

Mistress Ivey's Femdom Fantasies

Volume #2



**Stories of Female Dominance
and Male Submission
by Georgia Ivey Green**

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(Volume 2)

by

Georgia Ivey Green

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Published by Georgia Ivey Green

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Dedication

This series is dedicated to all those
individuals who were brave
enough to share their
dreams and fantasies.

Forward

This is the second book in this series. Here, I offer you, the reader, another dozen stories written by real people just like you and me. More fantasies, more Femdom fun, for your enjoyment.

The authors who sent in their stories come from all walks of life. Some are male, and some are female. It is, I hope, a good mix of the types of fantasies found all over the world. Most people have sexual fantasies of one type or another. These fantasies usually change, evolve, with time and experience. If you have a favorite fantasy (or two, or three), won't you please share them with the rest of us? You can find more information on how to write and submit your stories at my blog: [Becoming A Mistress](#). You might even make a little extra spending money in the process. So, please, check it out. I would love to publish your stories in my next volume of “Mistress Ivey's Femdom Fantasies.”

Georgia Ivey Green

(Mistress Ivey)

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Chapter 1

To Mistress

You are my Mistress. I live with you and your husband, David, and serve you in any way that you need. Your husband is also your slave, so you have to two of us to play with any time you want.

One afternoon, you decide to torment the two of us. You fasten our arms above our heads to anchors in the ceiling. We are standing about four feet apart, facing each other, naked. Our feet are forced wide apart with spreader bars. The air is warm, but I still feel a little chill which is caused by the nervous thrill in my body and mind. This is the first time you have used David and me together.

After using a flogger on the two of us, you decide to play a little game at our expense. Standing between us, you take hold of our cocks and begin to stroke them. You smile and tell us that this is a contest. As you stroke our cocks in rhythm, you tell us that the winner will be the one who holds out the longest. Neither of us have cum for a month and this is my chance, if I am the first to cum.

However, there is a catch. Whoever cums first must finish the other off by sucking his cock and swallowing his cum. The real question is, who will come first and end up with a mouth full of the other man's cum?

After about five minutes we are both ready to explode. Try as I might to hold off, I end up exploding in your soft, insistent, hand.

After the first spurt your hands drop both of our cocks. David's is left wanting, but mine is now spurting and twitching as I am desperately humping the air. Overwhelmed by the rush of the orgasm, I moan deeply.

I begin to regain my senses. With my hands still bound above my head and my legs spread, I look at you and I see a devious and excited smile. I know what is

next and I realize, only now, what I will have to do very soon.

You ask me how my orgasm was and I admit, “I have never had an orgasm like that in my life, Mistress”

You smile again and say coolly, “Well you know what you will have to do now, don’t you, little bitch?”

“Yes, I do Mistress. But I have never sucked a cock before and I am nervous to do it,” I respond rather meekly. You had already walked to a chest where you keep all of your toys and pulled out a couple coils of rope.

“My little bitch, you will have to learn eventually. What better way to practice than on my slave, David?” you say, as your heels clack as you walk back towards me. You begin releasing my hands from over my head and pulling them back behind me.

David then says, rather sternly, “little bitch, as you are our slave you will learn to suck cock and you will learn to enjoy swallowing all of my cum.”

Shocked by what David just said, you pause and look over at David, who was also somewhat shocked by what he had said. He looked almost confused as what to do next.

Instead of scolding him, you say, “Yes, little bitch, David is right. You will learn to be a good little cock sucker. Now hold still, and be quiet, while I finish tying you up.”

You finish tying my arms behind me in a tight box tie and release my legs from the spreader bar. You pull me by my collar and make me kneel down in front of David, his cock directly in front of my face. Then you tie my heels to my thighs so that I will not be able to stand up.

Facing David, his cock right in front of me, I become very nervous. I say softly, “Mistress, I don’t know what to do.” Without responding as you finish tying my legs. You walk back over to your toy chest and remove your panties.

David's cock, which had become soft while you were tying me up, is now beginning to become hard again.

I look towards you and see you start sliding a vibrator into your, absolutely glistening, pussy. After sliding it in part way, I watch as you shudder and let out a satisfied moan. You pull your panties back up and take a deep breath. You turn back toward David and me, our mouths wide open as we watch you.

Your face becomes stern as you grab the flogger you had used previously, and start walking over to me. "Little bitch, I will help you learn to suck David's cock. I want you to start worshiping it as you would my pussy. Kiss it, lick it, but don't take it into your mouth, yet. I will tell you when to do that."

At this point I realize the depth of my slavery. I have no choice but to obey your commands, but I still hesitate, wondering if I can really suck another man's cock.

It is at this point that I feel the thud of the flogger land on the top of my butt. David then says, "Hurry up slave, you have to obey your Mistress." Just as another thud of the flogger strikes me, I begin kissing and licking David's cock.

Once you see that I have started worshiping David's cock you move your attention away from me. You reach down into your panties and turn your vibrator on to a low setting. As it kicks to life, you gasp slightly. Then you close your eyes and sigh as the pleasure spreads throughout you.

Moving around to the back of David, you drag your nails down his back which produces an immediate response. You put your left arm around to the front of his chest and use your right to pull his hair to the side. You now begin sucking his neck and twisting his nipples. David gasps, but it is cut short by you whispering in his ear, "David, how much do you want to cum for me?"

"I want to come more than anything, Mistress," David whispers, gritting his teeth in pain.

"Do you want our slave to take you into his mouth now?"

"Yes I do, Mistress. Very much!"

"Then tell him slave," you said venomously as you twist his nipple hard and released his head.

David promptly obeyed. "Little bitch, I want you to suck my cock now."

You were too distracted by the vibrator, which has been relentlessly humming inside you, working its magic, to pay attention to us.

After hearing David say that, I again hesitated. This, to me, was the point of no return. Once I start sucking his cock I won't be allowed to stop until I have swallowed all of his cum. This much, I knew.

At its lowest setting all the vibrator has, thus far, accomplished is building up a tsunami of desire within you.

David, who has been teased for a while now, is full to the brim and can barely contain his need for an orgasm. Like your vibrator, I have been slowly building his desire, without allowing him the necessary stimulation, to cum. Both of you now lustfully stare at each other, needing to cum.

It is at this point that your patience for my hesitation has run out. "You better suck his cock right now, you little bitch, or you will spend the next week tied in your cage."

With that you walk around to the back of me and began flogging me again.

Without any more hesitation, I began sucking David's cock. As I do this, you pause your flogging to turn up your vibrator to the max setting, and immediately, you feel weak in your knees.

After regaining your composure, and with your flogger in hand, you continue flogging my bottom. You make it through only thirteen smacks before succumbing to your first orgasm. You moan loudly as the pleasure makes its way through your entire body.

David, seeing this, would probably have cum right then, had I not stopped sucking to try to watch as you shudder with pleasure. Both David and I are again in awe as we watch you collect yourself.

With the vibrator still humming and with your legs barely able to support you, you softly say, "Keep going, little bitch." David, relieved that I am now continuing to pleasure his cock, closes his eyes and lets the sensations take over.

Seeing this scene drives your desire to grab David and deeply kiss him until you both achieve a massive orgasm together. So you move towards David and push

your soaking pussy into the back of my head, forcing me to take David deeply into my mouth.

Feeling this David opens his eyes just in time to catch yours as you move in to kiss him. He opens his mouth to say something only for you to whisper. “shh,” and pull his head towards you. You both kiss deeply breathing heavily as you climb towards another orgasm.

At this point you both begin rocking your hips rhythmically pushing David’s cock back and forth in my mouth. I struggle a little against the ropes, but there is nothing I can do but continue sucking.

You both start moaning more intensely and your orgasms get nearer. David's pre-cum drips into my mouth, warning me that he is getting close. I begin to worry what will happen, but neither of you care, as you feel David’s body tense, and you rock into him.

Finally, in the last second before your orgasms, you pull David close forcing his cock deep into my mouth, almost gagging me. As that happens you feel an overwhelming orgasm spread throughout your body. Simultaneously, David is rocked by a huge orgasmic release. You both gasp and moan and your bodies shudder.

As David explodes, I am overwhelmed. I choke as he gushes into my mouth and I have no choice but to struggle to swallow, what seems like, a huge orgasm. Neither of you notice though, as you both enjoy that electric moment together and begin to relax into that post orgasmic bliss.

As you back away you reach down and turn off your manic vibrator and attempt to catch your breath. David allows himself to hang from his wrists as his legs can barely support him. As you back away I move back from David’s cock trying to swallow what was left and catch my breath. The last thing you say, as you’re regaining your composure and begin releasing David, is, “Good job slave. You’re a great little cock sucker. Now let's get everyone untied and back into their cock cages.”

by “butt-boy” (25)

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Chapter 2

The Fashion Show

My husband and I have been practicing the Female Domination lifestyle for the past two years, after I learned of his submissive desires. About a month ago, I became upset with my husband's laziness as he was reverting back to that typical male behavior. I had previously warned him that it would not be tolerated. I came up with a plan to refocus him.

I decided to invite my best friend, Lisa, over for breakfast on Saturday. She knows about my Femdom marriage and supports me in every way. I can tell her anything and she's like the sister I never had. I gave her an idea of what to expect when she makes her visit and I could sense her excitement. I then called my husband at work and told him not to make any plans for the upcoming weekend because I already made them. He asked what was going on and I just replied, "You'll see".

Friday night, I handed my husband a frilly pink apron, panties and a pair of high heels that he was to wear the next morning. I instructed him to shower and shave his legs and underarms before putting on his outfit. It was then that I dropped the bomb and informed him that he would be making breakfast for me and Lisa. He got really nervous and I could see he was melting into submission. I told him what to make for us and to have it ready by 8 A.M. sharp. At this point I was overflowing with dominate energy, so I Queened my husband before I settled in for a good night's rest.

The next morning I heard the doorbell ring and my husband hurried into the bedroom to tell me that Lisa must be at the door. I said to him, "What are you waiting for? Go let her in." He started to protest and I cut him off and said "Do it!"

Lisa later told me that my husband's face was as pink as his panties & apron when she walked in. Needless to say, we had a wonderful meal served by a

topless waitress. I could see that Lisa was loving this.

While my husband was busy cleaning up the messy kitchen, Lisa and I went into my bedroom and lay five different sets of lingerie on the bed and a pair of spiked heels that were much higher than the ones he was already wearing. Also an assortment of thigh high stockings were set next to the heels. This was in preparation for the private "Lingerie Show" that my husband was about to give.

I called for my husband, and he quickly appeared at the bedroom door. I walked over to him and grabbed his erect penis from underneath the apron and led him over to the bed. I told him that he was going to model all of this lingerie for Lisa and me. Before I left the room, I told him that we would be in the den waiting for the show to begin.

We got comfortable on the couch and tried to guess which outfit he would wear first. We agreed that it would probably be the full slip and panty since it provided the most cover. A few minutes later, he daintily stepped into the den wearing exactly what we had guessed. He was struggling to keep his balance and we began to tease him unmercifully. We made him lift his slip and twirl around, sit and cross his legs like a lady, and walk back and forth to practice walking with good posture. Once we had him in subspace, we sent him off to change into another outfit and I ordered him to make it quick. He would shyly enter the den for each new presentation.

At the end of his "Lingerie Show," we decided that we wanted him back in the camisole, tap pant, and half slip, because we thought that he looked the cutest in pink. I told him that, after he changed, he should put the satin sheets on the bed and wait for us in the bedroom.

We talked and joked about the fashion show we had just witnessed, giving my husband time to get ready. When we walked in, he was standing at the foot of the bed waiting for me to speak. I stood next to him and commented that he's had an erection since the doorbell rang. He meekly admitted that this was very exciting for him and thanked us both. Next, I told him to lay on his back in the middle of the bed.

I sat on one side of him and Lisa the other. Once we got comfortable, my husband was ordered to masturbate and milk himself for us, but not to cum until we decide it's time. Lisa and I lifted his camisole and began playing with his

nipples while we engaged in "girl talk."

We covered a lot of topics, but after about 20 minutes our conversation turned to our old boyfriends and what they were like sexually. We also talked about this handsome guy that was hitting on me at work. We giggled when I said that it was common knowledge among my female co-workers that he was well hung and great in bed. At this point I felt the time was right to tell her that I decided to accept his advances and make him my lover.

My husband ejaculated instantly when he heard me say this, so I know it must have turned him on. I scolded him for cumming before he was told. Lisa followed my lead and we took turns scooping up the puddle of cum from his belly, making him lick it from our fingers until nothing was left.

I told him that he needs to be corrected for losing control and positioned him on his stomach so that I had total access to his ass. I grabbed my paddle and gave him a harder spanking than he had ever received before. Lisa was really getting off on this.

When I was done, I told him to put his silky outfit back on and go finish cleaning the house so that Lisa and I could talk. Her face was filled with envy. It reaffirmed my choice of making my marriage a Female Dominated one.

I walked Lisa to the front door and called for my husband to thank her for coming. She pinched him on the ass and said "It was my pleasure." We both broke out in laughter as she walked out the door. Hubby has been very submissive since this episode and I've warned him if he upsets me again, I'll have Lisa bring some of her girlfriends to his next "Lingerie Show."

by Anonymous (?)

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Chapter 3

Reward

It had been a long, rough couple of days. Some business trips are easy, others are tiring. Many questions, explaining and arguing with persons about how my systems actually work versus their perceptions. After that I had to sit at the airport for six hours waiting on a flight that was delayed due to weather. When it finally did take off the flight was bumpy and uncomfortable. At times being the expert is a pain.

Pulling into the driveway the house looks dark. It's only eight, guess the wife and kids are in bed early. Trying to open the door I drop my keys into the snow, one more thing to take care of before I go to bed. Walking into the foyer I'm greeted by the glow of soft candlelight, they are everywhere. It's quiet except for soft music playing in the living room. As I close the door my wife steps out from around the corner, she has on a long black silk robe, her hair is up displaying the line of her neck with a wisp dangling over her eye. Open in the front I get a glimpse of a black lace corset with purple accents. Her breasts are pushed together and raised up for display, her cross between them. Matching lace panties reveal that she is now smooth, not even a small tuft of hair. Framing her hips is a garter belt leading to black stockings and on her feet a pair of strappy heels. Oh my, I don't know what to say. I'm standing there with my mouth open and a tent in my pants. Shes never dressed this way for me before. I'm afraid it's a dream and don't want to break the spell.

Walking up to me she kisses me on the mouth, softly at first, then opening her lips and parting mine with her tongue. It's been too long, I do enjoy her touch and scent. Breaking the kiss she whispers in my ear that I look stressed, tired and deserve a treat. She puts a drink in my hand turns to the stairs and tells me to follow her. Watching her slowly climb the stairs, her ass swaying side to side, I take a sip, just enough water to open the aroma of the whiskey. Moments like this remind me why I married her and makes her as desirable as ever.

I follow her to the bedroom with my heart pounding. My hunger for her is overwhelming. Crossing the threshold she hands me a towel along with a bottle of men's body wash and tells me to take a shower. In the mean time she says she'll get a few things ready. Looking at the bed, I can already see straps at each corner and some toys on the headboard. Going past her to the shower she reaches down and runs a finger along my ass, electricity runs through me. She is definitely pulling out the stops. She knows the effect that sort of touch has on me. "Put this in after you're all clean " she says as she hands me a butt-plug.

Coming out of the shower I can hear a faint buzz. I open the door and peak out. She is laying on the bed with a small vibrator running it just inside her thighs, up and down, teasing herself, but not too much. I'm instructed to finish drying off, drop the towel and remain naked.

She watches me, making me a bit self conscious, but more aroused. "Show me the plug" she orders, I turn around for her to see. Because of the stimulation of the plug I'm very erect and dripping.

She tells me that she wants to be pleased first, mouth, fingers, toys all at my disposal. I crawl up on the bed between her legs taking the band of her panties between my fingers to pull them down. She slaps my hand and tells me, "No, push them aside."

Tracing the outline of her panties down with my fingers I lean in to get a good view and smell her. I can't wait to taste her. Don't want to waste this chance though, want to enjoy this as it doesn't happen often. With one hand I pull her panties aside, she is completely smooth and glistening wet. I lean in and run my tongue from the bottom of her labia up to her hood ever so slowly, nothing better than the taste of a woman.

As I pull back her hips come off the bed to follow me, but I have other plans. I select her rabbit from the toys on the headboard. This one vibrates both the shaft and a tickler in addition to the shaft rotating with beads along the length. Turning it on she hears the motor and smiles. I place the rotating head between her lips and ever so slowly push it into her. As it bottoms out the stimulator pushes against her clit. I'm very careful to not hold it there too long or let her progress too far. I don't want her to cum yet. I'm enjoying myself playing with her.

The visual of the toy sliding in and out, along with the sounds emanating from

her, are extremely erotic. I'm worked up and near climax myself without any stimulation. She has had enough of the teasing and begs to cum. I rotate the toy over so the stimulator is close to her asshole as I plant my mouth on her clit to suck and lick. She is thrusting her hips and pushing my head into her. My face is covered in her juices as she cums, unable to do anything but make animalistic sounds of pleasure.

I'm very pleased with myself for giving her such an orgasm. I can see she is flush and breathing hard. Pulling the toy out of her I bring it up to smell it, it's wonderful and I can't resist putting it in my mouth to taste her. My other hand has drifted to my cock and is squeezing it tightly as I suck the cum off of her toy. She uses her foot to push my hand away, then rubs her sole up and down my shaft. She tells me I look good with that in my mouth. Her foot on my shaft feels very good in my heightened state and is about to produce a climax.

Seeing this on my face she stops, sits up and grabs my balls, squeezing them to stop it. She tells me that she wants to ride me tonight, another activity she rarely does.

Laying back, my cock pointing to the headboard, purple with a steady flow of pre-cum leaking from the head. I watch her crawl up and kneel over me. She places her pussy on my cock, the shaft parting her lips, but she doesn't allow me entry. Her hips moving back and forth sliding along the shaft. She knows how good this feels and warns me not to cum, yet. Reaching for her tits, I cup a breast in each hand and roll a nipple between my thumb and forefinger. She lifts up, aligns the head of my cock, and plunges down on me biting her lip.

God she feels so good, her hips moving in an oval pattern. Stopping for a second she moves my hands behind my head and instructs me to just watch, no touching, no moving. She will take care of me. She is beautifully erotic, biting her lip, breasts swaying with the movement of her hips on me as she grinds on me. Her pussy gripping then releasing me.

"I'm so close baby," I tell her, holding my breath. She gets this evil grin and tells me I am, under no circumstance, to cum inside her. I am to hold out until she gives me permission. With an erotic, yet threatening, tone she tells me, "If you cum in me, my love, you will be punished."

It is all I can do to not concentrate on how good she feels, of how erotic she

looks, as she continues slide up and down my shaft. I let her know I can't hold back, it's too much. She pushes down on my cock, squeezing it hard and grinding against me, while at the same time, warning me, "You'd better not cum in me or else." I can't help it and I climax, filling her with cum, it just keeps pumping into her.

I'm light headed as I come down, it was very intense. She is still on me, watching me, waiting for me to look at her. "You are a bad boy. Look what you did! You filled my pussy with your cum and made a mess of me. I warned you that you would be punished."

With that look in her eye, she slips a finger into herself and pulls it out, slick with cum, which she promptly puts against my lips. "Open up, you naughty boy," she scolds as she puts the finger in my mouth.

I begin to suck on it. I look down and can see it starting to drip out of her and down her leg. "My, you enjoyed that didn't you?" she asks. Then continues, "Little bitch at heart aren't you?"

She crawls up and puts her pussy above my face, the cum dripping out. "You are going to clean up the mess you made and maybe, in the future, you will listen when I tell you not to cum in me." With that she pushes her pussy lips to my mouth. Eagerly I begin to lick and suck her cunt. It is so taboo but hot, my cum and her's mixed.

Sitting on my face though, I can't breathe. She knows this and lifts a moment to give me a breath. "Make sure you get every drop my darling. And it would be best for you to make me cum again."

Back down on my face, I concentrate on stimulating her. I want nothing more than to feel her cum while she is on my face. This goes on for a few minutes, her lifting up to give me a breath, then back down rubbing on my face. Using my tongue as a sex toy. I can tell she is close, the heat building in her, the feel of her heart through her legs. She starts to climax and grinds down on me, the remainder of my cum is pushed out of her into my mouth as she rides the crest of her orgasm. I have no choice but to swallow, it is amazing to be so intimate and close to her as she cums.

She rolls off of me and snuggles up close, her head on my shoulder. Lightly she is tracing along the shaft of my still hard penis. "Now you know how I feel when

you cum in my mouth," she whispers and giggles a little.

"Yes I do my love and I enjoyed it very much. You can rub my face in my mistakes anytime."

by LeRoy (41)

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Chapter 4

Pretty Pink Panties

Mistress and her Panty Boy went into a classy downtown sex shop on a fine September afternoon in search of amusement. With time to kill before meeting friends, Mistress expected Panty Boy to revel in the displays of lingerie, costumes, and trinkets for every fetish. Instead, Panty Boy was quiet and seemed embarrassed.

For a man who loved the feel of lacy, silky soft panties, the girlier the better, this odd mood puzzled the Mistress. She'd arranged this little treat with her pet in mind and he seemed indifferent, at best.

"Pick something out," she demanded, annoyed with him.

The Panty Boy, silent, with eyes downcast, nodded then backed away from a rack of bustiers and retreated to a section of frilly ladies underwear. He began to run his hand over a pair of baby pink lacy panties with a large satin bow and row upon row of ruffles.

An androgynous clerk, slender and short with a brightly colored snake tattoo winding around his arm offered to assist. Panty Boy wanted no help from this strange child. He looked down into the young man's soft brown eyes and noticed his skin was like that of a little girl. Panty Boy rubbed his fingers over his salt and pepper five-o'clock shadow, in an attempt to remember if his own skin had ever been anything other than middle-aged sandpaper.

With the practiced patter of a salesperson who knows his product, the young man extolled the virtues of the girly knickers Panty Boy wanted. The proper size was discussed and selected. The older man felt some relief he had fulfilled the requirement Mistress had imposed. It was oddly warm in the store and Panty Boy wanted only to be outside in fresh air.

"You better try those on. You can't return them."

There was no discussion with Mistress when that tone of voice was used. His behind would be bright red later if a word of dissent was uttered against an edict like this. A pure, direct, unequivocal order had been issued. Panty Boy grunted and headed off to the dressing room. Like most men, he hated to try on clothing.

Once his jeans were off Panty Boy slid the pink panties over his everyday lingerie to test the fit. It had been years since he'd worn men's underwear, nevertheless, a shiver of delight ran up his spine as the soft, fluffy panties slid over his bulge. He resisted a momentary urge to touch himself. Panty Boy was never allowed to play with Spanky, unless of course, it pleased the Mistress. He twirled around to see his behind in the mirror and watch the ruffles. At the edge of his vision, just beyond the curtain, something moved. Panty Boy sensed he was being watched.

It would not be the first time his Mistress had sneaked into a dressing room with him. She often liked to surprise him. Catch him off guard. Maybe even make him squirm a bit, especially in public. Just the thought of her watching him try on panties made Spanky stiffen. He pretended she was not there. Once again he turned slowly and admired the satiny pink bow and elegant cut of the pink undies.

"How is the fit for you, sir?"

Panty Boy stopped in mid-twirl, mortified. It was that pretty puppy boy clerk who had watched his display, not his Mistress. In an instant, Panty Boy threw open the curtain, embarrassed and annoyed by this invasion of privacy. He was about to tell the clerk to fuck off, but swallowed the words. Behind the clerk stood his Mistress, arms folded. She was not amused. The look in her eye held the Panty Boy spellbound. It was as if all the oxygen had been sucked from the tiny dressing room.

The Mistress glanced down at the top of the boy clerk's head and pointed at his snake tattoo. The clerk, still in front of the Mistress, looked straight at the Panty Boy, unaware of her gesture. The situation was clear. The clerk smiled at the Panty Boy, ran his eyes up and down and winked.

"I see what it is you really want here, Panty Boy," Mistress scolded.

He cringed at the thought of the boy clerk hearing Mistress address him with the name that had always remained private. Until today. And the little shit clerk was flirting with him. This was too much.

He had not seen until just then, the boy clerk had a bag of items in one hand. Mistress reached into the bag, pulled out a large black dildo still encased in heavy plastic packaging, and waved it so Panty Boy could see.

"Look what I bought for you my pet," she cooed with sarcasm. "I guess all you really want is this little guy's snake so I better return this present."

Panty Boy tried to speak and was silenced.

"Turn around and bend over."

There was no escape. He hesitated only a second or two. Unable to refuse his Mistress, Panty Boy turned away. He sighed and bent over as best he could in the cramped quarters of the dressing room. There was silence. Then came the rustle of the shopping bag. Thoughts raced through his mind. Would she really assault him with a dildo right there? Would that little freak watch? Worse yet, would he participate? Panty Boy wanted nothing to do with another man's cock. How could this be happening so fast? Had Mistress thrown all their female led relationship rules out the window?

"Get up Panty Boy and take off those good panties right this minute. I do not want them soiled."

Panty Boy slipped off the beautiful pink panties and left them on the floor. Spanky had gotten hard as steel again. He hoped the slimy little boy toy clerk could not see his member as it strained against the skimpy lemon yellow bikini. It was clear Mistress knew his excitement level was off the charts. He could only hope she believed he would never submit to another man.

Without warning it came. The first strike. Where had Mistress found that riding crop? No time to think before another stinging blow landed on the other butt cheek. Holy crap. There was nothing to do but take it. He began to sweat as his ass began to burn with delicious intensity. He resisted the urge to cry out. He was in a dressing room for god's sake and his wife was searing him with a riding crop, over and over again until his ears began to ring.

Without warning the storm was over and she was gone. The noise in his head began to subside.

Confused and aroused, he turned around to find himself alone. No Mistress. No sign of the scumbag clerk. That was a relief. No big black dildo cocks either. Panty Boy flew back into his clothes and exited the dressing room, red faced and overheated. Where the hell was she?

Just beyond the counter stood his bride of many years. Dressed in a black sweater, jeans and clogs just as she'd been earlier, and yet, not quite the same. Too flustered to think, he hoped they could leave the store right away, but alas, there was snake tattoo weasel clerk again. He handed her a large shopping bag, thanked her and then turned to smile at him.

"Have a nice day," he whispered to the Panty Boy as he passed by.

Once outside on the street, Panty Boy gulped a deep breath of cool air and began to regain his composure. He smiled at his lady, and realized she had paid off the clerk to torment him, just a bit. She never intended to screw him with a dildo in that dressing room or force him to perform with another man. She knew enough about his deepest needs and fears to push him hard, but never cross the line.

"I love you, Mistress."

She smiled, a restrained Mona Lisa half-smile.

"Of course you do, my sweet Panty Boy."

by LeeLee (53)

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Chapter 5

Devious Torment

My wife devised the most devious torment it has ever been my pleasure to endure.

Let me explain that statement. In all the years we have been together, my wife has always enjoyed teasing me. More specifically, teasing my cock. I couldn't count the hours of wonderful torment she has put me through over the years. Yes, I said "wonderful torment." You see, as a man, my goal in any sexual encounter is to ejaculate. It's every man's goal during sex. Of course, we do our best, especially those of us locked in chastity, to sexually satisfy our partners. But in the end, our goal is to have that, oh so wonderful, orgasm.

Here's the rub. My wife enjoys two things, when it comes to sexually playing with me. The first is teasing me mercilessly until I am begging for release as if my life depended on it. The second is watching my semen as it simply runs gently out of my cock in a ruined orgasm. I couldn't tell you when my last full orgasm was. I just can't remember that far back.

Like any couple who practice tease and denial, the standing rule is that I may not cum without her permission. So, in order to avoid punishment (usually a powerful spanking with her favorite paddle), I was forced to learn a great deal of self control. I pride myself on being able to hold out for up to an hour when she is teasing me. Of course, a lot of that has to do with how she is teasing me. I suppose my age may have something to with it as well.

So one evening, just because she can, Mistress decided to see how long I could hold out against some kind of constant stimulation. Not wanting to wear her arm out stroking my cock for an extended period, and realizing that would not be a good test of my abilities, she devised another method of torment for me. A vibrator!

Her biggest problem was figuring out how to attach a vibrator to me so that it would give me constant stimulation no matter what I did to avoid it. She finally come up with a plan.

“Sweetheart?” she called out to me from the living room. “Would you come here for a minute?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I yelled from the kitchen where I was washing the dishes. I grabbed a rag and dried my hands as best I could as I strolled into the living room. “What do you need?”

“When you're finished with the dishes I want to try something, and I will need your help.”

“Yes, Ma'am. Is there anything else I can do while I am here?”

“No. That's it. I just wanted to let you know that I have plans for you.” She grinned, knowing full well I was a little perturbed at having been called away from my chores just to be told she would need me later.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I replied, as I turned to walk back into the kitchen. Frankly, I hate it when she does that. She could have waited until I was done, but no. Now I have to spend the rest of my dish washing chore wondering what kind of “plans” she might be cooking up. And whether it will be something fun, or something painful. Probably both.

When I finished with the dishes, I dried my hands, removed the frilly, little pink apron I wear when doing chores, and strolled back into the living room. I was now naked except for my chastity device.

Mistress was still sitting in her favorite chair watching 'Teem Moms' on Amazon Prime. I sat down in my chair and took a swig from my coffee cup. It was ice cold, but I am used to that. “What can I do for you, Mistress?” I asked.

“I need you to get me a condom, wrist and ankle cuffs, a spreader bar, the rope bag, and that bullet vibrator. You know the one. It's silver and has a remote control, too.” She sounded very nonchalant about the whole thing. Which did me no good, because I was getting nervous about this “plan” she mentioned.

“Yes, Ma'am,” I replied. “A condom, cuffs, rope, spreader, and vibrator. Got it!”

I had to repeat it to help me remember what to get. I didn't like what usually happened when I forgot something. I quickly went to the bedroom and searched the closet for the required items.

When I returned, I stood in front of Mistress, held the items out toward her and said, "Here you go, Mistress. Is there anything else you need?"

She picked up the remote and paused her show. Looking up at me, she said, "Yes. Put those down in your chair and take down the plant hanging to right of the TV."

We have several plants in hanging planters scattered around the house. Most people just think they are there for decoration, and to produce oxygen. But I know the truth. Each plant is hung from a metal hook much larger and stronger than necessary. Get the picture?

Anyway, I removed the indicated plant and set it down on a small table near where it had been hanging. When I turned around, Mistress was standing behind me holding the leather cuffs I had retrieved from the bedroom closet.

"Wrists first," she said setting all but one of the cuffs next to the plant I had just taken down.

I stuck out my arms, palms up and waited for her to attach the cuffs. Next, she attached a cuff to each of my ankles and said, "Stand under the hook, Sweetie."

I looked up to make sure I was directly under the hook in question while Mistress tied one end of a long rope to the end of the spreader bar. She reached up over my head with the spreader and maneuvered the rope onto the hook in the ceiling (no ladder necessary).

Having the rope draped through the hook, she pulled it down and untied it from the spreader bar. She ran the end of the rope through the cuffs on my wrists and pulled it down hard, until I was almost forced to stand on my toes. Then she tied the other end of the rope to my wrist cuffs as well.

Bending down, she took the spreader bar and fastened one end to my left ankle cuff. Forcing my legs apart, she fastened the other end of the spreader to my other ankle cuff. Now I was on my tip toes with my legs about thirty inches apart.

Mistress took a step back to admire her handiwork and to make sure everything was exactly the way she wanted it.

“What? No blindfold?” I said somewhat sarcastically.

“You won't need it,” she said with an evil grin. “I won't mind if you get a little bit distracted.”

She picked up the condom and opened the package. After removing it from the package, she picked up the vibrator and held the two items in her hands. She stared at my cock for a moment. Then her eyes shifted, every second or so, from my cock to her hands, then back again.

“What's the problem?” I asked.

“I'm not sure how to do this,” she replied in a puzzled tone. “I am going to attach this vibrator to your cock using the condom, but I think you need to be hard first. And maybe I should take your cage off.”

She set the two items back down on the table and retrieved the key to my chastity device, which she wears on a chain around her neck. She bend down and removed the lock on my cock cage, then gently pulled the main part of the cage off.

She cupped my balls together with my cock in her right hand and placed her left hand on my shoulder. Stepping very close to me, she looked me directly in the eye and said, “I think you need to be hard.”

With that I immediately began to get aroused. It happens every time she touched my cock. “What are going to do?” asked nervously.

“I am going to test you,” she replied. “I want to see how long you can hold out with this vibrator constantly stimulating your cock.”

At first, that might have sounded like fun, but she wasn't finished. “If you don't make to, at least, one hour, I will paddle you once for each minute remaining.”

“What if I hold out longer?” I asked, hoping or a big reward.

“Great! Then I guess I won't have to paddle you at all.”

“Oh,” is all I could say.

By this time my cock had swollen to full size and was getting quite hard. Mistress reached down and picked up the condom. She carefully slipped it over the head of my cock and rolled it down about an inch. Then she picked up the bullet vibrator (just the bullet part), and tucked it under the condom against the under side of my cock, just under the head. Finally, she rolled the condom the rest of the way down the length of my cock, all the way to the base, making sure the antenna from the vibrator ran straight down the underside of my cock.

“That should do it,” she said as she looked over her handiwork. Then she sat back down in her favorite chair and clicked the button on the TV remote to allow her show to continue. “Comfy?” she asked.

“Um... Yes, Ma'am,” I said letting my nervousness show.

“Good,” she replied reaching for the remote for the vibrator, now attached firmly to my hard cock. As she pressed the “On” button, she remarked, “Let's see just how long you can hold out.”

The vibrator immediately started doing its job. The vibrations reached from the tip of my cock to the very base. It felt quite good. 'This may not be as bad I thought,' I thought to myself. But then Mistress slid the little speed control on the remote upward. The vibrations became more intense. So intense, in fact, that I let out a little groan.

“Having fun, are we?” Mistress loved verbal teasing, but, somehow, I didn't think she was going to be doing much of that. After all, this was test of my ability to stave off an impending orgasm.

Mistress went back to watching her show while I, in my present position, tried to distract myself by listening to the show. I couldn't see the TV, since I was standing right next to it, but I could hear it. Even though the vibrator made certain that my cock would remain hard, I could look around and think about other things. Well, when Mistress wasn't playing with the remote, adjusting the speed and intensity of the vibrations, that is.

On the upside, I was practically guaranteed to have a full orgasm. After all, this was not a case of Mistress' hands stroking me, stopping every time she thought I was getting too close. With her attention on the TV, and this being a test of how

long I can hold out, it seemed to me that this was going to be the first time in ages that I would get to have a full orgasm.

The vibrations from the bullet kept changing as Mistress, almost absentmindedly, fiddled with the controls. Just when I would feel a good old fashioned orgasm coming on, she would change the settings just enough to allow me (or was she forcing me?) to hold of a little longer.

It was maddening! It seemed the more I tried to reach an orgasm, the less stimulation I was allowed to have. I had no idea how much time was actually passing. All I knew was that one show had ended and Mistress had started another. But not knowing how much of the last show she had left to watch made it impossible to keep track of the time. Of course, the clock was on the wall behind me, and if I made an effort to turn around and look, Mistress would surely punish me.

After what seemed like an hour, I was finally at a point where I could manage to cum, IF the vibrations didn't decrease too soon. I could feel my balls beginning to draw up in preparation for the big moment. I closed my eyes and clenched my groin muscles in an attempt to speed things up. There it was. Just hanging there, waiting to come blasting out of my cock into the condom I was wearing. It was just about to burst forth when...

“Ah, Ah, Ah. There will be none of that, now!” Mistress had been watching me more closely than I thought. She had turned the vibrator off just when I was all ready to shoot my load.

What happened, you ask? The same thing that always happens. She ruined my orgasm! Though my hips and groin pumped as hard as they could, my cum merely dripped out of my cock into the condom. It was the biggest let down in my life, since my first ruined orgasm.

“Awww, did I ruin another orgasm for you?” Mistress taunted, knowing full well what she had done. “I am so sorry,” she added, as if I couldn't hear the sarcasm in her voice.

I knew she wasn't sorry. She wasn't the least bit sorry. But there was one thing I had to know. “How long?” I asked anxiously.

“Sorry, Sweetheart. You only lasted twenty-three minutes. That means you have

thirty-seven smacks coming to you.” She was grinning the whole time she said it.

“Can you let me down from here, now?”

“In a minute. I want to watch it go down, first.” With that she paused her show and leaned back in her chair, indicating that I might be hanging here for some time.

Well, that's my story. I'm not going to describe how she applied my punishment for not lasting a full hour. That's another story altogether.

by nemo-slave7 (63)

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Chapter 6

A Perfect Day

Mistress Chloe arrived home in the late afternoon after several hours of shopping, walking, and strolling the city with her favorite camera. She was tired and it had been a long day. She had taken a few special shots where the interplay of light and shadow on the people and buildings had captured her imaginative eye. Her slave, Tom, was waiting for her at the door. He greeted her with a hug and a kiss, helped her out of her overcoat, and escorted her to the couch. A flute of cold champagne awaited her. Candles flickered throughout the room, and a light breezy jazz instrumental was playing in the background.

Tom took his Mistress's shoes off her feet and caressed each foot carefully, while Chloe talked about her day. She told him what she saw, what she heard, what she thought. It was a carefree, relaxing time. She loved how Tom really listened to her.

After about a half hour, with Chloe feeling much more relaxed, Tom excused himself to go into the kitchen. Chloe used the time to check her computer and take care of some personal business while Tom finished a lightly seared Sea Bass and set the table.

They popped the cork on a fine bottle of her favorite Gevry-Chambertin, dined, laughed, talked, and watched the ever changing palette of the glorious sunset.

After dinner, Tom cleared the table and cleaned up the kitchen while Chloe downloaded her pictures and worked on some prints. She had an impressive body of work and would be having her first gallery show in just a few weeks.

When Chloe was finished she came back out to the living room where Tom had prepared a warm foot bath. She soaked her tired feet in the swirling whirlpool for a good 15 minutes. Then Tom dried her feet and legs with a towel.

Chloe then reclined back on the couch as Tom retrieved a soft pillow for her feet. This time the foot massage was lengthy and intense. Tom kissed and nibbled all her toes, and then used lotion on her arch, her sole, her toes, even the little spaces between her toes. Slow circles, gradually expanding, firm at her heels.

Chloe closed her eyes and felt transported. Tom massaged her calves and every muscle of her powerful and magnificent legs. After an hour, with Chloe at complete ease, Tom oiled her feet and put some soft cottony socks on her to keep her warm and to let the moisturizer soak in, as there was more to follow for the evening.

Tom, again, excused himself and went to prepare her bath.

Chloe could hear the sound of running water in the bathroom. A large and deep free-standing claw-foot tub was being filled with hot water. Oils, salts, and liquid soap circulated in the tub. Bubbly foam hugged the surface of the water.

When it was full, Tom helped Chloe out of her clothes and into the tub. She let out a sigh as she sank deeply into the tub, the hot water up to her chin, her entire body immersed beneath the bubbles. The lights were off and only the dancing flicker of the candles provided illumination.

Tom knelt beside the tub and sensuously fed Chloe some grapes, cheeses, and fine chocolate. Another glass of cold champagne for her to sip, the brisk refreshment of the cold bubbles providing contrast and counterpoint to the warm bubbles surrounding her.

Tom then took a soft loofah sponge and washed her. Each arm, each leg, her back, there was no part of her that was not washed with the gentle love and attention She deserved. Tom then moved on to shampoo her hair, gently washing and rinsing her silky locks, massaging her scalp, rubbing her neck.

Prior to the bath, Chloe was unsure whether to keep Tom clothed or not. She decided he would serve her best unclothed, and she enjoyed the sight of her slave's naked body. However, she knew she would need to control him. She also thought he had missed a few spots while cleaning the apartment and, therefore, would need some punishment.

She had felt that Tom had been too quiet of late, and She felt he needed to be more open and forthcoming about his feelings. She liked him being vulnerable.

So all the while, since before she had gotten in the tub, Mistress's toy had been locked snugly in its chastity cage.

Chloe didn't want Tom getting any ideas because she was undressed, and without her permission. She wanted him completely focused and consumed with pleasing her. She would also be able to have Tom's buttocks exposed in case she felt like releasing some of her tension with her beloved strap. She knew Tom didn't like that, but when punishment was necessary, too bad for him.

So as Tom knelt outside the tub and bathed her completely, the chastity key around her neck ensured complete control of the situation. She also loved sensing Tom's frustration and desire with him in maximum security. She loved teasing him. She loved the look of his nakedness while he wore the symbol of humiliation that reinforced her dominance and power.

After her bath, Tom gathered some soft cotton terry bath towels and helped Chloe out of the tub. He dried her and wrapped her in the towels to keep her warm. A red heat lamp was turned on and the warm air from the hairdryer kept away any chill. He dried her hair and gently combed and brushed her glowing locks. She smiled as she remembered the times when that same hairbrush had been used on his backside while over her knee.

Chloe wanted her nails painted, so they went to the couch, and Tom gently placed the cotton pads between her toes and proceeded to carefully and meticulously paint the base, color, and sealer on each toenail.

After they dried, he painted her long, delicate, achingly beautiful fingernails, the ones she loved to torment Tom with as they lightly brushed his chest and teasingly circled his nipples. She loved the way he paid attention to getting each and every nail perfect. When he was done, she was very satisfied.

Next on the menu was her full body massage. Chloe lay on her stomach and Tom spent the next hour with his gentle, yet firm, hands upon her. Her back, her Legs, her shoulders and arms. Her hips and bottom, too. Every inch of her skin was touched and rubbed to a healthy glow. Every muscle was relaxed.

At times she felt almost asleep. At times she didn't know whether or not she was in a dream. Only Tom's voice telling her how beautiful she was would bring her back from her reverie.

After the massage, Chloe wanted to be kissed, kissed all over, and Tom did not stop kissing and caressing her from head to toe. She wouldn't have it any other way.

As the evening came to a close, Chloe decided it was time for bed and to go to sleep. She curled up against Tom. She felt comfortable, safe, and secure in his strong arms. She pushed her hips into him. He had done a good job pleasing her, but it would still not be his time. No, he had a lot more to do for her before he earned any release for himself. She sensed he could still do better for her.

Despite the pleading and begging, despite the tears of frustration she saw from him, it would not be tonight. "No," she thought, it might be a long time. To silence him, she told him that if he didn't quit his whining it would add even more time to his chastity. She smiled a wicked grin, and pushed more firmly against him, a slow grind of her hips, knowing that she owned him, knowing that he was not going anywhere, feeling her caged toy pressing against her, drifting off into a wonderful, blissful, and peaceful sleep.

by NYCman (55)

(dedicated to Mistress Chloe)

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Chapter 7

I, Cuckold

As I sit here, bound to a chair in a motel room, I can see my wife and her lover on the bed in front of me. She is on all fours and he is on his knees behind her. I can see the tip of his cock as it presses against her moist vaginal opening. She squeals with delight as his shaft slowly disappears from my view sinking into her hungry pussy.

To what do I owe this humiliating situation? My own greed. I pushed her into cuckolding me because I wanted to feel the very humiliation, the sexual arousal, that I am feeling right now. Though my cock is trapped in a metal chastity cage, it is straining to reach its full length and girth as my mind reels from the intense sexual arousal. The pain of it being limited in just how much, or should I say little, that it can grow in the confines of its tiny cage, is intense. But at the same time, I love it!

John, my wife's latest lover, is now pounding into her with all his might. I can tell by the grimace on his face that he is about to shoot his first load of the night into her hot, wet, eager pussy. That pussy used to belong to me. But now I am told that my cock will never be allowed to enter it again. I have to admit, John's cock is much larger than mine. But that's part of the humiliation I suffer at their hands. I not only have to watch as John pumps his white-hot cum deep inside her, but I have to do whatever else either of them might want me to do. If I refuse, I may not be allowed to cum at all.

There it goes! John is suddenly in the midst of ejaculation and my wife, Julie, is having her third orgasm of the night. By the time they are through, she will have had over a dozen orgasms and, if I am lucky, I might get to have one, too. But that really depends a lot on John and on Julie's mood.

John and Julie collapse on the bed. John still on top of her. They both seem out of breath and I am still bound to my chair with a cock that desperately wants to

reach its full potential. But there is nothing I can do, but sit and wait.

Once Julie has rested, she tells John to climb off of her. The two get to their feet and Julie tells John to let me suck his cock clean. As John approaches me, I can see their mingled juices glistening in the light as his cock swings in front of him. He steps next to my chair and grabs the hair on the back of my head pulling me toward his falling erection. "Open up, sissy," he says as the tip of his massive cock touches my lips.

Without a word, I obey. I know that if I don't do as John tells me, Julie will punish me when we get home, or maybe sooner. John's cock stretches my mouth as I try not to let my teeth scrape along the sides of his cock. My tongue begins to lick the underside and work its way toward the bottom of his shaft.

It's not like I haven't tasted another man's cum before. This is not my first rodeo, as they say. So I do my best to lick all the cum and pussy juices from his cock so that he will be happy and Julie will be proud of me.

Once John is satisfied that his cock is clean, Julie tells him to untie me so that I can clean her up as well.

After my bindings have been removed, I lay on my back in the center of the bed. John kneels across my thighs while Julie kneels over my face, facing John. I catch a glimpse of John's hands cupping Julie's breasts just before my mouth is covered by her dripping pussy. I know the drill. I lick and suck until I have cleaned out (and off) every drop of John's cum from Julie's sweet vagina.

At this point, Julie turns around so that she can hold onto the headboard with her knees on either side of my head. She leans forward just far enough for John to enter her pussy once again. However, instead of being bound to a chair, I am now laying on my back with my wife and her lover fucking right in front of my face. John's balls drag across my mouth and nose with each thrust of his massive cock.

"Lick his balls," Julie orders without missing a beat.

With that, I stick out my tongue and feel those two hairy balls drag back and forth across it. It's not something I really enjoy. In fact, if I had a choice, I would never, ever, do anything like this. But since I must do whatever Julie, or John for that matter, want me to do, I do as I am told, like it or not.

“Suck 'em,” Julie orders with a stern voice, It's almost like she can see what I am doing, but I know she can't. Hesitantly, I open my mouth wide and suck one of John's balls into my mouth. I don't think I could get both of them in, so I don't even try. It is difficult keeping one ball in my mouth with the way he is pumping his cock into my wife's pussy right now. But I do my best. Making her happy is my only goal. If she is happy, then she will be more willing to allow me an orgasm before the night is over.

When John unleashes his second load into my insatiable wife, I can feel his balls throbbing right along with his cock. It is a very unusual feeling. I have never felt anything quite like it, before. However, since it signals the end of another orgasm, I know I will soon be able to release his ball from my mouth. After all, it is not a very pleasant feeling.

Once John has withdrawn his cock, Julie settles back down on my face and orders me to clean her up once again. Cleaning her just used pussy is one thing I truly enjoy doing, even if it does mean sucking another man's cum into my mouth.

Once Julie is satisfied that I have done my job, she pulls away from me and rolls onto the bed next to me. John also rolls off and I am told that I may return to my chair. At least this time I am not bound.

After another brief rest John must be feeling sorry for me because he asks, “Are you going to let him cum tonight?”

To which Julie responds, “I don't know. Do you think we should?”

“I think he has earned a chance to cum, Don't you?”

“Okay,” Julie replies. “But let's make it interesting.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Well,” Julie said as if she were deep in thought. “How about we let him masturbate for us?”

John enthusiastically responds, “I think that's a great idea!”

Julie looked at me and said, “Frank? Come over here and stand next to the bed.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” I reply, not looking forward to what was to come.

I walk to the side of the bed and stand there with my feet about twelve inches apart. Julie reaches over to the nightstand and collects the key to my chastity device. After unlocking it, she has a little difficulty removing it because my cock is swollen about as much as it can be. She carefully works it down the shaft until my cock is free.

“Now, masturbate for us. We want to see you cum. Oh,” she continues, “don't forget to catch it in your hand. We want to see you swallow it, too.”

This is something she has never asked me to do before. Oh, I have masturbated for her before, but never in front of someone else, let alone another man. I hesitate for a second before gently grasping my cock. I begin slowly stroking, embarrassed and humiliated by the thought of what I am doing. I know my face is red. I also realize that my cock is not getting any harder. Try as I might, I just can't block the fact that John is sitting right there on the bed next to my wife. Both of them watching me as I attempt to masturbate.

“Oh, look,” Julie kids, “he can't even get his cock hard for us.”

“How is he ever going to cum if he can't even get it hard?” asks John.

After about ten minutes of their constant kibitzing Julie tells me to stop. “This isn't going to work. He will never be able to cum without some kind of stimulation.”

“So how are we going to provide him with some stimulation?” John inquires.

“I have an idea about that,” Julie says as she bounces off the bed. “Come here, dear.” She indicates that I am to get on the bed again. “On your knees, right here.”

I climb back onto the center of the bed on all fours where Julie had indicated. “Now what?”

“Spread your knees, honey,” she directs. “Now, John? You get up behind him and fuck him in the ass. If he can cum that way, then he gets his orgasm for the month. If not, well, I he doesn't.”

John crawls up behind me on his knees until I can feel his knees pressing the mattress down between mine. He pushed my knees further apart with his own and his thighs now rest against my own. "I can't get hard this way," John complains.

"Then let me help you with that," Julie says as she lays herself down beside us. Her head is even with our thighs so that she can watch as John fucks me. She reaches between John's legs and begins to rub some lubrication on his huge cock. Of course, his cock returns to its full size in a matter of seconds.

"There," she says. "How about now?"

"Oh, I think I can manage, now," John agrees. He presses the head of his cock against my tight anus. I try to relax, but he John lunges forward and, with one hard thrust, manages to push his cock deep into my ass.

"Ugh!" is all I can manage. It hurts, but it's not the worst thing that I have had to endure for an orgasm.

John begins pumping in and out of my tight hole, thrusting hard with each push inward, followed by a slow withdrawal of his massive member. He pulls back until only the head of his cock remains in me. After a brief pause, he thrusts again, and again, and again.

And so it goes for another ten minutes (which feel more like an hour) before John makes one last, very hard, very deep thrust. I can feel his cock pumping his cum into my ass. The problem is, though my cock was extremely hard during the entire ordeal, I did not cum.

John pulls out of me and falls back onto the bed, exhausted. He lets out a sigh as his head hits the mattress. Breathlessly he asks, "Did he cum?"

"I am afraid not," Julie responds. "I guess he just doesn't get to, this month." Then she pushes my hips to the side, indicating that I should roll onto my back. Then, Julie replaces my cock cage and says, "Well, Honey, you tried. That's all that matters." And I know that it will be another month before I am given another opportunity to have a real orgasm of my own.

by nemo-slave7 (63)

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Chapter 8

Embarrassed!

“I have never seen Mary this mad,” I thought to myself, as I stood there, stark naked, the heels of my feet touching and my feet forming a V. My big toes were against the base board of this stretch of wall in our living room. My nose was pressed against the wall with my arms straight down at my sides, fingers of my hands relaxed. My reverie continued, “And usually, she has me in that corner over by the front door, so this is quite different. Not much change in scenery, thought.” Then my thought processes took me back to the events that led to my being here in this position...

Mary and I had gone to the supermarket, and were checking out the daily specials. My back was turned away from her, while I was checking out the salad platters. All of sudden, her face was six inches from mine, and she was saying, excitedly, “Muffins are SIX for FIVE dollars!”

I was caught off-guard, surprised, startled and I don’t know what else, but it was enough for me to exclaim, loudly, “You’re TOO CLOSE! GET OUTTA MY SPACE.” it was at that exact moment, I realized, I should NOT have done that.

She backed away and looked around, as did I, at the all the people who had witnessed this boisterous exchange between us. A grim, dark, look formed on her face. It did not go away. She walked away, leaving me to push the cart, following her.

We finished the shopping without exchanging another word. In fact, checked out, went to the car, drove home, and unloaded the groceries into the house, all in the same silence.

The second we were done, she picked up her phone, and went into the bedroom. After half an hour, she came out, and cleared her throat to get my attention, then announced, “You embarrassed the CRAP out of me, and I’ve been waiting for

my anger to subside, before I decide how you'll be punished. To begin with, I am calling that piece of wall right THERE," she was pointing to a blank section of our living room wall, "for the sake of this discussion, the 'corner.' You have ten minutes to get yourself into that corner in the way I've taught you." I could see that she was furious as she continued her rant, "And as yet, I have no solid idea as to how long you will be standing there."

I used the ten minutes allotted to strip naked and take a quick bathroom break. I made it to the wall, with some thirty seconds to spare.

From behind me, I heard Mary's phone ring. Before answering it, she went to the bedroom, and closed the door. Evidently, I not permitted to overhear the conversation. That made me even more nervous.

Without a word, Mary emerged from the bedroom, and sat down at her computer desk. Then she said, "Let's hear you sing. 'Twinkle twinkle little bat', for starters. ('Twinkle twinkle little bat' is a poem recited by the Mad Hatter in chapter seven of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' I encourage the reader to look it up.)

As it turns out, I am quite adept at meditation. I can slip into mantra meditation on a moment's notice. Using it, time passes quickly, unnoticed by me. Mary is aware of this, and often requires me to sing during corner time, to keep me aware and in the present moment. She is aware of how much I dislike my own singing voice, as I have often stated that, "my singing voice makes dogs howl, cats run away, and babies cry." So, she often uses the singing requirement as part of the punishment.

I sang, repeating the four lines over, and over, and over again, as she sat there, tapping the keyboard, staring at the monitor.

I heard the doorbell ring.

"Don't stop," she said, as she stood up and went to the door, and opened it.

Still singing, I could hear the exchange of, "Hello, glad you could make it." I recognized the voice of her friend, Candace.

"Come in, sit down," Mary said to her. "Hillary should be here, soon. Don't mind him," she nodded her head in my general direction. "He is doing what he

was told.”

I heard Candace giggle, “And he looks so good, doing it.”

“Oh, he will look much better once he’s gotten some color in that pale ass of his.”

They talked quietly a few more minutes, until the doorbell rang again. I heard Mary open the door, then I heard the voice of Hillary, as Mary admitted her.

“Shilo, stop singing, now!” Mary called out to me, and I closed my mouth.

“Hillary, you said you were comfortable with a video camera, so take this.” She handed our video camera to Hillary. “Just point it, and you see what you’re recording here. This is the button to start and stop recording.”

“Sure. That looks easy enough,” Hillary replied.

I heard the sound of a dining room chair being dragged across the wooden floor, followed by, “Shilo, come here and Stand by my side.”

I turned around and walked up to Mary's right side. I saw Candace, seated on the couch, and Hillary, standing in front and to the right of us. I thought I was embarrassed before, but now that I could actually see these two women, the humiliation was even worse.

Mary nodded to Hillary, who pushed the button to begin the recording. I swallowed hard, knowing that I was now being recorded. I have no idea what color my face was at that time.

Mary said to the camera, “Shilo embarrassed me in public, and this is his punishment. He is standing here in front of my friends and me, naked. I am going to take him over my lap, and beat his bare bottom long and hard with this.” She held up her favorite, and therefore my least favorite, short paddle. It was about a foot long, made of hard wood, with an oblong spanking surface that had numerous holes drilled through it. Then I heard her say, “And that's just for starters. This session is being filmed, and will be posted on my Fetlife profile for ALL to see. Now, Shilo, over my lap!”

I bent down and over. Quickly had my legs extended out to her right side, my

toes on the ground, my torso over her lap, and the palms of my hands on the floor on her left side.

I felt the paddle touch my buttocks as she said, “In order to keep your mind in the present and not escaping into sub space, you will count each smack.”

The first blow made contact on the middle of my right buttock, and I grunted, “One.”

The second blow landed on the middle of my left buttock, and, again, I grunted, “Two.”

Back and forth on alternating cheeks the paddle landed, upper curve, middle, lower curve, and on down my thighs, as I grunted and moaned the count, using every bit of self control I could muster to not kick my feet up, or to cry out in any way, other than the number of blows.

She stopped at two hundred.

I was panting, gasping for breath. My bottom throbbed, burning in pain.

“Get up! Go back to the wall! Your hands better not touch your bottom! And sing! Well... Quietly.”

I got up, and went to the wall, and started singing that blasted song, as best I could, while still gasping for breath.

“Pause the recording, please,” Mary said. “Now, ladies, coffee or perhaps tea?”

After many, MANY, verses of the song, Mary finally said, “Recording on, please.” Looking into the camera, Mary said, “Shilo has been against the wall there, singing that lovely song, for about thirty minutes, and now I am ready to continue with his punishment. Shilo, stop singing, and come over here.”

I closed my mouth, turned around, and walked to where Mary was sitting. The chair upon which she previously sat had been turned around, an indication that I was to bend over it. I blanched as I saw in her hand, the “zombie killer”, a two foot long, two inch wide, half inch thick solid oak paddle, that requires almost no effort on her part to generate a horrible sting on my backside.

She smiled thinly, as she held the paddle in her right hand, and gestured at the chair.

Keeping my legs tightly together, I bent over the back of it, putting my hands on the seat of the chair, while gripping the edges.

Mary took a stance behind me, to my left, and said, “You will count!”

The first smack landed square across the middle of both cheeks, and I groaned, “One!” The second smack landed on top of the first, and I groaned, again, “TWO...Oooh!” The third smack hit the lower curves, and I rose on my toes while shrieking through gritted teeth, “THREEEE!” The fourth landed on top of the third, and I rose on my toes again, and gasped, “AAAGGG... FOURRRR!” The fifth smack landed across my thighs, just below the curve. I rose on my toes and opened my mouth and shrieked, “IIIIIIII... FIIIVE!” Each of the remaining forty-five smacks were met by ever-increasing indications of my discomfort.

The final five were the hardest smacks of all, evidently her intention. They were hard enough to bring out the longest sustained cries from me, while on my toes long enough that she had to bark “Position!” after each one.

After I announced, “OWWWWWWWwoooooohhhhhFIFTY!” she said nothing, until my moan died out, and I lowered myself from tiptoe to the flat of my feet, without her ordering it.

“Go to the wall,” she said, very slowly, in a low voice. “And I don’t want to hear your pathetic singing right now.”

I went to the wall and stood, my nose pressed against it, wishing I could rub my aching, throbbing buttocks, while blinking away tears that had formed in the corners of my eyes.

“Perhaps, Shilo has learned a lesson from this. Only time will tell. Camera off, please.”

Then Mary announced, “Ladies, thank you for coming.”

“Oh it was a pleasure!”

“Anytime, thanks for asking me.”

I heard the front door open.

“Goodbye. See you next time. We’ll talk soon!” She said as the other two women left the house.

I heard her footsteps approaching me. I heard her set something down on the desk, not far from my right side.

“I am going to the bedroom, and watch some TV. This timer is set for... Well, I’m not going to tell you for how long. I’m not going to tell you to sing. I don’t care what you do, as long as you stay THERE without moving. When the timer goes off, you may take a shower, put ointment on your bottom, and trust me, it’s quite a sight, and join me in the bedroom.”

She left the room, and I stood there. And I stood. And I continued standing. And I kept on standing. I slipped in and out of meditation, and sometimes, it seemed, in and out of consciousness.

MUCH later, Mary came out of the bedroom, yawning, heading for the toilet. She said, somewhat startled, “WHAT are you still doing there? Trying to prove some point?”

“I... I’m waiting for the timer to go off,” I said, very quietly.

She picked something up from the desk. It was my phone that she was using as a timer. “Oh! Well, someday, you’ll think this is funny. I meant to set it for one hour, but apparently I set it for one DAY. Um, well, so you’re time is up, go take your shower.”

I laughed, very weakly, sarcastically, and slowly walked away, to the bathroom. I had been a day, and a lesson, I would NOT soon forget!

By Shilo (40)

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Chapter 9

Chastity

As I sit here writing this my little cock is locked into a CB-6000s with a numbered plastic padlock keeping it secured on my cock. I have clothespins pinching my balls, and I am locked into a tiny dog cage in open crotch panties. Naturally you would assume my Mistress is in the next room or out shopping, but you would be mistaken. I am a long-distance slave to Mistress Kay and must do her bidding unless I want to be exposed.

Our relationship started out a couple months ago when I answered Mistress Kay's request for a long-distance slave. After a couple of emails, it was decided that I would become her slave, but initially, the way it was set up, gave me the power to stop at anytime and effectively obey what I wanted to. Despite this, we got along well and I obeyed her every command.

However, after a month or so we were ready to take our relationship to the next level and make my slavery, and her ownership, more real. After talking about it, it was decided that I would give her identifying information about myself and the contact information of friends and family. We would then both sign a contract she wrote describing our relationship and the responsibilities I would have as her slave, along with some boundaries she would respect. This contract also described two more things: 1) That if I ever failed to be her slave, she would release all of the pictures she had of me, along with any other identifying information, to the world and my friends and family. 2) That once I signed this contract, I would give up all control to Mistress Kay, and I would not be able to back out unless she agreed to release me.

For both of us, this had been a fantasy for a very long time. For Mistress Kay, she had, for a long time, wanted another slave that was not her husband, but instead, a total slave that she could own, even long distance, and control in a sadistic way. And for me, I have always wanted to be completely owned by a strict and cruel Mistress. Naturally then, both of us signed the contract and I am

now her slave. This is when everything changed.

All of a sudden, her tone, when talking to me became stricter and more demanding. She gave me a new name, “butt-boy”, because she said I would now follow her so closely that my nose would always be buried in her back side. She also gave me a long list of rules for what I must do every day (which included things to wear) and rules for my chastity cage that I have been wearing for a little bit already, but now the consequences if I am caught removing it will be severe and completely humiliating.

After she described to me the new rules, she told me I can remove my chastity cage and wait for her next instructions. I was not to touch myself. Instead, I was to put a butt-plug into my ass and write a fantasy for her about what it would be like if she was touching my cock. This was incredibly difficult to do. Writing the fantasy while a plug was filling me up and pushing on my prostate, was both tortuous and making me uncontrollably horny. Thankfully this didn't last long and after about an hour Mistress told me to retrieve a couple toys, get naked, log onto gmail, and set up my computer for video chat. I did, and a couple minutes later I received a google hangout request from Mistress Kay. Nervously I answered, and my video showed up. However, much to my disappointment her video was turned off.

Before I could say anything she started speaking. “My little butt-boy, I am so glad you signed the contract and are now my slave. At times I know this will be hard for you, but I know you will always obey me because, if you don't, I will make sure you are punished. I am glad to see that you have done what I asked. Now, the first thing I want you to do is go and shave yourself. I want your tiny cock and cute butt always shaved. I will wait while you go do that.”

Answering, “Yes, Mistress,” I got up and went to the bathroom to shave. I have never liked being shaved, it makes me feel feminine and embarrassed. Also the humiliation of revealing my shaved privates while on webcam, for someone who I can't even see, was making me quite nervous.

After cleaning myself off I walked back to where the computer was and knelt down in front of it.

“Oh my gosh you look so cute and your cock looks so tiny,” Mistress Kay said in the most teasing way possible, knowing that I was already humiliated from

having to shave myself.

“Butt-boy, would you like to touch yourself for me?”

Despite my humiliation the answer was obviously, “Yes.”

“Good, but you will have to obey me and be a good slave if you want to be allowed to cum. And there will be rules. If ever you think you are getting close to cumming, you must beg me permission before you do. If I say, “No,” you must control yourself. But if you start to cum anyway, you will stop stroking, and instead, you must slap your balls hard until you have finished. If I say, “Yes,” and allow you to cum, you will be allowed 10 strokes. Then you must let go of your cock immediately, even if you have not yet cum, or are still cumming. Do you understand little bitch?”

I nodded and said, “Yes, Mistress.”

I then heard (through the video chat) what sounded like a drawer open and books being pushed aside. “Butt-boy? One more thing. Whenever we do these video chats, I want you to prepare yourself first. I want you to be waiting for me naked unless I have told you otherwise and I want you to be clean. That means completely shaved, and I want you to always give yourself an enema before we start. I will often make you pleasure yourself anally and I want you to be clean so we can both enjoy it. That said, I hope you have already dealt with that so we can begin.”

My ex-girlfriend, while not especially kinky, did enjoy taking me with a strap-on every once in awhile. Expecting to wear a butt plug earlier, I had, luckily enough, already cleaned myself. So I blushed very deeply and said, “I am ready, Mistress”

She chuckled a little and said, “My what a slutty slave you are. Well I guess we should start there. I want you to turn yourself around and put your head down on the floor with your ass in the air. Then I want you to play with anus, slowly. I want you to play with your tiny cock as well. Now, show me what a good slave you can be.”

Feeling very humiliated, I did as I was instructed. As I began touching myself, I heard the very clear sound of my Mistress turning on her vibrator. It encouraged me that she enjoyed watching my depravity, but also furthered my feelings

objectification. I couldn't prevent myself from being turned on, as well, and I quickly became hard. It had been only 2 weeks since I was first told to put my chastity cage on, but nonetheless I was desperately in need of release.

As Mistress moaned quietly she said, "Slave I want you to insert your medium-sized butt plug." While the medium plug is not huge it does take some effort to insert it. I rubbed lube in and on my anus (what my Mistress calls my boy-pussy) and began to slowly start to work it in. By this point I could hear my Mistress start to build herself towards an orgasm. I also was finding, that without realizing it, I could feel pre-cum start to drip out of the tip of my rock hard cock.

As the plug continued to spread my boy-pussy open I heard her begin to moan a little louder than before. Finally I passed the widest point of the plug and it slipped in the rest of the way easily. As this happened, I couldn't prevent a tiny gasp and moan from escaping my lips. Breathing heavier, Mistress told me to play with the plug, pushing it in and out, while fondling my balls. Doing as I was told, the effect of playing with the plug was that my whole body seemed to uncontrollably move in addition to the heavy breathing and moaning that would escape my mouth.

After continuing like this for a little while, and hearing my Mistress drive herself wild, she told me to stop and grab my dildo. This dildo is huge. My ex bought it, not realizing how big it was, and as a result, we never were able to use it. So I was nervous when Mistress asked to do this because, while I didn't want to disobey her, I knew I wouldn't be able to fit it inside me.

Instead she said, "I want you to stick the dildo on the floor and start sucking it. I want you to suck it like you would want me to suck your cock. I want you to gag on it and insert it as deeply as you can, licking and worshiping it."

Having never done anything like this before, I hesitated, but only for a second, as I knew I did not have any choice and I would have to do it if I wanted any hope of being allowed to cum. After a very short period, Mistress said sternly, "Butt-boy, you can do better than that. I said worship that cock. Pleasure it like you would want yours pleased and I want you to stroke your cock as you do this. Time the stroking of your cock with your sucking and stroking of the dildo."

I did as she asked. Immediately had tears form in my eyes. This dildo was huge

and my jaw was already beginning to tire as I tried to bob my head up and down as fast as possible.

This continued for awhile with the noises only adding to the sexual frenzy that was taking place. Soon I found myself approaching an orgasm. It was at the same time that my Mistress began to moan loudly and start to orgasm herself.

As I approached the edge, I asked to be allowed to cum. Her response, although out of breath and clearly mid orgasm, was, “No, slave you must beg for it.”

So I begged for her to let me cum, but as her orgasm rocked her, she continued to say, “No.” So I rode my edge trying desperately not to cum, fearing the punishment.

After what felt like forever, her orgasm finally stopped and she regained her breath enough to say, “Butt-boy, I want you to fuck yourself with your dildo. Hopefully you have lubricated it enough with your spit that you wont need any more lubrication.”

I grimaced. This was what I was afraid of. I knew I couldn't take something this large, but I also knew that I would be jeopardizing my chance to cum if I disobeyed. So I tried. I took the plug out and put the dildo on the ground, pointing up, and began to slowly lower myself onto it. As I went down, I continued to stroke myself hoping that if I was turned on enough, it would be easier. But my face was clearly confused because, even though the vibrator was still whirring and pleasure her, Mistress Kay half chuckling asked, “Is it too big for you, butt-boy?”

Unable to hide the fact that it was, I nodded and said, “Yes, Mistress.”

Thankfully, Mistress Kay was still in her post orgasm bliss, and she told me it was okay, but that she wanted me to fuck myself with my prostate massager while sucking the dildo. More importantly though, she said that if I continue to be such a turn on for her, I just might be allowed to cum.

So I inserted my massager and began sucking the dildo while stroking myself. It was overwhelming. The sight of me must have been one of absolute depravity. But it didn't take long before Mistress Kay began to moan, even louder than before. I, too, was quickly breathing heavily and getting very close to the edge. It seemed almost immediate, but Mistress Kay began to scream as she was rocked

by her second orgasm.

I too was barely able to get enough oxygen, as I was right on the edge. I begged as best I could, with a cock in my mouth, to be allowed to cum.

Mercifully, she said, "Yes."

It took two strokes before I felt my cock explode onto the floor. As I used the next 8 strokes to milk all I could from my cock, I was still cumming after my final stroke. With my mouth still on the dildo, and the prostate massager still in my ass, I exhaled deeply. My ears were ringing. I was seeing stars, but this had been the most powerful orgasm I had ever had. But despite this, I was immediately ready to go again. I also knew that would be out of the question.

After giving me a few moments to catch my breath, Mistress Kay asked, "Did you enjoy that, butt-boy?"

I nodded, "Yes."

She immediately began to coo, "I know, I enjoyed watching you. You can be such a little minx. But what do you think I will want you to do with that gross puddle you made?"

"You want me to lick it up, Mistress."

"Correct."

Without a choice, and despite my hatred for doing this, I began to lick up my cum.

After I finished, Mistress Kay said, "Good job, slave. Now I want you to clean your little dick up and lock your cage back on. Be sure to take a picture of the number on the lock. I am very happy that you are my slave, now. I can't wait to see all of the things we can do together. I would also like you to finish the rest of the story in any lingerie you like and send me a picture of that when you finish. Bye for now my little butt-boy."

I did as I was told because now, for better or for worse, I no longer have a choice. I am truly Mistress Kay's slave.

by butt-boy (25)

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Chapter 10

Self-Bondage

I was to be alone at home for a week. So I have planned to perform a lot of self-bondage, cross-dressing and self-punishments.

As soon as I got home from dropping my wife off at the airport, I picked up the bag where I hide all my kinky stuff: heels, lady's lingerie, ladies clothes, rope, chains, padlocks, handcuffs, ball gag, collar, leash, and my make up.

I put everything in order and cleaned everything that needed to be cleaned and hand washed all the delicates, which was most of it.

I performed several positions in self-bondage experimenting with the ice release method which consists of freezing one end of a piece of string in an ice cube. The other end of the string is run through the hold in the key allowing the key to rest on top of the ice cube. When the ice melts, the key will drop and you can unlock yourself, assuming you catch the key.

I found that sitting on a chair for the bondage was quite restrictive and inescapable. So I decided that. the day of the big session, I will be tying myself like that.

Finally the day arrived. Once I got home from work I rushed to my room and started preparing everything.

I laid out on the bed all the things needed and started to get ready.

First I undressed and checked that my chastity belt was in place.

Then I started to dress up. First, a black silky thong that hardly covers my bulk. Then with a piece of adhesive tape, I pushed the cock cage down and taped it in place. Taping it on my front side gets a more feminine look. Then a matching bra padded. Padded just enough to give me an average cup size. Then, a black

corset. When I lace it up, I feel the restriction of it in my breathing and in my movements. Then I put on thick black nylons attached to the corset suspenders.

I put on my faux leather miniskirt and my white silky blouse. Last, but not least, I put on a pair of black, thigh high boots with 5" heels.

I looked myself over in the mirror and felt that the look I was going for (a slutty look) had been achieved. But something was missing. I needed some make up, as well as a wig.

After applying some foundation, I attempted a smoky look for my eyes with some success. Then I used a bright red lipstick, to top it off. I put the wig in place and was surprised by the little bitch I saw in the mirror. I started to think how it would be to be caught dressed like this. At this point my cock wanted to get hard, but the cage prevented it from doing it so.

Now it was time for ropes, chains, gag and so on.

I placed the chair in such a way that my hands would be in position to receive the key when it falls from the ice, then started the bondage.

First, I tied my left ankle to the front left leg of the chair. My left knee followed. I did the same with the right leg. I checked that the rope was tight enough, but not too tight. Then I secured the knots with some adhesive tape.

Next I tied my chest to the chair with some ropes. At this point I couldn't move my body from the chair. So I continued by restricting my eyes and mouth.

Then I locked a chain around my waist. At one end of the chain I locked a pair of handcuffs. I put my left hand in the other cuff and locked it in place. I put the other pair of handcuffs on the other end of the chain. I was just one click away from a long bondage session.

I had guessed the ice would take between one and two hours to release the key. IT was just a guess. I continued breathing as deep as my corset allowed, for at least five minutes. Then I did it. After a long breath I closed the last cuff around my right wrist. I was prisoner of myself in my self-bondage.

I started to struggle checking how good, secure and restrictive my bondage was. After five or ten minutes I realised that I could not untie myself without the keys.

The keys that were hanging from the ice cube.

I moaned, my cock wanted to raise up, and my mind started to race, thinking, “What would happen if someone found me like this? A man completely dressed in women's clothing and bound.” I would be at his or her mercy. He/she could do anything they wanted to me.

After some time (it felt like an hour, but I think it was actually more like fifteen minutes), I remembered that time goes so slowly when you are tied up.

During the session I tried to escape, to loosen the knots that bound my legs to the chair, but to no avail. Then I heard a metallic noise.

I had thought it was the keys falling out of the string, but they did not land in my hands. It sounded like it came from somewhere else. I thought to myself, “If the keys were down there on the floor, I have little or no chance of finding them without help.”

So with anxiety, I tried to call for help through my ball gag. But that was of no use. I have to say that ball gags are quite effective. The only thing I accomplished, from the shouting attempt, was a waterfall of saliva, dripping out of the corners of my mouth.

Next, I tried to break the chair. It did not look so solid when the session started. However, it proved to be quite sturdy. I was totally ineffective in breaking the chair.

Finally, I decided to fall over on my side and crawl around searching for the keys. About that time, the keys fell from their icy prison, right into my hand as they were meant to do.

After a huge sigh of relief, I set myself free. It was a nice feeling to know I didn't mess up after all.

The first thing I did after untying myself, was to drink some water. Then I went outside to the terrace for a nice, relaxing cigarette. I made some calls to set up a night out with the guys.

When I went back inside, I took a shower and changed my clothes (I kept the ladies lingerie on). Then while I was in the kitchen drinking coffee, I heard the

voice of my neighbour calling for me. I went to the door, and she told me that she had seen my door was open and wanted to check on me.

“Ups!” I thought to myself, “What would have happened if she had found the door open a couple of hours before?”

by Dani (40)

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Chapter 11

Lexi's Party

I looked over the invitation. It was from my friend, Lexi. She was always throwing these mixers to try and get all of us “single” people together. “Single” as in, not married. “Together” as in, hooked up, which she hoped would turn into marriage. I usually begged off of these things, but this time Lexi was so insistent I couldn't resist.

Frankly, I just wasn't interested in meeting new people, let alone anyone Lexi thought would be “perfect” for me. She always seems to pick men who I find to be too... How should I put this? Arrogant. Her problem is that she doesn't know that I consider myself to be a very dominant woman. Therefore, I am only interested in submissive men. Lexi doesn't invite non-alpha males to her mixers. She thinks every woman needs a man who can protect, and provide, for her. Humph! I am just not that kind of woman. Just because I am over forty, doesn't mean that I can't get any man I want. It's all in how you approach them.

Lexi's husband was from “old money,” as she always put it. So they lived in a huge, brick house. It had something like, twelve bedrooms and fifteen bathrooms. They had no children, so when company came, they were welcome to stay awhile. God knows, they had the room.

When I arrived, a valet opened my door and held it while I exited my car. I strolled up the walkway to the massive doors at the front of the house. I rang the bell. Another man, wearing a tuxedo, let me in and announced my arrival to those within earshot. Lexi quickly entered the foyer (called the “anti-room”) and greeted me. She took me by the hand and led me into the ballroom which was alive with people. Thirty or more was my estimate.

Lexi pulled me over to buffet and introduced me to a man she called Thomas something-or-other. I never was very good with names.

“A pleasure to meet you, Miss Ivey,” he said, taking my hand, genuflecting at the waist, and placing a very gentle kiss upon it. “You look very lovely,” he added as he released my hand and stood erect.

“Nice to meet you, too,” I replied, though I was not very impressed.

“Isn't this quite a spread?” Thomas said looking in the general direction of the buffet table.

“Yes, it is. Lexi always goes all out when she throws a party.” I tried to look disinterested in hopes that he would go away. It worked. Thomas saw another woman he was interested in and left my general area.

I decided to go ahead and mingle a little, in hopes that I might meet someone interesting. There was a David, a guy who obviously thought the world revolved around him. I had to wonder, if he was such a great guy, why was he still single? Perhaps, he liked to play field and didn't want to be tied down. Oh well, I would have loved to tie him down, just to torture him awhile.

Then I met a guy named Mohamed. He was a Muslim convert. All he wanted to do was to convince me that women should be subject to a man. That just would not fly with me. I liked being in charge, and that's the way I intended to keep things.

While I was bending over the buffet table, trying to reach the shrimp scampi, I felt someone pressing against my backside. When I stood up and turned around, there was a man I had not met, standing much too closely. I gently pushed him back saying, “Please, don't stand quite so close.”

“Oh, I am sorry, Miss,” he politely replied. “My name is Andrew. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.”

“Well, it's so much that I feel uncomfortable, it was that roll of socks you have in your pants,” I said, more as insult than anything else.

“Oh, you think I have a roll of socks in my pants? Perhaps you will allow me to show you that, not only is it NOT a roll of socks, but rather, it is all me.” He smiled a sweet little grin as he said it.

I was not convinced. In fact, I was pretty sure he was making it up. After all, not

many guys can brag that they actually have the nine or ten inches that was clearly visible through his suit pants. "Okay, maybe that's a dildo, but there is no way it is all you." This was not really the type of discussion I was expecting to have at Lexi's party, but I guess you have to be prepared for anything.

Andrew leaned in and whispered in my ear, "We could go somewhere more private and I could prove it to you."

As he stood straight again, I reached out and grabbed his crotch, fully expecting to get a hand full of some kind of fake cock. To my surprise, it actually felt real. So I decided to take Andrew up on his offer. "I know just the place," I replied, setting my plate down on the edge of the buffet table.

Taking Andrew by the hand, I said, "Follow me." Then I started off toward the stairs, with Andrew in tow, to find an empty bedroom.

I pride myself on being able to handle men, and to defend myself should one attack me. But wasn't about to set myself up for just such an attack. I lead Andrew upstairs into one of the many guest bedrooms and straight on through to the private bath each bedroom has. I thought stopping in the bedroom would be a bad idea and I wanted to be in control of the situation.

Once we were safely in the bathroom, I released Andrew's hand and turned to face him. I looked down toward his crotch for a second, then I looked him in the eye. "Let's see what you have," I said without blinking an eye.

"You want me to drop my pants without even a kiss?" he asked as if he expected something in return.

"You want to have sex with me, don't you?" I responded with a bit of irritation in my voice.

"Well, yeah. Sure," he replied.

"We can't do anything with you dressed like that. Now can we?" I said as I grew more impatient by the second. "In fact, just go ahead and remove all your clothes."

"Really?"

“Get naked, now or I am leaving,” I said with a scowl on my face.

Andrew immediately started practically ripping off his clothes. “Yes, Ma'am,” he said as his suit coat and shirt hit the floor. His pants and shorts were next, boxers in case you were wondering. He had to bend down and remove his shoes in order to get his pants over his feet.

“There. Now you,” he said standing there in his stocking feet.

“I told you to get naked. I meant completely naked!” I was practically shouting at him at this point. But there was reason. I wanted him to know who was in control. By using my most stern voice, and making him feel that he had to do what I said, he would be much more compliant.

It worked. He leaned down to remove his socks and said, “Yes, Ma'am,” again.

That's what I wanted to hear. Total obedience in his voice. I wanted him so much under my control, that if I told him to jump out the window, he would do it.

“That's much better,” I said as he returned to a standing position, totally naked, I might add.

I looked down to see his equipment for the first time since we entered the bathroom. 'Oh my God,' I thought to myself. This guy wasn't kidding! His cock, still mostly flaccid, must have been at least ten inches long. I was pleasantly surprised, I must admit. But I tried not to show it.

I looked into Andrew's eyes and, still trying to keep him a bit off balance, I said, “Well, does it get hard?”

Without looking away, Andrew proudly announced, “Yes, Ma'am, it does.”

“Show me.”

Andrew took a hold of his huge cock and began to stroke it. “This may take a moment, Ma'am. I don't really have any motivation.”

I reached down and slowly raised the hem of my dress until he could clearly see that, not only was I not wearing any panties, but that I keep myself cleanly shaved as well. “How's that?” I asked, before dropping my dress back into place.

“Um... That was nice, but... can I see that again?”

Again I slowly lifted the hem of my dress. This time, only far enough for him to see the tops of my stockings. “You want more, you have to perform.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said as he began to stroke his cock faster and with more enthusiasm.

The way Andrew was responding to me, all submissive, I mean, I was beginning to like him a lot better than I first thought I would. “Get it up, for me,” I said impatiently.

“I am trying, Ma'am,” he replied as he stroked a little harder.

In order to help him I decide to talk to him a little. “I'll bet you would just love to see me down on my knees with that big tool of yours disappearing and reappearing from my mouth. Wouldn't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am! More than anything.”

“Well, that's not going to happen,” I teased. “But how would you like to make it cum inside me?”

“I would really love that, Ma'am!”

“I am sure you would. But, again, that's not going to happen. At least, not until you show me that thing can do the job.”

“What do you mean, Ma'am?” His cock was finally getting hard.

“I mean, unless you can shoot a load of cum right here, right now, you will never know what it feels like to fuck a real woman like me,” I teased.

“Are you saying that if I cum for you right now, I can fuck you?”

“No! I am saying that if you don't cum for me right here right now, you will NEVER fuck me.”

“I am trying, Ma'am, but I think I need a little more help.”

“I am NOT going to do it for you,” I said, running out of patience. How about if

I give you brief look at my ass?”

“Ohh... Yes, Ma'am! I am sure that would help.”

I turned around just enough to allow him to see my backside, but not so much that I couldn't watch him. I didn't want him to touch me. I slowly pulled the hem of my dress up until I felt the hem drag about half way up my bottom. I didn't want to totally expose myself to him. “How's that?”

“That's wonderful, Ma'am!” he began. “Might I see a little more?” He paused for a second then added, “Please?”

Very slowly, I pulled the hem of my dress up to the top of my ass. “There, that's all you get.”

Andrew was stroking his cock fast and hard at this point. “Thank you, Ma'am. Thank you!” His breathing was getting rapid and I could tell he was nearing the point of no return.

I dropped my dress down and turned to face him again. “That's it. Now, cum for me,” I ordered. I wasn't about to give him any more of a show than I already had.

In a matter of seconds, Andrew reached that point where his ejaculation was eminent. I reached out and grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away from his huge member.

“Whaaaa... What are you doing?” he yelled as his cum began to flow gently out of the end of his cock.

I could see his cock trying desperately to shoot its load as hard as it ever had. But, alas, a ruined orgasm does not do that. I watched, and giggled, as his cum dripped rapidly out and landed in puddle on the Italian tiled floor. “Aww... Did I do that? I am so sorry.” My voice was filled with sarcasm, and I knew he could hear it.

“Why did you do that?” he asked in disbelief.

“Because I could,” I replied matter-of-factly. “Now I want you to get down on your knees and lick it all up.”

“I can't do that,” he said as if I had asked him to.

“I didn't ask. I ordered you to do it.”

Without a word, Andrew slowly lowered himself to all fours. He glanced back up at me for a second as if I might change my mind. Then he bent down and began licking his own cum off the floor.

When about half of his mess had been “cleaned” up, I dropped my card on the floor next to him and headed for the door. “If you enjoyed this, give me a call,” I said as I walked briskly out of the room, closing the door behind me.

In the weeks that followed, Andrew called me several times. I finally agreed to meet with him and discuss him becoming my new house boy. I think Andrew and I will have a long, lasting, relationship.

by Mistress Ivey (41)

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Chapter 12

Cross-Dressing

All of this really started on New Years Eve. We had gone to a party and someone made a comment about my physique and how I looked like I could have played pro ball somewhere. That got me to talking about weight lifting and body building. Then the subject changed, but the thoughts lingered in my head. "If a total stranger could see some potential in me, maybe I should give it a shot" It distracted me the rest of the evening, and into the following week. I decided that I was going to shave my body hair off and take some "before and after" photos.

So one day after work I stopped by the grocery store and got a pack of razors and some shave gel. I went home and took the clippers to myself, then jumped in the shower and knocked off the rest of the stubble. I was "slick" head to toe with a small (small) patch of hair around my cock. I even used some hair removing cream in places I will not talk about.

That night in bed she noticed immediately. I told her that it was for my body building quest. She kind of laughed, but then realized I was serious about it. She rolled over to go to sleep and I tossed and turned. I did not sleep at all that night. It was a good story but it was not the real reason I had taken a weed-whacker to myself.

After what felt like hours in bed, her alarm went off. I jumped out of bed and made her breakfast, brewed some coffee and saw her off for her day. I stayed at home that day after calling in sick. I spent the day trying to find an online source that would give me some needed advice on how to tell my wife the truth. I found a book that I could order for my kindle and decided to do that much. I texted my wife and told her that I was home sick but feeling a little better. I also decided that I would confess to her this Friday after she got home from work.

I went to her underwear drawer and tried on some of her panties. I walked around the house in a pair of her shoes with the panties and a matching bra on. It

felt "right". I put everything away and I was tempted to jack off, but I wanted to save myself for something more meaningful. So I waited. I put everything away, got dressed in some sweats and returned to the internet to check my favorite blogs.

One blog in particular listed my state as hers. She had a lot of experience with getting men to confess their fantasies to their girlfriend or their wife, and she was a self proclaimed coach for "Mistresses in Training" or MITs as she called them. She even held classes and had MP3 discs for sale. I had been following her for a while and part of her requirement was for her followers to submit a photo of themselves wearing women's clothing. Her reasoning behind this was simple. "If you are going to take up my time, there is going to be something positive in this for both of us." She also required a monthly submission and interaction with other members on her forum.

So I ran back upstairs, put on the panties and bra I had just been in, went to the bathroom and took a selfie with my phone. I desperately wanted to wear stockings and high heeled shoes but I did not have any and would not risk ruining those that my wife had in her dresser. Then I put everything back, got back in my lounge clothes and (with my cock still stiff) I sent it in. I browsed a few other sites, shut it all down and sat quietly with my thoughts while I read my new book on my Kindle. After I finished it, I hid my kindle and made a list of questions I felt I needed to address with my wife. That concluded my Thursday.

The next day I was privy to more photos from the blog and more stories, hints and tips. I also got a weekly photo of the Mistress with a Slave. She was stunning and had a body of a Goddess. Her look was both evil and dominating and the expression on her face in most of the photos said to me, "You are going to serve your woman for the rest of your life and I am going to teach you how."

Thursday Night I slept good. I got up Friday morning, went to work and left an hour early. I picked up some flowers and 2 bottles of wine on my way home. I had reviewed my list of questions all day and felt confident in my "brief" I was about to give. I hit the grocery store and made it home before my wife did. I started supper and we sat down to her favorite meal that evening. She commented that this was not the meal of someone that was trying to get into body building.

That was my opening.

I took a sip of wine and confessed my cross dressing fantasy to her. Her jaw dropped wide open. She took a big gulp of wine and stared at me in what I considered to be shock, but it was more of disbelief.

I explained things, detailed my feelings and what I had been hiding from her for quite a while. I confessed to wearing her panties around the house while she was out, and I told her that this did not threaten our relationship in any capacity. I kept talking (as I had rehearsed) and I used some notes from the book. I continued with why I had shaved myself and told her that I wanted to keep this discreet because of our ties with the community and with work.

She drank more wine.

She sat in silence.

She looked at me.

She drank more wine.

She cleared her throat. She looked at me and then she said, "So this explains the web sites in your browser history, and the emails you have been getting from "Zena Warrior Mistress". I thought you were cheating on me. I am a little shocked but more relieved than anything else. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I lacked the courage to admit it to you I feared I would lose you because you would not understand this fantasy." I replied. She nodded .but did not believe me completely.

We sat in silence. The meal was over.

"I have read a few of the blogs you visit. I have ordered some of their books." she confessed. "I have been waiting for the other shoe to drop .I guess it has."

Now it was my turn to sit in disbelief. Now it was my turn to feel the way she just did. Or was it? I cleared my throat and started to speak, but she continued...

"I rather like the idea of taking you out in public dressed as a woman. With your size, it will be a challenge, but I see this as a positive thing for both of us. One, it provides me with the security of having a man with me at all times. Two, it keeps you close to me and by sharing this fantasy together, it gives both of us

something to risk which adds to the excitement. Three Well my darling, you are just going to have to wait for the rest of my list."

My cock twitched. I swallowed hard.

"Finish your wine Dear." she said.

In my mind, I was thinking "This was easy." Then my mind started in on me "Wait .. it was TOO easy."

These thoughts wrestled in my head while I cleared the table and cleaned up the kitchen. My wife had refilled her wine and moved to the office where she was chatting online with someone. I respected her privacy but needed to know what she was doing - to settle the wrestling match in my head.

I had anticipated some time for all of this to process. Come to find out, it was I that needed the time to catch up to where she was at with "my fantasy".

"I enrolled in the training program with "Zena Warrior Mistress". It has been VERY informative and a real eye opener." she stated.

"Last week I graduated from Private Closet Dancer (their terminology for wives in denial) to Corporal Punisher (their title for wives / girlfriends that have decided to embrace this change for the benefits it offers to them). I have even been chatting with a few of the other wives on here and they have given me some great advice I have just been waiting for you to either stop visiting or confess " she concluded.

"Is the kitchen cleaned up? I need a foot rub and some more wine." she said.

I managed an answer. I moved to the kitchen, my head completely clouded with thoughts, fears and doubts. The "feeling" of having the upper hand had completely drained from my body. I felt exposed from head to toe and I was still clothed. I filled her glass and she winked at me. She spread her legs and from under her skirt allowed me to look at her cleanly shaved pussy. She was holding her panties in her hand. She smiled at me, held the panties out to me and smiled.

Instinctively I knew what to do. I removed all of my clothes and slipped into her panties. They did not fit me very well, and my hard on did not help. She giggled, but in a condescending way. She smiled at me and then said, "We will have to

get you your own tomorrow, won't we? THIS is what you are wearing for the rest of the night Dear. Go put away your clothes and turn down the bed. I will be in there shortly." She looked at me, then motioned for me to leave her alone.

As I finished putting away my clothes and turning down the bed, she came into the bedroom. She had finished her wine and was very horny. She looked me over and smiled without saying it, I knew what she was thinking. She pulled out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed me to the headboard. She then removed her clothing, turned off the lights and sat on my face.

She came instantly. I figured it was going to be a short night, but she pulled my hair, forcing my face into her pussy lips and she ground her hips into my chin. She came four more times in less than 10 minutes. Panting and screaming more and more each time. When she was spent, she laid down beside me. She kissed me on the forehead and told me goodnight. She rolled over and was fast asleep in seconds.

I did not sleep well that night. My cock ached and strained against the tight panties. I could smell her on my face and taste her in my mouth. I tried to sleep but could not. I tried to get my hard on to go away. It would not. Her scent stayed on me and kept me aroused through the night.

The next morning I was un-cuffed from the bed. "We are going shopping today, but first I have some new friends coming over to help get us ready." she announced. We took a shower together. I wanted to masterbate so badly but she would not have it. She would not allow me to have sex with her and (without asking) I knew a blow job was out of the question. So I got cleaned up and we got dried off. I shaved, then put on a robe and made coffee. Her cell phone rang and I heard her give out our address. She grabbed a cup and stirred in her creamer while on the phone. She then turned to me and smiled (like a warden smiles at an inmate). She concluded the conversation and hung up the phone.

"Today is an important day for you Sweetheart .Would you make another pot of coffee, we have 3 guests coming over and I want us to be gracious hostesses" she giggled.

"Where is the camera?" she asked.

I nervously drank my coffee. She went to grab the camera and the doorbell rang. "I got it." she yelled.

I walked out to the living room and three women I had never met before greeted me. "helloo" they all said.

"We'll set up in the kitchen." my wife commanded.

I looked over the bags and other items they had drug in with them and realized why they were there. Kim was a nail salon expert. Misty was a hair and clothing expert and Julie was a makeup artist. They were ALL there for me. I quickly realized that my wife was taking me shopping AS a woman today

I thought about protesting this .but then I thought how lucky I was up to this point and how smoothly things had gone. She was obviously in to this and based on her reaction, I had little to nothing to worry about so I decided to roll with it.

I was measured, my shoe size was taken and then I was placed at the kitchen table. My makeup was done while my toes were painted. My wife buzzed around the house making sure everyone had coffee and something to eat. She soon retired to the other room to get herself dressed and ready.

It had already been determined what we were wearing, so I just went along with everything. Perfume was added, roll on deodorant and my wig was very nice. It barely looked fake. I was given costume glasses, clip on earrings and a thumb ring. After my toes were done, a ring was placed on the #4 left toe. It was symbolic to a wedding band. I was dressed in black stockings, no panties and no garter belt. Black flat sandals with a 1" heel and a black mini-skirt. I was put in a spandex compression shirt for women and then fitted for a large bra. Large "falsies" were put into the bra, and after some tweaking, I was dressed in a matching red turtle neck that buttoned up the back. "I will never get this thing off." I thought to myself.

My nails were painted (to match), last minute touchups done and my hair was sprayed so it was stay in place. The glasses were slid into place and more perfume was added. As I sat there in shock looking in a small mirror, my camera was brought into the room and a few photos were taken. I looked at my reflection in the mirror and I was amazed.

Upstairs my wife was almost ready. She had been given a list of stores in a neighboring town that we were to visit. We even had specific sales clerk names to make sure we got the right type and style of clothing. I recall thinking, "Be careful what you wish for .. you just might get it." I was handed a

small black purse and some makeup was put into it. I had to carry it all day.

We walked out into the garage and ended up taking her car. She drove and she made ALL of the decisions for the day. She took me shopping at Victoria Secret for a few things, then Fredericks of Hollywood for items that required a larger size. Everywhere we went, my wife made it a point to explain to the sales clerk that the undergarments were for me and not her. As they get done giggling, I was usually ushered to the changing room, stripped and properly measured for my size. Just for added "fun" I was sized for a bra each place we visited. By the end of the day we purchased 8 pair of satin panties for everyday wear, 8 thong panties, a couple of matching bras, a teddy, a corset, 10 pair of stockings and a garter belt. I carried the bags everywhere we went.

We stopped at a very nice makeup counter and my wife read off a list of things I needed. I got a coupon for a free makeover and some perfume for my next visit. From there went out to eat and I was told what to eat. "So THIS is where the humiliation starts." I thought to myself. My wife shamelessly flirted with the waiter, capitalizing on an opportunity to humiliate me a little more and then asks if he has any single friends - for me. Our waiter laughs it off, but later on he gave my wife his number. I felt a twitch in my cock and it started to get hard. "Who ever is coaching her is GOOD." I thought to myself.

After lunch we went to a shoe store and my heart jumped into my throat. Our Sales Clerk was the moderator for the Forum where I had confessed all of my fantasies to. Her and my wife embraced like old college room mates. I smiled but could not say a word.

We spent a small fortune in the store but I got a lot of shoes that actually fit. I found my head spinning from it all and I started to enjoy the experience even more.

It was getting late, but there was one more stop to make. My wife insisted that I wear a pair of 3" heels out of the store. It was awkward but I managed to walk out of the store and get to the car without falling down. We drove for about an hour before I realized we were not going home.

We arrived at an adult book store and sex toy shop. The name looked familiar to me, but I kept that to myself. We walked in and several men turned and looked us over. We were looking at some novelty stuff when a sales woman approached

us. I recognized her instantly. It was my Mistress that I had been corresponding with and asking for advice. She called me by name and hugged my wife. At that moment I realized today was all set up. I relaxed a little, but then the uncertainty flowed through my veins. Several questions came to the surface and I was about to have them answered.

We were taken to a private room in the back of the store. My wife was taken to another part of the store with my Mistress and they talked and laughed about several things. I was instructed to sit and wait. About 30 minutes passed and the curtain was pulled back. I was taken to another room in the store and (again) told to wait. About 10 minutes later, my wife came into the room dressed in all black lingerie with a strap-on dildo around her waist. Behind her was my mistress. A second light came on and there was a saw horse with padding on it. I was bent over the saw horse, strapped to the padding and my skirt was lifted. Nothing was said. Some lube was liberally applied to my ass my head was light and things were spinning out of control. I felt a finger slip into my ass and I thought I was going to explode.

The finger was removed and I felt some pressure against my ass. I knew what and who it was. I knew what was about to happen I just never figured on it being THIS way.

"Slowly Dear take your time and let her ass stretch around your cock." Mistress instructed.

My wife grabbed my hips and slowly eased her "cock" into my ass. I heard gasps and some giggles followed by approving "uh huhs" and then some condescending giggles. She pushed herself into me gently but forceful.

I remembered seeing this kind of scenario on the Forum. I was beyond aroused I think I nearly passed out.

My wife started pumping me and I felt fulfilled (pun intended) knowing that my deflowering would be by my wife. I embraced this event for what it was and tried not to think of the pain. She started panting and kept going faster and a little harder with each thrust. Her breathing got faster and I knew she was getting aroused by her new role. I moaned and encouraged her to take me and make me her little bitch. She took the praise and "cut loose" on me, pounding me like a whore. The sounds of skin slapping skin filled the air. I kept whimpering and she

continued to assault my backside. Soon enough, her pace was even quicker her thrusts deeper, her grip on my hips tighter and as her orgasm built up my excitement reached never before seen levels.

She screamed as she violently thrust into me, climaxing completely with her cock inside of me. I did not orgasm, but I was satisfied. Mistress sat in the corner (out of the light) pleased with this performance. She congratulated both of us for crossing the threshold. My wife's performance was more praise worthy where mine was slightly condescending but still an accomplishment. I was left on the horse, strapped in place as my wife was taken to another room to clean up.

My wife returned a few minutes later and unstrapped me. Her skin glistened in the dimly lit room. She had an odor to her that I found pleasant. She handed me a few tissues and told me to hurry up and get ready to leave. I wiped down the best I could. We walked out, paid for our things and left.

The drive home was in silence. I could not tell if she was pissed or just bewildered. I sat in silence and reflected on how it was ME that became the student, and it is SHE that became the teacher. I cannot help but think, "I have dove into some very deep waters".

"So what do you have to say for yourself ?" she pierced the silence.

I instantly felt I was being put on the spot .Still unable to determine her mood, I answered slowly but honestly.

"This is something I have wanted for a while now I just never knew how to open up to you for fear of driving you away" I answered.

She giggled and laughed at me. "Darling its nearly every woman's desire to have someone she can own and manipulate to the point of sexual satisfaction you have MUCH to learn. The bonus for me is that I will be learning with you. There are some BIG changes for both of us in the future my Dear. There will be sacrifices there will be changes but things are definitely headed in the right direction now." she concluded.

She smiled and patted me on the leg. I felt like a condemned prisoner. She rubbed my inner thigh and my cock started to grow. She giggled and told me that we would have to take care of that once we go home but the smirk on her face said that her words did not mean what I hoped they meant.

She complimented me on my disposition and told me that if this was something I really wanted to do, she would support it in a safe and controlled manner. She told me she loved me and she felt safe with me around and enjoyed all the attention the men were giving her (and me) while we were out. She wanted more of that and she wanted to talk about that in more detail once we got home and got "comfortable with the things she wanted this change to bring for both of us.

When we got home it was dark. I checked my makeup in the mirror before we pulled in the driveway. It barely passed, but we were home so I was not going to fuss over it. We parked in the garage and walked into the house. I was sore but happy. She took me to the bedroom and stripped me out of my clothes. I placed my wig on a form and took off all of my makeup. I smelled like sex. My nails were still perfect. She left my shoes and my stockings on.

I was laid on the bed (naked) and my hands were cuffed to the headboard. She turned on a lamp and started telling me a story. The story was about me and her. She watched my cock as she rolled out the story about me being tied down to a chair in a hotel and forced to watch as her and another man started to make out. I felt my cock get stiff. She smiled and giggled.

"It IS true," she said.

My cock continued to strain and get harder as it told her everything I had tried to keep to myself. She continued with the story learning just how far I wanted her to go with another man. She continued telling me how she sucked the stranger's cock .how he pushed her on the bed, ate her pussy and made her scream HIS name before letting her "mount" his cock.

She told me how she was going to slide down his cock nice and slow letting him stretch her and fill her pussy up.

My penis danced in the air .. trying to shoot as if I were having an orgasm.

She grinned while she watched my cock betray me. She knew everything that I had told her and everything that she had found in the computer history was not just a fantasy, but it was what I wanted for her, and for me.

She became very aroused by her own story and she pulled her panties off, stood on the bed and lowered herself onto my face. I ate her pussy while she held onto the top of the headboard. She came quickly .then stood up.

"That's enough for now" she said.

She left the room as I lay there in the middle of the bed with an aching cock. We were both tired. I fell asleep quickly.

I woke up the next morning, alone. I was still cuffed to the headboard still wearing my 3" heels and my stockings.

There was a key taped to the back of my hand. I used it to unlock my handcuffs. There was a note on the nightstand. I opened it up. "Your clothes are laid out on the chair. Get dressed and come downstairs as soon as you are awake." I moved and instantly noticed I was wearing a CB 2000. "Wow." I thought.

I walked into the next room and found a maid's uniform, a hat, a pair of the black panties we had purchased and a bra with a pair of the false breasts we had seen. My cock jumped and ached inside my "tube".

As I dressed, I noticed a tube of lipstick and some mascara. I went to the bathroom and applied them. I double checked my look and ventured downstairs.

My wife was sitting at the kitchen table, a laptop on the table and the mistress that had watched me get de-flowered last night was pointing out some key items on the screen. My backside was still "greasy" and a little sore. As I walked into the kitchen, I felt as if I were on display. My wife was dressed in a very nice dress and the Mistress (my wife's new best friend) was dressed very nicely too.

"Good Morning Sweetie" my wife said as she smiled and pulled a small chain out of her collar. Strung on the chain was a small key. She smiled and told me that it was a new beginning for both of us.

by Anonymous (41)

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About The Author

Mistress Ivey (Georgia Ivey Green), has lived as a female dominant since 2006. Before that she was a submissive to her current husband (and number one fan) where she learned what it means to be a dominant. She has been helping others to understand what a female led relationship (FLR) can be and how to make their relationships better. She has tried to educate people, and to dispel the stereotypes that are normally associated with female led relationships that the Internet has, for so long, projected. She wants people to understand that a female can be in charge of a successful relationship without having to “dress” the part. That is why she started writing her blog “Becoming A Mistress” back in October 2010. Now she is passing her knowledge on to you, the reader, in hopes that you, too, can improve your life and your relationship.

Check out Mistress Ivey's blogs at:

[Becoming A Mistress](#)

[Obey Ms. Ivey](#)

[Mistress Ivey's WebTeases](#)

Meet her on FaceBook:

<https://www.facebook.com/mistress.ivey>

Or on FetLife:

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Books by Georgia Ivey Green

Taking Back Your Marriage

How to Set Up An FLR

A KeyHolder's Handbook

Tips & Tricks for KeyHolder's

Mistress Ivey's Femdom Fantasies (Volumes 1 – 2)