Please, Miss Tara, let me come."

"I can't hear you, Nelson," Tara said, lifting the other foot in front of Nelson's face.

Nelson licked Tara's feet in long tongue movements and shouted his plea.

Tammy stood next to them, capturing the scene with excitement. It would be a great movie, Tammy thought.

Tara saw Tammy from the corner of her eyes. She looked at Nelson, “Beg,” she said. Nelson repeated, looking into Tara's eyes with anticipation.

“Stroke it for me,” Tara said quietly. Nelson licked and kissed Tara's feet and stroked his erect penis.

Tara placed her feet on the seat of the chair just below Nelson's cock. “Faster,” she ordered, watching Nelson getting aroused, breathing in quick intakes.

“I am gonna count from ten to one. When I count one, I want you to come for me on my feet, you understand, Nelson?”

“Yes, Miss Tara.”

Tara bent and whispered in Nelson's ear, “I'll punish you severely if you don't come when I count one.”

Nelson's heart skipped a beat, and fear crawled through his body. He knew that Tara meant what she said.

Tara leaned back in the chair and counted, “Ten, nine, eight...” When she reached two, she paused for a few seconds and then shouted, “One!”

Nelson stroked and wait for his clue. When Tara said one, the fear and excitement made him ejaculate right away.

Tara looked at him with satisfaction. Then, she lowered her feet covered with semen to the floor.

“Clean,” she ordered quietly.

Nelson bent down with hands behind the back and licked off his cum.

Tammy filmed closeups scenes.

After a short while, Tara kicked Nelson off her feet, “On four, get out of here.”

Tammy smiled at Tara as she filmed Nelson on all four moving away from Tara and then cut the show and handed the camera to Tara.

“Nelson,” Tammy called.

Nelson stopped and looked back. “Come over here,” Tammy said as she sat on the sofa while Tara got up, met Tammy’s eyes with an understanding, and left the room.

Nelson moving on all four and stopped in front of Tammy. “Get up your knees,” Tammy instructed, looking at Nelson warmly. She then ran her fingertips through Nelson’s hair, “You did very well, Nelson. I am proud of you.”

“Thank you, Tammy,” Nelson replied politely but feeling happy at the compliment.

Tammy crossed her legs and removed the snicker from the top foot. She curled her toes and lovingly ran her palm over Nelson’s face, “Give my foot a French kiss,” she ordered quietly.

Nelson kissed and licked the foot that hung in the air for him. Tammy’s foot was delicate with porcelain smooth skin. Nelson enjoyed it tremendously. He bent a bit and licked the pink sole with loving tongue movements.

Tammy patted Nelson’s head affectionately. She knew that Nelson enjoyed worshiping her and slowly put her foot on the floor. Nelson’s head moved down with the foot.

Tammy took off the other shoe and ordered, “Lie on your back, head between my feet.” She then brushed Nelson's face with the bottom of her feet while he licked and kissed them. Tammy smiled as she noticed that Nelson’s penis was erecting again.

Tara walked into the living holding a laptop. She changed to blue jeans and a white tank top, “You want to see?” she asked Tammy.

“Sure,” Tammy said, wiggling her toes with excitement, with her feet over Nelson’s face.

Tara sat on the sofa next to Tammy and opened the laptop, and played the video. The voices of Tara and Nelson sounded loud and clear.

“I cut a bit of this scene,” Tara explained, “And look at this, Tammy, great angle.”

Tammy looked at Nelson, licking Tara's feet close up, "Yes, so far so good, how was angle when he did your ass?"

Tara fast-forwarded and showed Tammy that scene, "Nice shot, I like how you see his tongue gliding on you pretty asshole," Tammy said with a laugh. And then banged her foot on Nelson's face, "Don't you eavesdrop, I want to feel your tongue all over the bottom of my feet."

Tara looked at Tammy, and they both smiled watching the video. Then, Tammy suggested cutting and making Nelson's exit on all four shorter at the end. Tara quickly edited the movie, and they watched the end again satisfied.

"I need to go, now, get him up," Tara said to Tammy.

Tammy banged her feet on Nelson's face, "Get up your knees," she ordered.

Nelson stood on his knees in front of the two girls, hands on the back.

"Nelson," Tara said, "This is my laptop, and it is a clone of yours." She turned the laptop toward Nelson, "You see, all your accounts, emails, and documents are duplicated here."

Nelson looked at the screen with pounding heartbeats.

Tara saw his expression and smiled, "We didn't touch your business account, but we changed the passwords on your personal accounts. So if you need to access your accounts, you ask your girlfriend. She has all the passwords."

Nelson looked at the laptop screen and choked. He then recovered and looked at Tara, fear written all over his face.

"And one more thing, my laptop has this video that yours doesn't," Tara said and played the short movie from start to end.

Tammy and Tara sat and watched Nelson's facial expressions as the video played. When it came close to the end and licked the cum off Tara's feet, Nelson made a disgusted expression. Both Tara and Tammy burst with a laugh, enjoying the effect of the movie on Nelson.

At the end of the video, Tara said, "If you had any thoughts of disobedience in your head, erase them. Because I will send this video

to all your clients and employees, and I have all their email addresses. Do you understand, Nelson?”

Nelson was livid. He stood on his knees and did not respond.

Tammy pushed the remote for a short second, and Nelson jerked from the pain. Tammy slapped his cheek hard,

“Tara asked you a question, Nelson,” Tammy said quietly, her blue eyes turned icy.

Nelson turned his head to Tara, “Yes, Miss Tara, I understand,” he said in a weak voice.

Tara closed the laptop with a snap and stood up. She looked at Nelson and then kicked him hard on the chest. Nelson lost balance and fell on the back. Tara kicked him again. The pointy toe of her shoe smashed Nelson’s testicles.

Nelson went into a fetal position, whimpering.

Tara stood tall above him, “You do not mess with me, do you understand, Nelson?”

“Yes, Miss Tara,” Nelson quickly responded.

Tara turned to Tammy, “I’ll see you later, Tammy,” she said, winking with one eye and left.

Tammy looked at Nelson sprawling on the floor, “Nelson, come sit next to me,” she said in a soft voice.

Nelson got up slowly and sat on the sofa, looking down.

Tammy took off her T-shirt and caressed Nelson's head, pulling him gently to her breast, “Take it, baby,” she whispered in his ear.

Like a little boy, Nelson latched onto Tammy’s big breasts and sucked the nipple hungrily.

Tammy ran her fingertips through Nelson’s head in calming motions. She understood that he went through a lot in one day and let him relaxed for a while.

“You feel better, Nelson,” Tammy said, brushing Nelson’s hair gently.

“Yes, Tammy,” Nelson said and went back to the delicious nipple he was sucking delightfully.

“We have a few more things to do before we go to bed, but tomorrow, we’ll go to the beach and relaxed,” Tammy informed Nelson.

The pain subsided, and Nelson enjoyed sucking Tammy’s breasts, moving from one to the other. He was grateful for her kindness and felt an unexplained desire to please her.

Tammy sensed that Nelson felt better, and it was back to reality. Tammy slapped Nelson’s face lightly and said, “Get down on four for me.”

Reluctantly, Nelson parted from Tammy’s tits and obediently stood on all four on the floor.

Tammy put her snickers on top of Nelson's back and walked to the bedroom, Nelson moving on all four behind her.

At the walk-in closed, Tammy removed the sneakers and asked Nelson to show her his short pants.

“I like this one,” Tammy pointed at blue shorts, “You may put it on.”

Nelson gladly put on the shorts and looked at Tammy with gratitude.

“When we are at home, you can wear shorts and a T-shirt, no underwear,” Tammy instructed, and Nelson nodded with relief.

“Wash your hands and bring the vanity chair over here,” Tammy ordered.

Nelson brought the small chair to the walk-in closet, and Tammy sat in the chair and instructed, “Open the suitcases.”

The suitcases were full of clothes, “Pull out one article a the time,” Tammy said.

Nelson picked up a laced dress, and Tammy instructed him where to hang it. Nelson continued to pick items from the suitcases, and Tammy explained how underwear and bras match and what drawer to stash them. Under Tammy’s watch, Nelson neatly hung dresses, tank tops, and robes and stacked the cabinet drawers with Tammy’s wardrobe.

When it was all done, Tammy ordered, “Fill the bathtub with warm water and take a shower.”.

When Tammy walked into the bathroom, Nelson was drying after the shower, and water filled the tub. Tammy put her hair in a bun, took off her clothes, and dipped into the tub with a sigh of pleasure.

Nelson looked at her with awe. Tammy was stunning with firm breasts, a flat stomach, and a beautiful vagina with two pink lips protruding like flower petals.

“Get me a glass of red wine,” Nelson heard Tammy’s voice, bringing him back to reality. He moved to get his pants, but Tammy’s voice stopped him, “Stay naked.”

Nelson rushed to the wet bar and returned with a glass of red wine. Tammy sipped the wine leisurely and then lifted one leg, “Use the washcloth,” she said shortly.

Nelson ran the washcloth with soap over Tammy’s long leg slowly, making sure that he covered every square inch. He then ran the washcloth over her foot and between the toes.

“Good job,” Tammy complemented, sipping the wine and lifting the other leg. She then sat up, and Nelson gently rubbed the cloth over her breasts and back. Finally, Tammy got up on her feet to let Nelson wash her private parts.

Nelson was ready with a towel. Tammy put up her arms, and Nelson gently wiped her. When Nelson wiped her legs and feet, he couldn’t take his eyes off her beautiful vagina.

“On your knees,” Tammy said quietly. Nelson dropped the towel and stood on his knees with hands on the back. Tammy pulled his head between her legs, “Give me a loving French kiss,” she whispered.

Nelson gladly complied, kissing and licking with excited moans. Tammy’s vagina was delicious. Nelson loved the taste and feeling in his mouth and accepted the subservient position he was in.

Tammy moaned with pleasure, and after a while, she instructed Nelson to stand up. She then placed one leg on the tub wall and brushed Nelson’s erect cock over her wet vaginal lips.

Nelson stood still with hands on the back, breathing with excitement.

Tammy put one arm around Nelson's neck, "Keep your hands where are," she reminded and kissed him, stroking his penis, and then she inserted the hard cock into the warm, welcoming vagina.

"Fuck me," Tammy whispered in Nelson's ear, spanking his butt, arousing him.

Nelson started to pump with all of his might.

"Harder," Nelson heard the whisper. Tammy pulled his head tightly, moaning in his ear, "Yes, just like that, don't stop."

Nelson moved fast and furiously banged her.

"Oh, yes, yes, harder," Tammy cried and talked into Nelson's ear, "Faster, yes, yes... I am coming. I am coming!"

Tammy shuddered as she reached the climax, and Nelson was enthralled and ejaculated at the same time.

They stood panting heavily, Tammy hugging Nelson, and Nelson gathered all of his will to keep his hands on the back.

As they calmed down, Tammy ordered, "Get down and clean."

Nelson went down, licking those delicate lips. He felt a surge of emotion running through his body. It was a feeling of surrender and joy. He had the most incredible orgasm, and surprisingly, he felt grateful and desire to be subservient and please Tammy.

"Get me the slippers," Nelson heard Tammy's voice. He was so engrossed with Tammy's delicious kitty and did not move.

A sharp pain ran in Nelson's groin. He jerked backward and fell on the floor. Tammy stood tall, looked down at him, and pushed the remote again. Nelson jumped again from the pain. It was short pulses just to bring him back to reality.

Nelson looked up and met Tammy's icy stare. He immediately understood his mistake and stood up on one knee.

"You may talk, Nelson," Tammy permitted him.

"I am very sorry, Tammy, it will not happen again," Nelson said.

Tammy looked at him, and her stare softened up.

“You may do what I asked now,” she said shortly.

Nelson got up and sprinted to fetch Tammy’s slippers. He then put the slippers in front of Tammy's feet and stood on his knees obediently.

Tammy slipped her feet into the high heel slippers and walked out of the bathroom, saying behind her back, “Take a shower and come to bed.”

Nelson took another shower and thought of what had transpired minutes ago. He figured out that the black band Tammy wore on her wrist was the remote that controlled the shocker, and he remembered that Tara had the same band. He was genuinely sorry that he spoiled the moment of lovemaking and swore that he wouldn’t repeat the same mistake.

Tammy was reading a magazine naked in the bed. From the corner of her eyes, Tammy saw Nelson and said, “Lie down on your back,” patting the space next to her and continued to read.

Nelson lay carefully next to Tammy. He wasn’t sure what to do and put his arms on the side, waiting.

A few minutes later, Tammy put down the magazine. “We sleep naked,” she said, pulled the blanket over Nelson, and then burrowed under the blanket and lay her head on Nelson’s chest. “You may hug me,” she said quietly, closing her eyes.

Nelson put his arms around her smooth back and lay still.

“Good night, Nelson,” Tammy mumbled, drifting into sleep.

“Good night, Tammy,” Nelson reciprocated. He closed his eyes and fell asleep instantly.

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Early morning sun rays penetrated the room.

Nelson woke up and looked at Tammy. She slept peacefully like a little girl. Her breasts moved up and down gently with her breathing. I can apprehend her quickly and call the police, Nelson thought. But what would I tell them that I have a shocker installed behind my balls?

Nelson did not doubt that Tara would send that video if anything happened to Tammy. And his parents, such an old fashion and conservative couple. They would be devastated. So I better leave it as is, Nelson thought, I am a captive in my home, but it has some upside sides, especially the sex.

He watched Tammy sleeping for a few more moments and then decided to make coffee. As he got up from the bed and put on pants, he jerked with surprise and pain.

Tammy kept the remote button for a few seconds until Nelson swirled on the floor.

“What do you think you are doing, Nelson?” Tammy asked angrily.

“I was just going to make coffee,” Nelson defended himself.

“You never leave the bed when I am sleeping. Do you understand?”

Nelson nodded and slowly got up on his feet.

“Get me the robe,” Tammy ordered.

Nelson went into the walk-in closet to fetch the robe. Tammy had several silk robes of different colors, and Nelson chose the blue robe. He came out of the closet holding the robe and waited for instructions.

Tammy got up and stood with her back to Nelson, who understood what to do. The robe was short just above the knees, and when Tammy tightened the belt, the shape of her breast showed under the silky material. It was so sexy that Nelson got an erection looking at her.

Tammy looked at Nelson and pointed her finger down. Nelson dropped to the knees, looking up at Tammy, who stood tall in high heel slippers.

Tammy didn't say a word and quietly walked out of the bedroom, leaving Nelson standing on his knees.

Nelson smelled the aroma of the coffee coming from the kitchen and heard sounds of dishes. Tammy returned to the bedroom an hour later, “Go to the kitchen, eat, clean the dishes, and come back to the bedroom. You have 15 minutes.”

Without a word, Nelson got up and rushed to the kitchen. He knew that Tammy was upset at him, and he watched the clock as he wolfed down the now cold breakfast. He then washed quickly and rushed back to the bedroom.

Dressed in a yellow bikini bathing suit, Tammy combed her hair in front of the vanity mirror when Nelson returned to the bedroom. She looked up at the clock, “Get your bathing suit,” she said and tied her hair in a ponytail.

They got into the car, and Tammy told Nelson where to drive and then pulled out her cell phone and texted, ‘All clear.’ A response came back immediately, ‘Great, will let you know when we are done.’ Tammy smiled. Tara was such a perfectionist. She was on the way to Nelson's apartment with two professional technicians to install hidden HD video cameras.

Nelson drove in silence to the beach, and as they got out of the car, Tammy handed him a beach bag to carry.

“In public places, you may talk without asking for permission, but do not take it for granted,” Tammy said with a slight smile, walking on the warm sand toward the water. It was a sunny warm day. Tammy instructed Nelson to lay the towels on the sand, blow air into the beach ball she had in the bag, and then ran into the water.

Nelson finished his duties and ran into the water where Tammy stood, splashing water at him. Nelson playfully splashed water at her, and she laughed lightheartedly. They swam for a while and then got out of the water laying the towels.

A few minutes passed by, and Tammy bugged Nelson, “Let’s play volleyball.”

Nelson loved the game. They passed the ball up in the air to each other, and he watched Tammy running, jumping, and laughing joyfully.

She is stunning, with tits bouncing and a gorgeous body, Nelson thought. He admitted that it was fun to be with her.

Tammy dropped on the beach towel, exhausted, “Can’t play anymore,” she said, laughing.

Nelson sat next to her, smiling admiringly. They soaked in the sun and took dips into the ocean to cool off.

It was a pleasant, relaxing time.

Tammy’s phone beeped, ‘All done, left your laptop under the pillow, talk to you tomorrow.’ Tammy read the message with a smile. So typical of Tara, Tammy thought as she got up and started packing, implicitly signaling that it was time to leave.

Nelson helped and then carried the bag to the car. They drove in silence. Nelson realized that they did not talk much during their beach outing. Tammy knew everything she needed, but he was too timid to ask any personal questions.

When they got home, Tammy went straight to the shower, saying behind her back, “Get me the robe and slippers.” As she got out of the shower, Nelson waited with a towel. Tammy grabbed the towel and hissed, “Go clean yourself.”

Nelson got out of the shower and put on shorts and a T-shirt. He saw Tammy sitting in the living room working on a laptop. Nelson approached her and went down on one knee.

Tammy lifted her eyes from the computer screen, “What is it, Nelson?”

“Could I do some work in my office?”

“Yes, you may, and talking about the office, I’ll turn the small bedroom into my office.”

Nelson was distracted. The short robe was open a bit, and Nelson saw a glimpse of Tammy’s vagina lips.

Tammy noticed Nelson’s stare and pulled the robe wide open, “Is that what you really want, Nelson?”

Nelson's face reddened from embarrassment, "May I?" he asked hesitantly.

"Maybe later," Tammy said and covered her private parts, "Go do some work."

Nelson left the room, and Tammy opened the camera streaming app and watched. Nelson walked into his office and closed the door. He then picked up the phone and dialed. Tammy turned on wireless earbuds and listened.

"Hi, Mom, I am sorry I couldn't call you yesterday. Unfortunately, I was tied up."

"Yes, I know."

"How is Dad?"

They talked a little, and then Nelson said goodbye and hung. He dialed another number, this time to his friend Travis. They spoke about bonds prices and decided to meet for lunch this week. After that, Nelson searched the web. Tammy thanked Tara for installing front and back cameras. So she could zoom in and see what Nelson was reading about, and it was related to bond prices, not very interesting.

A few minutes later, Nelson got up and walked out of the office. Tara exited the app and looked up when Nelson bent on one knee in front of her.

"Yes, Nelson."

"I need to access my account to do some transactions."

"Of course," Tammy was cooperative, "Get up and sit next to me. Keep your hands on the back."

Nelson nodded and sat on the sofa.

"Which account?"

"Scottsdale."

"Turn your head," Tammy said as she entered the password.

Nelson breathed with relief, seeing that all his funds are untouched. Then, he explained to Tammy how to bring up the trade sale screen

and list bonds.

“Why are you selling them?” Tammy was curious.

“Because they will go down in value this week.”

“Okay, anything else you need?”

“May I see my checking account transactions?”

“Of course,” Tammy said. Nelson turned his head, and Tammy signed in. The checking account was intact, and so were the other investment accounts.

“Anything else?” Tammy asked, looking at Nelson with a slight smile.

“No, thank you,” Nelson said with a new appreciation for Tammy. She did not touch his money.

“Talking about money, I did order a credit card from your account. I’ll use it for necessities like food.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” Nelson said.

“Okay then, get off the sofa.”

Nelson went back to his office working on some clients’ accounts.

Tammy watched him on a live stream. Nelson read emails, drafted letters, and did other lawyers' stuff.

In the evening, they ordered Chinese food and then watched a movie on the big TV screen.

When they went to bed, Tammy sent Nelson to the shower, “You shower every night before you get into my bed,” she said. And when Nelson returned from the bathroom, she asked, “What time do you go to work?”

“I live home at eight-thirty,” Nelson said.

“I’ll put the alarm on eight o’clock,” Tammy said, “I might get up earlier than that.”

Like the night before, Tammy lay her head on Nelson's chest.

It took Nelson longer to fall asleep. He thought about the day they had. First, the beach was fun, then he worked and found out that Tammy

didn't touch any of his accounts. Next, they watched a movie like an old couple, and now Tammy sleeps on his chest. What was her plan? She was too smart to spend time with him for no reason. Nelson couldn't reach any conclusion and fell asleep puzzled.

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As in the previous morning, Nelson woke up before Tammy. He watched her sleeping peacefully and patiently waited until she woke up.

The alarm rang at eight o'clock. Tammy opened her eyes and smiled at Nelson. Nelson's heart melted, and he realized he had feelings for Tammy. However, reality hit him when Tammy ordered, "Get me the robe."

Nelson jumped out of bed and got the pink robe holding it open for Tammy to get her arms into the sleeves.

"How do you dress for work, Nelson?" Tammy asked.

"Usually suit and tie."

"Show me what you plan to wear."

Nelson got from the closet a gray suit, white shirt, and red tie.

Tammy looked at the clothes, "From now on, you prepare the clothes the night before and show it to me, do you understand, Nelson?"

"Yes, Tammy."

"Wash and get dressed," Tammy said and walked out of the bedroom.

Fifteen minutes later, Nelson, dressed in a suit, followed that coffee aroma and came to the kitchen. Without a word, Tammy poured him a cup of coffee.

"When do you finish work?" Tammy asked.

"That depends, sometimes at five, sometimes seven or eight."

"I want you at home at six o'clock every day, no exceptions," Tammy said with finality.

"There might be days that I have to stay longer," Nelson explained.

In return, Tammy pressed the remote.

Nelson jumped from the chair. His body was jerking.

Tammy kept the shocker for a long time until Nelson was sprawled on the floor, screaming his lung off.

Finally, Tammy let go of the remote control. Nelson was sobbing on the floor in a fetal position.

Tammy kicked him with the pointy head of her sleeper, “Get up, you disobedient boyfriend.”

Nelson had a hard time straightening up, and Tammy kept kicking him impatiently.

“Get up and take your pants off,” she shouted.

Nelson got up and dropped his pants, and Tammy picked the cane whip, “Swish,” the cane sounded as it hit Nelson's butt. And then another and another. Nelson screamed and begged Tammy to stop, but Tammy was furious and didn't stop until Nelson's ass was all covered with red lines.

“Put up your pants,” Tammy finally said in a quiet voice, dropping the cane on the floor.

Nelson was in excruciating pain. He could hardly move, and it wasn't easy to put up his pants.

“Nelson,” Tammy said and pointed the index finger down.

Nelson went down with loud sighs of pain and put his hands on the back.

Tammy lifted his chin with her palm, “Tell me, Nelson, what time you come home from work?”

“Six o'clock, Tammy,” Nelson replied obediently.

Tammy slapped his face, “Six o'clock, every day, no exceptions,” Tammy said, “Repeat that, Nelson.”

Nelson shouted, “Six o'clock every day, no exception.”

“Get up, and wait for me at the front door on your knees,” Tammy ordered.

Nelson got up and walked slowly. Each step caused enormous pain. Finally, when he reached the front door, he dropped on his knees, waiting for Tammy. Nelson couldn't believe what had just happened. How could he be so stupid and argue with Tammy? She would always have the upper hand.

Tammy showed up at the front door. She looked down at Nelson, her eyes still icy.

“You get on your knees at the front door every morning before leaving for work and wait for me, you understand, Nelson?”

“Yes, Tammy.”

Tammy pulled open the silk robe, “And you give me a goodbye, French kiss,” she said as she pulled Nelson's head between her legs.

Nelson kissed those delicate pink lips with delight. The scent of Tammy aroused him, and he got excited, kissing and licking with desire he couldn't hide. But it was short-lived excitement. Tammy pushed his head off after a few seconds, turned around, and walked away, saying behind her back, “You may go to work now.”

During the morning, Nelson couldn't sit, but by noon, the pain subsided, and Nelson could do some work.

At home, Tammy arranged the room she chose with a desk and had a locksmith install a keyless entry lock. Then, she met Tara for lunch.

“How are things going with Nelson?” Tara inquired.

“Okay.”

Tara burst with a laugh, “You punished him,” she said with an amused voice.

“Yes,” Tammy admitted, “it is never easy in the beginning, he is used to his daily habits, and I train him for new habits.”

“It shouldn't take long,” Tara said encouragingly, “But listen to this, I investigated the financial accounts and found that the family has over one hundred million and a Canary Island account. And there is a swiss account, but I couldn't get any info on this one.”

“Sounds like we are in for a long haul,” Tammy giggled happily.

“Yes, much better than Troy.”

“Oh, don't even mention him, he was all fake, and we fell for it.”

“But we learned from our mistakes and see where we are now.”

Tammy smiled at her friend and lifted the glass of wine. They soluted and laughed cheerfully.

“When do you plan to penetrate his circle of friends?” Tara asked, getting back to the business at hand.

“I need a few more days with him alone. He is not quite there yet,” Tammy said.

“He shouldn’t be too difficult to handle. I can help out if you need.”

“Thanks, but I think that I should spend time with him with no interventions.”

“Okay, it is your call,” Tara conceded and lifted the glass of wine again.

They ate, chatted, and then parted.

Tammy did some grocery shopping and cooked dinner. She liked cooking.

At six o’clock, Nelson came home. He walked in insecurely, but Tammy, wearing short black pants and a white tank top, put his fear at rest. She greeted him with a hug and a quick kiss on the lips, “How was your day?” she asked warmly.

“It was good,” Nelson said, a bit surprised at the change of Tammy’s behavior.

“I want to hear all about, but first go and change,” Tammy said in that ordering tone.

Nelson changed to shorts and T-shirts and returned to the living room.

Tammy got up from the sofa when Nelson entered, “Nelson,” Tammy said, pointing the index finger down. Nelson dropped to the knees.

“On four, come here,” Tammy said and sat back on the sofa, crossing her long legs watching Nelson approaching her on all four. So far, so good, Tammy thought.

When Nelson stopped in front of her, Tammy ordered him up on the knees. She looked into his eyes warmly and said, “Tell me what you did at work today, Nelson.”

“Well, I had a meeting with my staff about a case we are working on, and...”

“What time the meeting took place,” Tammy interrupted.

“Ten in the morning,” Nelson answered obediently.

“So, what did you do between nine and ten?” Tammy inquired.

Nelson went over every hour of the day with Tammy. She wanted to know the details of the case he discussed with his staff and the names of the lawyers and clients he met during the day.

After an hour of interrogation, Tammy was satisfied.

“Wash your hands and come to the kitchen,” she ordered.

Tammy served a delicious dinner. Nelson enjoyed it tremendously.

After dinner, Nelson asked for permission to work in his office, and Tammy watched a movie on the big screen while checking the live stream from Nelson’s office.

After the movie ended, Tammy called, “Nelson, we are going to bed now.”

Nelson came out of the office immediately and followed Tammy to the bedroom. Tammy took off her clothes and sat naked at the vanity, brushing her hair, watching Nelson's actions.

Nelson came out of the closet holding a striped grey suit with a red tie. He stood behind Tammy, showing the clothes through the mirror and watching Tammy’s tits bouncing lightly when the brush reached the end of her long hair.

“No,” Tammy said.

“No?” Nelson repeated, confused.

Tammy turned in her chair and banged Nelson’s balls with the hairbrush. Nelson bent from the pain.

“What don’t you understand about the word no, Nelson?”

“I am sorry, I’ll change the suit,” Nelson said quickly to appease Tammy and went to get another suit.

Tammy said again no to the plain grey suit.

On the third attempt, Nelson got a dark navy suit with a red tie.

“I like the suit, but not the tie,” Tammy said, still brushing her hair.

Nelson came back with three ties, and Tammy chose a blue necktie with polka dots and then got up and lay in bed wondering what Nelson would do.

Nelson did not disappoint her. He took a shower and came to bed lying next to her.

“Good night, Nelson,” Tammy said as she turned and laid her head on his chest.

“Good night, Tammy,” Nelson reciprocated.

The following day went smoothly. At eight o'clock, Nelson got up and fetched a silk robe for Tammy. He then washed up, got dressed, and went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Finally, Nelson went to the front door at eight-thirty, standing on his knees waiting for Tammy.

Tammy showed up a minute later. Without a word, she opened her robe, and Nelson lunged at her pretty vagina, kissing and licking lovingly with no inhibitions. Tammy caressed his head for a few seconds, then pushed him away, “Have a good day,” she said and turned around, walking away disappearing from view.

Nelson's eyes followed Tammy's long legs. His penis was hard. He licked his lips, savoring the taste, and then sighing, he got up and left for work.

When Nelson came home at six o'clock, Tammy walked out of the bedroom wearing blue jeans and a short tank top that exposed her navel. She walked on high heels and sat on the sofa, saying behind her back, “Get down on four.”

Nelson, still wearing the work suit, complied. Tammy gestured him to come closer, and when he reached her, she put one foot on his head, pushing him down, “Worship,” she said quietly.

Nelson licked her porcelain feet in high heels with devotion.

Tammy watched him for some time, enjoying the tingling in her feet, and then said, “I was thinking of going out for dinner tonight.”

Nelson nodded with enthusiasm.

Tammy hid a smile and took off her shoes, and tucked the legs under her butt, with feet sticking out from the edge of the sofa seat.

Nelson followed the feet and continued to kiss and lick the soft, delicate sole of her feet.

“I was thinking of walking down the street and looking for a restaurant. What do you think, Nelson?”

Nelson stopped for a second and said, “I know this small Italian restaurant downtown. They have excellent food.”

“That sounds good, we’ll go there, and you tell me about your day at work.”

It was the middle of the week and the first time they would go out to a public place. Tammy wanted to prepare Nelson and introduce a new aspect of their relationship.

“If we run into anyone you know, you will introduce me as your girlfriend,” Tammy said softly, caressing Nelson’s head while he licked her feet with long tongue movements and nodded in agreement.

“Okay, let’s go,” Tammy said, got up, and slid into her pumps.

Nelson got up, smiling, and looked at Tammy with admiration. He did not feel humiliated. On the contrary, Nelson felt gratitude that Tammy let him worship her.

As they stepped outside, Tammy held Nelson's hand, and they strolled looking at display windows of the shops.

When they passed by a jewelry store, Tammy stopped and looked at the display, “Isn’t that ruby necklace beautiful?” she gushed.

“Let see how it looks on your neck,” Nelson suggested.

“Really?” Tammy exclaimed like a little girl, squeezing Nelson’s hand with excitement.

The saleswoman removed the necklace from the display and put it on Tammy's neck. It was an oval ruby with small diamonds on its perimeter.

Tammy looked at herself in the mirror, “It is beautiful!” she cried.

“And it is yours,” Nelson said with a smile. Then, he turned to the saleswoman, asked for the price, and handed his credit card.

Tammy stared at herself in the mirror, and when the saleswoman offered her box, Tammy said she would keep it on her neck.

When they walked out of the store, Tammy hung on Nelson’s arm, pressing her breasts into him, “That was very kind of you, Nelson,” she said in a sweet voice.

“Oh, not at all,” Nelson said, enjoying the affection Tammy bestowed on him.

They reached the Italian restaurant. The owner rushed to greet Nelson, “Hello, Mr. Wilbur, so nice to see you again,” he said, glancing at Tammy with appreciation.

Nelson noticed the glance and quickly introduced Tammy, “This is my girlfriend, Tammy.”

“It is very nice to meet you, Miss Tammy,” the owner smiled broadly, “Let me show you to your table.”

The owner brought a bottle of wine and the menu, “Your favorite wine, Mr. Wilbur,” he said, smiling broadly and poured wine into their glasses.

Tammy held Nelson's hand affectionately and started to ask about his day at work. Nelson noticed that Tammy covered the black bend with a gold bracelet. He answered all Tammy’s questions and was surprised how Tammy remembered and followed details of the cases he worked on.

The food arrived, and they ate in silence, enjoying the delicious meal. At the end of the meal, Nelson braved up and said, “You know Tammy, I am proud to be your boyfriend, but I don’t know anything about you.”

Tammy looked at him with an amused smile. “There is not much to know,” she replied, “I grew up in Ohio, moved to the city, and worked as a model for Victoria's Secret.”

Nelson wanted to ask her about Tara but refrained. He didn't want to push his luck and knew that Tammy's mood could change rapidly, and that would mean punishment. So Nelson just smiled and pretended that he was satisfied with her answer.

They walked back home, and as they enter the apartment, Tammy took control immediately, "Nelson, undress," she ordered. Nelson stood in the living room and took off his clothes, throwing them on the floor.

Tammy pointed her finger down, and Nelson obediently dropped down with hands on the back, watching Tammy, who sat on the sofa, kicked her shoes, and pulled off the blue jeans.

Tammy gestured him to come over, and Nelson moved on all four and reached the sofa. Tammy lifted her legs and stretched her ass cheeks, "Get in there," she said quietly.

Nelson kissed her round ass and thrust his tongue into the pink asshole, moaning with desire and pleasure.

Tammy enjoyed Nelson's tender touch. She knew that he fantasized about anal sex and decided to reward him for buying her the necklace.

"You want to fuck me in the ass, don't you, Nelson?"

"Yes, Tammy, yes!"

"Make my ass squirt," Tammy tease as she pressed her anal muscles. Nelson felt the motion of the anal membrane and frantically licked, moaning louder.

"Are you ready for me?"

"Yes, yes," Nelson replied with excitement.

"Stand up and keep your hands on the back," Tammy reminded.

Tammy inserted Nelson's penis head into her butt opening, and then leaning on the back of the sofa, she pulled her legs back with hands under the knees. Nelson, standing and panting, came into view.

"Look at me," Tammy said. Nelson looked down into Tammy's blue eyes, "Move it in slowly," Tammy instructed and made moans of pain and joy as Nelson's penis penetrated her rectum.

Nelson got so excited he started to huff and puff, moving his cock at an increasing pace.

“You like fucking my ass, Nelson?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Move it faster.”

“Yeah,” Nelson screamed, banging the ass with loud moans.

“Give me your cum, Nelson. I want your cum in my ass,” Tammy incited.

Nelson breathed heavily and then yelled as he ejaculated inside Tammy.

Tammy smiled with satisfaction. She reached the point where she controlled Nelson’s emotions.

Tammy let go of her knees and extended her arms, and straightened up.

“Come here,” she whispered and hugged Nelson, “You may hug me.”

They hugged each other until Nelson’s penis softened and slid out.

“Get down now,” Tammy said, and Nelson knew what to do. So he went down on the knees kissing and licking Tammy’s butt opening.

“Take a shower now,” Tammy said after a while. Nelson got up obediently and left the room.

While Nelson was under the shower stream, Tammy joined him. “You may touch me with your hands,” she allowed.

Nelson was entranced. He loved touching Tammy’s gorgeous smooth body. He ran his hands with soap over those firm tits and stomach and then patted her round ass and brushed her smooth back.

Tammy cut it short and turned off the water. She hugged Nelson and whispered in his ear, “Thank you for the necklace,” and then stepped out of the shower stall. Nelson followed suit. Tammy lifted her arms silently, and Nelson lovingly wiped her. And when Nelson reached down to her feet, Tammy gently pushed his down with one foot.

Nelson did not need verbal instructions. He knew what Tammy silently ordered, and he licked her feet with intensity and desire he couldn’t

understand.

Tammy picked up the towel and wrapped it around. She looked down at Nelson, who lovingly licked her feet and knew that she conquered him. Nelson was her slave as long as she wanted him.

But for Nelson, obeying and serving Tammy became a pleasure he enjoyed and looked forward to.

Nelson was absorbed with Tammy's feet when abruptly, Tammy walked out of the bathroom, leaving Nelson surprised with his tongue out. He got out of the bathroom and saw Tammy brushing her hair.

Without looking, Tammy said, "Wait for me in bed."

Nelson lay in bed on his back, thinking about the events of the day. First, Tammy made love to him and then gave him more freedom to touch her. That must be related to the necklace I bought her, Nelson thought, I should get jewelry more often.

Tammy brushed her hair and looked at the necklace she placed in her jewelry box. I bet Nelson understands that sex is not free, Tammy thought. She smiled to herself and wondered how long it would take to fill the jewelry box.

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In the morning, things went back to routine. Nelson helped Tammy into the robe, got dressed, drank coffee, and waited on the knees at the front door.

Tammy came to the front door and opened her robe. Nelson left to work with the taste of Tammy in his mouth.

In the evening, Nelson changed to short pants and moved on all four. Then, at Tammy's gesture, Nelson straightened up and submissively stood on his knees in front of Tammy.

Tammy looked at him with approval, and when she was satisfied with all the work stories, they went to the kitchen.

"Nelson," Tammy said while they were eating the meal she cocked, "I want to go out dancing tomorrow night. It is Friday."

"Sure," Nelson agreed.

"Why don't you invited your friends to go out with us. It would be fun," Tammy said with a warm smile.

"I'll call Dak and Travis and see if they can join us," Nelson volunteered.

"Yeah, that sounds wonderful," Tammy smiled at him.

Tammy left the kitchen cleaning for Nelson and went to her office. She saw Nelson on live stream going to his office and pick up the phone. He called Travis, made plans to meet at an upscale nightclub, and then called Dak, who readily agreed and said he would make the reservations. Nelson thanked him and hung up.

Tammy was happy with Nelson's quick actions and thought that it would be helpful for her plan to meet Nelson's friends.

An hour later, Tammy felt tired. She saw Nelson working on some documents, and with no hesitation or knocking, she opened Nelson's office door and walked in, saying, "Nelson, we go to bed now."

"Let me finish this document. It won't take long," Nelson said, still absorbed in the letter he drafted.

Tammy looked at him angrily. Then, she turned up the intensity and pushed the remote button. Nelson jumped out of the chair, held his

balls, and screamed for good five seconds.

“Undress, and stay on your knees,” Tammy said in that quiet voice and left the office. A minute later, Tammy returned and threw the legs restraining bar at Nelson, “Put it on and lay on your stomach,” she ordered.

Nelson quickly tied his ankles and then lay on the floor.

Tammy stood between his legs and placed the pointy toe of her high heel sleeper on Nelson’s testicles, and slowly step down.

Nelson yelled and cried from the pain, but Tammy continued to press harder until she couldn’t listen to Nelson’s screams anymore.

Nelson was sobbing heavily, tears running on over his face.

Tammy stood in front of Nelson silently. Nelson lunged at her feet, kissing and licking frantically, “I am sorry, Tammy. Please forgive me, please!” Nelson cried.

“I don’t need your sorrow. I need your obedience,” Tammy said quietly.

“I’ll be obedient, Tammy, I swear, I’ll be obedient,” Nelson plea.

“We need to make sure of that, don’t we, Nelson?”

“Yes, Tammy,” Nelson forced himself to say.

“Turn around.”

Nelson lay on his back with legs restrained apart, his heart beating with fear.

Tammy stepped between his legs and carefully placed the high heel of the sleeper on Nelson’s balls, pressing down his penis with the bottom of the shoe.

Again, Tammy slowly pressed down the heel crushing Nelson's testicles.

“Are you sure you’ll be obedient?” Tammy hissed, pressing down, inflicting tremendous pain.

“I am sure, Tammy, I am sure,” Nelson screamed.

Tammy pressed a bit more. Nelson sobbed and howled loud, tears covering his face, "Please, Tammy, please stop," he begged.

"I want to make sure that you'll be obedient boyfriend," Tammy pressed harder.

"Yes, I'll be obedient boyfriend, I swear," Nelson screamed loud with a panic tone.

Tammy let go of his balls. She looked at Nelson holding his testicles, howling with pain.

"Remove the restraining bar, and get up," Tammy said quietly.

Nelson, still sobbing with deep breaths, quickly obeyed and stood on his feet.

Tammy leaned her butt on the desk and lifted her tank top, "Take it," she said shortly.

Nelson bent and sucked her nipple while Tammy caressed his head. He was drawing comfort from the affection Tammy provided.

Tammy patted his head affectionately, "You'll be a good boyfriend, won't you, Nelson?"

"Yes, Tammy, I'll be the best," Nelson agreed wholeheartedly and went back to sucking Tammy's breasts.

"You obey, and we'll have a good time, you understand that?"

"Yes, Tammy and I called Travis and Dak. We'll go out with them tomorrow," Nelson said proudly, feeling better as the pain subsided.

"That's great, Nelson. Now go take a shower wait for me in bed," Tammy said as she spanked him playfully on his butt.

Tammy watched Nelson take a shower and then lay in bed waiting. Finally, Tammy came to bed half an hour later and laid her head on Nelson's chest, hugging him lovingly.

Nelson couldn't believe his feelings. Instead of being angry at Tammy for cruelly inflicting so much pain on him, Nelson felt gratitude for Tammy's kindness for letting him suck her breasts and laying on his chest so intimately.

Nelson heard the soft breathing of Tammy as she fell asleep on him and closed his eyes, drifting off with a smile.

After Nelson stood on his knees, kissed her in the morning, and left to work, Tammy went shopping for a dress. She browsed through several stores until she found a dress that she liked. It was a red dress that covered each breast separately and ended with a crossed bands on the back. She then looked for shoes and chose red ankle strap high heel shoes.

Tammy had a robe on when Nelson arrived from work. He stood on his knees and answered all of her questions about his day at work.

“What time we meet your friends?” Tammy asked.

“Eight o’clock.”

“What you gonna wear?”

“I thought I’d put on casual Khaki and polo shirt.”

“No,” Tammy said decisively.

Nelson learned from previous experience and handled the conversation differently, “Then what would you like me to wear?”

“Suit and tie.”

Nelson didn’t like it but didn’t say a word.

“Is the suit I am wearing is good?”

“No.”

Nelson went to the closet and came out with three different suits.

Tammy didn’t like any. So finally, Nelson showed her a white Caribbean-style suit. Tammy liked it and chose a dark red shirt with a white necktie.

When Nelson was dressed to Tammy’s satisfaction, Tammy pulled the red dress from the closet. She took off the robe and naked slipped into the dress. Nelson watched her with awe.

“Help me with the necklace,” Tammy said as she lifted her hair off the back of her long neck.

Tammy brushed her hair one last time, put on the red high heel, and looked at herself in the mirror.

“You are a knockout,” Nelson with sincere admiration.

Tammy looked at Nelson through the mirror, “It should make you proud to be my boyfriend.”

“I am very proud,” Nelson defended himself.

Tammy linked her arm with his, “Let’s go.”

They arrived at the club a few minutes after eight. Only one couple was seated, and they got up when Tammy holding Nelson’s hand, approached the table.

“Hello, hello,” Dak said with a broad smile. He was a handsome man, tall and tan, with black hair and brown eyes. Next to him stood a cute young brunette.

“Dak, this my girlfriend, Tammy,” Nelson introduced appropriately.

“Very nice to meet you, Tammy,” Dak said and shook Tammy’s hand, holding it just a second too long.

“And this is Ashley,” Dak introduced. The girl said hi, and Tammy reciprocated politely, pretending that she didn’t feel that Dak was ogling her intently.

A few minutes later, Travis arrived with his wife, Janet. Nelson repeated the introduction, and Tammy shook hands with Travis and Janet.

They ordered drinks and food and chatted. Tammy made an effort to charm Travis and Janet. She knew that Ashley was just a temporary date, and Dak did not need any charms.

Often Tammy laughed and hugged Nelson showing affection. Nelson talked to his friends and enjoyed Dak’s envious stares. At one point during the dinner, Dak muttered to Nelson, “You are a lucky SOB.”

As they finished the dinner, the band started to play. Then, a few couples went to the dance floor. After that, the conversation died down, and everyone was watching the dance floor. The second tune the band play was tango, and Tammy put her arm around Nelson’s neck and whispered, “Dance with me.”

Nelson got up, holding Tammy's hand, and led her to the dance floor, "Tammy," Nelson said, "I am not a good dancer and won't do well in tango."

Tammy burst with a laugh, "Don't worry. I'll lead you."

While dancing with Nelson, Tammy saw Dak and Ashley dancing. Dak was an excellent dancer leading Ashley effortlessly.

At the end of the tune, the band started a fast Rhumba tune. Dak approached Nelson and Tammy, "Hey, Nelson, you wouldn't mind if I'll have this dance with your girlfriend."

"Not at all," Nelson replied.

Dak bent grandiosely in front of Tammy, "May I invite for a dance?"

Tammy giggled and played along, "Yes, you may."

"Would you please dance with me?" Dak said, extending his hand to Tammy.

Tammy put her palm in Dak's inviting hand, "Of course, Dak," she said.

Dak led her with confidence. First, he swirled her, then held her waist and whirled her again. Tammy was light on her feet, responding effortlessly with elegance to Dak's moves.

Most people seated in the chair watched Dak and Tammy dancing. In swirls, Tammy's long hair flew in the air, and when they danced facing each other, Tammy's breasts lightly bounced with the rhythm of the music.

At the table, Janet said to Nelson, "Tammy is a beautiful girl and intelligent."

"Thank you, she sure is," Nelson said, not taking his eyes off Tammy for a second. He was waiting anxiously for the dance to end. For some reason, he felt abandoned and wanted Tammy to be back by his side.

Tammy swirled elegantly on the dance floor, "You are a good dancer," Dak said with appreciation.

“So are you,” Tammy smiled as she brushed her leg on Dak’s crotch teasingly.

As the dance ended, Tammy returned to the table and hugged and kissed Nelson. Janet smiled at her with approval, and Nelson was delighted.

The friends had another round of drinks and went to the dance floor for slow dances.

It was a lovely evening. Tammy liked Travis and Janet. They were low-key, friendly, and kind, and she made plans with Janet to meet sometime for lunch.

Dak shook hands at the end of the evening and then said with excitement, “Why don’t you come to my place tomorrow evening? I’ll throw a party.”

“Pary,” Nelson smiled broadly and then looked at Tammy for approval. Tammy smiled back, “Yes, sure,” she said.

“We’ll be there,” Nelson informed Dak.

“Great,” Dak replied. He wasn’t interested in Travis’ response, and Travis did not say anything. They walk out of the club and said goodbye to each other.

On the way home, Tammy inquired, “What business is Dak in?”

“He imports food.”

“Imports food?” Tammy asked, puzzled.

“Yes, his family owns thousands of acres of farmland in Brazil, and he imports their products and from other South American countries.”

“He is from Brazil?”

“Yes, but he grew up in the states. His parents went back to Brazil a few years ago.”

Tammy wondered about Dak. During the evening, he ogled her with no restraints. His sexual desire was apparent and tramped any friendship commitment to Nelson. However, Nelson did not notice and treated Dak as a good friend.

“And Dak, Travis, and you were roommates in college?” Tammy asked, confirming in her head the relationship ties of the three men.

“Yes, we were all business majors and partied a lot during college years.”

“And he can throw a party just like that last minute?”

“Oh yes! When Dak throws a party Saturday night, people come in droves.”

“I see,” Tammy said absently.

The rest of the way, they drove in silence, and when they reached home, Tammy said, “I am tired. Let’s go to bed.” She watched Nelson. He undressed and took a shower, then came to bed. Tammy looked at him with approval and laid her head on his chest, hugging him affectionately, “Goodnight,” she mumbled and drifted off.

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After breakfast, Nelson went out to play the weekend golf with his buddies, and Tammy, dressed casually in blue jeans and a T-shirt, texted Dara to meet her.

They met at a coffee shop downtown.

“How are things going with Nelson?” Tara asked.

“Good, I met a couple of his friends last night, and tonight we’ll go to a party. I’ll probably meet more people.”

“Great, now you need to meet his parents,” Tara replied with excitement.

“Tara, stop! I know what I need to do.”

“Okay, okay, don’t get upset with me,” Tara giggled.

“Listen, I think that I have a good candidate for you.”

“What do you mean for me?”

“Well, I am busy with Nelson.”

“So?”

“So I cannot help you with another man unless you want to wait till I am done with Nelson.”

“Hmmm, I see,” Tara said, and then after a pause, “Who is he?”

“He a friend of Nelson, his name is Dak Reano, originally from Brazil, but grew up in the US.”

“Brazil? What are we going international?”

Tammy burst with a laugh and said, “Look him up. He has a food import business that looks lucrative to me. I’ll meet him again tonight, and if you want, I’ll work out something for you.”

Tara wrote down Dak's name, “How does he look?” she asked with curiosity.

“He is handsome and tall, your type,” Tammy giggled.

Tara smiled fondly at her friend. They chatted for a bit longer and then parted.

Tammy went grocery shopping, and Tara rushed home and searched for information about Dak. But, unfortunately, all she could find was gossip information.

Tara picked up the phone and dialed, "Bill, Hi, this is Tara."

A deep base voice responded from the other end of the line, "What can I do for you, Tara?"

"I need information about a family business in Brazil, the Reano family. They have a son named Dak, and he is running the North America operation of their food distribution."

"I'll see what I can do," the deep voice replied.

"Bill, if you could get any preliminary information today, I would appreciate it."

"I'll see what I can do," Bill repeated and hung up.

Tara smiled at the phone. She did not doubt that Bill will come up with information, wondering if Tammy was right about Dak.

Tammy was surprised that Nelson was already at home when she returned, "One of the guys was sick, and we played only nine holes," Nelson explained.

"Oh," Tammy responded and went to her office. She loved her new sanctuary and continued to paint the canvas that she started the other day. The painting was a hobby that relaxed Tammy. She was a good artist but never showed her work to anyone, including Tara.

In the afternoon, Tammy prepared food for dinner. Nelson heard her and appeared in the kitchen, "What are you wearing tonight?" he asked.

Tammy relaxed the rule of not talking without permission, and Nelson felt comfortable to speak freely,

"I'll wear the black cocktail dress with the silver sparkling," Tammy replied, wondering why Nelson asked this question.

"Do you think that pearls necklace would go well with that outfit?"

Tammy burst into a laugh. Nelson loved to hear the ringing sound of Tammy's laughter and joined her laughing.

“Yes, Nelson, I think that pearls necklace would be perfect,” Tammy said, still laughing.

“Okay then, I’ll see you in a little bit,” Nelson said and left.

An hour later, Nelson returned home with a jewelry box and handed it to Tammy, with no explanation.

Tammy opened the jewelry box and gasped. A beautiful pearls necklace and drop earrings shimmered at her.

“It is beautiful!” Tammy cried and hugged Nelson, who smiled proudly.

“My girlfriend deserves the best,” he said.

Tammy hugged him again. Nelson tried to hug her, but Tammy slapped his face angrily, glaring into his eyes. Nelson immediately put his hands back.

“Let’s have dinner,” Tammy said. She didn’t want to spoil the evening with harsh punishment and wondered if it wasn’t a mistake to relax the talking permission rule.

They got ready for the party. The sparkling black mini dress hugged Tammy’s curves sensually. She put her hair in a side braided ponytail, exposing her long neck adorned with a pearls necklace and the cleavage of her firm breasts.

“Wow,” Nelson said when he saw her, “You are stunning!”

“Let’s go, Romeo,” Tammy smiled fondly at him.

On the way to the party, Tammy’s phone buzzed. ‘It is a go,’ was the text message from Tara. Okay, Tara, Tammy thought, you are on.

Dak lived in a lovely villa located in a new wealthy suburb. The party took place at the poolside and the adjacent living room. Tammy was surprised to see so many people and wondered how Dak arranged food catering with three bartenders that served over fifty people on such short notice.

Waitresses moved around constantly with trays of champagne glasses and delicious hors d'oeuvres. Tammy picked a glass of

champagne and held Nelson's arm as they walked around the pool. Nelson knew a few people and introduced them to Tammy.

In the living room, a DJ played dance music. People stood in groups, some danced, and everybody drank.

Dak approached Nelson and Tammy and greeted them.

“Nice house, Dak,” Tammy commented.

“I would love to give you a tour,” Dak said, glancing at Tammy’s cleavage.

“That would be nice.” Tammy said and pulled on Nelson’s arm, “Nelson, join us,” Tammy said. She did not want to be with Dak alone, and Nelson obediently tugged along.

Dak couldn’t hide his disappointment but went on with the tour. Tammy was impressed with the bedroom that had French doors leading into a balcony that overlooked the pool.

When they returned to the living room, Dak asked Tammy for a dance. During the dance, Dak flirted with Tammy, and she played along.

The dance ended, and Dak offered Tammy a drink. Fortunately, Nelson wasn’t around, and Dak took the opportunity to get to know Tammy.

“What do you do for a living?” Dak asked.

“I am modeling for Victoria’s Secret,” Tammy said, sipping the champagne, enjoying Dak’s attention.

“Oh really! If I knew that, I would ask you to bring some of your co-workers,” Dak said with a laugh.

“I can introduce you to some if you like,” Tammy said as she put her palm on Dak’s chest intimately.

“I would like that,” Dak said.

“Do you have a business card?” Tammy asked, wanting to wrap up the conversation.

“Yes, and let me write down my cell number,” Dak offered and wrote the number on the back of the card.

“I’ll be in touch,” Tammy said and stashed the card in her purse.

At that moment, Nelson appeared, and Tammy hung on his arm, smiled at Dak, and pulled Nelson outside to the pool area.

They talked to other people and watched drunk girls jumping into the water. Tammy had a great time and didn't realize how much she drank, but she started to wobble as she walked, and Nelson helped to get to the car.

"I had a great time, baby," Tammy mumbled, "Take me home and fuck me, baby."

Nelson watched Tammy with a loving smile. She was so cute when she was drunk.

As they entered the apartment, Tammy peeled her dress, throwing it on the floor, "I need some cock," she yelled, drunk and horny.

Nelson took the opportunity to touch Tammy, who moaned and cried, "Where is my cock?"

Tammy lost all guards. "Give me your cock," she shouted and pulled Nelson by his penis to the bed. She then lay on her back with legs spread apart, "Give me your goddamn cock," she repeated loudly.

They made love passionately, with long kisses and deep moans. Their bodies moved at the same rhythm. Tammy wasn't aware of what she was doing, and Nelson enjoyed the freedom of touching and intimacy.

"Oh, baby, I love your cock," Tammy cried, moving her groin and reflexively countering Nelson's moves.

"Yeah, yeah, baby!" Tammy yelled and shuddered as she came, mumbling some words that Nelson did not understand.

Nelson ejaculated a short time later and lay on top of Tammy catching his breath. He then lifted his head and smiled at the view of Tammy in a deep sleep.

Nelson lay beside Tammy and fell asleep instantly.

In the morning, Nelson woke up and watched Tammy sleeping next to him. It was already ten o'clock, and Nelson decided to surprise Tammy with breakfast in bed. He got up, made coffee and pancakes, and went back to the bedroom with the tray.

“Tammy, I made you breakfast,” Nelson said.

Tammy just woke up. She squinted her eyes, “What are you doing up?” She shouted.

“I thought that you would like breakfast in bed,” Nelson chirped.

Tammy jumped out of bed, got the restraining legs bar, and threw it at Nelson, “Put it on. Naked. Now!” she screamed angrily.

Nelson realized the mistake he made, and fear crawled through his body.

Tammy was furious. She picked a black snake whip and shouted, “Put your hands up.”

Nelson stood with hands up in the air. It was quiet, and suddenly, he heard a ‘Swish’ sound of the whip whirling in the air. And then he screamed from pain as the whip wrapped around his back and stomach.

“Did I tell you not to leave the bed?” Tammy shouted with a louder ‘Swish.’

Nelson bent when the whip hit him again.

Tammy stepped in front of him, naked on high heel sleepers. Her eyes were icy blue.

“Hands up,” Tammy shouted, rotating the whip in the air and then lowered her arm. The whip wrapped Nelson's torso.

“Hands up,” Tammy shouted at Nelson, who bent from the pain.

“Swish,” “Swish,” “Swish,” the whip slammed Nelson back, leaving red traces.

“Did I punish you once for leaving the bed, Nelson?” Tammy asked, holding the whip down.

“Yes, Tammy,” Nelson said submissively.

Tammy stepped back to Nelson's side, whirled the whip in the air, and lowered her arm, and the black leather tail hit Nelson’s back with a loud impact.

Nelson bent and screamed from the pain.

Tammy did not order Nelson to straighten with hands up. Instead, she continued to whip him relentlessly until Nelson lay on the floor sobbing.

Tammy stood above him and kicked him, “You are disobedient scum bag,” she declared. She then squirted and urinated on Nelson with contempt.

Nelson put his hands over his face to protect himself.

Tammy angrily kicked his balls, and when Nelson reflexively placed his hands on the aching testicles, Tammy urinated on his face.

Nelson sprawled on the floor, his body and face covered with Tammy’s urine. It was painful and humiliating.

Tammy kicked him again for good measure, then put on shorts and T-shirt and left.

Walking downtown, Tammy slowly calmed down from the rage she had felt. Finally, she sat in a coffee shop and texted Tara.

‘Need to talk, come to the coffee shop.’

‘Be there shortly,’ Tara immediately replied.

Tara showed up twenty minutes later.

“What’s up, Tammy?”

“I got drunk last night,” Tammy said, point blanc.

“And lost control,” Tara completed the sentence.

“Yes.”

“And what happened?”

“He took advantage, and I had to punish him.”

“That doesn’t sound that bad.”

“It was bad. I am not sure what I did or said last night.”

“Tammy! How many times have we talked about drinking on the job?”

“Oh, please, Tara, don’t lecture me. I am upset at myself.”

Tara and Tammy looked at each other silently for a few seconds.

“I got a contact number for Dak,” Tammy finally said with a mischievous smile.

“That’s good. I am getting impressive information about Dak’s family in Brazil. They are mega-rich.”

“I thought so. You should see his house. It is beautiful with a swimming pool.”

“I like swimming pools,” Tara smiled.

“You would like Dak,” Tammy said, “And he will be easy to train. How do you want to go about it?”

“Just text him tonight that you gave his phone number to your friend, Tara.”

“That’s it?”

“Yes, I’ll take care of the rest.”

They chat for a bit, and then went shopping in the mall and had lunch.

Tammy returned home in the afternoon and locked in her office. She painted, trying to relax. When she walked out of her room later in the evening, Nelson approached her and went down on one knee, requesting permission to talk.

Tammy stood still in shorts and snickers and looked at Nelson silently for a long time. Then she turned and went to the bedroom without a word.

Nelson was puzzled and wasn’t sure what to do. Finally, he got up and followed Tammy to the bedroom. He heard Tammy in the shower and walked into the bathroom.

“You can wash my back,” Nelson heard Tammy’s voice.

Nelson excitedly stripped and got into the shower stall. Tammy stood with her back facing him, handing him the sponge. Nelson gently washed her back and went down to scrub her butt and legs. He was on his knees when Tammy turned around, turned off the water, and pointed her finger down.

Nelson bent and kissed her feet.

“You may talk now,” Tammy said quietly.

“I am so sorry about what I did this morning. Please forgive me.”

“I don’t want to hear about your sorrow,” Tammy said in a harsh tone.

Nelson did not know how to respond and submissively licked Tammy's feet, hoping that she would forgive him.

Tammy watched Nelson for a few seconds. She wasn’t angry anymore and decided to accept Nelson's disobedience incident.

“If you disobey me again, I’ll leave you and send that video to everyone. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Tammy,” Nelson said in a shaking voice.

“And I won’t repeat myself. You know the rules,” Tammy said and walked out of the shower.

Nelson rushed after her with a towel and wiped her.

Tammy walked out of the bathroom and said behind her back, “Take a shower and go to bed.”

Nelson followed Tammy’s order. After the shower, he lay in bed waiting for Tammy, who brushed her hair in front of the vanity mirror.

Later, Tammy came to bed and laid her head on Nelson's chest, “Good night, Nelson,” she whispered.

“Good night,” Nelson reciprocated and breathed with relief.

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“So you want to meet a Victoria’s Secret Angel?” Tara texted Dak. She attached a photo of herself in white lingerie, showing generous cleavage and long shapely legs in high heel pumps.

The response came instantly, ‘Would love to meet you.’

Really? Tara thought and did not respond. A day passed by. Tara waited patiently. She knew that Dak would look at her photo over and over again.

“I am sorry for the long delay. Unfortunately, I was busy at work. What day would be convenient to meet?” Dak texted the next day.

Hmmm, that was much better, Tara thought as she read the text. She waited until the evening and texted back, ‘Friday evening. Meet me at the Azul, 8 pm.’

Dak read the text and laughed since he knew well the Azul club, and he liked Tara’s direct approach. He texted immediately, ‘I’ll reserve a table, see you soon.’

On Friday night, Dak arrived at the nightclub, ordered a drink, and watched the entrance. Latin music played in the background, and the place started to fill with people.

Tara wore a purple strapless skin-tight mini dress and purple high-heel pumps. Her hair was up in an elegant bun, and diamond earrings adorned her pretty face.

Sauntering in high heels, Tara entered the club at eight twenty.

Dak gasped when he saw her. Tara was stunning. Her nipples protruded from the tight dress and bounced lightly with each step she made with those long legs in high heels.

“Hi, Dak,” Tara said with a dazzling smile.

Dak got up, “Nice to meet you, Tara, please join me,” he said politely.

Tara sat down at the table and smiled at Dak.

Dak smiled back and ordered drinks for both of them. He was pleasantly surprised by Tara's appearance.

They chatted about the club and music, and after a while, Tara got impatient, “Are you going to dance with me?” she asked point blanc.

“Of course, Let’s dance,” Dak chirped as he stood up and extended his hand to Tara.

Tara and Dak danced to the rhythm of Latin music. In swing dances, Dak led Tara with elegance like a professional. Tara was a good dancer and moved elegantly with Dak. She put her arms around Dak’s neck in slow dances, keeping a distance but brushing her leg over Dak's crotch. Tara radiated sexuality, and Dak loved it.

When they took a break and sipped their drinks, Tara moved on with her plan, “Dak,” she said, “Tammy told me that you have a beautiful home with a swimming pool.”

“Oh, thank you, I am so used to my home, I don’t think much of it.”

“I would like to see it,” Tara said as she ran her palm over Dak’s thigh.

“I’ll be delighted to show it to you,” Dak said with excitement.

“I am ready now,” Tara said, challenging Dak.

“Okay then, let’s go now.”

“Okay,” Tara agreed as she picked her handbag, ready to go.

Outside the club, the Valet attendant brought Dak’s car. It was an unusual car in dark blue.

Tara sat on the leather seat and asked, “What kind of car is this?”

“It's Masarete SUV.”

“Oh, I’ve never seen it.”

“No, you won’t see it very often. There aren’t many Masarettes on the roads,” Dak said explain proudly.

As they walked into Dak’s house, Dak showed Tara the living room, and from there, they walked outside to the pool.

Tara took off the pumps and dipped one manicured foot in the water, “Hmmm, nice temperature,” she commented.

“It is heated,” Dak explained.

“I see, warm and ready,” Tara said and casually took off her dress and jumped into the water.

Dak looked at her with awe. Tara wore nothing under that mini dress and swam naked in the pool. She was a good swimmer, and by the time Dak took off his clothes, Tara reached the other end of the pool, standing in the shallow water, waiting for Dak.

When Dak reached the end, Tara giggled and swam to the other end. They paddled side by side, and when they reached the end, Dak couldn't wait any longer and kissed Tara.

Tara kissed him back, then playfully pushed him away and swam to the end of the pool.

In the shallow water, Dak became more aggressive, hugging Tara and touching her all over.

Tara stroked his erect penis and said, "Not here, Dak."

Dak understood. He let go of Tara and jumped out of the pool, and grabbed two large towels from the poolside cabinet.

Tara got out of the water, and Dak wrapped her with the towel. "Thank you," Tara said and kissed Dak, "I need a drink."

"I have good champagne. Would you like that?"

"I would love a glass of bubbly," Tara chirped.

Dak went in to get it, and Tara sat on one of the lounge chairs.

"Thank you," Tara said when Dak returned with two glasses of champagne, "It is so quiet and peaceful, you can see stars."

"Yes, I like it here," Dak said, sitting next to Tara. It was nice being with her. She was calmed and confident, not like most girls that chit-chat to no end to get his attention.

They sat in comfortable silence, watching the stars sipping their drinks. Then, after a few minutes, Tara jumped up and ran naked into the house, "I need to take a shower," she said, laughing. Dak followed her, and when she stopped at the base of the stairs that led upstairs, Dak caught up with her.

"Show me your bedroom," Tara said as she put her arms around Dak's neck. Her eyes sparkled mischievously.

Dak lifted Tara and carried her upstairs while Tara laughed with joy. Dak dropped Tara on the bed and jumped on top of her. He was aroused and couldn't wait any longer.

"Oh, baby, fuck me," Tara incited.

Dak didn't need any encouragement. He thrust his hard cock into Tara's wet vagina and pumped fast.

Tara pretended that she enjoyed it and moaned loud. It was quick. Dak came in no time, leaving Tara unsatisfied, and wondered if that's why Dak was changing girlfriends so often.

"Let's take a shower," Tara suggested when Dak rolled off her.

"Sure, right in there," Dak turned on the lights in the bathroom.

"Would you be sweet and bring the champagne from downstairs?"

"Sure," Dak said.

Tara took a quick shower, and when she got out of the shower, Dak returned with the two glasses.

"Don't you take a shower?" Tara asked.

"Yes, I should," Dak replied and went into the shower stall.

Tara quickly put the white powder in his drink, and when Dak dried up with a towel, Tara suggested, "Let's go outside," and walked to the terrace off the bedroom.

Dak followed her, "Cheers," Tara said, leaning on the rail of the balcony. Dak lifted his glass and drank.

"What a beautiful night," Tara commented, sipping the champagne and watching Dak.

Dak hugged her, and Tara clinked her glass for another sip, watching Dak taking another gulp. She then kissed Dak, "Let's go to bed," she murmured.

It took a few more minutes for Dak to fall into a deep sleep.

Tara got up and picked up the cell phone,

"Bill, any new information," Tara asked without preliminaries.

Unfortunately, Bill was very late with the final report.

“I just got the final report. Dak’s family controls one of the largest mafia organizations in South America. The food business is just a front. If I were you, I would stay away from this guy.”

“Thank you so much, Bill,” Tara gushed, but the line was already dead.

Good old Bill, Tara thought with a smile. She picked up the champagne glasses, washed them thoroughly, collected her belongings, and scheduled Uber.

To Tara’s surprise, she got a text message from Dak the next day, “I had a great time, would like to invite for dinner tonight.”

Tara was cautious with her response and texted, ‘Thanks Dak, I am flattered, but unfortunately, I will be traveling to different shows in the next couple of weeks and won’t be able to meet today.’

Dak replied instantly, ‘No problem, call me when you are back in town.’

‘I sure will,’ Tara replied with a sigh of relief. She then called Tammy and made a plan for lunch.

Over lunch, Tammy inquired,

“How did it go with Dak?”

Tara told her about Bill’s report.

“Oh, wow, I am glad you got the report early enough.”

“Yes, who knows what would happen otherwise,” Tara said, “But how are things going with Nelson?”

“Going along as we planned,” Tammy said without elaboration.

Tara did not push this time.

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Life got into a routine for Tammy and Nelson with morning kitty kisses, evening work reports, and dinners.

After the last incident and whiplashes, Nelson was obedient and attentive to Tammy's orders.

Tammy liked her life. She spent time in her room painting, went shopping in the mall, and met a few more of Nelson's friends.

Tammy did not have sex with Nelson for a few days watching Nelson's behavior. Then, one day while she was painting, she noticed something different on the live stream. She zoomed on Nelson's monitor and saw that he watched porno films.

Interesting, Tammy thought. She abandoned her painting and concentrated on the live stream.

Nelson watched two girls and one guy. He fast-forwarded and stopped at scenes that showed the girls licking the guy's cock. Nelson then switched and watched two men and one girl. Again he skipped scenes and watched the two men fucking the girl in the vagina and ass.

Tammy was thrilled and continued to watch with interest.

Nelson switched again and watched a cuckold movie. The Mistress made love to a muscular man while her slave licked her feet and then her ass. At that point, Nelson pulled out his penis and started to stroke.

The man in the movie fucked the Mistress when she lay on her back, spreading her legs and moaning loud. The Mistress pushed the slave's face in front of her vagina for a better view.

At that scene, Tammy left her room and walked into Nelson's office.

Nelson was rattled, but Tammy just smiled and stood next to him, "Let me help you, Nelson," she said and stroked his cock.

Nelson tried to exit the movie, but Tammy stopped him, "I want to watch it with you, baby," she whispered in Nelson's ear.

The man in the movie banged the Mistress hard. The Mistress yelled with pleasure, holding the slave by his hair in front of her vagina. Finally, the man in the movie puffed loud, pulled his penis, and ejaculated all over the Mistress vagina.

Nelson's cock was hard as a rock in Tammy's palm. She stroked and watched how the Mistress ordered the slave to lick off the cum. When the slave licked her vagina, Nelson couldn't hold it and ejaculated with a muted moan.

Tammy let go of Nelson's cock. She stepped out of the office and said behind her back, "Take a shower and go to bed."

Tammy went back to her room. She watched Nelson taking a shower and then obediently lay on the bed.

An hour later, Tammy came to the bedroom. She didn't say a word, just placed her head on his chest as usual and closed her eyes, drifting off.

The next day, after dinner, Nelson went to his office and noticed with surprise that the office door was gone.

As he sat behind the desk and logged into his computer, Tammy stepped into the room. She stood at the entrance and said,

"I want to meet your parents. Call them now."

Nelson choked but knew better than argue with Tammy.

"Sure, Tammy," Nelson said and picked up the phone.

"You tell them that you want to introduce your girlfriend," Tammy instructed.

Nelson nodded and dialed.

"Hi Mom," Nelson greeted.

"Yes, everything is fine. I just called because I want you to meet my new girlfriend, Tammy."

Tammy did not hear what his mother said on the other line but was satisfied with Nelson's response,

"Yes, Saturday evening is fine," Nelson said and then hung up.

"My parents invited us for dinner this Saturday," Nelson said to Tammy with a shy smile.

"Good," Tammy replied and left the room.

A couple of hours later, Tammy walked into Nelson's office and stood behind him, watching what he was doing on the computer. Then, after a few seconds, she said, "Take a shower and go to bed."

Nelson immediately stopped what he was doing.

"Leave the computer on," Tammy said.

Nelson left the room, and Tammy sat at his desk and installed a web filter on his laptop.

No more porno for you, Nelson, she said in her head.

On Saturday morning, Tammy slept late, and Nelson waited patiently in bed. When Tammy woke up, she smiled at Nelson and extended her hand down, gently stroking Nelson's penis that hardened instantly.

Without words, Tammy pushed Nelson's head down. He kissed her flat stomach and went down to her vagina, kissing and licking with excitement.

Tammy was aroused and pulled Nelson up, "Fuck me, baby," she murmured.

Nelson entered her and pumped fast without preliminaries. He was horny after prolonged sex starvation.

Tammy pretended that she enjoyed the intercourse, and shortly after, Nelson ejaculated with a loud cry. Tammy hugged him lovingly and pushed him down. Nelson licked and sucked her vagina with devotion.

"What time do we go to your parents?"

"We should be there by six o'clock," Nelson replied, feeling much better.

The rest of the day elapsed quickly, and in the evening, Tammy got ready. She chose a black evening gown with a low cut that revealed slight cleavage but was sexy. She put her hair up in an elegant bun and wore low heel black shoes.

"Ready?" Nelson asked.

They drove in silence, and finally, they reached a mansion in a wealthy suburb.

“Wow, what a house, it looks like a palace,” Tammy commented.

“Yes, my parents are old fashion. You should address them as Mr. and Mrs.”

“Sure, and you should address me as Honey and show affection,” Tammy added.

Nelson nodded, and they walked to the front door.

Mrs. Wilbur opened that door and greeted them warmly, “So nice to meet you, Tammy,” she said.

“It is a pleasure to meet you,” Tammy said, observing Nelson's mother. She was a beautiful woman and carried herself regally.

“Well, come in,” Mrs. Wilbur said as she stepped back.

They walked into a luxurious living room, where Mr. Wilbur approached them. He was shorter than his wife, with a bald head and a slight belly.

“Nice to meet you, Tammy,” Mr. Wilbur said and shook Tammy’s hand, looking at her with appreciation.

“Likewise, Mr. Wilbur,” Tammy said, assessing Mr. Wilbur. He would be easy prey, Tammy thought and smiled warmly at him.

“How about a cocktail,” Mr. Wilbur said.

“That sounds good, would you like a drink, Honey?” Nelson said.

Tammy hung on his arm and said, “I would love one.”

She saw Mr. Wilbur watching them, and then he went to the wet bar and fixed drinks for everyone.

They sat in the living room and made small talk, “How was your drive here,” Mrs. Wilbur inquired.

“It was a pleasant ride,” Tammy said, examing the artwork hanging on the walls. There were original paintings from some artists that Tammy recognized.

A few minutes later, a maid in uniform showed up in the living room.

“Dinner is ready,” Mrs. Wilbur announced.

They went to the dining room, where a large table was set with crystal glasses and real silverware.

The maid served the first course.

“So, Tammy, tell us, what are you doing for a living?” Mrs. Wilbur asked.

“I am a model at Victoria’s Secret,” Tammy said and noticed that Mr. Wilbur was ogling her with curiosity and desire.

“How interesting,” Mr. Wilbur commented.

“It is an interesting job,” Tammy said with a slight smile, eating graciously.

The conversation went on, and Mrs. Wilbur started to talk about her favored subject, art.

To the surprise of everyone at the table, Tammy was very knowledgeable about painters and the art of different periods and contributed to the conversation with ease and confidence.

Mrs. Wilbur was impressed with Tammy, and she wanted to have a word with her son in private.

“You know Nelson, your father got a new painting, Degas original,” she said.

“Really!” Tammy faked surprise excitement.

“Yes. Henry,” Mrs. Wilbur turned to her husband, “Why don’t you show the painting to Tammy.”

“Of course, Suzanne,” Mr. Wilbur gladly agreed.

“Come with me, Tammy,” Mr. Wilbur said and led Tammy to a door with a keypad.

“I call it the art vault,” Mr. Wilbur said with a smile.

Tammy was amazed at the number of original paintings hanging on the wall. She stepped slowly from one to another and then stood in front of one of them, “Is this the new Degas painting?”

“Yes,” Mr. Wilbur said, looking at Tammy with appreciation. “I like to sit here and looked at the paintings,” he continued pointing at a

comfortable sofa in the middle of the room and sat down.

Tammy sat next to him and looked around, “This is an incredible private collection,” she said.

Mr. Wilbur smiled at her but didn’t say anything.

“And this Cezanne painting is out of this world,” Tammy said as she turned toward the painting, her leg touching Mr. Wilbur's leg, “It must cost a fortune.”

“Oh, not too bad,” Mr. Wilbur said modestly.

Tammy turned to the other side and commented about another painting. They exchanged opinions about the differences between the styles.

Mr. Wilbur enjoyed the conversation, but after some time, Tammy was concerned that they stay too long,

“Let’s go back, see what Nelson is up to,” Tammy said.

They got up, and when they reached the door, Tammy lay her palm on Mr. Wilbur’s chest in an intimate gesture, “Thank you so much for showing these paintings to me.”

“Oh, not a all,” Mr. Wilbur replied, hiding the tremor that ran through his body from Tammy’s touch.

“What do you think of Henry’s art collection,” Mrs. Wilbur asked when they returned to the dining room.

“It is an amazing art collection,” Tammy said sincerely.

Mr. Wilbur cut in, “Let’s go to the living room for a glass of brandy,” he said.

Tammy enjoyed the excellent drink. The conversation was friendly and enjoyable. But after a while, Tammy thought that they spent enough time there and gestured to Nelson.

“It is time for us to go home,” Nelson said.

The Wilburs did not object. At the door, Tammy hugged Mrs. Wilbur and thanked her for a wonderful time. She then hugged Mr. Wilbur

pressing her tits into his chest, “Thank you for showing me your art collection.”

Mr. Wilbur had an erection from Tammy’s touch, but he hid it with a smile, “Not at all, Tammy.”

On the way home, Nelson told her that Dak and Travis were in the nightclub. Tammy gladly said that she would love to join them.

Dak had a new girl by his side. Tammy said Hi to Dak but kept a distance from him. She hugged Janet and Travis like old friends and was comfortable in their company.

Nelson danced with her slow dance, and Tammy hugged him affectionately.

“It was a nice dinner at your parents,” Tammy said, trying to get some feedback about the Wilburs impression of her.

“Yes, it was nice,” Nelson said and then added, “And my parents liked you.”

“I am glad to hear that,” Tammy murmured and pressed her body into Nelson.

After some time, they said goodbye to the other couples and left.

At home, Tammy had Nelson licking her vagina and ass in the living room while she watched a TV show.

The submissive position turned on Nelson.

“Get in my ass,” Tammy instructed while watching the show and sipping wine. She knew that Nelson enjoys worshiping her whenever she allowed.

Tammy noticed that Nelson stroking his penis with low moans, and when the show was over, she ordered, “Get up, Nelson.”

Tammy stroked his penis in front of her vagina, “I’ll count for you, baby,” she said affectionately.

As she reached one, Nelson ejaculated all over Tammy’s vagina and stomach.

“Get down,” Tammy ordered. She held Nelson by his hair, led him up and down her stomach, and then pushed his face between her legs. Nelson got every drop of cum.

They took a shower, and Tammy let Nelson washed her. Nelson loved to touch Tammy whenever she permitted him.

Tammy controlled Nelson’s sex life. She allowed a short time of body touching, and once a week, she rewarded him with a real fuck. On those occasions, Nelson was so horny, he came quickly and left Tammy unsatisfied.

But every time Nelson gave her a present, necklace, earrings, or bracelet, Tammy let him have sex with her.

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In the following week after the dinner at the Wilburs, Tammy visited Nelson at work. She liked to put a face on the names he mentioned to her in the evenings.

Nelson introduced her with pride to the other lawyers and then took Tammy for lunch. They talked about the cases that he worked on. Tammy made intelligent comments, and Nelson found her opinions helpful.

One day, Tammy returned from lunch and ran into Mr. Wilbur, who came out of the elevator.

“Mr. Wilbur! It is so nice to see you!” Tammy gushed. She linked her arm with his, “You must come up for a drink. I will not take a no for an answer.” Tammy knew what Mr. Wilbur was doing in the building and did not ask him any questions.

Mr. Wilbur smiled, “You twist my arm, Tammy,” he said jokingly but was delighted.

As they entered the penthouse, Tammy said, “Please feel at home and serve yourself a drink. I’ll be right back.”

Tammy took a quick shower and then dressed in a supermini checkered schoolgirl skirt and white button-up shirt. She wore white high heels, pumps, and nothing else. Tammy made sure that the video cameras were recording and then walked into the living room

Mr. Wilbur was standing at the wet bar drinking a martini. He gasped when he saw Tammy approaching him with a smile,

“What are you drinking, Mr. Wilbur?” she said, looking into his eyes.

“Oh, please call me Henry.”

“Of course, Henry,” Tammy said and stood close to Mr. Wilbur, almost touching him.

“Hmm,” Mr. Wilbur mouthed, “I am drinking a vodka martini,” he said nervously.

“Oh, my favorite drink,” Tammy chirped, “Would you be kind and make me one?”

“Yes, coming up,” Mr. Wilbur was happy to be busy. His hands shook a bit when he prepared the martini.

Tammy sat on the sofa and crossed her legs. The short skirt revealed her long legs and some of her round butt.

Mr. Wilbur approached her with the glass, “Thank you, Henry. It is such a pleasure to have you here. Please sit down,” Tammy said and tapped on the seat of the sofa next to her.

“Are you still working at the firm?” Tammy made small talk.

“Just as an advisor, a couple of times a week,” Mr. Wilbur said, ogling Tammy’s firm thighs next to him.

“It is nice to have time off,” Tammy commented with a slight smile.

Mr. Wilbur just hummed in agreement. Some drops of sweat formed on his forehead.

Tammy changed position. She leaned on the arm of the sofa and lifted her legs, laying them on Mr. Wilbur's lap.

“Would you be kind and take off my shoes?” Tammy asked in a little girl's voice.

“Oh, hmm, yes,” Mr. Wilbur responded and took off Tammy's shoes, patting her legs. He couldn’t hide his desire.

Tammy rubbed her leg on his crotch, “Is it okay if I call you Daddy?”

“Hmm, yes.”

Tammy lifted one leg and massaged Mr. Wilbur’s crotch with her foot.

“Do you like that, Daddy?” she asked in a little girl voice.

Mr. Wilbur puffs, “Hmm, yes,” and sweat drops showed on his bald head.

“I like it too,” Tammy smiled at Mr. Wilbur, trying to put him at ease.

They sat in silence for a while. Then, finally, Tammy felt Mr. Wilbur’s erection under her barefoot and decided to move to the next phase. She lifted her leg and ran her foot over Mr. Wilbur's cheek, smiling mischievously.

Mr. Wilbur turned his head and kissed the foot, staring at Tammy's exposed vagina.

"You like what you see, Daddy?"

Mr. Wilbur just swallowed nervously. His stare was fixed on the beautiful pink lips of Tammy's vagina.

Tammy hid a smile and placed her foot on the back of Mr. Wilbur's neck, pulling him gently.

Without a word, Mr. Wilbur bent forward and kissed Tammy's delicate lips.

"That feels so good, Daddy," Tammy encouraged.

Mr. Wilbur, aroused, started to breathe with short intakes as he kissed Tammy's vagina.

Tammy patted Mr. Wilbur's bald head, "Give me a French kiss, Daddy," she murmured.

Mr. Wilbur got into the act. He spread the vagina lips and licked the pinky abyss with excitement.

"Oh, Daddy, you are so good," Tammy incited, patting his head, "Oh, yes, Daddy! Just like that, Daddy, Oh, Oh."

Mr. Wilbur was thrilled and moved his tongue fast, aroused by Tammy's words.

Tammy smiled to herself as she felt Mr. Wilbur's effort and heard his loud puffing. She patted his head with one hand and lifted one leg pulling the knee back with the other hand, exposing her butt hole.

It took Mr. Wilbur a few seconds, and then he licked his way to Tammy's butt opening.

"Oh, Daddy, you are naughty! You are driving crazy."

Mr. Wilbur licked Tammy's asshole excitedly with renewed energy.

"Daddy, shove your tongue deep in my asshole."

"Daddy, you know how to treat woman, yeah, faster in my asshole," Tammy cried with an excited, loud voice, thinking how it would sound in the recording.

Mr. Wilbur enjoyed himself tremendously. Tammy's young ass was smooth, and the pink asshole membrane he was enthusiastically licking combined with Tammy's loud moans wet his underwear with pre-cum.

Tammy knew that Mr. Wilbur wouldn't have an erection for long, and she gently pushed his head away,

"You want to see my tits, Daddy," she said as she unbuttoned her shirt.

Mr. Wilbur did not reply just stared at Tammy with desire.

"I'll show you my tits if you show me your cock, Daddy."

Mr. Wilbur sat frozen.

"Please, Daddy, let me see your cock," Tammy said in a girly voice as she moved forward and rubbed her palm on the bulging of Mr. Wilbur's pants.

Mr. Wilbur was still motionless.

Tammy took off her shirt and sat close to Mr. Wilbur, talking into his ear, "Please, Daddy, I feel that you are hard. Let me take care of you."

Finally, Mr. Wilbur moved and opened the zipper.

Tammy pulled Mr. Wilbur into her chest and started to stroke his penis.

Mr. Wilbur lunged at Tammy's breasts and sucked the erect nipples noisily.

"I like your cock, Daddy. May I kiss it?"

Mr. Wilbur made a gagging sound, and Tammy bent down and kissed his penis head. Mr. Wilbur moaned louder, and then Tammy took his penis into her mouth, bobbing her head slowly.

Tammy felt how Mr. Wilbur contracted his muscles and heard his moans. She stroked his cock and licked the tip of the penis head. It didn't take long, and Mr. Wilbur ejaculated. Tammy sucked his cock, getting every drop of cum while Mr. Wilbur tremored and his penis pulsated uncontrollably. Tammy kept him in her mouth until the throbbing subsided.

She then kissed his penis lovingly, “That was wonderful, Daddy,” she said, kissing the penis and licking it like ice cream.

Mr. Wilbur brushed Tammy’s long blonde hair, “Thank you, thank you,” he said in a low voice.

Tammy straightened up and pulled Mr. Wilbur’s pants up.

“What about another drink, Henry,” Tammy said with a smile.

“Yes, of course,” Mr. Wilbur agreed.

Tammy lay back on the arm of the sofa and put her legs on Mr. Wilbur's lap, “Would you put my shoes on?”

Mr. Wilbur picked up the shoes from the floor while holding Tammy’s feet and gently fit them on her feet.

“Let’s have a drink,” Tammy said as she got up, naked in high heels.

Mr. Wilbur, fully dressed, fixed the drinks.

They stood leaning on the wet bar counter, and Mr. Wilbur couldn’t take his eyes off Tammy's naked body.

“Thank you for a great time, Henry,” Tammy, at last, said politely. She then grabbed a piece of paper and jotted down her cell number.

“Call me when you are in the downtown area again,” she said as she handed him her cell number.

“Oh, of course, Tammy, I get to the downtown area quite often,” Mr. Wilbur said.

They sipped their drink in silence for a short while, and then Tammy linked her arm with Mr. Wilbur’s and said, “Let me walk you out, Henry.”

Mr. Wilbur got the hint and walked to the front door. He said goodbye and took a last glance at her beautiful naked body, and then left.

Tammy took a long shower and brushed her teeth. She then sat at her desk and watched the recording of her encounter with Mr. Wilbur. It is not enough material Tammy thought while editing and making a video clip.

The next day Tara called, and they met for lunch.

“What’s new?” Tara asked.

“Not much. I am working on Nelson's father,” Tammy replied with a smile.

“Did you get him in bed?”

“Not yet, I gave him a blow job, but he’ll be back soon for more.”

Tara burst with a laugh, “I am sure of that.”

Tammy joined with a laugh and then asked, “What’s happening with you?”

“I have a new client.”

“Client? Is that what we call them now?” Tammy said amusingly.

“Aren’t they?” Tara countered.

Tammy didn’t respond, and after a short pause, Tara continued,

“His name is Joel Lemberg. He lived with his mother until she passed away a couple of years ago.”

“A Mommy’s boy,” Tammy commented.

“For sure, he didn’t date many women and just came out from under the rock.”

“Sounds like fun,” Tammy said sarcastically.

“As I said, he is a client,” Tara said with a smile, and Tammy burst in laugh again and asked,

“So, what's his business?”

“He is a CPA and has a small company, about eight people,”

“Doesn’t sound like a lot to me.”

“It isn’t, but he has hundreds of millions in the bank.”

“From where?”

“His father owned a chain of jewelry stores, and he died when Joel was seven years old. Joel’s mother didn’t want to deal with the business, so she sold it and put millions in a saving account.”

“This is getting interesting, but why does this Joel guy work if he has so much money?” Tammy wondered out loud.

“The accounting firm is Joel’s baby. He is there every morning at seven in the morning,” Tara said, laughing, “And he didn’t know about the millions until his mother died.”

“What a mother,” Tammy said with contempt.

“Yea, she was a piece of work, that’s for sure. But I wanted to talk to you about my plan with Joel,” Tara got into the business of the day.

“I am all ears,” Tammy said, smiling. Tara never ceased to surprise her, and she liked working with her.

“I need your help,” Tara explained, “I’ll meet him on Friday evening at a bar downtown. I told him that I’d be there with a friend.”

“Okay, I get it. I’ll be there with my custom. What name do you want to call me?”

“You’ll be my friend Marie.”

The two girls discussed the details of the plan to captivate Joel and then split.

On Friday evening, Tammy informed Nelson, “I am meeting a couple of friends from Victoria Secrets tonight.”

“Okay,” Nelson said, already thinking what he would do with a free evening.

As if Tammy guessed Nelson's thoughts, she pressed the remote briefly. Nelson bent from the pain, but it was brief, and Nelson straightened and met Tammy’s blue eyes,

“You stay here, don’t leave anywhere,” she said sternly.

“Yes, of course,” Nelson immediately replied.

Tammy wore a sexy black leather dress with high heels, grabbed the handbag she prepared for the night, and left.

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Tammy entered the bar and immediately spotted Tara sitting at the counter. Their eyes met briefly, and Tammy continued walking to the bathroom.

Tammy came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. She looked different with a brunette hair wig, black frame glasses, and a baggy dress. She wore flat shoes and approached Tara with a smile.

“Hi Tara, so good to see you!”

“Oh, Marie, it has been ages!”

The girls hugged and ordered a round of drinks.

While they chatted, Joel showed up at the entrance of the bar.

Tara waved to him, and Joel smiled and joined the two girls. Tara got up and hugged Joel, pressing her tits into his chest, “So nice to see you, Joel,” she said and then introduced, “This is my friend Marie.”

Joel shook hands with Tammy, and it was apparent that he was not interested in her and turned his attention to Tara, who looked beautiful with a mini yellow dress that hugged her curves lusciously.

Tammy examined Joel. He was plain looking with blond hair and brown eyes and already developed a slight belly. He isn't Tara type, Tammy thought, but he is a client Tammy laughed to herself.

After a couple of minutes of talk, Tammy pulled her cell phone and moved away, pretending to talk.

“I am sorry, Tara, I have a little emergency I need to take care of. Will you be okay getting back home?”

“Oh, don't worry, Marie, I'll take a cab home, do what you need to do.”

“It was nice meeting you, Joel,” Tammy said, “I am sorry to leave so abruptly.”

“No worries,” Joel said and looked happy to have Tara for himself.

Tammy went to a nearby restaurant and had dinner, waiting patiently for Tara's call.

The phone rang two hours later. Tara gave her the address and hung up.

Joel's house was in an older wealthy suburb. A tree line street with mansions on both sides led to his house.

Tara opened the door with a broad smile, "You should see this house," she gushed.

Tammy smiled fondly and changed to a leather dress and high heels but kept the brunette wig and the black frame glasses.

Tara handed her the remote, "I already fixed him. I don't think that we will need anything else. Mommy's boy will be easy to handle."

They had a drink in the living room and waited for Joel to wake up.

As they heard Joel shouting, they rushed to the bedroom.

"What the hell is going on?" Joel shouted.

Tammy pressed the remote, and Joel jerked and screamed from the pain. Tammy hovered over his face and said, "I'll stop if you'll be quiet, you understand?"

Joel twisting on the bed in excruciating pain looked at Tammy with wide eyes and nodded.

Tammy let go of the remote button, and Joel sighed with relief.

"What do you want?" he asked with a weak voice.

Tara sat on the bed next to Joel and gently stroked his cock, "Marie wants to ask you a few questions," she said sweetly.

"Okay," Joel murmured weakly, but his penis was hardening in Tara's palm.

Tammy opened Joel's laptop and asked him for the password. There was no resistance, and Tammy scanned the different directories. She then nodded to Tara, and they both left the room.

Joel, tied to his bed, was wondering what he got himself into but kept quiet. He couldn't take aches very well.

The girls came back to the bedroom with a new laptop, a clone of Joel's computer.

It was an easy job, and Tammy got the passwords for all Joel's accounts and then left the room.

Tara untied Joel, "We go now to the living room," she said gently.

"I don't want to go to the living room," Joel protested.

Tara pressed the remote for a couple of seconds. Joel bent with a scream of pain and looked at Tara with surprise and fear.

"Let's go now," Tara said.

Joel went downstairs to the living room without a word. As he entered the room, Joel saw Tammy standing there holding a leather riding crop.

"Get down on your knees," Tammy ordered.

Joel stood puzzled, but another jolt from the shocker made it very clear, and he dropped to the knees.

Tara stood at the corner of the room, recording the scene as Tammy slowly took off the dress and approached Joel naked on high heels.

Tammy ran her palm over Joel's face, who was standing on his knees and staring at her with awe.

"You call me Mommy, do you understand?" Tammy said.

Joel was motionless and did not respond.

Tammy stepped behind Joel and whipped his ass, "Do you understand," she repeated quietly and hit him again.

"Yes," Joel replied.

Tammy whipped him hard several times, "Yes, what!" she shouted.

"Yes, Mommy," Joel replied.

Tammy stepped in front of Joel and fingered her vagina, "Do you want to kiss Mommy's kitty?"

"Yes," Joel said.

Tammy slapped his face hard and looked at him angrily. Joel immediately corrected, "Yes, Mommy."

"Kiss Mommy's feet," Tammy said quietly.

Joel bent and kissed the smooth feet in high heels.

Tammy hit his ass with the riding crop, "Lick!"

Only Joel's heavy breathing sounded in the room. Tammy looked down at Joel at her feet. He is natural, she thought.

"You like Mommy's feet?" Tammy asked

"Yes."

Tammy got upset at Joel. She pressed his head down with one foot and whipped his ass over and over again.

Joel cried and then pleaded, "Mommy, please stop, please, please."

Tammy took a break. She lifted her foot from his head, "Lick and apologize," she said quietly.

Joel resumed his treatment of Tammy's feet, "I am sorry, Mommy," he said repeatedly.

"Are you gonna be a good boy?"

"Yes, Mommy," Joel said as he was licking Tammy's velvety feet, admitting to himself that he enjoyed being subservient and licking those smooth feet in high heels.

Tammy looked down at Joel, licking her feet with content, and after a short while, she stepped back, "Get on all four," Tammy ordered.

Joel looked disappointed, as if he was deprived of pleasure but got on all four, looking up at Tammy with a desire he couldn't hide.

Tammy stood tall in high heels let Joel absorb the view of her long legs, the smooth triangle with vagina lips flaring out, and firm breasts with erect nipples.

"Follow me," Tammy finally said as she walked and stopped in front of a Victorian chair. She put one foot in high heel on the seat of stretching the ass crack.

"Lick me up to the ass," she ordered Joel, who stood on four behind her.

When Joel reached her butt crack, Tammy instructed, "Lick Mommy's asshole, don't touch Mommy's kitty, you don't deserve it yet."

Joel obediently licked Tammy's ass. Tammy pulled him by his hair, "Stick your tongue out," she ordered and then pulled his head into her ass, "Lick Mommy, long tongue licks."

Tara took close-ups of the scene. Her eyes met Tammy's eyes with approval.

Tammy stepped away after a short while, leaving Joel on his knees licking his lips. She fit a strap-on over her groin and returned to Joel.

"You like Mommy's cock," Tammy asked, patting Joel's head possessively.

Joel did not respond.

Tammy had enough. She increased the intensity of the shocker and pressed the remote. Joel jerked and fell, lying on the floor in the fetal position with ear-piercing screams.

Tammy stopped the shocker and kicked Joel's ass, "You obey and respond to questions, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mommy."

Tammy kicked him again, "Get up on your knees."

Joel got up immediately, looking frightened and defeated.

Tammy stood in front of Joel with the strap-on dildo sticking out, "You like Mommy's cock?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"I want to hear you saying that."

"I like Mommy's cock."

"Louder!"

"I like Mommy's cock," Joel shouted. Tammy looked at Joel with satisfaction, "Kiss Mommy's cock."

Joel obediently kissed the dildo.

"Mommy wants to teach you how to fuck. You want to learn, don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy."

“Get up and bend over the chair, hands on the seat.”

Tammy lubricated the dildo, and without preliminaries, shoved it into Joel’s ass.

Joel moaned as the dildo moved back and forth in his rectum.

“You like Mommy’s cock in your ass?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“I want to hear it clear and loud.”

“I like Mommy’s cock in my ass,” Joel shouted with excitement. He moved one hand and stroked his erect penis, but Tammy spanked his ass. “Don’t touch your pee-pee,” she yelled.

Tammy fucked Joel, spanking his butt while Tara came closer to film the scene.

Joel was surprised at himself. He enjoyed the sensation of the dildo in his rectum.

Tammy banged Joel and grabbed his penis, checking the hardness. When Joel’s penis was ready, Tammy pulled out and untied the harness, throwing the strap-on on the floor. She then sat in the chair and ordered, “Get up on your feet.”

Joel stood in front of Tammy with an erect penis.

Tammy grabbed his penis and pulled him closer. She stroked, watching Joel’s expression and smiling at the loud moaning sounds he made. She then held his penis and ran the thumb over his penis head in circulation motion.

“You want to come for Mommy, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Joel said, breathing heavily.

Tammy smiled and started to stroke again, faster. She watched Joel’s reaction, and when she felt that he was about to come, she shouted, “Come for Mommy. come Now!”

Joel groaned aloud, and with a cry, he ejaculated. Tammy aimed his penis on her vagina, and Joel’s sticky semen cover the triangle all over.

Tammy let go of Joel's throbbing cock, "Get down on the knees," she said quietly. She then leaned back in her chair and spread her legs wide.

Tammy looked at Joel for a few seconds let him calm down. Then she said, "You may have Mommy's kitty now," she said with an amused smile, "Stick your tongue out," she said as she pulled Joel's head between her legs, "Lick, lick, lick."

Joel got into the act, and after consuming the cum he enjoyed treating Tammy's vagina.

Tammy patted his head affectionately, "You are such a good boy, Joel," she said, and then abruptly, she pushed his head away and got up, "Stay here," she said and left Joel with a tongue out, panting.

On the way out of the room, Tara handed her the video camera, smiling happily. Tammy took a quick shower, dressed, and edited the recording. She worked quickly, omitting the scenes where Joel sprawled on the floor with pain and played the video again. It was good.

In the living room, Tara sat on the sofa and called, "Joel come here."

Joel tried to get up on his feet, but Tara pushed the remote briefly, "On all four, Joel," she said quietly and watched him approaching her on all four.

Tara placed the pointy toe of her shoe under Joel's chin, "Up," she said and pushed him with her leg.

When Joel straightened up on his knees, Tara slid the string of her dress down the arm, then the other, and peeled the dress down to the waist.

Joel stared at Tara's tits with awe. They were average size, but her long erect nipples pointed up erotically.

"Help me with the dress," Tara said, pushing the dress under her butt, interrupting Joel's gaze. Joel pulled the dress over Tara's legs and feet and resumed staring at Tara's silky, sexy bronze body.

“Take off my shoes,” Joel heard Tara’s soft voice as she lifted her feet in high heel pumps in front of him. And then, she massaged Joel’s penis with her barefoot.

“Your cock is getting hard again,” Tara commented as Joel’s penis hardened from Tara’s foot massage.

Joel did not say a word, and he stared now at the exposed vagina that Tara displayed.

Tara hid a smile watching Joel absorbed with the view in front of him. She then lifted her foot and tapped Joel’s cheek, “Make my kitty purr, Joel,” she said.

Joel lunged at Tara, kissing the vagina lips tenderly then running his tongue over the gap between the lips. He moaned with excitement.

“Oh, Oh,” Tara cried and grabbed Joel by the hair and pulled his face between her legs faking loud moans of enjoyment, arousing Joel.

And then, she pushed Joel’s head away and lay on the sofa with spread legs, “Get on top, Joel, I need it!”

Joel got up quickly with excitement. He lay on top of Tara trying to enter her, but Tara held his penis and rubbed the penis head over her wet vagina,

“I let only boyfriends fuck me. Do you want to be my boyfriend?”

Joel was aroused, breathing with quick intakes, “Yes,” he said, trying to push his penis inside.

“Yes, what?” Tara whispered in Joel’s ear.

“Yes, I want to be your boyfriend,” Joel said impatiently.

Tara let go of Joel’s penis, and he entered her swiftly, moaning with pleasure as he heard Tara voice in his ear,

“I am so happy, Joel. I want to be your girlfriend.”

Things became blurred for Joel. He moved his hard cock in rapid movements, breathing heavily, and the world shut down around him. Joel felt that he was floating up in the sky, and then with a shout, he ejaculated.

Tara hugged Joel, who was panting on top of her, “That was so good, Joel,” Tara complimented even though she didn’t reach even halfway to the climax.

Joel smiled proudly and kiss Tara's face, many small kisses of thank you.

Tara allowed Joel a few seconds of enjoyment and then spanked his ass, “Get off me,” she ordered.

Joel rolled off and stood on the floor, staring at Tara’s gorgeous body.

Tara turned, sat on the sofa, and ordered in a harsh voice, “Down on your knees, clean your mess.”

Joel did not move. He couldn’t understand the change in Tara’s manner, but a short shock in his testicles brought him back to reality. Joel dropped down and licked Tara’s wet vagina devotedly.

At that moment, Tammy walked in with the laptop and sat next to Tara. They watched Joel for a few seconds, and then Tammy ordered, “Joel, lie on the floor.”

Joel turned his head and saw Tammy. Fear crawled through his body. He moved away from Tara and obediently said, “Yes, Mommy.”

“You may call my Marie now,” Tammy said, “Lie on your back.”

Tara laid her feet on Joel’s soft penis, massaging it, and turned to Tammy, “You know Marie, Joel asked me to be his girlfriend,” she said with excitement.

“This is wonderful. You two will make a nice couple,” Tammy said with a smile.

Tara turned her attention to the business of the day, “What do you have, Marie?”

Tammy opened the clone laptop and played the video.

“It looks good,” Tara said with appreciation.

They looked at each other in silent understanding, and then Tammy ordered, “Joel, get up your knees.”

Tammy looked at Joel standing in front of her and turned the laptop toward him.

“You see, Joel, this a clone of your laptop. I changed the passwords on all your accounts. If you need to access them, you ask your girlfriend. Tara will have them.”

Joel swallowed nervously but did not say a word.

“Now watch this,” Tammy said and played the video.

Joel became livid as he watched himself licking Tammy’s and then fucked in the ass and licked cum.

At the end of the movie, Tammy sweetly smiled at Joel, “I’ll send this video to everyone on your mailing list if Tara is not happy. Do you understand?”

Joel was stunned and frozen, but a quick press on the remote woke him up rudely.

“Yes, Marie,” he finally responded.

“Yes, what?”

“I understand.”

“Very good,” Tammy said and got up, “I am leaving now. Behave yourself, Joel,” she warned and left.

It was silent in the room. Joel was on his knees and looked distressed.

“Let’s take a shower, Joel,” Tara broke the silence. She got up and looked at Joel, who stayed motionless, “Let’s go, Joel,” Tara said softly.

They went upstairs, and in the shower, Tara handed Joel the soap, and he washed her tenderly, enjoying it tremendously. Then Tara cleaned him with soap lather tickling him playfully.

Joel was in a better mood when they got out of the shower and wiped each other, laughing joyfully.

Tara got under the sheet naked. Joel pulled a pajama the way he used to every night, but Tara stopped him as she lifted the cover in an inviting gesture, “Get in with your birth clothes.”

Joel smiled and jumped into bed. Tara made him feel good, and the previous events of the evening faded away.

Tara caressed his head and hugged him lovingly, "Suck my tits, Joel," she whispered.

Joel slid down and took her erect nipple in his mouth, sucking it gently.

Tara held Joe's head into her intimately, "Suck until I fall asleep," she murmured, closing her eyes, dozing off.

Joel fell asleep a minute later with Tara's nipple in his mouth.

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It took only a few days, and Tammy's phone rang with Mr. Wilbur's number on display.

"Hello," Tammy greeted as if she didn't know who was on the other side of the line.

"Hi Tammy, this is Henry Wilbur."

"Henry! So nice to hear from you."

"Hmm, Tammy, I am in downtown for business and was wondering if I could visit you."

"Of course, Henry, I'll be happy to have you here."

"Hmm, Tammy, I could be at your place in one hour."

"That sounds wonderful, Henry. I'll be waiting."

"Okay then, I'll see you soon."

Tammy hung up and smiled broadly. Mr. Wilbur did not fool her. She knew that he took Viagra to enhanced his performance, and one hour was the recommended time to wait after taking the pill.

The doorbell rang an hour later. Tammy opened the door wearing a black silk robe and high heels sleepers. She hugged Mr. Wilbur and whispered in his ear, "It is so good to have here, Daddy."

Mr. Wilbur hummed undiscernible words.

Tammy disengaged, turned around, and walked away, peeling off the robe throwing it on the floor.

Mr. Wilbur watched Tammy's naked body and round ass and followed those long legs in high heels. When he reached the bedroom, he saw Tammy lying on the bed, supporting her head with her palm. She looked incredibly sexy in that posture.

"Take off your clothes, Daddy," Tammy said in a girly voice.

Mr. Wilbur undressed as fast as he could and approached the bed with an erect penis.

Tammy grabbed his cock and stroked it, "You missed me, Daddy?"

"Ah-ha," was that Mr. Wilbur could say.

Tammy picked up a leather paddle and sat on the bed in front of Mr. Wilbur. She spanked his ass playfully while stroking,

“You like spanking, Daddy?”

“Ah-ha,” Mr. Wilbur repeated.

Tammy smiled and got up, holding Mr. Wilbur's penis in her hand, “Bend for me, Daddy,” she whispered in his ear.

Mr. Wilbur bent over the bed, and Tammy stepped behind him, spanking his butt.

“You like that, Daddy?”

Mr. Wilbur did not reply. Tammy lifted her arm high and came down hard. Mr. Wilbur made a muted cry, and Tammy continued to spank him hard and then stopped. She gently patted Mr. Wilbur's, “You want more spanking, don't you, Daddy?”

“Ah-ha.”

Tammy smiled and spanked Mr. Wilbur until his butt was red, “Turn around,” Tammy ordered.

As Mr. Wilbur straightened up, Tammy grabbed his erect cock spanked his ass,

“Are you ready to fuck your little girl, Daddy?”

“Ah-ha,” Mr. Wilbur repeated, breathing heavily.

Tammy stepped back, pulling Mr. Wilbur with her, and lay on the bed.

Mr. Wilbur got on top of her excitedly.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” Tammy said and spanked his ass.

Mr. Wilbur shoved his penis quickly and moved in slow motion.

Tammy spanked him, “Faster, Daddy.”

Mr. Wilbur got excited and banged Tammy, who spanked him with encouragements,

“Yes, Daddy, just like that,” she cried.

“Fuck me hard,” she yelled, spanking excitedly. “Harder, Daddy, I need it, I need it.”

Mr. Wilbur banged her with all the might he could muster.

“Oh, Daddy, I am coming, I am coming,” Tammy faked an orgasm.

Mr. Wilbur banged hard and ejaculated.

Tammy hugged Mr. Wilbur lovingly, enjoying the power she had over him.

After a short while, Tammy talked into Mr. Wilbur’s ear, “Kiss my kitty now, Daddy.”

Mr. Wilbur did not move.

Tammy spanked his ass, “Please, Daddy, kiss my kitty,” Tammy said and pushed him down.

Reluctantly, Mr. Wilbur slid down her stomach and gently kissed the vagina lips.

Tammy moaned, “Daddy, lick your little girl’s kitty,” she said.

Mr. Wilbur complied. Tammy moaned loudly, “It is so good, Daddy,” she said and patted Mr. Wilbur’s bald head. She then lifted both legs, pulling them onto her chest, exposing her butt hole.

Mr. Wilbur licked her vagina and moved down, licking the tight asshole.

Tammy yelled, joyfully arousing Mr. Wilbur. She then spread her legs, pulling the legs back with hands under the knees, lifting the round ass into a teasing position.

“Fuck my ass, Daddy,” Tammy whispered.

Mr. Wilbur stood on his knees on the bed and pushed his penis into Tammy’s tight butt hole.

“Slowly, Daddy, don’t hurt me,” Tammy incited.

Mr. Wilbur pushed his penis slowly.

“Oh, Oh, Daddy, don’t hurt me, please,” Tammy cried, feeling Mr. Wilbur’s penis responding to her words, hardening like a rock.

“Oh, Daddy, that feels better,” Tammy said, making crying sounds,

Mr. Wilbur started to move his penis faster, and Tammy kept yelling, “Oh, Daddy, Oh, Daddy,”

It was too much for Mr. Wilbur, whose married sex life was dull, and he came again.

“Daddy, you came inside my ass,” Tammy scorned amusingly.

Mr. Wilbur pulled out as Tammy lowered her legs. He looked at Tammy, stunned, trying to absorb what just happened.

Tammy smiled at him with understanding. She then jumped out of bed and pulled him by his hand,

“Let’s take a shower, Henry,” she said softly.

Mr. Wilbur smiled weakly and let her lead him to the shower.

After the shower, Tammy said coolly, “It’s time for you to leave, Henry.”

“Yes, of course,” Mr. Wilbur agreed.

Tammy watched Mr. Wilbur get dressed, standing naked in high heels sleepers. She then linked her arm with his and walked him to the front door.

“I had a great time, Henry,” she said and kissed him lightly on his lips.

“Hmm, yes, me too,” Mr. Wilbur offered.

Tammy opened the door, “Goodbye now, Henry.”

Mr. Wilbur left without a word. The events that had just transpired ran in his mind nonstop.

Tammy closed the door behind him, took another shower, and then edited the video of their encounter.

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“So, how is it going?” Tara asked when she met Tammy for lunch.

“Good, almost ready for engagement,” Tammy replied with a smile.

“You got him in bed,” Tara stated.

“Ah-ha,” Tammy smiled, “And how is it going with Mommy’s boy?”

“Easy, he is an obedient boy, and I hardly need to punish him.”

“That’s good, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I think that the poor boy is falling in love with me.”

“I am not surprised,” Tammy laughed, “And with those millions in the bank, you can set for life.”

“Yes, I know, but I kind of like him,” Tara said in an apologetic tone.

“Really? That’s a new one,” Tammy said and looked at Tara, demanding more explanation.

“I don’t know, Tammy. He is such a sweet boy,” Tara said but did not elaborate on her feelings. She loved how Joel sucked her breasts every night and kept her nipple in his mouth until she fell asleep, and she liked how he treated her with the utmost respect.

Tammy looked at Tara skeptically but moved on to other subjects.

After lunch, Tammy said goodbye and went to a real-estate firm downtown.

“I am looking for an apartment downtown,” she said to the receptionist, who efficiently introduced her to a real-estate agent by the name of Matt Sterling.

Matt was a hustler and enthusiastically showed her photos of several apartments in the downtown area, talking non-stop.

“Can we look at these places?” Tammy asked.

“Of course!” Matt exclaimed, “Will there be another person in the decision-making?”

“No, this is a present for me from my father. He wants me to live nearby,” Tammy said, smiling sweetly.

“Of course,” Matt exclaimed, “Let me show you a few apartments, Miss?”

“Smith,” Tammy completed the sentence.

“Of course, Miss Smith, let’s go,” Matt said as he got up energetically and led Tammy to his car.

Tammy liked the apartments they saw but was indecisive, not sure if they were suitable for her.

Matt sensed Tammy’s hesitations and said, “Well, Miss Smith, there is another apartment I can show you. It is a bit pricy and not as big as the last one we saw, but I think that you’ll like it.”

“Okay, Matt, let’s look at it,” Tammy agreed.

It was the perfect corner apartment on the top floor with large windows overlooking the city. Tammy looked through every room, the renovated kitchen, and two bathrooms.

“I love this apartment,” she excitedly, “My father will be back in town in a few days, and I want to show it to him.”

“Of course, Miss Smith, call me anytime. I’ll be happy to show the apartment to you and your father. I know that apartment is more expensive, but it has been on the market for a while, and I think that they will be willing to go down on the price.”

“Very good, Matt. I’ll be in touch,” Tammy said as she scanned the living room last time before leaving the apartment.

Tammy waited patiently for Mr. Wilbur to call. And a few days later the phone rang.

“Hello,” Tammy greeted, smiling to herself.

“Tammy, Hi, this is Henry Wilbur.”

“Henry! it's so nice to hear from you.”

“Tammy, I am in the downtown area,” Mr. Wilbur said, anticipating an invitation.

“Oh Henry, that’s great, I would love to see you, but I don’t think that coming here is a good idea. You know neighbors may talk. So why

don't you get a hotel room? I think that it would be safer.”

“Yes, you are right Tammy, let me work it out. I'll call you shortly.”

“Okey-dokey,” Tammy said and hung up. I wonder how long it will take him, Tammy thought, laughing to herself.

The phone rang half an hour later. Mr. Wilbur sounded excited as he gave Tammy his hotel room number.

“Will be there in an hour, Henry,” Tammy said in a raspy voice.

Mr. Wilbur opened the door of the hotel room with a broad smile. Tammy walked in a black pencil skirt, button-up white silk shirt, and high heel pumps.

She stood in the middle of the room, looking around. It was a standard hotel room with a king-size bed, a chair, and a small desk.

Mr. Wilbur approached and hugged her waist. Tammy looked into his eyes with glistering blue eyes and put her palms on his chest,

“You want to be my Daddy? Henry,” she asked, challenging.

Mr. Wilbur had already an erection, “Yes,” he said with finality.

Tammy rubbed her palms over Mr. Wilbur's chest in erotic gesture and said in a little girl voice, “Undress me, Daddy.”

Mr. Wilbur's hands shook a bit as he unbuttoned the white silk dress, revealing Tammy's beautiful breasts with erect pink nipples. Mr. Wilbur excitedly kissed Tammy's breasts and sucked each nipple briefly, and then unzip the skirt and pulled it down as he went down on his knees.

Tammy stood motionless and let Mr. Wilbur do whatever he desired.

Mr. Wilbur kissed her vagina and pulled down the skirt to the feet.

Tammy put one hand on Mr. Wilbur's bald head for balance and lifted her legs one by one as Mr. Wilbur gently removed the skirt and kissed Tammy's feet.

Mr. Wilbur returned his attention to Tammy's vagina and kissed it with loud sounds of desire. Tammy spread her leg and caressed Mr. Wilbur's head, “That feels so good, Daddy,” she provoked. After a

short while, Tammy turned around. Mr. Wilbur lunged at her round, smooth ass kissing it with excited moans.

Tammy looked back at Mr. Wilbur, “Are you ready for me, Daddy?” she said as she walked away and lay on the bed on her side, amused at the sight of Mr. Wilbur standing on his knees.

Mr. Wilbur got up and rushed to the bed. Tammy patted his bulging penis through the pants, “Daddy, let me have your penis,” she said.

Mr. Wilbur opened his zipper quickly. His pants dropped down, and his penis stuck out erect.

Tammy kissed the penis head and then took it inside her mouth, sucking gently, “You like that, Daddy?” she incited and pushed the erect penis full length, gliding it effortlessly into her throat.

Mr. Wilbur gasped and moaned aloud. Tammy pulled him out and moved back on the bed, “I need your cock inside me, Daddy,” she said, arousing Mr. Wilbur, who tore the rest of his clothes and jumped on the bed.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” Tammy said as she pulled Mr. Wilbur on top of her.

Mr. Wilbur was lost all control. He was aroused and excited, and he penetrated Tammy with a forceful bang.

“Oh, Daddy!” Tammy exclaimed, smiling mirthfully at Mr. Wilbur's excited reaction.

Mr. Wilbur pumped his stone-hard penis with loud breathing.

“Yes, Daddy! You fuck me good!” Tammy cried as she watched Mr. Wilbur pumping faster, his eyes closed, breathing in short intakes.

“Daddy, Daddy, Oh, Daddy!” Tammy roused.

Mr. Wilbur made indiscernible sounds of joy.

“Give it to me, Daddy.”

“Yes, Daddy, give it to me, now, Daddy, now!”

Mr. Wilbur ejaculated with a scream and panted heavily on top of Tammy until she gently pushed him off.

They lay on the bed in silence, and then Tammy said, “I have something to show you, Henry.”

“Sure, what is it?”

Tammy pulled out her cell phone and played the video she made, “Watch,” she said with a smile.

Mr. Wilbur watched the video intently. The short clip combined scenes from the two previous encounters, showing Mr. licking Tammy's ass, being spanked, and fucking in different positions. In all the scenes, Mr. Wilbur's facial expressions were visible clearly.

At the end of the video, Mr. Wilbur moved away from Tammy, “What do you want?” he asked sternly.

As if Tammy did not hear him, she said, “I have Nelson's emails of all the clients, employees, and board members.”

“What do you want?” Mr. Wilbur repeated, his voice shaking.

“Relax, Henry. No one will see this video,” Tammy said sweetly and moved closer to Mr. Wilbur, patting his chest.

“You didn't do the video for no reason,” Mr. Wilbur snarled.

“Yes, Henry, you are right, but I want something for both of us,” Tammy said softly, rubbing Mr. Wilbur's chest and hiding a smile when she saw his penis waking up.

“For both of us?”

“Yes, I would like you to buy an apartment so that we can meet freely. I feel like a whore coming to a hotel room.”

“Do you have an apartment in mind?”

Tammy pulled out of her purse the info sheet of the apartment and handed it to Mr. Wilbur, “It is a beautiful apartment. You would love it, Henry.”

Mr. Wilbur looked over the information, “It is quite expensive,” he commented.

“It is not even one percent of your Canary Island account,” Tammy retorted.

“How do you know about that account?” Mr. Wilbur sounded surprised.

“Does it matter how?”

“No, I guess not.”

Tammy stroked Mr. Wilbur penis gently and said,

“The apartment has been on the market for some time. And the real-estate agent said that we could negotiate the price.”

“I see,” Mr. Wilbur said, uncommitted feeling his penis hardening in Tammy’s palm

“I want to do it today.”

“Today?”

“Yes, Henry, we’ll look at the apartment, and you can wire the funds today.”

“I don’t know about today,” Mr. Wilbur tried to buy some time.

Tammy slapped his face, “You’ll be a good Daddy and buy the apartment today.” She then got up and picked the phone,

“Hello Matt, this is Tammy Smith. My father and I would like to see the apartment today. Would it be possible?”

Tammy listened for a few seconds and then said, “Wonderful, we’ll meet at the apartment in about an hour.”

Mr. Wilbur was lying on the bed, looking at Tammy with awe and desire.

Tammy smiled and jumped on the bed, “We have time for a quickie,” she and climbed on top of him.

Without preliminaries, Tammy stroked and guided Mr. Wilbur's erect penis into her warm vagina.

“Look at me, Henry,” Tammy said as she rode Mr. Wilbur's cock.

Mr. Wilbur met Tammy’s blue eyes and got lost. He moaned and countered her movements.

They fucked in synch, enjoying the encounter.

Tammy stopped moving and lay on top of Mr. Wilbur, talking into his ear, “Fuck me, Henry, fuck me.”

Mr. Wilbur moved his groin, pumping his penis into Tammy with loud bumps.

“Yes, Henry, faster, faster,” Tammy whispered in his ear.

When Tammy felt that Mr. Wilbur was ready, she sat up, swirling her vagina over his hard cock,

“Give it to me, Henry. Please, give it to me,” Tammy cried with fake cravings.

Mr. Wilbur came for the second time with a loud moan.

After a short pause, Tammy rolled off and jumped out of bed, “I am taking a shower,” she said behind her back.

Mr. Wilbur was still in bed when Tammy came out of the shower.

“Henry, take a shower and get dressed,” Tammy said impatiently.

Mr. Wilbur did not move.

Tammy grabbed his testicles and twisted them. Mr. Wilbur screamed from the sudden pain.

“Henry, you want to be my Daddy, don’t you,” Tammy said, pressing Mr. Wilbur’s ball inflicting pain.

“Yes, yes,” Mr. Wilbur cried.

“Good, for a moment, I thought that you want everyone to see how you behave as my Daddy.”

The veiled threat worked like a charm. Mr. Wilbur got up, took a shower, and dressed without a word.

Matt was waiting for them at the apartment, “Hello,” he greeted and extended his hand to Mr. Wilbur, “Nice meeting you, Mr. Smith,”

“Mr. Wilbur,” Mr. Wilbur corrected.

Matt looked puzzled at Tammy, “Smith is my married name,” she explained and turned to Mr. Wilbur, “Come see the kitchen, Dad.”

Mr. Wilbur played along. He walked through the apartment and said that it was very nice.

“I love this apartment, Daddy,” Tammy said, looking into Mr. Wilbur's eyes, “Can we get it, please.”

Mr. Wilbur negotiated the price with Matt. Matt made a couple of quick calls and said that the seller would agree to the price if Mr. Wilbur comes up with the fund by midnight.

“Not a problem,” Mr. Wilbur said, “I’ll wire the funds, and you’ll get it before midnight.”

Tammy hugged Mr. Wilbur, “Thank you, Daddy. I just love this apartment,” she chirped.

They went to Matt’s office, and Tammy signed the paperwork. “It is only on my name,” she informed Matt. Then, Mr. Wilbur used a conference room in the relator’s office to make a call and transfer the money to the title company account that Matt provided.

After they left the realtor's office, Tammy said, “Let’s have a bite.”

“I am not hungry,” Mr. Wilbur replied.

“I am, Daddy!”

Mr. Wilbur got the hint and succumbed.

They sat in the diner eating, and Tammy said, “Henry, there are a couple of things I need to talk to you about.”

“Okay,” Mr. Wilbur replied cautiously.

“First, nobody should know about the apartment. And I mean nobody.”

“I understand, and it is not a problem,” Mr. Wilbur replied and thought that it was reasonable.

“Secondly, and very important to me, is your cooperation when Nelson proposes to me.”

“What?” Mr. Wilbur looked alarmed.

“Calm down, Henry. You don’t want the world to know that you are my secret Daddy,” Tammy snarled. She started to lose patience with Mr. Wilbur.

Mr. Wilbur felt a tremor. His hands shook from the direct threat.

“What do you mean cooperation?” he asked, making sure that he understands what Tammy wanted.

“I want you to be excited and supportive of Nelson’s decision,” Tammy explained.

“I’ll do my best,” Mr. Wilbur said.

“I am glad to hear that,” Tammy said sarcastically and then changed the subject, “Do you want to help me to choose furniture for the apartment?”

“Not really. I am sure that you’ll do a great job on your own.”

“I will if you give me your credit card,” Tammy retorted. Mr. Wilbur’s attitude agitated her.

“I’ll order one on your name, Tammy Smith, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Mr. Wilbur swallowed nervously and looked at his watch.

“You may leave if you need to go somewhere,” Tammy offered.

“Yes, thank you. I’ll talk to you soon, Tammy.”

“You do that, Daddy,” Tammy said as she lifted her leg under the table and rubbed Mr. Wilbur’s crotch.

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Matt called the following day and cheerfully informed Tammy that they received the funds and recorded the property in her name.

“Please come any time to the office to get the key, Miss Smith.”

“Thank you, Matt. I’ll come by shortly.”

Tammy got the key and toured the apartment again, visualizing it with furniture.

Tammy listened to Nelson's work stories in the evening while he stood on his knees and talked. Tammy did not need to ask any questions. Instead, Tammy made intelligent comments that Nelson appreciated. He never told Tammy, but her remarks shed a new perspective that helped him.

After dinner, Tammy took a bath. Nelson washed her tenderly, happy for the opportunity to touch her gorgeous body.

“Let’s go to bed,” Tammy said after Nelson wiped her.

They made love passionately. Tammy moaned and whispered in Nelson’s ear, “Fuck me, baby, Yes, just like that. I love it.”

Nelson erupted with uncontrollable spasms and ejaculated with a loud moan. Tammy ran her fingertips through his hair lovingly. They rested for a while panting, and then Tammy lay her head on Nelson’s chest as she did every night, “Good night, Nelson,” she murmured.

Nelson fell asleep right away, but Tammy was still wide awake. She got up and looked again at the furniture photos she chose for the apartment. And then, smiling, she went back to bed.

After Nelson finished his work stories, the next day, Tammy looked at him lovingly and said softly, “Nelson, we have lived together for a while. I think that it is time to be engaged.”

Nelson was taken by surprise, “What?” he said.

Tammy felt a rage running through her body. She pressed the remote for a long time, watching Nelson sprawling on the floor with pain. She then stopped, got up, and kicked Nelson, “You are ungrateful, SOB,” she said, and went to the bedroom, shutting the door with a loud thump.

Nelson slowly got up. He was confused and wasn't sure what to do. He worked for a little while and then decided to talk to Tammy and apologize.

Tammy was sitting at the vanity, brushing her hair after the shower she took. She heard a knock on the door but did not respond. Finally, after two attempts, Nelson opened the door slowly.

Tammy turned and looked at him with ice-cold eyes, "Get out," she barked.

"But..." Nelson could not finish as he felt excruciating pain in his balls.

"Out," Tammy barked again, pressing the remote angrily. She released the remote when Nelson closed the door.

Nelson went to bed in the other bedroom. He tossed and turned and couldn't fall asleep, yearning for Tammy's warm body next to his.

In the morning, Nelson waited for Tammy on his knees, hoping that he could kiss and apologize, but Tammy did come to the door, and after half an hour of waiting, Nelson left to work.

In the evening, Nelson came home and rushed to the living room, where Tammy was sitting on the sofa reading a magazine. He dropped on one knee and held an open jewelry box with a diamond ring.

"Tammy, will you marry me?" Nelson asked with anticipation.

Tammy looked at the ring. It was a large diamond surrounded by smaller diamonds, and it was beautiful.

They looked at each other in silence, and finally, Tammy said, "I want you to propose naked."

Nelson undressed quickly and naked and stood on one knee,

"Tammy, will you marry me?" he asked again.

"You want to be my husband?" Tammy asked as she brushed Nelson's balls with the pointy tip of her pump.

"Yes, Tammy," Nelson replied eagerly.

Tammy pointed the index finger down, "Beg," she said quietly.

Nelson bent and licked her feet in high heels, “Please, Tammy, would you marry me,” Nelson pleaded.

“And if I would, will you be a good husband?”

Nelson licked Tammy’s feet fervently, “Yes, yes, I will be the perfect husband,” he said anxiously.

“Okay, Nelson, you may put the ring on my finger,” Tammy said softly.

Nelson straightened up, smiling broadly, and fit the ring on Tammy’s finger.

Tammy looked at her fingers with the shining ring and was satisfied.

Nelson watched her nervously, “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

Tammy bent and grabbed Nelson’s penis, assessing how hard it was. She was pleased with Nelson’s erection and quietly said, “Yes.”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Nelson jumped on his feet with excitement and relief.

Tammy smiled and removed the robe. She stood pressing her naked body into Nelson’s and whispered in his ear, “Fuck me, Hubby.”

They made love on the sofa in the living room, and as usual, Nelson came with euphoria, and Tammy faked an orgasm.

“I should call my parents and tell them,” Nelson said, hugging and kissing Tammy.

“Not yet, Nelson. I need a few days to used to the idea. I’ll let you know when I am ready.”

“Oh sure, Tammy, I understand,” Nelson instantly agreed.

That night Nelson fell asleep with Tammy’s head on his chest and a smile on his face.

In the morning, Tammy let Nelson kiss her vagina longer than usual, and Nelson happily went to work.

Tammy waited for the next call from Mr. Wilbur. It came a few days later.

“Meet me at the apartment in one hour,” Tammy instructed and hung up.

When Mr. Wilbur knocked on the apartment door, Tammy opened dresses in a floppy short skirt and loose tank top. She hugged and kissed Mr. Wilbur, "Come in Henry," she murmured.

The apartment was empty, and Tammy led Mr. Wilbur to the kitchen. "What do you think?" Tammy asked as she showed him photos of the furniture spread on the kitchen counter.

Mr. Wilbur looked at the pictures briefly, "Very nice," he said.

Tammy smiled to herself at Mr. Wilbur's impatience and let him have it. She sat on the kitchen counter and pulled up her skirt, "You want to kiss me, Daddy?"

Mr. Wilbur bent and kissed the delicate vagina lips gently.

"You like my kitty, Daddy?" Tammy asked, amused at Mr. Wilbur's excitement.

"Yes, Tammy, I like everything," Mr. Wilbur replied, licking that delicious vagina.

Tammy caressed Mr. Wilbur's head, let him enjoy the taste of her body, and after a while, she jumped off the counter and unzipped Mr. Wilbur's pants.

"Let me have you cock, Daddy. You know I need it," Tammy incited. She then stroked the erect penis while Mr. Wilbur kissed and sucked her breasts.

Tammy felt the hardness of Mr. Wilbur's penis and then turned around, leaned on the countertop, and spread her legs wide.

"Fuck me, Daddy," She said, wondering which hole Mr. Wilbur would go for. Tammy smiled to herself when she felt Mr. Wilbur's penis penetrating her tight asshole.

"Oh, Oh," Tammy moaned as Mr. Wilbur pushed in his erect cock. She then straightened up, put her arms back, pulling Mr. Wilbur's head into her, and swirled her round ass slowly.

Mr. Wilbur kissed Tammy's long neck and clasped her breasts with his hands.

Tammy moved her butt in a slow circular motion, brushing the hard cock over the rectum walls.

“You like fucking my ass, Daddy?”

“Yes,” Mr. Wilbur said, breathing loud and deep.

Tammy bent over the countertop again, “Fuck me, Daddy.”

Mr. Wilbur started to move his penis fast while Tammy screamed, “Oh Daddy, Daddy!” Arousing him until he couldn’t hold it anymore and ejaculated with a loud groan.

They stood then quietly until Mr. Wilbur’s penis softened and slid out. Tammy turned then and showed the ring to Mr. Wilbur,

“Nelson proposed and will call you soon to break the news,” Tammy said straight to the point.

“I see,” Mr. Wilbur said absently.

“No, Henry, you don’t see. Instead, you get excited for Nelson and supportive,” Tammy said, looking into Mr. Wilbur’s eyes intently.

“Yes, of course, I am very happy for Nelson,” Mr. Wilbur played along.

“Good. Let’s get out of here. I need to do some more shopping for the apartment.”

They dressed in silence and left the apartment.

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Nelson came home at six o'clock, dropped to his knees in front of Tammy, telling her about the events of the day at work. Tammy listened intently, made a few comments, and then ordered Nelson to undress. She then lifted her foot in front of his face, "Worship," she said.

Nelson licked her foot the way Tammy liked it. Long tongue licks over the arch of the foot and the back of the toes.

"Nelson, I think I am ready to announce our engagement," Tammy said, looking at Nelson licking her foot and lifting the other foot. "I want a small wedding with family and closed friends and a few of your associates."

Nelson immediately agreed, "Sure, Tammy, not a problem."

"I think that it will be a problem with your mother," Tammy said, slightly smiling as she saw that Nelson paused his licking ritual with the mention of his mother.

"Not to worry, I'll take care of it," Nelson said confidently.

"Good, cause I want to get married in a month or so."

Nelson bit his tongue not to say anything and busy himself with Tammy's feet.

Tammy accepted it as a yes, and continued, "After we talk to your parents, we'll set the date."

"That's fine, Tammy."

"Is your cock ready for your wife, Hubby?" Tammy giggled as she removed the robe she was wearing.

Nelson got the hint and continued to lick Tammy's leg till he reached her vagina.

Tammy rubbed his head, "Make my kitty purr, hubby," she whispered.

They made love passionately. Later, when they rested, Tammy ordered, "Call your parents and tell them that you have something to tell them and you want to say it face to face."

Nelson nodded and picked up the phone,

“Hi, Mom.”

“Yes, everything okay.”

“Yes, business is good,” Nelson said and finally had a chance to talk, “I have something important to tell you.”

“No, it is not bad news. It is good news.”

“No, I don’t want to tell you over the phone.”

Tammy smiled as she heard the conversation. His mother was a bully, that’s for sure.

“That would be fine. Yes, I will be there at seven,” Nelson said and hung up with a sigh of relief.

“So, what’s the scope?” Tammy asked

“Dinner on Friday night.”

“Oh, sounds good,” Tammy said with content. Everything was working well.

At the other end of the line, Mrs. Wilbur hung up and went to her husband’s office,

“Henry, something strange just happened,” she told her husband.

“What is it?”

“Nelson called and said that he wants to tell us something in person,” Suzanne said with a bit of wonder.

Mr. Wilbur smiled to himself. He knew what that was about but pretended, “We’ll have to wait and see. I am sure that it would be good news.”

“I hope so,” Suzanne said, doubt was written all over her face.

“Suzanne, stop worrying. Nelson is a big boy,” Henry tried to encourage.

“He is, and he is not,” his wife retorted and left the room disturbed.

On Friday night, Tammy and Nelson visited the Wilbur’s. As they walked in, Mrs. Wilbur asked impatiently, “What is it that you want to tell us, Nelson.”

“Can we have a drink first,” Nelson tried to postpone the moment he dreaded.

Mr. Wilbur mixed the drinks, “Thank you, Mr. Wilbur,” Tammy said when Mr. Wilbur handed her the glass.

“You are welcome, Tammy,” Mr. Wilbur said with a pleasant smile. Tammy smiled back, happy with Mr. Wilbur's manner.

At last, Nelson put his arm around Tammy's waist and said, “I proposed to Tammy, she accepted, and we are engaged.”

Mrs. Wilbur gasped.

Mr. Wilbur smiled, “That's good news, Nelson,” he said.

“And guess what, Mr. Wilbur,” Tammy said excitedly, “I'll get to call you Daddy. Wouldn't it be wonderful?”

Mr. Wilbur shivered for a second but recovered quickly, “Yes, that would be wonderful. I think that you'll be a lovely wife. Nelson was a lucky guy.”

Both Nelson and his mother looked at Mr. Wilbur aghast. Nelson did not expect his father to be supportive, and Mrs. Wilbur wondered what happened to her husband. It wasn't like him to support a girl they didn't know who came from a questionable background.

Tammy broke the silence, “Look,” she said and lifted her hand, showing the shiny diamond ring.

“This is a very nice ring,” Mr. Wilbur said, “Congratulations to both of you.” Mr. Wilbur then hugged his son and Tammy, who lifted her leg and brushed his groin. When Mr. Wilbur felt it, he disengaged quickly.

“Thank Mr. Wilbur, you are very kind,” Tammy said, smiling happily. So far, it went better than she expected.

Mrs. Wilbur wanted to know when and where they'll get married and came up with suggestions. Tammy fended her off gently, saying that they did not think about that, but they will plan it on their own. Mr. Wilbur was quiet for the rest of the evening.

Nelson was surprised that his father did bring up the nuptial agreement but was happy not to discuss it. He had no intention of bringing it up

with Tammy since he knew that she would punish him severely. And there is no way to know what Tammy would do after that. She might leave me for good, Nelson thought.

They had dinner, which mainly passed silently, and then the young couple left.

“I can’t believe that you supported this marriage, Henry,” his wife fumed.

“Why not? Tammy is beautiful and nice girl,” Mr. Wilbur defendant.

“Nice girl! We don’t know anything about her. Who knows where she is coming from,” Mrs. Wilbur replied angrily. She couldn’t understand her husband's attitude but had no choice and accept her son’s decision.

Back at home, Tammy and Nelson took a shower together. Tammy was sweet and loving but kept the rules firmly. If she slept late on Saturday, Nelson never left the bed. And he arrived at home every day precisely at six o’clock. Nelson learned that if he keeps the rules, life becomes pleasurable.

A week went by since they announced their engagement. Nelson's friends congratulated him, and everyone thought that Nelson is a lucky guy.

Nelson wondered why Tammy did not mention the wedding if she wanted to get married in a month or so, as she said. But he kept quiet enjoy routine life and frequent sex encounters.

Tammy was very busy during the day. So she asked Tara to help her to plan the wedding. They checked different wedding halls for available dates and looked into catering companies and flower shops.

“What about your wedding dress?” Tara asked.

“I can use the one from my other wedding,” Tammy said absently.

“Are you sure?” Tara pressed.

“Yes, why not? It is not that I am falling head over heels with Nelson,” Tammy said, giggling.

Tara burst into a laugh, “You are something, Tammy,” she said fondly.

“So are you,” Tammy countered.

They continued to work and had it all planned out perfectly.

Tammy did not hear from Mr. Wilbur during this time and wondered if he softened up because of the engagement. She wanted to show him the apartment with all the new furniture but was also relieved that she did not need to spend time with him.

One evening after dinner, Tammy called Nelson to her room and showed him the wedding plan.

Tammy set the wedding date to five weeks from that day, and it took place in one of the upscale hotels. Tammy showed Nelson the menu, flower arrangement, and details that Nelson didn't even know existed.

"And yes, one more thing," Tammy said to Nelson, who was impressed, "You wear this." Nelson looked at the photo of a black tuxedo and nodded in agreement.

"Why don't you invite your parents for dinner here, and we can show them our plan," Tammy said.

"I'll try, but my mother doesn't like to eat at other people's house," Nelson said.

"We are not other people. We are her family," Tammy retorted and then thought about it, "You know Nelson, it is okay if she prefers to invite us for dinner."

"Let me talk to her. I think that she'll like the plan you made," Nelson said. I don't think so, Tammy noted in her mind, but smiled sweetly at Nelson, "Sure, Hubby, why don't you talk to her."

It so happened that Mr. Wilbur called her the next day, and they met at the apartment.

Mr. Wilbur was very impressed by how Tammy furnished the apartment, "It looks fantastic, Tammy," he said.

"Thank Henry," Tammy said modestly, and she continued mischievously, "You want to be my Daddy?"

Mr. Wilbur smiled at her. It was impossible to resist Tammy.

They made love on the brand new bed and then took a shower. Mr. Wilbur was relaxed and happy.

“Henry,” Tammy said, “Nelson and I made wedding plans for the wedding, and we’ll show it to you and Suzanne this Friday.”

“That’s great, Tammy, but you don’t fool me. I know that you made the wedding plans.”

Tammy laughed. She did not acknowledge and moved on to what she wanted to know,

“I wanted to ask you, Henry, what is the best way to present the plans to Suzanne.”

Mr. Wilbur looked at Tammy with appreciation. She was smart, sexy, and dangerous if you crossed her.

“If she questions your choice, I will blame it on Nelson,” Mr. Wilbur said, “But I wouldn’t worry about Suzanne. She appreciates creativity and self-driven women.”

Tammy nodded with understanding, and they said goodbye.

As Nelson predicted, his mother preferred to host. Tammy carried the binder with all wedding plans, and after dinner, she showed it to Mrs. Wilbur. The binder contained photos of each course of the wedding dinner, the cake, flower arrangements, napkins, invitations, and other details.

Tammy commented on some of the items that she would choose something else, but Nelson liked that particular design.

Mrs. Wilbur examined the photos with interest and didn’t make any remarks. Finally, at the last page of the folder, she said with sincere appreciation, “This is very nice, Tammy. I would choose some of the items in different designs, but these are fine choices.”

“Thank Mrs. Wilbur,” Tammy said.

“Call me Suzanne,” Mrs. Wilbur said grandiosely.

“Of course, Suzanne,” Tammy said with a smile, knowing that she won Mrs. Wilbur's heart.

Nelson and his father exchanged a look with mouth open with surprise. But then Mrs. Wilbur said,

“Tammy, you showed me everything but not the wedding dress.”

“Oh, that will be a surprise,” Tammy said.

Mrs. Wilbur looked at Tammy for a moment, “Would you let me buy the wedding dress. I know a couple of stores that you would be delighted to see their selection.”

Tammy thought about it for a second. There was no reason to refuse, “Sure,” she said, “I’ll be honored.”

Mrs. Wilbur got excited and made plans with Tammy to meet at one of the stores, and then Nelson said that it is getting late, rescuing Tammy from his mother.

After Nelson and Tammy left, Mrs. Wilbur said, “You know Henry, I think that you were right. Tammy is a nice girl.”

Mr. Wilbur smiled and did not reply but said in his head, “If you only knew the truth.”

Nelson drove the car from his parents' home and said, “You know Tammy, you planned the wedding. I would like to plan the honeymoon.”

“You may, but I don’t want to fly long distance and no more than one week.”

“It is a deal,” Nelson laughed happily.

“It will be a deal when you show me what you plan,” Tammy said sternly.

They drove the rest of the way in silence.

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“I am going with Nelson’s mother for wedding dress shopping,” Tammy said to Tara over lunch the next day.

“No kidding.”

“No kidding,” Tammy said and laughed.

“How that happens?” Tara wanted to know.

“I showed her the binder with the plans, and she liked it but noticed that there wasn’t a wedding dress there.”

“She liked it!” Tara exclaimed.

“She did,” Tammy laughed and then changed the subject, “What’s happening with Mommy’s boy?”

“Oh, my, he is in love with me. Buy me presents does anything I asked for, couldn’t hope for a better client.”

“Really?” Tammy didn’t buy it, “And how is he in bed?”

“He is getting better. I train him to control his ejaculation, and he is improving,” Tara said with a slight smile.

“You really like him, don’t you?” Tammy said.

“Surprisingly, I do,” Tara admitted.

“Will you come to my wedding with him?”

“I don’t think that it is a good idea. He might recognize you at an inconvenient moment.”

“Yes, you are right, but you will be my bride maid.”

“Yes, of course, I will,” Tara said.

Time went by fast with wedding preparation, and finally, the big day arrived.

Mr. Wilbur walked Tammy down the aisle, and Mrs. Wilbur shed emotional tears.

Tammy and Nelson said goodbye to their guests and left for their honeymoon.

They spent a week in an upscale island resort off the coast of North Carolina.

During that week, Tammy let Nelson fuck her every day. They had daily ship cruises to deep water, delicious meals, and entertainment in the evening.

Tammy got sun tan and looked stunning in bathing suits and evening gowns.

On the last day of the honeymoon, Tammy took off the shock ring behind Nelson's testicles,

"You are my husband now. We don't need that, do we?" she said, spanking his butt playfully.

Nelson was happy. He kissed Tammy and said, "I love you, Tammy."

Tammy looked at him with an amused smile, "I know that Nelson. Let's go now and celebrate balls without a shocker," she said and started to run to the water. Nelson ran after her.

In the water, Tammy hung on Nelson's neck and talked into his ear, "Pull off my bathing suit, and fuck me."

Nelson excitedly followed instructions. And when he entered her, Tammy whispered in his ear, "Show me how husband fucks."

Nelson banged her and excitedly came, leaving Tammy once again unsatisfied.

After they returned from their honeymoon, they settled in their routine life. Tammy liked to spend time in her new apartment during the day. She painted next to the large windows in the living room and made lunch for herself.

One day Mr. Wilbur called. Tammy said that she would like to meet him at the coffee house downtown.

"Hi Henry, how are you?" Tammy greeted.

"I am fine, and how are things going for you?"

They chat for a bit, and then Tammy said, "Henry, I can't see you anymore."

"Why?"

“I am married and doesn’t feel right,” Tammy gave him the go-around. Mr. Wilbur already served his purpose in her life, but Tammy wanted to end it nicely. He was her father-in-law, and she would see him in the family gathering.

Mr. Wilbur looked at her silently and didn’t believe her but had no choice. Tammy held all the cards.

“I understand, Tammy,” Mr. Wilbur finally said.

Tammy handed him the credit card he gave her, “Thank you for everything,” she said, “I have to go now.”

Mr. Wilbur watched Tammy's round butt and long legs as she walked away and sighed deeply. Too bad, he thought, it was a splendid affair.

As time went by, Tammy got more frustrated with Nelson’s lovemaking and made all kinds of excuses not to have sex with him.

Nelson continued the rituals of talking about work in the evening and waiting every morning for Tammy to open her robe and let him kiss her beautiful vagina.

One day Nelson approached Tammy and said, “You know Tammy, we haven’t had sex for a while.”

“I know Nelson,” Tammy retorted, “It is just too frustrating for me.”

“What do you mean?” Nelson asked with surprise.

“You don’t satisfy me,” Tammy said, point blanc.

“I don’t satisfy you?” Nelson exclaimed, “But you seemed happy when we had sex.”

“I just pretended to make you happy,” Tammy said cruelly.

“I don’t understand,” Nelson said, confused.

“I can explain to you in plain English,” Tammy lost patient, “Your penis is too small, and you come too fast.”

Nelson looked at Tammy, shocked. The wonderful world he lived in crumbled at that moment.

“I, I, don’t know what to say,” Nelson mumbled.

“I’ll figure out something,” Tammy said with a smile.

Nelson was depressed and went to his office, but when they went to bed and Tammy lay her head on his chest, he felt waves of emotions. He loved his wife dearly.

A few days later, Tammy walked into Nelson's office in the evening with her laptop,

"What do you think about that?" she asked as she showed him an image of a naked man with an erect penis.

"I don't understand," Nelson was confused.

"This is a hook-up site for a one-night stand, and this guy has an eight-inch long penis," Tammy said, giggling.

"I don't understand," Nelson repeated, bewildered.

"I like to fuck this guy, and you can watch," Tammy explained patiently.

"Are you serious! I don't want to watch you fucking another man."

"Well, Nelson, you don't have to. I can fuck him elsewhere where you are not around."

"Tammy, this is not fair!" Nelson protested.

"Nelson, I need to satisfy my sexual hots. You have a choice, take or leave it, but if you decide to participate, I'll make it up to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll have sex with you afterward."

Nelson sat quietly for a moment. He knew that Tammy would go on with her plan with or without him.

"Okay," he finally said.

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, I'll watch you."

"Good, but I want to make it clear that you'll have to do whatever I tell you while we are a threesome."

Nelson looked at Tammy's beautiful face and couldn't resist, "That's fine, Tammy. I'll do whatever your needs are."

Tammy smiled fondly and lovingly ran her palm over his cheek, “It will be fun. You’ll enjoy it.”

Nelson smiled meekly and nodded. It was a done deal, no way to back off.

‘Do you want to get together and fuck?’ Tammy messaged the guy with the eight-inch cock.

It took several seconds. Tammy knew that the guy who went by the name Brad was looking over her photos. She had one close-up shot of her face and several images of her nude body.

‘Yes, I would love to,’ came the reply.

‘Would you mind if my husband watches us?’

‘I don’t as long as he doesn’t touch me.’

‘He won’t touch you, guaranteed.’

‘Okay, then, when do you like to meet.’

‘Meet me tomorrow at 8 pm in the Down Town Bar.’

‘Sure thing, I’ll see you then.’

Tammy smiled with satisfaction and looked forward to having good sex.

The next day, Tammy dressed in a black mini dress and black high heel pumps.

“I am going to meet that guy with the big cock. You wait here in the living room,” Tammy instructed.

Nelson nodded and looked at his wife with appreciation. Tammy looked gorgeous in that outfit.

Tammy walked into the bar a few minutes past eight and spotted Brad right away. He stood leaning on the bar counter, watching the entrance.

“Hi, Brad,” Tammy said with a dazzling smile examining him. Brad was handsome, with blue eyes and dark brown hair.

“Hi Tammy, nice to meet you,” Brad said politely. He had a lazy smile and projected confidence and kindness. Tammy liked him from first sight and chatted a bit.

When the music changed to slow dance, Tammy asked, “Aren’t you going to invite me for a dance?”

“Of course, Tammy, excuse my manners,” Brad said and led her to the dance floor.

Tammy danced close and brushed her thigh on Brad’s crotch, checking him out.

Brad held Tammy gently but firmly with a friendly smile. Holding this sexy girl aroused him, and he had an erection which Tammy felt and was satisfied.

After the dance, Tammy looked at him with a slight smile, “Are you ready?”

Brad grinned, “Sure am, Tammy.”

“Okay then, let’s have a party,” Tammy cheerfully whispered in Brad's ear, which caused his penis to jerk.

They entered the living room where Nelson was sitting, “Brad, this is my husband, Nelson,” Tammy introduce.

The two men nodded but did not look directly at each other.

Tammy was amused at their reaction but took control, “Let’s go to the bedroom,” she said and held Brad's hand, pulling him with her.

In the bedroom, Tammy wrapped her arms around Brad's shoulders and kissed him lightly. She then turned to her husband, “Nelson, on your knees, here,” she said and pointed her finger at a space in front of her and Brad

Tammy then kissed Brad passionately. Brad ran his hands over her back and ass, kissing her back with desire.

“Take off your clothes, Brad,” Tammy talked into his ear as she pulled down her dress and let it fall on the floor. It aroused Brad to see that Tammy wore nothing under her dress, and he looked at Tammy’s naked body with awe.

Tammy helped Brad to take off his shirt and pants and then stroke his erect cock. As advertised, Brad’s penis was long and thick, a pleasure to hold and stroke.

They kissed, touching each other exploring, and then Tammy turned to Nelson, "Nelson, undress!" She watched with satisfaction Nelson obeying, and when he was naked, she grabbed his cock.

"Look, Nelson, you see how this cock compared to yours," Tammy said, holding in each hand an erect penis.

Nelson had to admit to himself that Brad's penis was bigger than his. He stood silently, looking at his wife submissively.

"Get down now and make my kitty purr for this cock," Tammy ordered.

Nelson dropped to his knees, and Tammy pulled his head between her legs while stroking Brad's big cock. She then bent and licked Brad's penis head and inserted it as deep as she could, sucking it with moans of pleasure.

Brad brushed Tammy's hair gently and made muted moans.

Having Nelson licking her vagina while she was sucking another man's cock aroused Tammy. She was wet and ready and couldn't wait to have the cock in her mouth raping her.

She straightened up, kissed Brad, and said, "Let bend over for you, Brad."

Tammy turned around, bent, and placed her palms on Nelson's shoulders, spreading her long legs in high heels.

Brad entered her in no time.

"Ohhh," Tammy screamed with joy as the big penis slid inside her.

Nelson stood on his knees in front of Tammy, watching as Brad increased the pace and banged her hard.

Tammy looked into Nelson's eyes, "It is so good, Nelson, it is heaven," she bragged in between loud moans.

And then she kissed Nelson, "Kiss me," she said, "Make me happy."

Nelson kissed her back while Brad moved his penis slower, reacting to Tammy, who whirled her ass over his hard cock while kissing Nelson.

She then held Nelson's head, pulling him into her chest, and yelled, "Fuck me hard, Brad, hard!" After that, all three of them moved in the same rhythm until Tammy had enough. She straightened up and disengaged from Brad turning around and kissing him, "Fuck me, Brad," she talked into his ear, "Fuck me!"

Brad lifted her and threw her on the bed, jumping right on top of her. Tammy lay on her back and spread her legs wide, "Fuck me," she repeated.

Brad enter her swiftly. He was aroused to the max.

Tammy managed to turn her head toward Nelson, "Nelson, stay on your knees and watch," she said and then hugged Brad tightly, "Faster baby, faster."

Brad did not disappoint her. He pumped his big cock into her ripping the wet vagina.

Tammy screamed with joy and kicked Brad with her feet excitedly. They moved in sync with the rhythm they both felt.

Nelson never saw Tammy so loud and active in bed.

And suddenly, Tammy made a low cry, her body shook, and she dropped her arms on the sides, exhausted and exhilarated. She finally had an orgasm she was craving for.

Brad stopped for a few seconds and then started again. Tammy hugged him and kissed his face, "I want it, Brad, give it to me." Brad moved fast and ejaculated, laying over Tammy panting.

When they both calmed down, Tammy talked into Brad's ear, "It was wonderful, but I need some private time with my husband now."

Brad understood. He got up and collected his clothes.

Tammy sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Nelson's head between her legs, "Eat the cum, hubby," she said.

Nelsons licked her vagina and the drops of Brad's cum. "Yes, honey, that's so good," Tammy encouraged as she watched Brad getting dressed.

Tammy held Nelson's hair, led him up and down her vagina, and turned to Brad, "Hold on, Brad, I'll walk you out in a minute."

Brad stood watching the couple's intimate moments, waiting patiently.

When Tammy had enough, she pushed Nelson away, "Wait here, Nelson," she said and linked her arm with Brad's, walking him to the front door.

"I had a great time," Tammy said at the door, hugging and kissing Brad.

Brad ran his hands over Tammy's naked smooth body,

"I loved it too, Tammy," he said.

Tammy smiled and opened the door, "Goodbye, Brad," she said softly.

Brad left, and Tammy returned to the bedroom.

"Lay on the bed," Tammy ordered and then lay next to Nelson kissing his chest, stomach and took his penis in her mouth. Nelson was euphoric. He moaned with excitement, and his penis hardened like a rock.

Tammy sat on him and guided Nelson's hard cock into her warm vagina. She swirled her butt slowly and moved up and down the length of the cock.

"Look at me," Tammy said.

Nelson looked into her blue eyes and got lost.

"You like watching me fucking another man?" Tammy said as she rode Nelson's cock.

Nelson did not reply, but his penis hardened. Tammy knew how to push the right buttons.

"Did you liked his warm cum. Was it tasty?" Tammy teased as she moved faster.

"You liked it!" she shouted, moving faster.

Nelson did not reply, but he breathed with shorter intakes and held Tammy's waist tightly.

Abruptly, Tammy stopped and lay on Nelson's chest, whispering in his ear, "Tell me how much you like it, baby."

Nelson finally mouthed, "I liked it."

Tammy kissed him passionately, "Fuck me, show me how much you liked it."

Nelson rolled over, pushing Tammy under him.

Their bodies never separated, and Nelson started to move his penis on top of Tammy, feeling rage.

Tammy knew well how Nelson felt and added fuel to the fire, "You liked licking cum of another man off my kitty, didn't you?"

Nelson hummed angrily and pumped harder.

"Didn't you, Nelson?" Tammy talked into his ear while Nelson moved his cock with rage.

"Show me, Nelson, show me how much you liked it, fuck me. Fuck me!"

Nelson couldn't handle it any longer and came with a scream of a wounded animal, and breathed like a locomotive on top of Tammy and then started to cry with tears filling his eyes.

Tammy patted his head lovingly until he stopped, and then she moved up a bit and pulled Nelson's head into her breast. Nelson latched at the nipple and sucked, drawing comfort from Tammy's gentle touch.

Tammy did not say a word. Instead, she ran her fingertips through Nelson's hair tenderly and let him suck her breasts.

After a while, Tammy moved and gently pushed Nelson, "Lie down, baby," she said softly, and then lay her head on Nelson's chest as she does every night and fell asleep instantly.

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After that threesome night, something subtly had changed in their relationship. They still went out and met Nelson's friends and family. And Tammy was always affectionate in public, holding Nelson's arm, hugging and kissing him. Everyone thought that they were a happily married couple.

At home, Tammy had less patience to listen to work stories. And she relaxed the rules. Nelson could get up in the morning and go to work while Tammy was still sleeping. Many times Tammy pretended to be sleeping, waiting for Nelson to leave.

They had sex only after a threesome encounter that happened occasionally. Tammy always brought home a new guy whose photo Nelson saw—never repeating. But she fondly remembered the first one, Brad. However, she wasn't sure if it was because he was the first one.

And during threesome nights, Tammy became more demanding of Nelson. She wanted him to lick her ass while the other man fucking her and licked her vagina when the other man fucked her ass. And she always made him lick the cum of her lovers.

As time passed, Tammy put Nelson in humiliating positions, licking her feet in high heels while she kissed and strokes her lover or sitting on Nelson's face while sucking her lover's cock. One time she made him hold her foot and lick the arch while laying on her back with the other man on top of her until she came. After that, she wasn't subtle anymore about his privacy and made him lick her vagina filled with the lover's cum while she was kissing and talking to the other man about how wonderful her husband was. Sometimes Tammy sucked the lover's cock while Nelson sucked his cum from her vagina.

Nelson accepted his role in the threesome play. He didn't feel embarrassed or humiliated and waited for his turn to have sex with Tammy. Nelson loved to touch her and felt admiration and surrender when entering her vagina, and their bodies connected. The more Tammy humiliated him, the more desire Nelson felt and the higher climaxes he reached.

Tammy rewarded Nelson with sex after the other man left. She praised him, “You were such a good husband,” or “I loved the way you licked my ass when he fucked me.” She was affectionate and loving and made Nelson come with euphoria. But if Nelson disobeyed the slightest when Tammy had sex with another man, she punished him with the whip and didn’t let him have sex with her.

Sex life became a waiting game until Nelson got his sexual fix. But social life was terrific. He loved going out with Tammy and was very proud of her in public.

Tammy played to a good wife but pursued her plan and reported to Tara about the progress of her marriage when they met regularly.

“It is getting close to one year,” Tara said during lunch.

“Thank God,” Tammy responded, “I can’t wait to get away from him.”

“I understand,” Tara said, “Let’s get things in motion. How do you want to go about it?”

“I think that the easiest way is to find one of the legal assistants and convince her to have an affair with Nelson,” Tammy said, wondering out loud.

“Why one of the assistants?”

“Because he comes every day at six o’clock to see me, so it got to be during the daytime,” Tammy explained.

“I see,” Tara replied with a smile. Tammy was a smart cookie, that’s for sure.

“Let me work on it,” Tammy said, “It is about time.”

Tammy picked three single girls that worked in Nelson’s office building and called Bill.

“What can I do for you?” The deep baritone voice of Bill sounded in Tammy’s ear.

“I need to find dirt on some girls. I am not sure that any of them has a bad history.”

“Give me the names.”

Tammy gave Bill the three names and heard the deep voice, “Call me in one week,” and the line went dead.

A week later, Tammy called to check if there was new information.

“Two of the girls came out clean, but you got lucky with that Jeanine girl. Her previous name was Cindy Howell. She spent a year behind bars, and after that, she changed her name to Jeanine.”

“How did she get a job if she has a criminal record?”

“I guess that why she changed her name.”

Tammy thought for a second, “Do you have a mugshot of her arrest?”

“Sure do,” Bill said, and Tammy could hear the laugh in his voice.

“I’ll come by and get it,” Tammy said decisively.

“It will be in the outdoor box for you,” Bill said and hung up.

A man of a few words, Tammy thought with a smile, but an efficient one.

The next time Tammy met Tara, they went over Tammy’s plan in great detail, Tara playing the devil advocate, and they perfected a few loose ends.

“I think that this will work well,” Tara finally said.

“It should,” Tammy said in confidence, “You can start this weekend.”

“I will,” Tara smiled fondly at her friends.

Tara got an unlisted cell phone from Bill, and on Saturday morning, she called,

“Hello, is this Jeanine Wolfe?”

“Yes, this is she.”

“Oh, and I thought that I am talking to Cindy Howell.”

The line was silent for a few seconds, and then Jeanine said, “Okay, smart ass. What do you want?”

“Relax, Jeanine, I just want to discuss with you a business deal.”

“Listen, I am clean, and I want to stay that way. I don’t do drugs no more.”

“My business offer has nothing to do with drugs, and it is legal. I want you to meet me in the public library in one hour. Go to the third floor and sit at one of the tables. I’ll find you.”

Jeanine seemed to relax a bit, “Okay, what is your name?”

“Call me Marilyn,” Tara said and hung up. She didn’t doubt that Jeanine will be in the library where she was already sitting and reading a magazine.

Tara saw Jeanine as she entered the library, and a few minutes later, she went up to the third floor.

“Hi Jeanine,” Tara said sweetly.

“Hi,” Jeanine said in an unfriendly manner.

Tara smiled, pulled out a cashier check for twenty thousand dollars in Jeanine's name, and handed it to Jeanine.

“What the hell is that?”

“This is a down payment, and it is much better than this,” Tara said and showed her the mugshot.

Jeanine swallowed nervously, “Okay, I am all ears,” she said in a low voice.

“I want you to have an affair with Nelson Wilbur,” Tara said, point blanc.

“You are nuts,” Jeanine exclaimed.

As if Tara did not hear it, she continued, “Here is a fact sheet of a nice small house close to work. I want you to rent it and move in by the end of the month.”

“I have a lease on my apartment,” Jeanine try to fend off.

“The money I gave will be enough to cover the lease and the rent, and there will be more checks coming your way.”

“Really? How many?” Jeanine started to get interested.

“Four more.”

“Four more checks of this amount?”

“Yes.”

“I am in, Marilyn, my friend,” Jeanine cheerfully smiled.

“Good, here is my telephone number. Call me after you settle in the house,” Tara said as she got up and quickly walked away downstairs.

Three weeks later, Tara got a call from Jeanine, and they met again in the library.

“You like the house?” Tara asked politely.

“I love it, and it is only five minutes drive from the office,” Jeanine chirped.

Tara handed her another check for twenty thousand.

“Okay, Marilyn, what exactly do you want me to do?”

“I want you to seduce Nelson and have sex with him in your house during lunchtime,” Tara explained.

“That’s it?”

“Yes, and for the first three times that you sleep with him, you’ll get a check from me.

“That’s it?”

“Yes, and make sure that the curtains are pulled open in all the windows of the house.”

“Okay, no problem.”

“I want you to call me every day and report your progress,” Tara instructed.

If Jeanine understood why Tara wanted her to sleep with Nelson with clear windows, she didn’t show it and didn’t ask.

Tara liked that approach and wrapped up the conversation, “Any questions?”

“Yes, one question, do you know what tickles Nelson?”

Tara smiled broadly, “He likes when you instruct what to do and accepts punishment if he doesn’t do it well enough.”

Jeanine looked at Tara and hid a smile, “Got it,” she said.

“Stay at the table five minutes after I leave,” Tara said as she got up and left.

An hour later, Tara called Tammy, “We are on, Tammy,” she said laughing.

“How do you like Jeanine?” Tammy inquired with concern.

“I like her a lot. She’ll do a good job, I am pretty sure,” Tara replied with confidence.

“Okay then, I’ll move on,” Tammy said and hung up.

She dialed a private detective office, “Hello, I need someone to follow my husband. Would you take on this kind of job?”

The private detective was happy to assure her, “I do this kind of job all the time. No problem Mrs.?”

“Wilbur, Tammy Wilbur.”

“Could you come to my office, Mrs. Wilbur, to work the detail?”

“Of course, Mr. Wilson, will tomorrow morning at ten be a good time?”

“Absolutely, Mrs. Wilbur,” the detective exclaimed.

The detective, Robert Wilson, was an energetic short man. He looked over a couple of photos of Nelson, “What makes you think that he has an affair?”

“A woman knows her husband,” Tammy said with a slight smile.

“I see,” the detective said and thought, who would be crazy enough to have an affair when he has this gorgeous wife.

“My husband is a man of habits,” Tammy explained, “He comes home every evening around six o’clock. I think that he has an affair with someone in his office.”

“That makes sense,” the detective replied, “I’ll be on his tail. You’ll be satisfied, Mrs. Wilbur, I can assure you.”

“Good,” said Tammy waiting for the punch line. She didn’t flick when the detective told her his daily rate. Instead, she pulled out her checkbook and gave a down payment.

“You start tomorrow,” she said decisively and left the office.

That evening, Jeanine called Tara to report.

“I think I have a plan,” she told Tara on the phone, “They have a meeting tomorrow that ends around eleven o’clock, and I plan to shed some tears and get his attention when he leaves the conference room.”

“Sounds like a good plan, wear a dress with open back,” Tara advised.

“Sure will. I’ll call you tomorrow,” Jeanine said and hung up.

The next day, Jeanine, prepared with tears drops, waited for Nelson to come out of the conference room.

As he passed by the hallway, he heard someone crying uncontrollably.

“Jeanine, what happened?” Nelson said when he saw Jeanine sobbing with tears running over her cheeks.

“Oh, Mr. Wilbur,” Jeanine said, crying and hugged him, “The police just called me. My boyfriend died in a car accident.”

“I am so sorry,” Nelson said, running his palm over Jeanine’s exposed back.

Jeanine pressed her breasts into him, “Thank Mr. Wilbur. You are very kind.”

Nelson felt sorry for Jeanine, she was a cute girl, and he said, “I tell you what, Jeanine, why don’t I take you out for lunch, and you can tell me more about your boyfriend.”

Jeanine pressed her breasts into Nelson's chest and stopped crying, “You would do that for me, Mr. Wilbur. It is so kind of you.”

“Sure, Jeanine, let’s go,” Nelson said, happy that Jeanine stopped crying.

They walked to a nearby diner, and Jeanine patted Nelson’s arm at any opportunity she had. Then, over lunch, she told him about her boyfriend. And how they used to have sex during the day.

After lunch, Jeanine said, “Mr. Wilbur, you were so nice to me. Please let me make it up to you and invite you for lunch in my place.”

“Oh, I don’t know, Jeanine. It might be inappropriate.”

“Please, Mr. Wilbur, I live five minutes away from the office, and it would mean the world for me if you accept,” Jeanine said, linking her arm with his and pressing her breasts into him.

“Call me Nelson,” Nelson said.

“Yes, Nelson, please would you give the pleasure and have lunch with me?”

Nelson paused for a second and then said, “Okay, why not.”

Jeanine jumped with excitement, “That’s great, Nelson. How about tomorrow?”

Jeanine already checked Nelson’s schedule and knew that he had no appointment from eleven to two.

“Fine, I think that tomorrow would work for me,” he said as they entered the office building and parted.

Detective Wilson took photos of them having lunch and walking together with Jeanine hanging on Nelson's arm.

The next day, close to lunchtime, Jeanine made sure to be busy around Nelson’s office. When he came out of the office, they ran into each other,

“Ready?” Jeanine asked with a smile. She wore a tight blouse showing generous cleavage and a pencil skirt.

Nelson looked at her and couldn’t hide his desire. Tammy did not have sex with him for a long time, and he was horny.

“Yes, let’s go,” Nelson said decisively.

They drove to Jeanine’s house, and she set the dining room table for two with a bottle of wine at the center. Jeanine served the food, and they chat amicably.

After lunch, Jeanine suggested going to the living room with the wine.

They sat on the sofa situated across from the window. Jeanine was not a fool and knew why Marilyn wanted her to have an affair.

Jeanine sipped wine and said, “You know Nelson, I am embarrassed to say that, but I was always attracted to you.”

Nelson smiled but did not reply.

Jeanine moved close to Nelson and put her palm on his thigh, “Would it be okay if I kiss you?” she asked in a shy voice looking at Nelson with big brown eyes.

Nelson felt his penis jerking from Jeanine's touch. And Jeanine didn't wait for an answer. Instead, she put the other arm around Nelson's neck and kissed him.

Nelson reflexively kissed her back.

Jeanine disengaged and pulled her blouse up, revealing perky breasts with erect nipples. She gently pulled Nelson's head into her chest, “I like when a man sucks my tits,” she incited.

Nelson complied with excitement, and Jeanine fiddled with the zipper of his pants, pulling out his penis stroking gently.

“You have a beautiful cock, Nelson. May I kiss it?” Jeanine said and didn't wait for an answer. Instead, she bent and took Nelson's erect cock into her mouth.

Nelson was aroused. He pushed Jeanine's head down and caressed her head. After a short while, Jeanine got up and, without a word, took off her skirt. She stood in front of Nelson, “Take off off my undies,” she whispered.

Nelson's hands shook when he peeled off her tiny underwear and kissed her vagina tenderly.

Jeanine patted his head and spread her legs, “Slow tongue, baby,” she instructed. And then she pushed Nelson back until he leaned on the back of the sofa and sat on him, guiding his penis into her wet vagina.

“Oh, Nelson, that feels so good,” Jeanine cried as she rode his hard cock.

Nelson clasped her tits, but Jeanine instructed, “Hold my waist, push me down.”

She rode faster with a thump when she landed on him, “Oh, Nelson, you drive me crazy, let me bend over for you,” she said as she got and bend over the sofa seat.

Nelson excitedly stepped behind her and shoved his penis into her pumping fast with loud moans.

“Oh, Nelson, fuck me, baby, yes, just like that, fuck me. I love it. I love it.”

Nelson did not last for long and ejaculated with a scream of joy.

Jeanine stood still until Nelson calmed down, and then she turned and sat on the sofa, pulling Nelson’s penis with her and kissing the penis head.

“That was so good, Nelson. I love your pretty penis,” she said and took him into her mouth.

Nelson shivered from the sensations and ran his fingers through Jeanine’s hair, enjoying the loving attention Jeanine bestowed on him.

They got dress shortly after, and Jeanine said, “Drop me a block away from the office, and wait ten minutes before you walk in.”

Nelson nodded. He was used to getting instructions.

Detective Wilson had great photos from their intimate encounter and took a few more when Jeanine got off the car and walked to the office.

In the evening, Jeanine informed Tara, “He fucked me today. Very horny guy.”

“Yes, he is,” Tara agreed, “Let him come to you for another lunch.”

“Sure will,” Jeanine said. And the next day, she found a cashier's check in her mailbox.

Jeanine was busy at work and ignored Nelson, waiting patiently for his move. It took Nelson a few days to brave up and approach Jeanine,

“Hi,” Nelson said hesitantly.

“Hi, Mr. Wilbur,” Jeanine said with a cheerful smile.

“Hmmm, Jeanine, I was wondering if you would like to have lunch with me,” Nelson said.

“I would love to,” Jeanine chirped and then stepped closer, put her palm on Nelson’s chest, and said in a low voice, “Be at my place today at noon.”

Nelson nodded, and Jeanine hurried to do her duties.

At noon, Nelson arrived and knocked on the door. The door opened, and Nelson walked in. Jeanine stood behind the door wearing only high heels pumps.

Nelson stood surprised, gazing at her breasts and vagina.

Jeanine pulled Nelson's tie and walked to the bedroom. She stood in front of the window and pulled down the necktie bending Nelson.

"Eat your lunch, Nelson. Eat it!"

Nelson dropped down on his knees and licked and sucked Jeanine while Jeanine patted his head affectionately. She liked how Nelson was willing to serve her and exercised her power,

"You like your lunch, babe?"

Nelson just hummed something. "Yes, babe, you have a good appetite," Jeanine amused. And then, in a commanding voice, Jeanine said, "Stand up and undress," pushing Nelson out of her vagina.

Nelson tore his clothes quickly and approached Jeanine, ready to hug her, but Jeanine lay at the edge of the bed and lifted her legs, stopping Nelson with high heels on his chest. "Stop, you horny man," she giggled.

Nelson looked at her, puzzled.

"Take off my shoes," Jeanine instructed. She then rubbed the sole of her feet on Nelson's chest, moving her feet down till she reached Nelson's penis and stroked the erect penis with her feet.

"Are you ready to fuck?" Jeanine incited as she felt Nelson's cock hardening like a rock.

"Yes," Nelson replied, holding Jeanine's feet and moved his cock, brushing the soft and smooth soles of Jeanine's feet.

Jeanine smiled and lifted her legs, pulling Nelson with her feet behind his back.

Nelson stepped forward and shoved his cock in tho the inviting vagina.

“Oh, babe, it so good to feel you inside me,” Jeanine aroused, looking amused at Nelson, who excitedly moved his cock fast.

“Oh, Oh, Nelson, harder, yes, just like that. Fuck me.”

Nelson pumped fast and came quickly, huffing heavily.

Jeanine hugged him, and they rolled lying on the bed.

“That was wonderful,” Jeannine lied, making Nelson feel proud. They cuddled and kissed affectionately, and then Jeanine said, laughing, “It is time for me to go back to work. My boss might be angry at me.”

Nelson left first, and a few minutes later, Jeanine called Tara,

“Hi Marilyn, I got him in bed today.”

“That’s great,” Tara said encouragingly, “You have one more payment, and after that, you are on your own.”

“I understand,” Jeanine said, “I’ll take care of him one more time for the last payment.”

“Have fun,” Tara said and hung up. She immediately called Tammy and updated her with the latest news.

Detective Wilson took a good amount of pictures of the second encounter. After that, he went to his office and wrote a report and then called Tammy.

“Mrs. Wilbur, this is Detective Wilson.”

“Oh, hello, Detective Wison.”

“Mrs. Wilbur, you were right. Your husband has an affair with one of the assistants. Her name is Jeanine Wolfe,” Detective Wilson announced proudly.

“I knew it!” Tammy played the surprised wife, “How many times you saw them?”

“I have excellent photos of two encounters.”

“I see,” Tammy said as if she pondering, “Why don’t we wait for a third encounter? That would show a better pattern of behavior.”

“Very well, Mrs. Wilbur,” Detective Wilson said, counting in his head how much more money he can make.

“And after that, I would like to have the photos and a testimony from you.”

“Of course, Mrs. Wilbur, you’ll have a sworn testimony.”

“Very good, Detective Wilson, and thank you.”

“My pleasure, Mrs. Wilbur.”

Tammy hung up and started to search for a divorce lawyer. She called several and talked to them and finally chose a young lawyer named Alex Moore.

When Tammy met Attorney Moore, he first informed her about his hourly rate. Tammy smiled kindly and handed him a retainer check.

“How long were you married?” Attorney Moore asked.

“One year.”

“Not very long time to ask for a large amount,” Attorney Moore commented.

“My husband would agree. I have some dirt on him that would help,” Tammy said, smiling sweetly.

“Hmm, Mrs. Wilbur, why not get money using that dirt?” The Attorney teased.

“That would be extortion, and it is illegal. You never know if it will bite one day.”

“Yes, that is true. I’ll start the paperwork and serve it as soon as you provide the detective report.”

“Sounds good,” Tammy said as she got up, shook hands, and left.

Later that day, Tammy met Tara at the coffee shop.

“Things are moving fast,” Tara commented after she heard about the lawyer.

“No point in wasting time,” Tammy retorted.

“How much are you thinking?”

“Twenty million.”

“I hope the judge will agree with only one year of marriage,” Tara said cautiously.

“He will if Nelson agrees,” Tammy said with a smile.

Tara smiled back, thinking of the video that she made with Nelson.

“How do you plan to divide it?”

“I am thinking of giving Bill two and the rest split between us.”

“You did most of the work,” Tara said, “Make forty for me and sixty for you.”

“If you insist,” Tammy said with a cheerful laugh.

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Tammy got the report and photos from three sexual encounters Nelson had with Jeanine. The third encounter came just two days after the second. From the pictures, Tammy could tell that in the last meeting, Jeanine was confident. She used a wide loop leather slapper, and Nelson seemed to enjoy it.

Tammy smiled with satisfaction. She picked up the phone and confirmed a date with the movers. Next, she delivered the report to the lawyer and set the date to serve Nelson with divorce papers.

Nelson had no idea of what was going on. Tammy continued routine life as if nothing happened. Nelson was torn between his love for Tammy and the sexual desires he fulfilled with Jeanine. He enjoyed having sex with Jeanine, but it stopped there. It was only a physical encounter. His heart belonged to Tammy.

The day had come. The movers showed up in the morning, and within three hours, they packed Tammy's belongings in boxes en route to her apartment.

In the afternoon that day, Nelson received the legal divorce papers with a few photos and the Detective's report. He sat in his office dumbfounded. This cannot be true Nelson thought as he read the document over and over again.

Nelson decided to wait until six o'clock and then go home and talk to Tammy, explain to her how much he loves her, and try to change her mind. But when he walked into the apartment, his heart sunk. There was no trace of Tammy anywhere. Nelson walked into the empty closet, then to Tammy's vacant office, and couldn't believe what was happening.

Nelson gulped whiskey from the bottle to calm down. He walked through the apartment back and forth, devastated. Nelson couldn't bear the thought of going to bed without Tammy's beautiful face on his chest. Finally, he left the apartment and drove around aimlessly.

After an hour of driving, Nelson suddenly found himself on the street where Jeanine lived. He stopped the car, looked at Jeanine's house for a few minutes, and then knocked on the door.

“Nelson, what happened?” Jeanine said with concern. Nelson looked distressed, and out of it, “My wife filed a divorce, and she left our home.”

“Oh, Nelson, I am so sorry,” Jeanine said and hugged Nelson affectionally. Jeanine wasn’t surprised at the news but felt guilty since she took part in Nelson’s divorce.

“Come in, Nelson, let me take care of you,” Jeanine said softly.

Nelson followed Jeanine to the bedroom, walking slowly with his head down, “Do you have anything to drink?” he asked.

“No more drinks for you,” Jeanine said with authority. She held Nelson’s and instructed, “Lie down,” as she puffed the pillow.

With a sigh, Nelson lay down. Jeanine took off his shoes and socks and untied the belt, and pulled off the pants. She then sat on the bed, unbuttoned Nelson’s shirt, and helped him out of it.

“Turn around,” Jeanine instructed. Nelson obediently turned and lay on his stomach. Jeanine massaged his shoulders and back. She then went down and rubbed his buttocks and legs.

Nelson lay quietly, letting Jeanine pamper him. Jeanine did not talk either, and she just concentrated on massaging Nelson.

After a while, Jeanine took off her clothes and brushed her tits over his back. She then lay on top of Nelson and talked into his ear, “Are you feeling better?”

“Ah-Ha,” Nelson responded. Jeanine rolled off Nelson’s back, “Turn around,” she whispered. She then climbed on top of Nelson in sixty-nine position. Jeanine kissed Nelson’s penis head and slowly took him into her mouth.

Nelson turned on, holding her butt and licking her vagina with excitement. His moans grew louder when Jeanine bobbed her head and took the entire length of his penis inside her mouth, gliding it into her throat.

When Jeanine felt Nelson’s pre-cum, she straightened up, sat above Nelson’s face, lowered down her groin and let Nelson kiss and lick,

and then moved up. She repeated it a few times and then said, “I want you to fuck me, Nelson.”

“Yes, yes,” Nelson said with excitement.

Jeanine lowered her ass, and Nelson licked her from vagina to asshole, excited about the prospect of having intercourse soon.

“But I want to do it differently,” she said and lifted her vagina.

“Okay,” Nelson said, looking up, craving the vagina lips he just kissed.

“I want you to pull out as soon as you feel that you are about to ejaculate,” Jeanine explained.

Jeanine lowered her vagina to Nelson’s delight, “Did you understand me?”

“Yes,” Nelson's muffled voice sounded from below.

Jeanine got up and lay next to Nelson. She brushed his cheek with her palm and kissed him gently, “You pull out and go down on me, you understand?”

“I got it, Jeanine,” Nelson said, laughing. By then, he was in a better mood and got up on top of Jeanine, who spread her legs wide, welcoming Nelson's penis that entered her moist vagina.

Nelson banged Jeanine with excitement and energy. Jeanine moaned and screamed with joy, and then Nelson pulled out.

“Oh babe, you are good, eat me now,” Jeanine instructed, and Nelson complied.

Nelson got on top of Jeanine again, “Fuck me, Nelson, yes, fuck me!” Jeanine yelled. Nelson pumped fast and hard, and Jeanine pulled his head down, hugging tightly, “Don’t you come yet, do not!”

Nelson moved fast until he felt the urge to ejaculate. He pulled out and slid down, kissing Jeanine all over and then concentrating on her vagina.

“Oh, Nelson, that is so good, I am almost there, babe, one more time, and I let you give it to me,” Jeanine said in between loud moans.

Nelson slid back on top of Jeanine and entered her again. Jeanine hugged him tightly with spread legs, “Fuck me fast, I am getting there, fast, babe, fast.”

Nelson did his best, moving as rapidly as he could, and then it happened. Jeanine screamed, “I am coming,” and wrapped her legs around Nelson’s waist, “Oh, yes, babe, push in, yes, yes, push in,” Jeanine talked into Nelson’s ear, and then she stopped moving. Instead, she lifted her arms and unwrapped her legs, let them drop on the bed, breathing loudly with a satisfied smile.

Jeanine got what she yearned and was happy,

“Oh Nelson, you did it, babe. Now give it to me, babe. I want your cum. Give it to me!” Jeanine whispered happily. At the moment, Nelson ejaculated a massive jet of semen spontaneously.

Jeanine felt it and kissed his face, many small kisses, and then spanked Nelson’s ass, “This was wonderful, Nelson,” she complimented, patting his head and pushing him down. Nelson knew what to do, and Jeanine moaned with joy and happiness as Nelson's tongue tickled her vagina.

“Let’s get some sleep, Nelson,” Jeanine said after a while. She turned her back to Nelson, grabbed his hand, pulling him close to her with an arm around her waist.

Nelson pressed his chest onto Jeanine’s back and closed his eyes, finally dozing off without thinking about Tammy.

The next day Jeanine called in sick. They had breakfast, and then Jeanine took Nelson to the amusement park. They rode some fun and scary rides, and Nelson had a great day. He didn’t think much about Tammy.

Nelson told Jeanine that he needed clothes to change but couldn’t go to the empty apartment.

“I’ll go with you, Nelson, okay, babe?”

Nelson nodded like a kid, and Jeanine hugged him lovingly,

“Everything will be all right, Nelson,” she said to cheer him up.

Nelson moved in with Jeanine from that day. He couldn't be by himself and couldn't live in the apartment he shared with Tammy.

Jeanine and Nelson showed up at work together. There was no point in hiding their affair.

Nelson hired an attorney to handle the divorce and agreed without any protest for the amount of money Tammy demanded. He went to the courthouse for the divorce hearing, hoping to see Tammy, but only her lawyer was present.

After the required wait period, Tammy and Nelson were formally divorced.

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Tammy lived happily in her apartment. She took tours of Europe and Asia, painted, read, and patiently waited for the divorce to finalize legally. She met Tara regularly for lunch or coffee.

In one of their meeting, Tara said, “Bill contacted me. He has a new good prospect.”

“Is it prospect or client?” Tammy laughed lightheartedly.

Tara smiled, “Well, it is a prospect that becomes a client.”

Tammy nodded, “I understand, Tara. But no, I need a break for a while, and by the way, here is a check for you.”

Tara looked at the check, a million dollars, “What is that for?”

“My lawyer negotiated twenty percent payment until the court will issue the divorce decree.”

“Hmmm, now I understand why you need a break,” Tara smiled and stashed the check in her purse.

“Here is a check for Bill,” Tammy said and handed her another check, “The remainder amount will be coming soon.”

“That’s great, Tammy. Let's take a break and celebrate. Do you want to go dancing tonight?”

“Sure, I haven’t been out for a while,” Tammy replied with a laugh.

Tammy, dressed black mini dress and high heels and went with Tara to the nightclub. They sat at the bar and ordered drinks. It didn’t take long for men to hit on the two beautiful girls. Tara flirted with one guy and then winked at Tammy and went to the dance floor with him.

Tammy was sitting alone for a moment when she felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned, and her eyes met the blue eyes of Brad, her first threesome encounter.

“Hello, Tammy, how are you?” Brad asked politely.

“I am fine. What are you doing here?”

“I followed you and jumped at the opportunity to talk to you,” Brad said, smiling.

Tammy burst into a laugh.

Brad extended his hand, "May I have the next dance with you?"

Tammy liked how Brad was gentle and yet confident and firm. "Yes, you may," she said as she got up from the chair, held Brad's hand, and let him lead her to the dance floor.

Brad was a good dancer, and Tammy enjoyed swirling and bending with a laugh. When the dance ended, a slow tune started. Brad held Tammy firmly and moved with her in the rhythm of the music.

Tammy put her chin on Brad's shoulder intimately, and her body responded to Brad's dance moves.

"Is your husband waiting for you at home?" Brad suddenly asked.

Tammy lifted her head and looked into Brad's eyes, and said quietly, "There is no husband anymore."

"Really?" Brad exclaims, "So how do you have sex nowadays?"

Tammy laughed and brushed her leg over Brad's crotch, "I don't," she whispered in his ear.

"I think that we need to correct this dire situation," Brad joked.

Tammy laughed again. She liked Brad and missed having sex, "Are you volunteering?" she giggled.

"I am!"

"Well, Brad, if you don't have a wife who wants to watch you fucking someone else, you may invite me to your place," Tammy said with an amused smile.

Brad smiled broadly, "Would you please give the honor and join me for a drink in my humble home?"

Tammy laughed again, then disengaged from Brad before the dance ended and said, "Do you mean right now?" she asked in a faked indignity.

"Yes, right now," Brad said decisively.

"Okay! Let me tell my friend that I am leaving," Tammy smiled broadly.

Brad lived in a lovely apartment in a nearby neighborhood.

Tammy asked for a tour of the apartment. Brad got two glasses of wine and showed her the living room and then his office. Tammy was surprised, “why do you need four monitors?”

“I am a day trader and need live updates from different sources,” he explained.

“I see,” she said and then stopped looking at a photo of Brad with a cute blonde on his desk. Tammy didn’t ask about the picture, and Brad did not offer any explanation. They continued the tour and ended in the bedroom.

Tammy looked around. It was a simple bedroom with modern furniture, and Tammy, with her back to Brad, slid the shoulders strap of her dress and let it fall on the floor. She then turned around, naked on high heels, smiling at Brad.

“Do you always wear nothing under the dress,” Brad asked, looking with awe at Tammy’s gorgeous body.

“Do you always asked questions when a girl shows you her naked body?” Tammy countered.

Brad laughed and hugged and kissed her passionately. They dropped on the bed, kissing and touching each other with craving. Brad stripped his clothes and then gently sucked her breasts, moving down to her vagina.

Tammy moaned with pleasure but was impatient. She pulled Brad up, stroked his erect cock, and guided it into her wet vagina.

Brad was tender. He entered her slowly, talking to her, “Do you like that?” and “Higher?”

“Yes, baby,” Tammy moaned.

Brad was on top of her looking into her eyes. He moved slowly in and out, “You feel good, Tammy?” he said and then banged hard. Tammy felt vibrations running through her body. Brad’s big penis brushed her vagina walls, sending electric sparks.

“Yes,” Tammy yelled, wrapping her legs around Brad's waist.

Brad slowed down, looking into her eyes, and slowly increased the pace. Finally, they moved in synch, their eyes locked. Tammy moaned and lifted her head, kissing Brad with cravings she hadn't felt for a long time.

Brad moved faster, silently talking to Tammy through his eyes. Tammy clasped his arms, "Oh, Oh, Ohhhh," she moaned louder and louder. Brad bored his eye into her and suddenly stopped moving.

"Are you ready?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes!" Tammy yelled, shaking her groin, wanting more.

Brad pressed his cock deep inside and moved in a slow circular motion.

Tammy felt waves of tremors as Brad's penis swept her vagina walls at a rapid pace.

Brad watched her rotating his hard penis faster.

Tammy felt as if she was floating in clouds and closed her eyes, surrendering to the sensations that enveloped her body, and then cried aloud when she reached the climax she was craving for.

At that moment, Brad stopped and banged his penis a couple of times and then ejaculated deep inside Tammy's vagina with a loud groan.

Tammy felt the warm jet of Brad's semen inside her, and it transmitted a new wave of sparks that exploded like fireworks in her head.

Brad lay on top of Tammy, panting. Then, when his penis got softer, he rolled off and lay on his back next to her.

Tammy turned on her side and lovingly rubbed Brad's chest with her palm. They lay quietly for a few minutes, and then Tammy asked,

"Do you still love her?"

Brad knew who Tammy was talking about, "Yes, I still love her."

"Where is she?"

"She is up in heaven."

"I am sorry," Tammy said sincerely, but also relieved.

"Yes, me too. Terri was my high school sweetheart and my wife."

“How long since she left this world,” Tammy asked gently.

“Two years.”

Tammy did not ask any more questions. Instead, she kissed Brad's chest and slid down, kissing his soft penis gently, and then licked the penis head like ice cream.

Brad's cock woke up and started to harden. Tammy took the penis head into her mouth and sucked until Brad's cock was erected.

And then Tammy inserted the cock deep into her mouth.

Unfortunately, the big cock got stuck at the opening of her throat, but Tammy did not give up. Instead, she relaxed her muscles and pushed the cock into her throat a few times until the entire length of Brad's penis slid inside.

Brad screamed with delight and patted Tammy's head with gratitude. Tammy repeated the throating one more time and then got up and sat on Brad, inserting his erect big cock inside her.

Tammy closed her eyes and rode Brad's cock enjoying the sensations transmitted into her body.

Brad held her waist, pushed her down, swirling her over his penis, and then hugged her tightly onto his chest and moved his penis fast.

Tammy lay on top of Brad and moaned in his ear. Brad moved faster until he felt the tremors of Tammy and ejaculated with a scream.

Tammy cried with tears of happiness. She held Brad's face with both hands, kissing his face all over.

Tammy lay next to Brad with silent understanding, her head on his arm, and she closed her eyes drifting off.

Bright sunlight penetrated the room early in the morning. Tammy woke up and saw Brad wide awake watching her.

“Good morning,” Tammy said with a smile.

“Good morning,” Brad reciprocated.

“I need to get back home,” Tammy said and got up. She felt that Brad needs privacy and felt the urgency to leave right away.

Brad didn't say a word. Instead, he watched Tammy getting dressed and then put on short pants and walked her to the front door.

"I'll see you later," Tammy said as she walked out.

"Yes, see you later," Brad mumbled.

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“How are things going?” Tara asked when they had lunch together.

“Not bad,” Tammy said without elaborating.

“Did you end up in bed with that guy you met in the nightclub,” Tara asked, referring to Brad.

Tammy smiled with a pensive expression, “I did.”

Tara looked at her with a smile, “You like him, don’t you?”

“I guess so,” Tammy said and immediately changed the subject, “How are things going with Mommy’s boy?”

“Going well, he proposed,” Tara said casually.

“He proposed, and you didn’t tell me!”

“Well, I didn’t accept yet,” Tara retorted.

“Tara!” Tammy cried loud.

“What? A girl can’t have some fun,” Tara said with a smile.

Tammy did not reply. She just looked at her friend, admonishing her silently.

“Okay, I’ll accept next time. I just love to see him proposed and disappointed.”

“And we can use a few more million in our bank account,” Tammy commented.

“Yes, you are right, at the rate that we spend, we’ll need it soon.”

After lunch, Tammy went home and continued to paint the draft drawing she made the other day. It had been three days since she slept with Brad, and she did not hear from him. While the memories of her sexual encounter were vivid and exciting in her mind, she did not like that Brad didn’t call.

It took Brad a week to call. Tammy saw the phone ring but did not pick up. She then listened to the message, ‘Hi Tammy, this Brad, I wonder if you like to have dinner with me. Call me back.’

Tammy smiled. I’ll call you in your dream, she said to Brad in her mind.

Three days later, Brad left another message, ‘Tammy, I am sorry I didn’t call sooner. I was overwhelmed with emotions and had to sort it out. Please call me back.’

That was a bit better, Tammy thought. She had no intention of calling Brad back.

A day later, Brad left another message he was sorry. The next time Brad called, Tammy picked up,

“Hello.”

“Hi Tammy, this is Brad,” Brad said quickly with relief.

“I know,” Tammy said shortly and waited.

“Tammy, it was rude of me not to call for that long after we had an amazing night....”,

Tammy interrupted, “Did you sort out your emotions?” she asked in a cold tone.

“I did, Tammy, and I am sorry if I disappointed you. Let make it up to and cook you dinner.’

“You cook?” Tammy was surprised.

“Yes, I am a good cook.”

Tammy softened up.” Okay, you may invite me for dinner,” Tammy finally gave in.

On Friday evening, Tammy knocked on Brad’s door dressed in a button-up sky blue silk shirt, navy blue mini floppy skirt, and high heel ankle strapped shoes.

Brad opened the door and gasped, “Wow, you look stunning,” he said with sincere appreciation.

“Are you going stare at me or invite me in?”

“I am sorry, please come in.”

Tammy walked into Brad’s apartment, “Hmmm, it smells good. What’s on the menu?” she asked.

“Chicken Marsala, I have a special recipe with a personal touch,” Brad bragged.

Tammy smiled and didn't reply but accepted a glass of wine and sipped it leisurely, watching Brad taking care of the meal.

"Okay, Tammy, food is ready. Sit down," Brad announced.

They ate and chat. Brad was intelligent and well-informed and conversed with enthusiasm.

Tammy enjoyed exchanging opinions with him and laughed cheerfully at his thoughtful, sarcastic comments.

After dinner, they moved to the living room with their wine glasses.

Brad was a classical music fan and put on a charming piano concerto. He liked Tammy a lot and enjoyed her company.

Tammy sat on the sofa, and Brad sat next to her. Tammy ran her fingertips through his thick hair, "You want to find out what I am wearing under?" she teased.

Brad smiled at her, "I bet I won't find anything under," he countered.

Tammy kissed him, "There is only one way to find out."

Brad got the hint and unbuttoned Tammy shirt. Tammy lifted her hands like a little girl, and Brad unfastened the wrists buttons. Brad excitedly took off the silk shirt and gasped. Tammy wore a see-through bra with a delicate lace finish of holes where the erect nipples protruded erotically.

"It is beautiful," Brad said as he bent and started to suck the exposed nipple. Tammy giggled cheerfully and caressed his head, and then whispered, "It opens from the front."

Brad lifted his head and unhooked the front of the bra, grabbing Tammy's firm breasts with pleasure and desire and then sucked the nipples making humming sounds.

Tammy laughed at Brad's reaction, let him have her breasts for a short time, and then stood up, whispering, "Take off the rest."

Brad looked at her with cravings he couldn't hide and pulled down the skirt revealing a see-through thong that matched the bra with two side bows.

Tammy turned around, exposing her ass except for a narrow see-through strip that covered the ass crack.

Brad kissed her smooth round ass, and then Tammy pulled the bows, and the thong fell to the floor. Brad got more excited, kiss and licked the ass crack. Then, Tammy smiled and turned around, spreading her legs. Brad lunged at her, kissing those delicate vagina lips with loud moans while stripping his clothes.

Without a word, Tammy stepped back and turned again, bending over the sofa. She spread her long legs in high heels, and her butt was up in the air teasingly, exposing two delicate lips bulging from the bottom of her round ass.

Brad stood up and, with wild desire, shoved his cock inside that beautiful, inviting vagina.

“Ah,” Tammy screamed when she felt the penis head entering her, and then when she felt the entire length of Brad’s cock inside her, she continued with excitement, “Fuck me!”

Brad held Tammy’s waist and moved fast. Tammy’s vagina was wet, making his moves easy. He banged non-stop, hard and fast until Tammy came, and he ejaculated.

Tammy straightened up, extending one arm back, and pulled Brad’s head into her. She waited until Brad’s penis softened up and slid out. She then turned around and wrapped her arms around Brad’s neck. They kissed for a long time, standing in the living room.

Tammy disengaged and walked to the bedroom. When Brad entered the bedroom, he saw Tammy sitting on the bed lifting one leg, “Take off my shoe,” she said softly.

There was something erotic and arousing in Tammy’s position. Brad’s penis hardened while he unfastened the strap of her shoe. And when Brad dropped the shoe on the floor, Tammy rubbed his cock with the sole of her foot.

Brad’s cock responded to the stimulation erecting full length.

Tammy pressed Brad’s hard penis with her foot and lifted the other leg laying the high heel on Brad's chest, “Take off my shoe,” Tammy

repeated in a soft voice looking into Brad's eyes as if challenging him to refuse.

The blood boiled in Brad's veins. He took off the shoe and then grabbed and held Tammy's feet up in the air with one hand and thrust his penis into her vagina forcefully.

"Oh, Ohhhh," Tammy yelled with pleasure.

Brad couldn't understand what was happening to him. Tammy pushed some unconscious buttons of his sole. He moved his groin and fucked Tammy as hard as he could, aroused by her loud moaning and yelling.

As Brad ejaculated for the second time, Tammy felt the fireworks exploding in her mind and that nirvana feeling enveloping her body.

Brad let go of her feet, and Tammy spread her legs, welcoming Brad, who bent and kissed her while his cock throbbing inside her.

They moved together and lay facing each other on the bed. Brad's cock never left Tammy's warm vagina. They kissed and hugged, and then Tammy whispered, "Stay inside me," and closed her eyes, dozing off.

Brad did not remember what happened after that, but he woke up in the morning, opened his eyes, and saw Tammy's beautiful face next to him with her arm resting on his chest. She slept peacefully with a slight smile, and her breasts moved gently up and down with her breathing.

Brad did not move, concerned that he might wake her up. So instead, he lay quietly and watched Tammy until she woke up.

Tammy opened her eyes and smiled at Brad.

Brad couldn't help his feeling, and he kissed Tammy passionately. Tammy giggled and tickled Brad playfully and asked, "What time is it?"

When Brad told her the time, Tammy pretended to be surprised, "I've got to go, Brad. I have tons of errands to do today."

"No breakfast for you," Brad said, disappointed.

"No, but I'll take a cup of coffee if you have."

“I have excellent coffee,” Brad proudly said as he jumped out of bed, put on short pants, and dashed to the kitchen.

Tammy washed up and hunted her clothes, spread all over the living room. Then, finally, she walked to the kitchen dressed, holding her shoes in her hands.

“Hmmm, smell good,” Tammy said, sniffing the aroma of the coffee in the kitchen.

Brad handed her a cup of coffee, “How did you sleep?” he inquired politely.

“Like a baby,” Tammy smiled and took a sip of the coffee while putting on her shoes. “I’ve got to go now,” she said, kissing Brad briefly on his lips and ran out of the apartment.

Tammy drove back to her apartment, took a shower, and changed. She didn’t have any errands to do, but she wanted to give Brad some space and didn’t want to hang around his apartment.

In the evening that day, the telephone rang.

“Hi Brad,” Tammy greeted cheerfully, happy that he called.

“Hi Tammy,” Brad reciprocated politely, “You know, tomorrow will be a warm day, and I thought that it would be nice to go swimming. A friend of mine has a house with a swimming pool, and he is out this weekend. So we can have the pool for ourselves.”

“Sounds great, Brad,” Tammy chirped, “Pick me up tomorrow morning.” Tammy gave Brad her address and instructed him to call her when he arrives.

Brad gasped when he saw Tammy getting into his car the following day. She wore a purple bathing suit bra, pink shorts, and high heel sandals.

“What?” Tammy said when she saw Brad staring at her.

“You look incredible!” Brad said.

“Is that a good or bad thing?” Tammy said in a faked seriousness.

“It is wonderful,” Brad said with a broad smile.

“Oh, good, so let’s get going,” Tammy laughed. Brad bit his tongue and put the car in gear.

They arrived at a mansion off a country road. Brad punched some numbers in the entrance keypad, and they entered a large entry room with a high ceiling.

Tammy looked around, “Nice house,” she said.

“Yes, my friend is a hedge fund manager, doing well.”

“Yes, I can see,” Tammy commented as she followed Brad, who crossed the living and opened French doors leading to the pool.

“Wow,” Tammy exclaimed, excited at the view of a large swimming pool with lounge chairs and umbrella tables all around. She then put her tote bag on a chair, stripped naked, and jumped into the pool.

Brad smiled fondly at her and followed suit. They swam in the warm water, splashing at each other playfully. Then standing on the shallow side of the pool, they hugged and kissed.

Tammy looked around. Tall pine trees surrounded the house, “Very private,” Tammy commented.

“Yes,” Brad said, sucking her nipple.

Tammy giggled and lifted her legs, placing them on Brad's shoulders while floating her head in the water. Brad kissed her vagina and tickled her butt, enjoying the ringing tone of Tammy’s laugh.

They got out of the water, and Brad said, “I almost forgot, I brought a bottle of wine.”

While sipping wine naked on lounge chairs, Tammy got up and saddled herself on Brad’s thighs. She stroked his penis gently, enjoying the feeling of the penis enlargement in her palm.

Brad looked at her, smiling. He then grabbed her by her waist and lifted Tammy on top of his erect cock. Tammy giggled and guided his cock inside her. She rode the big hard cock and then swirled over it. They moved in the rhythm of their body, sensing each other desires until they came together with loud moans.

Tammy lay on top of Brad hugging his head, calming down, and then out of the blue, she asked, “Did you have sex with her in high school?”

Brad didn’t seem surprised, “Yes, in high school, college, all the time till the day she died,” he said quietly.

“I am going into the water,” Tammy announced abruptly and jumped up, running into the pool, landing with a big splash onto the water.

Brad followed her and swam next to her, “Are you hungry? There is a small hole-in-the-wall pizza place nearby with the best pizza in the world.”

Tammy floated on the water enjoying the warm sun, “Yes, that would be lovely.”

Brad put on shorts and a T-shirt and went to get the pizza. He returned with a giant pizza and ice-cold six-pack.

Tammy did not realize how hungry she was, and the pizza was as delicious as Brad described. They sat at a table with umbrellas, ate with a good appetite, drank beer, and chatted. Tammy was happy with the conversation. It was light, natural, and enjoyable.

After the meal, they swam a few laps and made love in the water. It was unbelievable. Tammy came with fireworks exploding every time they had sex.

As it got darker, Brad drove Tammy home. Tammy didn’t say goodbye. She couldn’t end the day, “Come up, Brad,” she said when he parked the car.

Brad nodded with understanding. He felt the same way and joined Tammy. As they walked into Tammy’s apartment, Brad immediately noticed the paintings. “Are these your paintings?”

“Yes, but I don’t show them to anyone,” Tammy said shyly.

“They are incredible, Tammy. You are very talented.”

“Thank you, I am thinking of having an art gallery.”

“You mean for business?”

“Yes, selling arts.”

“Sounds exciting to me,” Brad said and kissed her affectionately.

All barriers between them fell. They knew that they belong to each other.

“Let’s take a shower and go to bed,” Tammy said.

As if they were married for a long time, they took a shower and lay in bed next to each other with Tammy’s head on the crook of Brad’s arm.

“Good night,” Tammy whispered. Brad turned and kissed her, “Good night, honey.”

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“I think I am falling in love,” Tammy said to Tara over lunch.

“With that guy from the nightclub,” Tara said it more as a statement than a question.

“Yes, and his name is Brad.”

“Okay, Tammy, you fell in love with Brad. Are you kidding me?”

“No.”

“What do you mean no. We have been through tons of men, and now you decided to fall in love?” Tara growled.

“I am sorry, Tara, it just happened. I feel a strong connection with him, and the sex is out of this world,” Tammy defended.

“I can’t believe it, Tammy. Are you out of your mind? Do you want to settle on one man?” Tara fired back.

“It is not that I want to. But, it just so happened, and now, I am in love with this man,” Tammy tried to reason with Tara.

Tara looked at Tammy silently for a long time and then got up and said, “Okay, Tammy, you contact me when you fall out of love.”

Tammy looked at Tara walking away. She didn’t think that Tara would take it so badly. They were friends and partners for the last ten years, and it seemed to Tammy that Tara couldn’t handle the change in her life, which would spell the end of the business partnership for Tara.

“Oh, well,” Tammy said to herself and went grocery shopping.

In the evening, Brad came over for dinner. After that, they chatted a bit, made love, and went to sleep.

Brad went to his apartment to work during the stock market hours and then returned to Tammy’s apartment in the evening.

Tammy loved this routine. During the day, she painted, and evenings and nights she spent with Brad. She never had enough of him.

They went out dancing, movies, dinners. And they went on cruises and trips to foreign countries every so often.

Life was wonderful. Tammy did not need anyone else in her life and shut off her past activities.

Tammy didn't hear from Tara, but she got a check in the mail for her work with Mommy's boy. She talked to Bill sometimes and heard from him that Tara had a new partner and doing well financially.

One day Tammy and Brad ran into Travis and Janet. Tammy hugged them cheerfully and introduced Brad to them. Janet told her that Nelson got married again to one of the assistants in his office. Tammy said that she was happy to hear that, and then they say goodbye.

"Friends of your ex," Brad commented after Travis and Janet split.

"Yes, a nice couple, I like them," Tammy said with a smile at the memories the meeting with Travis and Janet brought up.

Tammy introduced sex accessories to Brad, starting very slow with short tails leather flogger. Brad had a hard time accepting it, but he succumbed to Tammy's demands. Over time, Brad began to enjoy Tammy's sex games. Tammy trained him patiently and lovingly taught him how to worship and obey.

One day, Brad came home and said, "Tammy, you know I love you and can't imagine my life without you." He then went down on one knee and opened a jewelry box.

Tammy looked at Brad with a smile and said, "Are you sure you want to put this ring on my finger?"

"I am sure," Brad said.

"You know that as my husband, I'll have to be more strict with you and punish if you don't obey," Tammy warned.

"That's fine, Tammy. I accept that."

Tammy looked at Brad, closed the jewelry box, and said, "Undress."

Brad obeyed immediately.

Tammy got the leather paddle with small bumps on its surface and ordered, "On all four." She rode on Brad's back and spanked his ass hard, "Are you sure you want to be my husband?" she yelled, striking him.

Brad screamed back, "Yes, I am sure," with tears of pain running over his cheeks.

When Brad's ass was red and raw, Tammy stopped. She was happy that Brad did not break down and kept screaming that he wanted to marry her.

Tammy stood in front of Brad, tall in high heels, "Beg," she ordered.

Brad bent and kissed her feet lovingly, "Please, Tammy, will you marry me?" he repeatedly yelled.

"Straighten up," Tammy said in a quiet voice.

When Brad stood on his knees looking at Tammy lovingly, Tammy handed him the jewelry box, "You may propose now," she said.

Brad changed his position to one knee down on the floor, opened the box, and look at Tammy, "I love you, Tammy. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," Tammy said with a smile and then continued, "Yes, yes, yes," as Brad fit the ring on her finger and jumped with excitement hugging Tammy, saying,

"You won't regret, Tammy, you won't regret."

"I know that," Tammy whispered and kissed Brad passionately.

**\*\* END \*\***