

Mistress Ivey's Femdom Fantasies

Volume #3



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

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(Volume 3)

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 my third offering of Femdom Fantasies. I think you will find these stories to be a little more varied than the first two books. I included some stories covering more varied subjects than before.

I would like to thank the many kind folks who have submitted stories for my approval, Unfortunately, I could not include all of them in this volume, but I hope to publish many of them in future volumes. So if you sent me a story or fantasy that has yet to be published, hang in there, I may yet publish it/them in a future volume.

I would like to invite all who read these books to submit their own stories and/or fantasies for future publication. Many of the stories in this series are actual events in peoples lives and I hope others will read them and decide to give Femdom a chance. Women have the power if they but learn to use it.

Mistress Ivey

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Chapter 1

Asserting Her Authority

I was nervous, to say the least. This was the big day. I had agreed to become his “Mistress” and to take charge of our sex lives. I had made my rules and decided how I wanted to deliver them, but I was still nervous. After all, I had never been “in control” before. Not like this. But what was it he said? “I will do anything you want, just as long as you agree to sexually tease me and deny my orgasms.” Yes, but there was more to it than that. A great deal more, in fact.

I looked at the clock on the living room wall. I had an hour to get everything ready. I had been planning this day for the last two weeks. I couldn't put it off any longer. Tonight I would finally take charge. But would it be good enough for him? I am so afraid that I won't be able to measure up to his expectations. I'm afraid I won't be able to live up to his fantasies. I have never done anything like this before. Oh God! Give me the strength to get through this.

Harry will be home from work any minute now and I have everything ready. I will surprise him at the door. I am wearing his favorite teddy, the black one, with fishnet stockings and high heels to match. I can't seem to stop my leg from shaking. It always does that when I get nervous.

What was that? Did I just hear the car pull up into the drive? Yes, yes I did. Oh my God! Harry is home! It's really going to happen. My head was spinning. Thoughts of everything that could go wrong filled my head and I began to feel nauseated. I stood up and walked toward the door. I stopped about ten feet back from it. I watched, almost in horror, as the knob on the front door began to turn.

As Harry entered the house and closed the door behind him, I stood there so that he could see me in my best “Mistress” outfit. I didn't say a word. I waited for Harry to speak, or laugh. I wasn't sure which he would do.

To my surprise, Harry dropped his briefcase by the door and then dropped to his

knees right in front of me. "How can I serve you, Mistress?" Harry asked in a soft voice. It was obvious that he understood that I was starting our new lifestyle today.

"You can get up and come stand over here," I said in as firm a voice as I could muster. I was beginning to feel a little more at ease. But would I have the strength of will to do what I knew needed to be done?

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied as he got to his feet and moved to stand in front of me.

"Now," I began, still trying to maintain a firm voice. "Turn around and strip naked for me."

Harry turned his back to me and again said, "Yes, Ma'am."

I watched as Harry removed every stitch of clothing he was wearing and then stood straight up with his hands at his sides. I picked up one of the two blue bandannas that I had placed on the end table and said, "Put your hands behind your back." He complied immediately. I bound his hands together with the bandanna and tied the knot securely.

"Turn around," I ordered.

Harry complied with another, "Yes, Ma'am."

That's when I told him to get on his knees. I wanted him in a vulnerable position and I wanted him to feel vulnerable. "Don't look at me!" I added as if I were angry with him. I just didn't think I could do this if he were watching my every move.

I picked up the other bandanna, and tied it carefully around his head making sure that his eyes were completely covered. As I said, I didn't want him watching me, and it would make him feel even more vulnerable. "Now," I said, "can you see anything?"

"No, Ma'am," he said. "I can't see a thing."

"Good, because I want you to listen to me very carefully. I am only going to say this once," I began. "From now on, you will do EVERYTHING I tell you to do. No matter what. You will not question me unless you do not understand

something. You will not try to talk me out of whatever assignment I give you, and you will not tell me how to do things.”

I paused to take in a deep breath before continuing. “I have a list of daily chores that you will do, but I am not going through all of them right now. I will post the list on the kitchen wall so you can refer to it when you need to. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he replied.

“From this moment on,” I continued, “there will be no more masturbating, or cumming, without my express permission. Understood?”

“Yes, Ma'am.” Harry was getting good at this submissive thing. I was feeling a little more relaxed.

“If I catch you, or even suspect you have been masturbating,” I paused again, more for the effect this time. “I will lock your little guy in a chastity cage! Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he replied. Then he added, “How will you know if I cheat?”

“Oh, trust me,” I said firmly, “I will know!”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“If you fail to perform any task I give you, if you mouth-off to me, or if I feel like you are not doing your best, even at work, I will punish you,” I said clearly. “And I will punish you in any way I think appropriate!”

Harry spoke even before I could ask if I had been clear, “Yes, Ma'am.”

“Stand up,” I ordered. I watched and chuckled to myself as he struggled to get to his feet.

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said as he reached the proper position.

I walked slowly around him as he stood there wondering what I would do next. I picked up the riding crop that I had also placed on the end table and let the tip drag across various parts of his body as I continued walking around him. I examined every inch of his body, but made sure that only the tip of the crop

touched him. On one lap I let it drag across his nipples and his upper back. The next trip I would let it touch the cheeks of his bottom and his erect penis. I was totally surprised that he was erect at this point. I was starting to feel the power of my new position as Mistress.

I stopped walking and tapped the tip of his penis with the end of the riding crop, more to see his reaction than anything else. Harry stood perfectly still. So I tapped it again, a little harder this time. He pulled back, keeping his feet firmly planted, but in an obvious attempt to escape the crop. Finally, I struck one firm blow across the cheeks of his butt. He flinched, but didn't make a sound. I untied his hands and tossed the bandanna back onto the end table.

I sat down in my comfy chair, right in front of Harry. "You understand your position in this house, now?" I asked.

Harry didn't move. He only answered, "Yes, Ma'am."

I told him to bend down toward me so I could remove his blindfold and I said firmly, "I want you to masturbate for me right now!"

Harry looked at me as if I were crazy. "Yes, Ma'am," he said as he took hold of his own penis and started to slowly stroke it. "I don't know if I can cum like this," he said as he continued to stroke it gently.

"Then you had better stroke it a little harder," I said. "If you want to come at all this week."

I could see he was concerned about that as he began to stroke a little more earnestly, and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

I continued to watch him for a few minutes as I reflected on the evening so far. I was feeling much more at ease with my own position as Mistress of the house. Harry had complied with my every demand without question. I could tell things would be easier from now on. I was, after all, in control.

I could see that Harry was actually getting pretty close to having that orgasm and I decided to postpone it just a bit. "What's the matter, Harry? Can't do it with me watching?" I just wanted to see how he would react. I knew this had to be embarrassing for him. I just didn't know how embarrassing it was. "Look at me!"

Harry didn't answer. He was too involved in whatever fantasy he was using at the moment to take time to answer. I understood that. So I kept at him. I teased and taunted him for about ten more minutes before I finally told him to stop. He looked so frustrated I almost let him continue. But that was not in the plan.

Instead, I made Harry set the dinner table and we sat down to eat. I had prepared his favorite meal and kept it warm in the oven during our playtime. We talked during the meal. It turned out that Harry was particularly happy that I done things the way I did. When he started to tell me how I could have made things a little better, I stopped him right there and said, "Harry, I am in charge now. If I want your opinion, I will ask for it. Understand?"

I was more than a little surprised at his response, "Yes, Ma'am." We had tried this once before and I had given up because he was always telling me what to do and how to do it. But I wasn't going to allow that this time around. "No more topping from the bottom!" I had done my research and felt that I was much better prepared to take charge then in the past.

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied with a little tremor in his voice. Just what I wanted to hear.

After dinner, I made Harry clear the table, wash the dishes (by hand) even though we have a dish washer. Then I made him rub my feet for me as we watched one of my favorite TV shows. I kept an eye out for any signs of an erection. Well, I have to admit, I never expected a simple thing like a foot massage could be arousing to my husband. But it was.

When I was ready for bed, we both snuggled up against each other. I suspected that by morning, there would be a wet spot on the sheets.

Harry meekly asked, "Does this mean I don't get to cum this week?"

"Go to sleep, Harry," I replied, smiling to myself. "We will see."

I couldn't help thinking how easy it had been to take control as Harry always said he wanted. I surprised myself. Now, all I have to do is to keep him aroused as much as I can every day. But I have a plan. And I am sure it will work.

By Mistress Ivey (41)

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Chapter 2

My Key, My Rules

When Lee asked Adelle to be his KeyHolder she had no idea what it would entail. She had no idea what a KeyHolder actually was. Rather than deal with the slightly embarrassing conversation that would result, instead he had sent her a book. Being the bibliophile he knew she was, he had no doubts at all that she would read the whole thing, in its entirety.

Within the first chapter she was astonished to find it wasn't the corny, I want you to have the keys to my heart kind of book. He wanted her to have the keys to his cock. Lee wanted to enter into a relationship of male chastity and he was willing to keep his dick locked in cage for her. Adelle was in no way a prude, but chastity? Wasn't that for school kids still trying to protect their virginity in an age where sex in your teens had become the norm?

Adelle had her own issues when it came to men. Issues, Lee was aware of, and initially she felt that this was an attempt on his part to help allay her fears, but the more she read she realized this wasn't about what she wanted. This was what he wanted. He wanted a woman who would take control. A woman who knew what she wanted and would make him give it to her, denying him pleasure and taking everything for herself.

It turned everything she had ever learned about a sexual relationship upside down, and she carried on reading with a sense of trepidation. What if I can't do what he wants? What if I fail miserably and leave him unsatisfied so he goes to someone else to get what he needs? Then she realized the irony. The whole point of having his dick locked up was so that he couldn't use it. To be denied orgasm until he was desperate for release, while she took everything he could give her over and over and over again.

Adelle was no stranger to research, it was her job after all, so she sat, and she read everything she could find on male chastity. She couldn't go into this blind,

this world she hadn't even been aware existed.

A long distance relationship between them was never going to be easy, they both knew that, but she giggled to herself, she wouldn't have to worry about him straying while he was away at work if his dick was locked up would she? Even an erection was impossible with his dick bound and fettered in its little cage.

She thought long and hard about the whole thing. Finally, she made up her mind. She could do this. Her mind was open, and she found herself getting increasingly aroused as she worked her way through the KeyHolder's Handbook. A fully pledged instruction manual on tease and denial. Wow. The possibilities were endless.

They emailed and messaged whilst he was away and discussed it at length, from the playful naughty ones, to the more serious ones where she tried to figure out his fantasies so she could use them to her full advantage. Then again, why should he get his fantasies? No, he would grant her her fantasies!

How often had the men in her life left her unsatisfied, taking what they wanted and leaving her denied? How often had she sat with her girlfriends and wine of a Friday evening, and they had complained about how their significant others, more often than not, ejaculated too quickly and left them frustrated and wanting more, until sex became an obligation and eventually evolved into a torture simply to be endured? Adelle was ready to say goodbye to the old adage pull my nightie down when you're done. The tables were turning. And the planets had finally aligned in her favor.

He came home. Two days together, that was all they would have while he was on leave and she was going to make the most of it. Adelle wasted no time at all when he walked through her door. A month of lonely nights had been spent imagining what it would be like to snap that lock shut, rendering his cock immobile and useless, and he hadn't even had time to take off his coat before she asked, "Where is it?"

Lee smiled at her, playing the innocent, "Where's what?"

"The cage." She simply said, stepping into the role she had been born to play. Her hands on her hips, she looked stern. He had a look of astonishment. Was that fear that passed over his face, flashing in his eyes? She stifled her giggle, straining to keep her placid countenance as he reached into his bag and pulled

out the box containing the shiny new cage.

“What, now?” he asked with astonishment in his voice.

“Yes, now. This is what you wanted, so this is what you’re getting. Say goodbye to your dick. It’s not coming out for a very long time. Unless... Unless I get what I want, and you’re a good boy and do as you’re told. Maybe then I’ll reconsider and let it out for a while. That all depends on you.”

He opened the box, and there, nestled in it’s wrapping was a thing of beauty.

“Drop your trousers Lance Corporal.” Adelle said huskily, and willingly Lee obliged.

It wasn’t the easiest of contraptions to figure out how to fit. It took a bit of manipulation, made increasingly difficult as the blood flow was starting to make its way to Lee’s cock as he couldn’t help but be turned on by the anticipation of submitting to her will. But once it was on, she snapped the padlock closed with an intensely satisfying click. A sound she would always remember. That first snap did wonders for her arousal as she stood back, sheepishly, to survey her little prisoner. In that moment, she felt a sense of confidence and empowerment and adrenaline she only ever felt on the stage, as she lost herself in music.

“Hold out your hand.” He told her, and she looked up at him as he opened his fist and wrapped her fingers around the tiny little object he had been holding.

Lee had given her the key.

And with the key he had given her complete control.

“How does it feel?” she wondered out loud.

“It’s a little tight and a little uncomfortable.” He frowned as she laughed,

“Well, you best get used to it, because now you will do exactly as I say.” She wandered into the kitchen to put the kettle on and immediately thought, what am I doing? I have a slave now. I don’t need to do anything.

She walked back into the room and sat down. “I want a coffee Lee.” He laughed at first, then realizing she was serious, dutifully carried out her wish.

They sat companionably curled up together on the sofa as she let him get acclimated to the device, As she waited, patiently, wanting him to make the first move. Wanting him to slide his hand beneath her top and caress the small of her back, she realized just how much she would have to take control. Gone now were the days of waiting like a schoolgirl, stomach churning, hoping for the boy to kiss her, hoping for the boy to touch her in the way that turned her on, only to be disappointed when the boy didn't, simply because the boy didn't know what she wanted.

"Before I forget," he said, "I have a gift for you."

"You mean other than giving me the key to your dick?" she said, surprised as he smiled at her. He gave her a small gift wrapped box and she couldn't wait to tear the paper from. She was still unaccustomed to receiving such things. Previously being in a relationship for a decade where even birthdays and Christmas gifts were lacking and some years non-existent.

She opened it and was surprised to find it was a chain, a very fine link, which wouldn't irritate her neck and long enough to sit neatly between her breasts. Lee unfastened it then slipped on the key before pulling her hair to one side so he could put it around her neck. The weight of the key pulled it taught as it nestled in her cleavage. He kissed the back of her neck making her shiver with pleasure at the sensuous touch of his mouth on one of the favorite parts of her body.

Turning to Lee with a very naughty glint in her eye, she ordered, "Lance Corporal, get undressed and stand to full attention. It's inspection time."

Lee removed his clothing, slowly, watching her face as he discarded each item leaving a messy pile on the floor.

"You know better than that Soldier. Pick them up and fold them and put them away nicely. You might just get your clothes back... tomorrow."

"Aren't we going out?" He asked playfully.

"Why do I want to go out? I have everything I want right here. And who said you could talk? Time to listen Lee. To listen, and do as I say. I own you now."

He stood in the middle of the floor, naked except for his cage, and the sight of his cock, immobile, useless, now averse to any ministrations she may choose to

administer, made her pussy clench in arousal as she felt the quickening, deep in her mound, and the moistness wetting the crotch of her knickers.

She stood before him and he looked down on her, “Eye’s front Soldier.” And he turned his gaze from her, as she tentatively traced the lines of his artwork stenciled onto his torso. Each symbol of protection, finely detailed and permanently tattooed on his skin. Did he have any idea what each Salient, his Chevron, an ancient and universal symbol of protection, did to her? How the meaning of his ink had made her feel instinctively safe?

She let her fingers roam over his chest, taking pleasure in the goosebumps which rose on his skin. She walked behind him, trailing her fingers, and slipping her arms around his waist, one hand cupping his cage, the other laid flat against his chest. She kissed his back, brushing it slightly with her bottom lip. He may think that she was giving him pleasure, but this was something that she enjoyed.

She released him, standing there still fully clothed, she could feel her arousal reach a height unknown to her, and she groaned. She wanted him. She wanted him to pound his cock deep until she screamed in orgasm, but, that was against the rules. There were other ways he could fuck her. Ways she fully intended on taking advantage of. But first, she was going to have her fun, and he needed to find out just how debilitating his cage actually was. How it would feel, to have his cock straining against it as the blood flowed to his dick only to be restrained with nowhere for it to go.

“Hands flat on the table Lee, and bend over.” He did exactly as he was told.

Adelle got down on her knees behind him, waiting, drawing it out for him, she had total control, and every second was thrilling and simply added to her arousal. She let her hands lightly stroke his inner thighs. Then, leaning forward, she gently bit his ass, and giggled with his intake of breath. She couldn’t take it any longer and with her tongue she licked his tight ass hole, letting her tongue work over those oh so sensitive nerve endings hidden in the cleft of his ass as she buried her face in it, licking and eating and sucking until she couldn’t breathe and had to come up for air. She spanked his ass, hard, as she regained her breath. Watching with a very naughty smirk as it turned pink beneath each good hard whack. She licked his balls, tightly restrained within the ring of the cage and took immense pleasure in his restricted arousal as he groaned.

“I want you to undress me now. I want you to take your time. First, I want you to stand behind me and kiss my neck. I want your hands to caress my body, softly, and for you to kiss my skin.” she said, knowing that by telling him exactly what she wanted she would get.

Standing behind her, he pulled her top off over her head then pulled her hair to one side, as he kissed her neck. Her breath, now in quick, short gasps, as her chest rose and fell, the sense of anticipation and desire she felt was wholly new to her. She felt like this was her first time. And it was. The first time she had ever been in control of a man, and she knew that after this there would be no going back, for him to fuck her like she wanted, to cater to every single whim and fantasy that she had ever desired, a conventional sexual relationship just wasn't going to work for her every again from now on.

Sliding the straps of her bra down each shoulder he cupped her breasts as he let his tongue trace where they had lain only moments before. She was only half naked, still clad in her jeans, her pussy aching. “Take off the rest of my clothes now. Then, I want you to spank my ass so hard it turns red while you finger my pussy.”

Lee undid her jeans, sliding them down her legs, until she stood in front of him in just a pair of black panties. He sat down and pushed her so she was held prostrate across his knee. One arm resting over her back, pinning her down, her hair wrapped tightly in his fist, holding her tightly in place. He got a good handful of her ass and squeezed hard, and she moaned. He was giving Adelle exactly what she wanted. He slid his fingers into her soaking pussy and she groaned in delight as he fucked her with his hand at the same time as turning her ass red.

“You can hit it harder Lee.” She stopped herself from saying please at the last minute. She wouldn't ask him. She had to learn to tell him. A lifetime of asking men for permission was a hard habit to break, but with this level of control it made it so much easier. “Eat my ass Lee and finger my pussy. You will my eat my ass until you can't breathe, then you will eat my pussy until I cum on your face. And don't be a pussy with the spanking. You are going to give me what I want, if you ever want me to let your dick out again.”

Lee did as he was told. He buried his face in her ass, manipulating that tight, secret hole, as he probed it with his tongue between each stinging slap across her

bare backside and she lost herself in her own pleasure, groaning, she moaned involuntarily, before he flipped her over and onto the floor giving him unbridled access to her pussy.

He leaned over her, and kissed her chest, the key lay flat and was still cool against her skin as he took each nipple in his mouth, gently running his tongue around her swollen aureole until they felt so hard they almost hurt. He worked his way down with his mouth, paying particular attention to her hip bones, and the edge of her pussy teasing her, as he kissed her inner thighs.

He got down on his knees between her legs, pushing them up, showing him both her smooth, bald, pussy and her asshole as he dove in and made a meal of it. He pulled back the hood of her clit, brushing it gently with his lips, then flicking it tentatively with his tongue, drawing out each delicious sensation. He ran his tongue along the full length of her pussy, probing her opening with his tongue, before going back to her clit, over and over again.

She writhed beneath him, letting his tongue so expertly bring her to the brink of orgasm before he stopped and started to eat her ass again. He was drawing it out for her, edging her orgasm, licking and sucking and eating, alternating between those two tight little holes and she was swept away in a river of unadulterated pleasure. She couldn't control her breathing and then, when she thought she couldn't take any more, he ate her pussy furiously, fucking her with his fingers until her orgasm erupted and he felt the muscles inside of her spasm and clench around his fingers.

She lay there completely satiated, and content in her post orgasm happiness, and the only thought that crossed her mind, why should I ever let his dick out again? He will do exactly what I tell him. "Now. Go run me a bath, and you can make dinner while I have a soak."

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

She giggled, "I'm going to read, what else?"

He pulled her to her feet and kissed her. "When am I allowed out?"

"Not yet. I need a lot more convincing." And a lot more orgasms like the one I just had, she thought to herself. If this is what is meant by being a kept woman, then I'm never letting him out of his cage. And this? This is only the beginning...

by Mistress Ding (30)

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Chapter 3

Tea Time

It's a wonderful afternoon in this weekend in Provence at the end of the winter. It's a little bit cold outside, but the light and the blue sky are exceptional. This is why a lot of the painters in the 19th century, like Cezanne, lived in this area.

MM is laying on the sofa, reading her favorite women's magazine while Georges, her sub-husband, is in the kitchen preparing some vegetables for the evening dinner. They are a model of stability and balance since they decided to switch to a female led relationship. It was not an obvious choice, but today, neither of them would turn back to vanilla.

It was about five o'clock when the doorbell ring.

"Georges? That must be Liza, my best friend from work," said MM. "Stop what you're doing right now and go answer the door. Show her to the living room."

"Yes, Mistress," Georges answered.

Liza is a brilliant women, as blonde as MM is dark. She's about forty five years old, but like MM, she has the body of a 30 year old women. She is an executive in the commercial department of the company where she works. She always dresses very classy, but very elegant. Her high heels make her legs look terrific even if she never wears a low neckline. She also boasts a 'D' cup that a lot of girls in their 20's would love to have. But in spite of all this she's still single, and like a lot of women in her position, she meets a great deal of interesting men.

"Liza, what a great surprise," said MM as she entered the room. "You arrived just in time for tea. Come, sit next to me on the sofa, we have so much to talk about. Georges, be a nice boy and prepare two cups of tea and some petite fours."

Then, minutes later, Georges comes back with the tea and a plate of little cookies. The two women are in the middle of a discussion about fashion. At the moment, Liza seems a little bit surprised to see only two cups. Before she can say anything, Georges asks, "Is everything to your liking? If anything is missing, or if you need anything else, I'll be in the kitchen fixing your dinner."

"My god, is he always like that?" asked Liza.

"What you mean?" asked MM.

"Is he always nice, serving you, preparing dinner, and so genteel? I hope he didn't leave the room because of me," Lisa said, questioning Georges' behavior.

"Don't worry, honey, he's very happy and he knows his place perfectly."

"I have to say. I don't meet too many guys like that. It seems that you caught a pearl."

"I know, but it has not always been like that. Before, we used to argue very often. We were losing our relationship. Then we decided to change our way of living, and now everything is much better," MM assured her.

"Okay," said Liza. "You tell me too much, or not enough! What did you change?"

"Fine, I'll tell you, but you have to promise to be very discrete about what I'm going to tell you. Okay?" MM cautioned. "Here is it how it happened. In spite of our difficult moments, we still had a great sex life. From day one we were so connected on this point. So one night, during a little pillow talk, he told me that one of his long-time fantasies was to be sexually dominated by a woman. Why not? I thought. So we started lightly, like blindfolding him, tying him to the bed, etc. I started to notice that, the more he was under my control, the more excited and open to my demands he became. It was working so well that, one day he drew the courage to ask me if we could live this way, not only in the bedroom, but permanently. We had a long discussion during a big part of the night and we decided to give it a chance. It is called, an FLR (female led relationship). And believe it or not, we are so happy now and our only question is why we hadn't done it before," MM explained.

"Oh my god, so you are a sort of a mistress and he's your submissive, right? I

read some things about it, but I didn't know that it could exist in reality. How is it going in every day life? And in bed, what does it change?"

"It's a little bit more complicated, but to continue, the key to an FLR is to keep your man aroused, as much as you can, as often as you can, but not letting him go to the end," MM explained further.

"The end?" Liza queried.

"No ejaculation!"

"Incredible! In spite of having a perfect husband, you don't even have to satisfy him to make him treat you like a queen?"

"Exactly! By keeping him permanently close to an orgasm, without achieving it, you keep him in the state of a perfect lover, full of attention. Next time you have sex with your boyfriend take the opportunity to ask him something unusual just before he comes. He will say, "Yes," one-hundred percent guaranteed!" MM explained.

"Great! But what are you doing to keep him aroused without having sex in the classic way?" Liza asked.

"Nothing special, just use his fantasies. Georges loves lingerie. So, since Friday, under my skirt, I've been wearing a garter belt and these lovely silk stockings. He saw, he knows, he can touch them sometimes, for a few seconds, and that keeps him excited like never before. Some mornings, when I decide to wear a dress long enough, I also wear a garter belt to work. That makes him almost crazy. I know he will think about me all day, fantasize that someone will notice. What is important also is not to miss any chance to mark your territory as a dominant. For example, last week he took me to dinner to a very fancy restaurant. When the waiter came with the two menus, I took mine and told him we won't need the second one because I would be deciding what he will eat. The waiter was first surprised, but then had a smile like he understood what was going on. Georges was red like my dress, but when I put my foot between his legs under the table, I thought he had a piece of iron in his pants."

"Okay, I get the point, but there is a flaw in this perfect picture. How can you be sure he's not masturbating when he's alone?" Liza asked.

“Ah ha, I knew you would ask that. The answer is simple!” MM replied fingering the key she wore around her neck.

“What? That little key on the chain around your neck? I don’t understand. What does that key open?”

“Not open darling, close! This is the key to a chastity cage.”

“A chastity cage? You mean something like the women had to wear in the middle ages when their husband had to leave the castle?”

“Yes, but now it’s the twenty first century, the cages are of plastic and the men are wearing them.”

“You mean Georges has his cock locked every time you’re not with him?”

“Yes, and even sometimes when we’re together, to train him, to make him remember who’s in charge. Okay, I will tell you, right now, he’s wearing it.”

“No! You’re kidding me!”

“I’m not. You want to see it?” she asked. Without waiting for a response she yelled, “Georges, darling. Come here! This is green tea and I told you earl-gray. Change this right now.”

After three minutes, Georges came back into the living room with the correct tea.

“Georges, I told Liza the secret of the success of our relationship. Don’t be shy, don’t blush, she’s my best friend and I have no secrets from her. I want you to take your pants down and show her what keeps you such a nice husband. Come on, hurry up we don’t have the whole evening.”

At that moment Georges was embarrassed like he never was before, but he knew that saying “no” to his mistress was not an option. So he exposed himself. When his pants and briefs were down, MM took him gently by the balls and pulled him close to her.

“You see, Liza, how his balls are big and blue. That means they are full, and this is what you have to achieve. The bigger they are, the better he is. Right now, he hasn’t ejaculated in about three weeks, but we have a record of three months.”

“Amazing!” Liza replied, “and how does he put it on? Is it complicated?”

“Not really. This model is called 'the curve' and Georges needs only two or three minutes to put it on. He’s going to show you. Georges, take it off to show Liza how it works. Here is the key to the lock.”

In less than one minute, Georges' penis was free.

“Okay,” Liza said. “Nothing too complicated. But Sweetie, you never told me Georges was hung like that. This is what I call a huge penis. That makes your performance better, keeping a very nice looking man, hung like a pony, with all the characteristics of the alpha male, under your control. It’s absolutely amazing. But if he’s not having sex, you, yourself, are not missing it?”

“Missing sex?” laughed MM. “I can have as many orgasms as I want. Georges is now a cunnilingus expert. I call him 'mister pussy' in the bedroom. He has been chaste for three weeks, but since Friday, I have had seven orgasms. Believe me, I’m not missing anything!”

“But, excuse me to insist, don’t you sometimes miss a good fuck? Isn’t it a shame to have such a beautiful penis at your disposal and not use it? Don’t you miss the penetration?” Liza insisted.

“I told you, I don’t miss anything. It has now been four years that we’ve been living an FLR, and Georges is now perfectly trained to cum on my command, fast or long. And if he does not, I know how to put him back on the right track.

“Last month, on a rainy Sunday, we had a nasty nap, and after two wonderful cunnilingus induced orgasms, I was so horny, I needed more, so I ordered him to fuck me. It was great, he was so excited, his penis was really large and hard. Everything was perfect when, after about half an hour, I felt he was about to cum inside me. In this kind of situation you have to be very reactive if you don’t want to see three weeks of effort completely ruined. So I pushed him back very fast, slapped him once, but strongly, on his face and several times on the head of his cock. Then I grabbed his balls strongly and led him to the bathroom. I put his genitals under the coldest water. When his penis was small enough I put it back in his cage and told him that because of his mistake, he just won an extra week of chastity before his next ejaculation.

“Believe me he understood the message loud and clear. You have to make him

understand that, because you're his goddess, your body is a temple, and putting some of his semen inside would be completely inappropriate.

"You know, in the beginning, I thought I might need a lover for my sexual needs, the kind of young stallion full of hormones. But finally, I'm completely satisfied with my sex life. I enjoy every day when I come home from work, or before I go to sleep, a good oral sex orgasm. But since penetration is reserved for special occasions, and because of the size of Georges I feel like I rediscover, every time, the pleasure of the first time without the pain, and as long as I want. It's like every millimeter of my vagina is highly stimulated and highly sensitive. It is such an amazing sensation to feel completely filled inside. At that level, sometimes it's so intense, I feel like I'm close to losing consciousness. I use to date a couple of black guys hung like... You know, but Georges is... So special. I had a very active sex life since high school, you know, but I never saw a white guy with such a phenomenal cock between his legs, not even a black guy in fact," MM explained.

"And him? He's happy? He doesn't want to go back? Isn't it too dangerous for him not to ejaculate for a long time?" Liza asked.

"You're kidding, he has never been so happy, and he often asks me to be more severe, more humiliating. About the ejaculation, you are wrong. He doesn't ever need to cum, but when he does, it has to be in a humiliating situation."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the expulsion of his semen should always be associated with an unpleasant situation. For example, you can order him to masturbate in front of you on his knees while you're reading a magazine, or to rub his penis against your stockings like a little dog. A good technique is also to make him ejaculate a large number of times in a short period of time. Believe me, he will enjoy the first two or three times, but by the sixth or seventh, at the end of the day, it will be very unpleasant. The advantage of this is that afterwards, his prostate will produce a larger quantity of semen, because of the lack of testosterone due to the many times he has masturbated. His next chastity period, minimum ten days, will make him crazy and make him devote himself to you like never before, just waiting for your next authorization to cum. One more thing, when you are more experienced, you will be able to milk him."

“Milk? Like a cow? Is it not going to be too pleasant for him?” Liza asked curiously.

“No, because you’re not going to touch his penis. You’re going to massage his prostate to expel his semen.”

“You mean I have to sodomize him with my hand?”

“Just your finger Darling, and with practice, after a few minutes of this massage, all the semen in his body will be expelled, but without the spasm and the pleasure of an orgasm. It will go out of his penis very slow. This is very frustrating, humiliating, and healthy, and it keeps him aroused. Only advantages. No disadvantages,” MM explained.

“It seems you’re living in heaven,” said Liza.

“You know, to be in charge is nice when it comes to the chores, having the last word, and controlling the sex life, but it’s also a big responsibility. To keep him aroused, I have to be sexy every day, and try not to miss any chance to make any situation erotic. The worst is the situation when the sub feels abandoned or ignored.”

“Example?” Liza queried.

“Okay. Last month we were on a trip to the other side of France. After a few hours of driving we had to stop in a supermarket to rest a little bit, and to buy some cookies and a bottle of water. Then I had an idea. I told Georges we would have some fun on this long trip. He’s always worried when I say that. I told him we would pass the cash register separately, like we didn’t know each other. I would be just behind him. But “Why?” he asked me. Because you’re going to pass a kind of submissive test I found on a specialized website. You’re going to buy a box of condoms, a large cucumber, and a tube of lube, that’s all. You can’t imagine his face. I already take pleasure sending him, every month, to buy my tampons at the drugstore, but this time it was more embarrassing. The women at the cash register realized what he bought it for when she passed the cucumber. She took a very special look at him and asked if that was all, if he needed anything else. Georges staid very polite, and with a big smile answered her “no,” he didn’t need anything else. At that moment I was very proud of my sub.”

“This is the most interesting and amazing story I have ever heard,” Liza replied.
“And who knows about you?”

“Nobody, except you. This is our secret garden. And in today's society it's not a problem anymore for a women to have a well payed job or to go out alone in the evening. I can tell you, he's never so exited as when I lock him in his cage, because I'm going out alone with my friends. The best is when I send him a picture from the party or the night club in which he can see my stocking or my underwear. He's like a crazy little puppy. Last time I even called him at two-thirty in the morning to tell him not to wait for me because, after the club, I had been invited to a private party by two very handsome young men, and I had no idea how the night would finish. When I came home, around six, I made him believe that I didn't fuck, but because I'm a well educated women, I gave them both, at the same time, great blow-jobs to thank them for the invitation. I told him that they had amazing penises, and that I had never seen such big and firm ones, and that I had to suck them for about half an hour to make them cum. Believe me or not, but Georges was so exited he ejaculate spontaneously through his cage. I told him that I had lied at lunch next day. I really think we found the perfect balance and we would change our life style for nothing in the world!”

“I think I will try to initiate this with my next boy friend. I can't wait to try all this,” said Liza.

“Your phone will probably ring very often the next few weeks. I'm going to need a lot of advice. First of all , how to initiate it,” Liza admitted.

“I'll always be there for you, honey, but you will find the best advice where I found mine, in the beginning; Mistress Ivey's web site. It's a gold mine of advice and answers to any kind of situations in an FLR. It's not vulgar, and absolutely full of little articles of information.”

“Great. I'm going to start tonight. I feel I have a lot to learn to reach your level. And who knows, in a few months, if I have found the right guy, we could organize FLR trips for the four of us.”

“That would be so nice,” said MM.

It was almost seven when Liza was ready to leave, taking big steps to her new life, or the vision of a new life.

by Georges of France (?)

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Chapter 4

Humiliated in Fantasy

It's mid-morning and Mistress has ordered me to the bedroom where I am to strip naked and await her return. Of course, I do as I am told and find myself getting hard just thinking about what she may have in mind.

I don't have to wait long before Mistress enters the room and locks the door. She retrieves a blindfold from her bedside table and places it over my eyes. "You will do everything I tell you without question or hesitation," she tells me as she fastens the blindfold in place.

I reply the only way I am allowed, "Yes, Ma'am." I can hear her getting out more items, but at this point, I have no idea what they might be.

She places the items on the small table that sits in the corner of the room, then sits down in one of the two chairs next to it. She reaches out and guides my hips, turning me around to face her. "I will be giving you instructions that I expect you to follow to the letter," she begins. "Do you understand?"

"Yes Ma'am," I reply.

"Good," she continues. "See that you do!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Get down on your knees," Mistress orders with a very firm voice. I quickly comply with her command. Then, Mistress takes my right hand and places a silicone dildo in it. "Suck that like you were sucking another man's cock." As I put the fake cock to my lips, Mistress says, "Shove it in, slave!" Her voice is not what I am used to. It is very stern and I know that she is getting impatient with me already.

I open my mouth and ease the cock-shaped dildo in. "Suck it like you mean it,"

Mistress almost shouts at me.

I begin working the silicone dildo in and out of my mouth, slowly. "Suck it!" She shouts at me. "Suck it and lick it like you want some woman to suck your cock."

I do my best, but it's not good enough for her. Mistress orders me to give her the dildo. I hold it out in front of me for her to take. She does, and a few seconds later, she hands it back to me. This time it has lubrication all over it. "Bend over and shove that thing up your ass," she barks at me.

At that point, the only thing I could do (or should I say, dared to do?) was to comply. I bent over, balancing myself with my left hand while reaching between my legs with the dildo. I pressed it against my anus. I was having trouble relaxing enough to get it in.

"Damn it! She says, "I told you to shove it in! Now do it!" I have never heard her sound so impatient with me before, so I pushed the dildo as hard as I could. It hurt, but it finally spreads my ass enough to get passed my anus. I kept pushing until it was at least a couple of inches into my ass.

"Push it all the way in," she says a bit more calmly. "That's it, get it as deep as you can."

I continue pushing the dildo into my ass until the wide base prevents me from going any further. "Very good," Mistress says. "Now pull it back slowly until only the head is remains inside you."

Just as it reaches the required point, Mistress orders me to push it back in fast and hard. Then she tells me to repeat the process 20 times. I have to admit, though it was very humiliating, it felt kind of pleasurable.

As I reached the tenth or twelfth thrust, I hear a camera clicking. Now I am very humiliated. Mistress is taking photos of me fucking myself while kneeling on all fours on the floor. I can only imagine what she plans to do with those pictures.

When I have completed the task, Mistress orders me to sit cross-legged on the floor with the dildo still in my ass. Doing so pushes the silicone cock more deeply into my ass than ever before. It's uncomfortable, but not unbearable.

Next, Mistress hands me two clothespins and orders me to put them on my nipples. When they have been properly placed on my nipples, she hands me six more clothespins and orders me to put them on my ball sack.

After installing these, Mistress orders me to hold out my left hand. I can feel her putting some kind of cream on my hand. "Use that to lubricate your cock and keep it hard," she instructs.

Reaching down to take hold of my cock, I realize that while placing the clothespins on my body, my cock had lost some of its erection. As I began to spread the cream all over my cock I realize that it's not just any cream, it's a deep heating cream that quickly starts to set my poor cock on fire.

"Stroke your cock slowly," Mistress orders. "I want that stuff rubbed in completely." The feeling becomes more intense as I continue to stroke it. Mistress watches intently. Though I cannot see her, I can feel her eyes focused on my cock. It takes three or four minutes for the cream to be completely rubbed in. I inform Mistress as soon as that has happened.

"Okay," she says, "you can stop now. I wouldn't want you having an orgasm before I am ready."

"Hold out your hand, again," Mistress says.

This time she puts something a little more like lubrication on my palm. "Now start stroking your cock VERY SLOWLY," she says. "Don't cum, and don't stop until I tell you. If you feel yourself getting close to cumming, slow down. But whatever you do, don't stop until I tell you to. She continued. "Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I reply.

Mistress begins telling me how she intends to take me to a private party with some other Femdoms she met online. She says she has only met one of them, at a munch, and when she invited her to come to the party, she jumped at the chance. She says that I will be the only slave at the party and, therefore, I will be expected to be on my best behavior.

Mistress talks so matter-of-factly that I begin to believe that she intends to do just as she says. In fact, she is so convincing that I have no choice but to assume she is telling me the truth. At first, I thought she was just telling me a fantasy,

but the more she talks about it, the more convinced I become that she truly intends to put me on display.

She goes into detail about some of the things she wants to do with me while we are at the party. Mistress also informs me that she intends to give the other ladies authority over me while we are there. So I need to be prepared to obey any command given me by anyone there. All this makes me very excited and I get very close to cumming, so I have to slow down on my stroking.

Mistress notices that I have slowed to a very slow pace and she begins telling me more details of what she might do with me at the party. The more she talks about it, the closer I come to the point of no return.

Suddenly, Mistress orders me to stop masturbating and stand up. I get to my feet and she orders me to remove all the clothespins starting with the ones on my balls. Pain shoots through my body as each clothespin is removed. When I have finally removed all the clothespins, Mistress orders me back on my hands and knees.

Mistress steps around behind me and tells me to hold very still. Then I feel the smack of her favorite paddle on the right side of my bottom. Her first hit isn't too hard, but then she begins to increase the intensity as she continues abusing my right cheek. She smacks it 25 five times before moving to the left side. After repeating the 25 smacks there, she drops the paddle to the floor and orders me to stand up again.

This time Mistress orders me to masturbate to orgasm. I am both a little shocked that she would tell me to do that, and embarrassed at having to. She knows I get embarrassed whenever I have to masturbate, especially with someone (even her) watching me. As I begin to stroke my cock, Mistress begins telling me (as though she has grown impatient with me) to hurry up and do it. She continues taunting me the entire time, which, of course, makes it all the harder for me to reach my goal.

After what seems like forever, I finally reach the point of no return, as they say, and Mistress suddenly orders me to stop. She says that I am taking entirely too long and she has lost her patience with me. At that point, my poor cock is throbbing with anticipation of an orgasm that will not happen. Not even a ruined orgasm.

Mistress is silent for a few minutes, then she steps behind me and removes my blindfold. “How was that?” she asks.

I have to squint until my eyes adjust to the bright light of the bedroom. “That was great,” I tell her rubbing my eyes in an attempt to speed up the adjustment process.

“I am glad you liked it,” she says. “Next time, instead of making up my own tease for you, I am thinking of using one of Mistress Jannet's Web teases,” knowing full well that I am the author of each and every tease on that website. Then she smiles at me and tells me that I am to keep the dildo in my ass until bedtime. That's the longest she has ever made me wear one. “That's to remind you of who you are and who is in charge of you and your cock,” she says with a wicked grin on her face.

By Dinky-Dink (32)

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Chapter 5

The First Time

There she was. Right in front of me. His huge cock was ramming into her pussy as she knelt on all fours on the motel bed. I could see his cock each time he withdrew it, long and black, and at least twice as big around as mine. Her pussy was so wet when we first entered the room. I guessed that was because she had always dreamed of fucking a huge black cock like his.

As soon as we entered the room, Janice ordered me to get undressed. I wasn't sure what she intended on doing with me. I mean, I didn't think I was going to be participating in this adventure, except to watch. But when she sat me in one of the motel chairs and told Tom to bind my wrists, I knew... I was not going to participate, I was going to watch. But I wasn't going to be able to move or interfere in any way.

Stripping my clothes off in front of Tom, a man whom we had met only minutes ago in the motel bar, was embarrassing enough, what with him being the first man ever to know that I wore a chastity cage. He was the first person outside our marriage to learn that my cock had been locked up by Janice for over a year now. Janice explained it while Tom was tying my arms to the arms of the chair.

“Would you like a blindfold?” Janice offered when Tom had finished securing me in place.

“No, thank you.” I replied, thinking maybe I should have said, “Yes.”

“As you wish,” my wife said as she placed a ball-gag in my mouth and secured it behind my head. Then she turned toward Tom and began to kiss him on the mouth.

It was a long, deep kiss, too. I could tell that Tom was getting aroused just thinking about fucking my wife. After all, who could blame him? Janice had a

very nice body. Full, round breasts, not overly large. A trim waist and hips that curved just right. Her ass was as delightful to look at as her breasts.

The pair began to remove each others clothing without ever breaking their kiss. As soon as Tom had his shirt off and Janice's breasts were bare as well, he pulled her body tightly against his. I knew what he was feeling. I had held those breasts against my own chest thousands of times, but tonight, all I could do was watch. My cock was beginning to grow as I watched them strip the remainder of their clothing, dropping the pieces on the floor beneath them.

I watched as Janice knelt at his feet and took his huge member in her slim fingers and gently stroked it until it grew to at least twice the size of mine. I was amazed at how large his cock was. When she was satisfied that she had fluffed Tom's cock to its full size, she attempted to put it in her mouth. She had to really strain to get the just the head passed her lips and teeth. There was no way she would be able to take it all in like she so often used to do with mine.

I watched as my wife began to lick and suck Tom's giant member. I watched as her tongue ran down the under side all the way to his balls and back up again. I watched as she enveloped the head of that dark brown cock into her mouth so she could suck it for a moment. Time and time again I watched the tip of that enormous cock disappear into her mouth only to reappear a few seconds later.

My own cock was growing as hard as it could inside its tiny cage. It began to ache as it tried in vain to escape its prison and expand to its full erect stature. But, alas, it was not able to burst out the chastity cage and, thus, it began to become quite painful. I watched as the couple moved from the middle of the room to the bed.

Janice crawled to the middle of the bed on all fours and looked back at Tom as if to ask if this position would be satisfactory to him. I don't think it mattered to Tom what position she took. He was delighted just to be able to fuck this beautiful woman, even if her husband was watching. I watched as he used his hand to position the head of his monstrous cock against her wet, willing pussy. She was so wet, even that huge cock had little trouble pushing passed the opening and into the hungry depths of my wife's willing womb.

I watched as Tom thrust his massive organ into my wife's hungry pussy all they way until his ten-inch shaft was fully buried inside her tight hole. I remembered

how I used to do that. How tight her pussy felt around my little cock. I couldn't help but wonder if it would ever feel tight to me again. I was sure that it wouldn't. I was sure that I would never be able to completely satisfy her sexual hunger again.

I watched as Tom began a slow, rhythmic, pace. I watched as his cock moved smoothly in and out of Janice's pussy. A pussy that, until tonight, had never felt any other cock but mine inside of it. I began to feel jealous, and thoughts of regret ran through my head.

“Why did I ever ask her to become my Mistress? What have I done? I never thought when all this chastity thing began that I would find myself bound to a chair while my lovely wife made mad, passionate love to another man.” I thought to myself.

I remember how Janice was so reluctant to take charge of me, of my orgasms. It was me who insisted that our contract be so one-sided. I wanted her to have total control of me. I made her sign a contract agreeing to lock my cock up in this tiny cage and only let me out when it suited her. I remember how she fought me, almost to the point of arguing about it, when I told her I wanted her to push my limits, to make me do things I didn't want to do. It had always been my dream to be totally controlled by her and she knew it. But it took me years to convince her to at least give this Mistress/slave thing a try.

I remember how reluctant and timid she had been back in those early days. She would let me out of my chastity cage at least once a week. Then she stretched it to two weeks, then three, four, and eventually she refused to tell me how long I would be locked up. It was so exciting then. I never knew how long I would go without an orgasm, or even if I would get one when she removed my cage for some serious teasing.

I watched now as Tom withdrew his cock all the way and flipped Janice onto her back so that he could look at her round, firm breasts as he plunged his massive cock into her willing pussy, again, and again. I could see her own juices glisten on that huge cock every time he pulled out until only the head remained inside her. My own cock was causing me quite a bit of pain as I watched my wife enjoying Tom's monstrous member slamming into her hungry pussy over and over again.

If I hadn't been watching this whole time I wouldn't have believed that Tom could go so long without cumming. I usually came within a couple of minutes whenever I fucked my wife, before she locked my in chastity. Now, whenever I am allowed to enter her, I cum within a few seconds. I suppose that has more to do with the long abstinence between such times, than anything else.

I don't blame Janice for wanting someone who could last longer than I. I guess I owe it to her. I mean, I love her and she deserves to be completely satisfied, sexually speaking. If having a huge cock like Tom's fill her to the brim, not to mention how long he seems to be able to last, don't I owe her that much? After all, she spends hours teasing my cock and bringing me right to the edge of orgasm, then denying me that orgasm. I feel as if I owe her this opportunity. Not that I have anything to say about it. It was my idea to give her total control. Now I would just have to live with the consequences of my own sexual desires.

I have to keep reminding myself that Janice must really love me to do all this for me. So if she gets a little pleasure from fulfilling my fantasy, so be it. She deserves it.

My eyes are transfixed on the couple before me on the bed, fucking and sucking and eating each other out as I sit, bound to my chair, and forced to watch. As much as I would love to be the one fucking my wife, I know that this is what she wanted, what I wanted, even if only in fantasy.

Finally, I watched as Tom pulled his huge cock out of Janice's pussy and began stroking it. I watched his hot white cum squirted onto her breasts and belly. It seemed as if Tom was going to dump a gallon of cum onto my wife's naked body as I watched, helpless to do anything about it.

Tom rolled off of Janice onto his back and lay there, recuperating, as my wife did the same. Both were breathless. My own cock, still straining against the confines of its tiny cage, causing me considerable pain, but I managed to bare it, knowing that my wife had thoroughly enjoyed herself. I watched my wife's gorgeous body as her breasts rose and fell with her every breath. It turned me on to see her pale white body sprawled out on the bed next to Tom's darker skin.

Then Tom began to move again. He nudged Janice onto her stomach and reached for a bottle of lubrication that sat on the nightstand. He poured a generous amount onto his fingers and then pressed them between my wife's butt cheeks.

I watched as his finger pressed into her tight little anus, somewhere I had never ventured to go with her. Then he climbed on top her and pressed his huge member between her cheeks. I could see that he was hard once again. He grabbed Janice by the hips and pulled her bottom up allowing him better access to her puckered bottom hole. The next time he pressed forward, the head of his cock popped through the tiny opening. His cock-head was now buried inside her bottom. Again, that was a place where my cock had never been before. Janice had always said that she thought anal sex was something that only sluts and whores did, and that it was not something a lady would ever do.

I was shocked that Janice never protested as I watched Tom's huge member slip gently inside my wife's ass. It seemed to go on forever as I watched it slowly sink in all the way to his pelvis. He rested there for a moment before he began a slow rhythmic pounding of her ass. In and out his monstrous member glided as I watched in erotic horror.

Though I was shocked to witness this huge cock moving so effortlessly in and out of my wife's beautiful bottom, I could not help but be both aroused and jealous at the same time. I had never been allowed to put my little cock where Tom's massive member now pumped in and out.

I watched. I watched with great intent as this relative stranger fucked my wife's virgin ass. Powerless to do anything but watch, not that I would have tried to stop it had I not been bound and gagged, but something told me I should not be aroused by what I was witnessing. Yet, I was strangely aroused. So much so, in fact, that my cock strained against its confining cage more than I could ever remember it doing before.

Tom lasted much longer than he had in Janice's pussy. I suppose that was because he had already cum once and, if he were anything like me, he could last much longer the second time around. Of course, I very rarely had the stamina to even think about doing it a second time. But on those few instances, when I was younger, that I had the stamina, I could never have lasted nearly as long as Tom seemed to be doing right now.

When he finally did cum, Tom's orgasm seemed to last for an eternity. I watched as his body convulsed on top of my wife and I could tell each time his cock convulsed to shoot another blast of cum into her waiting bottom. It's as if I could feel my own cock spurting each time I saw his butt tighten as his cum was

injected into my wife's ass.

Once it was all over and Tom had left the motel, Janice untied my bonds and released me from the chair. I stood up and we embraced, holding each other tightly for a several minutes. I whispered in her ear, "I love you. Thanks for the fantasy."

To which she replied, "Oh, it's not over yet."

I pulled back a bit so I could look her in the eye and asked, "What do you mean?"

With a twinkle in her eye, she replied, "I want you to clean me all up now. Be a good boy and do as you are told or I will have to punish you. And you know what that means..."

by Anonymous (27)

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Chapter 6

The Big Tease

This was by far the most torturous teasing Mistress had ever devised. I can barely move. My wrists are bound to the top corners of a low, padded bench while my legs are bound, spread wide, almost painfully so, to the legs of the bench, at the other end. There is a wide leather strap around my hips and another across my chest holding me tightly in place. Movement is next to impossible. To top it all off, I also have a ball-gag in my mouth. The only sounds I can utter are low groans and loud grunts.

The air is cool, yet I am sweating from my own struggles as I strain to make contact between the tip of my cock and the vibrator dangling just inches above it. I must tilt my hips up and strain the muscles that make my cock stiffen in order to make contact with the elusive, dangling vibrator. All the while, Mistress is slowly dragging a silk scarf across my chest making my nipples ache for more direct contact.

“Doesn't that feel good, my little chaste one?” she asked rhetorically. All I could do was groan. All I wanted was to have the orgasm I was promised. At this point I didn't even care if she ruined it for me. I just wanted release.

I have been here for more than thirty minutes attempting to achieve a long denied orgasm. This is the fourth time, in as many months, that I have found myself in this position, struggling to release all the seminal fluid that has been building up in my balls. The constant hum of the vibrator is the only sound besides the sweet voice of Mistress egging me on, teasing and tormenting me with her words.

“Do you want me to put a pair of nipple clamps on you, sweetie?” she asked, using her very sweetest and softest tone. I shook my head and grunted but she wasn't listening. She never listened to me when she was tormenting me. She only asked to heighten my fear of what was to come.

The next thing I know, she is pinching the skin around my left nipple. Then I feel the bite from her favorite nipple clamps. Then the other clamp was carefully applied to my right nipple. The pain shoots through my body like two jolts of electricity. I could swear my cock grew even harder. I bite down on the rubber ball in my mouth in an attempt to ease the pain. It doesn't work.

My hips push upward where I am sure that I can feel the air move from the vibrations of the object of my torment. I flex the muscles in my groin and the tip of my cock makes momentary contact with the head of that humming tormentor. The instant of contact feels as if a jolt of electricity is running from the tip of my swollen member to my balls, that so desperately need release. If I could but maintain contact long enough to reach an orgasm, I would surely pass out from the pleasure as my orgasm washes over me and the uncontrolled jerking of my cock and balls, working in unison, eject the white, hot liquid. But, alas, it is not to be. Not yet at any rate.

As my muscles tire and my cock is pulled away from the vibrating delight, I know I must try even harder. I come to doubt my own ability to achieve that which I have struggled so long for. I hear Mistress' words in my ears as she coaxes me to try harder, to stretch and strain for that which I find so difficult to attain. Her words fill me with strength and again I push upwards, harder this time, determined to extract enough stimulation from that damned vibrating wand above me. If she would but lower it an inch I know I could reach the orgasm that I have been struggling to attain.

But alas, again I am disappointed by my own lack of endurance. The scarf once again begins a long slow trail across my chest, teasing and taunting my, now sore, nipples as Mistress moves it almost painfully slow. I know that if I fail once again to achieve the orgasm that I so desperately need, it will be another month before I get to try again. Another month! I don't know if I can take another month with my cock locked in its metal cage with those little sharp spikes that Mistress makes dig into my cock each day as she teases it making it swell in an attempt to become hard.

That's why I am so determined to cum this time. I have less than thirty minutes to reach my orgasm or I will be forced to wait another thirty days just for the chance to try again. That damned vibrator won't hold still. It swings and sways each time my cock makes contact making it harder to reach. It's almost like it knows what it is doing to me, to my cock. My muscles are tired, aching. I should

have practiced, exercised them during the days between my torments. But not being able to achieve erection makes it especially difficult. Not to mention that every time I even think about doing it, my cock begins to swell in its tiny cage and then those damned spikes remind me that it can't get hard. Not in the cage at least.

I have reached the point in my life where just seeing the key to my cage dangling between Mistress' breasts gets me excited. She knows that, too. And that encourages her to make sure I see it all the more often. Mistress loves teasing me, especially while I am trapped in chastity. She loves to see me suffer as those little spikes dig into my swelling cock. She knows that I am suffering for her, just as I am at this very moment.

Mistress loves to lay naked on the bed wearing nothing but the key to my chastity cage around her neck. She makes me watch as she slowly, sensuously, runs her hands, her fingers, over her body. I watch as they make contact with her erect, pink nipples, and I long to suckle them. Her breasts heave slowly up and down as her fingertips make contact with them. I watch as her fingers slowly delve between her creamy thighs and graze across her outer labia. I can see her tiny bud, peeking out between her soft inner lips, as it grows in anticipation of being touched by those very same fingers.

I watch as her pussy becomes wetter and wetter and begins to glisten in the dim light of our bedroom. As her fingers dance so delicately around her clitoris, I know that she will soon ask me to use my tongue to bring her to the final moments of her desire. Each time the spikes in my cage dig into the tender flesh of my cock and before I can complete my task, they will bring tears to my eyes. Tears of pain and of joy, for I have pleased Mistress by bringing her to the pinnacle of lust... To orgasm.

After a brief rest, I push my hips upward once more. My cock stiffens and the tip makes contact with the vibrator. How long can I hold it before giving out or before I move too much and the vibrator swings away once more? If only I could get a little leverage from my legs. But they are bent at the knee and my feet are pulled back and bound to the legs of the bench, denying me the leverage I need.

I can feel my orgasm approaching. I hold my position as long as I can in hopes that the vibrator will push me over the edge this time. Just a few more seconds! But alas, I can't, as my body relaxes back onto the bench, I realize that I have

just made a grave error in judgment.

As my ejaculate begins to trickle out of my cock and onto my own abdomen, I realize that I have managed to ruin my own orgasm. I stopped only seconds too soon. I can feel my cock and balls trying to push my cum out in huge spurts, only to fail to the point that it can only dribble from the end of my poor, tormented cock.

Mistress sighs and tells me that I have made a valiant attempt and it's such a shame that I now must wait another month to attempt the total relief that I so desperately want. She tries her best to make me feel good about what I have accomplished, fully realizing that I failed to achieve the relief I need. As she removes the clamps from my tortured nipples, my body relaxes. I am exhausted. I take solace in knowing that I came closer to a full orgasm than I have ever done before in this once-a-month teasing. I know that I will do better next month. I have to. I doubt that I could keep this up for many more months.

Maybe Mistress will take pity on me and simply allow me to masturbate for her next time. In my mind, I know that she would never do that, but it gives me hope to go on, to keep trying. Though my body is wracked with pain, I must do better next time. Yes, next time I will succeed. I can do it. I know I can and with that thought in mind, I fall asleep, still bound to the low bench. Still needing release. Still exhausted.

Soon my cock will shrink back to its normal size and Mistress will replace the evil cage that confines and torments my cock. Again she will find new ways of tormenting, torturing me so that my poor cock will make more futile attempts to escape. Attempts that will be fraught with pain induced by the tiny spikes. I will cry, again. Mistress will take delight in my suffering. I will please her, giving her numerous orgasms with my tongue or my fingers. But I will not be given pleasure for myself. I will not be released from the confines of my cage. I will not attain the release I have needed for so many months.

In thirty days, my torment will begin again. Again, I will find myself bound to thisretched bench with that tormenting, taunting vibrator dangling just inches above my swollen cock. Next time... Next time I will succeed. I have to succeed. Next time will be my fifth attempt to reach an orgasm in as many months. Yes, next time...

by nemo-slave7 (64)

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Chapter 7

Spot (A story of regrets)

Whenever I looked at his profile or thought of him, I saw the top of his head, body bowed, as in supplication to an unseen goddess. Me perhaps? I wasn't really sure... I couldn't see his eyes or his face. Was he happy? Sad? Afraid? I don't know, but I knew he was seeking. I was seeking too.

He sent me a note. Nope! Definitely NOT what I was seeking! Just another creep that wanted to get off on sending offensive notes to women. Still, I thought of that image, and decided that maybe some harsh discipline would be what he needed, what he wanted. I gave him all I had, scolding him for approaching me (and most likely, other women) with such forwardness. I checked my messages and saw that he came back for more! I looked at the unopened message in my email, and finally decided to take my chances. I read what he had written, and saw that it was a humble note of apology. My anger changed to mercy. In my mind's eye, I saw him bowed down in supplication, and I realized that I was his goddess!

Being a goddess, especially 'someone's goddess' is a fearsome thing... All of a sudden, you realize that whatever you say is gospel, whatever you do is recorded, if only in the mind's eye. It's worse than being a parent, because this is another adult that looks to you for discipline and guidance. Your love and your wrath is their saving grace. They desire to please you, for YOU are their goddess. Even more frightening still, is that you are still human. You make mistakes, you can fuck things up at any given moment, but to them, you are still a goddess. Eventually, both of you relax a little, and the work begins. Make no mistake: You are still their goddess, but you are also seen as being human. Both of you can smile and the joy of serving you, of pleasing you, radiates from their face.

That was many years ago, but I remember it like it was yesterday. He was my very first submissive. I called him "Spot" as in "My dog Spot." Our D/s

relationship lasted about fifteen years, I guess perhaps because I wasn't afraid to push his limits and I never really got completely emotionally involved with him. He had a fetish that is a hard limit for most people and the only reason I indulged him is because we were long-distance and I never had to deal directly with it. I often sent my oldest sister, a Pro-Domme, to check in on him and make sure he was doing his assignments since she lived near his home. She never knew it, but he was attracted to her.

Yes, I was a cruel mistress and he paid dearly for it. Financially? No! Mentally, emotionally and physically? Yes! My level of sadism isn't what it used to be, anymore. My theory is that there's more emotional involvement with the people I dominate nowadays. I'm not saying I'm easy, but I doubt that I'd ever be quite that cruel ever again, mostly because my anger and disgust with men in general has dissipated. At the time, I was a very angry dominant, full of hatred because I felt powerless about a situation in my life that I couldn't control, so when Spot said "use me," I did. In very horrible ways. He never used a safe word with me, but then maybe he was afraid of disappointing me. Spot was always eager to please, and I took full advantage of it.

I didn't show or even feel any regret over what I subjected him to, because I never forced him. I just sent him on his way with "assignments" that would not only humiliate him, but also would cause him great discomfort. He was my dog, but I would never treat a dog in such a cruel manner. I mentioned earlier that Spot had a certain fetish. I used that fetish on him many ways, and the cruel ways I had him submit were just that. Cruel. Who knew you could have so much fun with a poop fetish? Spot willingly accepted all my anger and frustration and as I had him subject his body to my punishments, I began to heal emotionally. He endured with me and my harsh punishments, off and on, for fifteen years.

During our fifteen years together, Spot was mostly unattached, but in the later years he had a vanilla girlfriend, a model. She was heartless towards him and told him he was "disgusting and pathetic" because of his desires. Naturally, that only caused him to want her more so they stayed together, but she withheld sex from him, cuckolded him, and only allowed him to eat her pussy.

My inner Sadist came out, and I decided to be mean, and cause him extreme humiliation. Since she was neglecting his sexual needs, I told him I had a solution: He was to masturbate twice daily every day and to save his cum in a large jar (48 oz) that he was to keep hidden. We spoke daily, and I asked him to

let me know when it was half full, because I'd give him a “treat.” He had no idea what was coming, and when he reached that goal, I giggled in delight. I told him it was time for a smoothie. “Get your favorite fruits, and put it in a blender with four ounces of your 'boy juice' and call me back so I can hear it.”

He called me back, and I told him to drink it while I listened, and to take pictures too. Then I told him to continue the masturbation routine until the jar was full. Once it was full, I had him use 16 ounces of his 'boy juice' and make a large smoothie with it. This went on for some months until, (you guessed it!) his girlfriend found his "stash." He called me whining about it and telling me how humiliated he was. All I could do was laugh at him. I knew she would find it. I was hoping she would find it. I only punished him more for being stupid enough to not have a decent hiding place for it. Every few months, she'd find his “stash” and scream at him that he was a disgusting cum slut. Still, he stayed with her, and continued with me. My older sister stopped checking on him after he got the vanilla girlfriend. I now realize that she was attracted to him, and the fact that he had a girlfriend broke her heart.

I realize that fifteen years is a long time, and I honestly thought my relationship with Spot would last for eternity, but something happened that forever altered it. It was the death of my sister that finally caused my relationship with him to come to a close. After her death, it wasn't the same. I missed her, he missed her and she was an unseen force that I was unable to cope with. The whole situation felt unhealthy, and I finally decided that the best thing I could do was to release Spot. It's kind of funny, looking back. I always thought he'd return after he healed. I kept my information the same, so if he ever decided to crawl back to me, he could. Now, all these years later, I have my doubts. Sometimes the dead have more power than the living.

By Merry Sunshine Contrary (53)

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Chapter 8

Cuckold Fantasy

Maggie carefully ties that last knot securely fastening her husband, Greg, flat on his back to their dining room table. “There, now you can't move. You are at my mercy.”

Greg's cock is already standing straight and tall. It has been since Maggie tied the first knot securing his left arm to the corner of the table. He knew she was about to begin teasing his cock until he begged her to allow him to cum. It has been three weeks since she allowed that. He thought he would go crazy. The last time she tied him down and teased him he was on the bed. But after almost a full hour of torment, she denied his orgasm and only laughed in his face when he begged her to let him cum.

“Are you ready?” Maggie whispered in his ear so close he could feel her hot breath.

His already erect cock responded by twitching slightly. His eyes might be covered, but he could still feel it. “Yes, Mistress,” he replied, hoping that today would be the day he would shoot his load. He could hear Maggie moving around the table, gathering items she intended to use on him, but he couldn't tell what those items were. He would find out soon enough, though, he thought to himself.

As Maggie was gathering the few things she might need for today's fun and games with her favorite victim, she began talking to herself, or was it Greg she was talking to? “I will need this, and of course I will need this, too. Oh, yeah,” she said out loud, “and I will definitely need some of these. Don't you think so, Sweetie?”

Maggie took delight in teasing Greg in every way she could. She would often call him at work and tell him that she had plans of one kind or another for when he got home. Sometimes, she would tell him what those plans were. But most of

the time she would simply allude to something that Greg often fantasized about, like having to serve dinner to a few of Maggie's friends while wearing only an apron, or perhaps, a French Maid's outfit.

Today, Maggie had planned on telling Greg about plans that she was sure would generate many fantasies in his head for weeks to come. Greg never knew if what she was telling him was something she really planned on doing or if it were all just a fantasy for his benefit. That's what made it so exciting. The fear of not knowing. The fear that she might just humiliate him some day by making him actually do one, or more, of the things she always talked about doing.

Maggie climbed up on the table and sat down between Greg's outstretched legs. She placed her own legs over his in order to keep him from squirming too much. As she took Greg's hard cock gently in her hand, she said, "You know, I would love to make you watch me make love to some other guy. I kind of like your friend Bob. He is quite attractive. But what I'd like most is to let Bob make love to me while you watch. Wouldn't that be fun?"

Greg knew that he had to answer positively, or Maggie would stop teasing his cock and let him lay there, bond to the table, for an hour or more because he ruined her fantasy. So he answered the way Maggie expected, "Yes, Mistress, that would be nice." Of course, Greg would not be emotionally able to handle watching someone else make love to his wife, but the thought was a bit arousing, in spite of that.

"I would tie you to one of the dining chairs. I would bind your ankles, wrists and elbows so that you could not move," she began. Of course, the chair would be right beside our bed, you know." Maggie enjoyed taunting him about his fantasies. But what she enjoyed even more, was to give him new fantasies to think about. That's what she wanted to do today.

Maggie reached up and placed a clothespin on each of Greg's nipples. She enjoyed causing him a little pain because she knew that it would actually turn Greg on more when combined with the pleasure she intended to give him. "How do those feel, Sweetie?" she asked with a little chuckle in her voice.

"Fine, Mistress," Greg answered through taught lips. They really did hurt a bit at first, but he got used to it quickly.

Maggie placed four more clothespins on Greg's scrotum. She knew they didn't

hurt nearly as much as the ones on his nipples, but it was the thought that counted. She smiled to herself as she said, "Shall I continue telling you my plans, or have you heard enough?"

"Please, Mistress," Greg replied, "I want to hear more." He really did want to hear more because he loved her stories. He just never knew which ones she might follow through on, humiliating him beyond anything he thought possible.

"Okay," Maggie began as she returned to gently stroking Greg's stiff shaft. "Where was I? Oh, yes, I would bind you to a straight-backed chair. Then I would bring Bob in the bedroom so he could laugh at you all tied up and helpless." Maggie loved watching how Greg's cock would react when she talked about how humiliating something would be. "He would probably make fun of you and tell you what he intends to do to me."

Greg was straining in an attempt to get Maggie to touch his cock a little harder. To give him a little bit more physical stimulation, but it was all for nothing, because Maggie would stop touching him altogether whenever she felt his was getting too close to an orgasm. All his squirming managed to do, was convince Maggie that he was getting close to the point of no return, and she didn't want that.

Maggie paused in her story to remove the pins from Greg's nipples. The rush of the blood back into his nipples, caused Greg to draw a sudden, deep breath. The pain passed quickly and Maggie returned to her story. "I would slowly undress Bob, making sure that you are watching every single thing we do together." She knew her words were working their way into Greg's libido, making him more and more aroused by the second.

Maggie stopped touching Greg again for a few seconds, then she said, "You know, I should just call Bob right now. I could hold the phone up to your ear and you could invite him to come over. That would be great! Wouldn't it, Sweetie?"

Greg was almost in shock. 'Did she really mean it? Would she actually call Bob and make me invite him to come over and screw my wife?' Greg didn't know what to think, or to say. "Please, Mistress," he whined, "Don't make me do that. Please!"

"Oh, okay," Maggie replied as if she were relenting to Greg's pleas. "Maybe some other time. But I really think it would be fun to make you watch as Bob

screws my brains out. Don't you?" With that she began stroking Greg's cock in earnest, hoping that she had judged his condition correctly and that he would be ready to squirt his full load any second.

"Yes, Ma'am," Greg groaned as he felt his cock begin to swell in anticipation of blowing a full load of semen into the air for the first time in three weeks.

Just as his cock was ready to blow, Maggie released it. She laughed when, a few seconds later, it became obvious that she had stopped just in time, and she watched as his semen came dribbling out of the end of his cock. "Aww... Did I ruin that?" Maggie was chuckling as she spoke.

Greg replied breathlessly, with disappointment in his voice, "Yes, Mistress. You ruined it."

Maggie climbed down off the table and began to untie Greg's bindings. Before she released his hands, she took a minute to replace his chastity cage, to prevent Greg from masturbating when he was alone. As she released his hands, Maggie made a comment that made Greg stop and think. "Let me know when you decide to invite Bob over." And with that, she gathered her toys and headed upstairs to put them away.

by Iron-sub (42)

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Chapter 9

Mark's Intro to Femdom

Mark had been after his wife for years to take charge of their relationship: Everything from sex to controlling the money, to who does the household chores. He wanted her to be in complete control of everything. The problem was, Jane just didn't seem all that interested in being in charge. Then one day...

It was a Thursday night. Mark had gone to play poker at one of his friends houses. Jane wasn't even sure which friend's house he had gone to. She had several hours to herself. More time than she actually wanted. She was a little bit lonely, and was looking for something to occupy her time while Mark was gone.

Jane spotted Mark's laptop sitting on the end table in the living room. She decided to see what kinds of things he had been looking at during his free time. She picked it up, placed it on her lap and opened the top. When the prompt to enter a password came up, she entered the only password she knew Mark had ever used, her initials followed by their wedding date. It worked!

Once everything loaded, Jan clicked on the Internet browser and waited for it to open. She checked Mark's browsing history. Only the last thirty days were listed, but it would be enough. She started going from one listing to another, reading the stories, the blogs, and looking at the photos he had been looking at. She took notes on everything she saw. That took her just over two hours.

Finally, Jane turned to his bookmarks to see if he had any favorite websites that she had not found links to in his history. There was only one. It was a site that listed all kinds of Femdom stories. By typing a few letters in the search box, she was able to pull up several stories that Mark had been reading on that site. She didn't think she had time to read them all before Mark came home, but she did have time to study her notes and see if she could make any sense out of them.

Mark didn't get home until after midnight, but Jane had been able to formulate a

plan for their upcoming discussion. Before retiring for the night, Jane asked, “Honey, are you ready for a discussion about this female dominance thing you have been after me to talk about? I want to talk about it tomorrow night.”

“Yes, Sweetheart,” Mark replied. “I have been ready for some time.”

“Good, I have some ideas myself.”

They kissed each other good night and went to sleep. Mark had a little trouble falling asleep because he was too excited about Jane actually wanting to discuss his ideas for a female led relationship, but he did manage to catch a few hours before the alarm went off.

The next day, at work, Mark could not concentrate on the job at hand. He could not get the idea of his wife being willing to talk about an FLR. He had been after her for over a year. She had always said it sounded a little too kinky for her and she wouldn't even discuss it. Now, here he was, trying to think about work when all he really wanted to do was to rush home and get started.

When he finally got home, Mark rushed through the door, into the kitchen. He looked for Jane, but she was not in the kitchen. Instead, he found her sitting at the dining table in the dining room. “Sweetheart, I'm home,” he said as he laid his computer down on the table and bent down to kiss his wife.

“Yes, Dear, I can see that,” Jane replied. I guess you are ready for that discussion now?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he replied eagerly. “I have some notes on my computer,” he said opening up his laptop.

Jane touched the note pad in front of her and said, “I have mine right here.” She leaned back to relax and asked, “Would you like to begin?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” Mark said. He pulled up a document on his computer and began explaining what he wanted.

By the time he finished, Jane, who had been barely listening, leaned forward across the table and said, “I have worked out a little contract of my own.” She pushed a piece of paper across the table toward Mark. “It's a one-week contract. If you can do whatever I ask of you during the next seven days, I will consider

signing a longer one. Fair enough?”

Mark looked Jane in the eyes as he slide that paper in front of him. He glanced down and took a few seconds to look it over. Then he looked back at Jane and said, “I can do that. But if I do, I want to know that you will definitely sign a longer, more in-depth contract next week.”

“Agreed,” Jane replied. “So... Are you ready to begin?”

Mark stood up and reached his right hand across the table. “Shall we shake on it?”

Jane did the same and the two shook hands. “I hope you know what you are getting into,” she said picking up her note pad.

“I'm sure I can handle anything you can throw at me this week,” Mark said with all the confidence he could muster.

“Okay, then,” Jane said with a smile. “You can start by taking me out for dinner.”

“Where would you like to go?”

“Anywhere you would feel comfortable.”

“What? You want to go to McDonald's?”

“Anywhere you would feel comfortable,” Jane repeated as she smiled to herself. She had done her homework. She planned to put Mark to the test. If he actually obeyed her every command during this first week, she would be convinced that this was what he wanted.

Mark was so attentive, he even opened the car door for Jane. He was equally sure that he could do whatever his wife wanted. His mind raced as they got into the car and pulled out of the garage. His cock was getting hard just thinking about what she might have him do. In fact, it was fully erect by the time they pulled out into the street.

As the car turned into McDonald's parking lot, Mark asked, “Drive through? Or do you want to eat here?”

“I asked you to take me out to eat. Of course, we're going inside.”

Mark quickly pulled into the nearest parking space and got out of the car. He stretched, just to shake off the confines of the car, then headed across the drive towards the entrance to the restaurant. He reached for the handle on the door. That's when he noticed Jane was still sitting in the car.

Confused about why, he walked back to the car. He opened the front passenger door and asked, “Are you coming?”

“Of course,” Jane replied with a smirk on her face. “I was just waiting for you to open my door for me.”

Mark watched in disbelief as Jane stepped out of the car and headed toward the entrance he had just come from. Jane turned to face him. He was still holding the car door open, his chin had dropped leaving his mouth wide open.

“Well,” she said, “are you coming?”

Mark seemed a bit bewildered. He shook his head, closed the car door and headed to the spot where Jane stood waiting for him. When he reached the entrance to the restaurant, Jane stood next to the door and waited for Mark to open it.

Once inside, Jane turned to Mark and said, “I want a two cheeseburger meal with a coke to drink.” She motioned him away with the back of her hand, then turned to find a suitable table for them to sit.

Mark got into the order line and studied the menu while he waited for his turn. He wondered why Jane had not joined him. They usually discussed the menu together while waiting in line, but now he was left alone to place their order and get the drinks.

Once Mark had received their order and delivered it to the table Jane had chosen, he sat down and handed Jane her food. They eat and talked about this and that.

Once Mark had finished eating, he excused himself to go to the restroom. “Wait a minute,” Jane said reaching into her purse. “I want you to do something for me.” She handed him a small plastic cup and said, “I want you to fill this with your cum.”

“What?” Mark replied in astonishment. “You want me to do what?”

“Do you really want me to spell it out for you right here?”

Mark looked at the cup in his hand, then replied, “I guess not. What do I do with it once I have... Once I am finished?”

“Bring it back to me, of course. Now go.”

Mark walked slowly toward the restrooms trying to hide the cup in his hand. He was suddenly quite nervous and unsure if he could do what his wife had asked. Then he remembered what he had said about doing anything she asked. He realized that this was his first test. He had to do it. If he failed, Jane would have her excuse to stop all this FLR stuff and go back to the way things were. He couldn't let her win that easy.

With a more determined stride, Mark walked the rest of the way to the bathroom and stepped inside. He breathed a sigh of relief when found no else inside. He quickly chose the stall at the back of the room, entered it, and closed the door behind him.

He stood there for a moment staring at the toilet. Should he sit or stand? He was not sure what the best way to do this would be. He was ever conscious that someone might come in and figure out what he was doing, so he decided to sit, thinking it would be more reasonable if people just thought he was trying to sh*t.

He nervously pulled his pants down to his knees and sat down. He placed the cup on the toilet paper roller next to him and tried to think of something sexy, but the only thing he could think about was his current predicament. But it was working.

Just the thought of what he was ordered to do was now making his cock expand. He took it in his hand and began to stroke it. He thought about how Jane had so nonchalantly handed him the cup and told him to fill it. How he was now sitting on a public toilet trying to make himself cum simply because she wanted him to do it. That, in itself, was turning him on. Never mind the humiliation of it all. He was getting really turned on by the whole experience.

His throat was tight. His mouth, dry, and he kept thinking that someone was

going to catch him at any moment. Just then, he heard the door open and a man's footsteps entered the restroom. Mark held his breath. As if the man would know what he was doing if he even suspected he was there. He heard the stranger step in front of one of urinals and unzip his trousers.

It seemed to be taking this man forever to relieve himself. Finally, after several minutes, the urinal flushed and the zipper was returned to its proper place. The man washed his hands and left the restroom.

Again, Mark breathed a sigh of relief. He returned to stroking his cock which had not lost a bit of its erection. The whole incident had aroused him.

Mark continued stroking his cock until he was ready to shoot his load. He grabbed the cup and held it over the tip of his cock. Suddenly, he exploded, and spurt after spurt of his hot, white, cum splashed into the tiny cup. He held it steady as his orgasm subsided. Then he set the cup back onto the dispenser and stood up. He pulled up his pants and fastened them before opening the door to the stall.

He almost forgot to pick up the tiny cup, now half full of his ejaculate, before leaving the stall.

He quickly exited the restroom, hiding the cup in his hand as best he could, and returned to the table where Jane was still sitting.

Mark sat down, holding the cup between his legs so no one could see it. "What do you want me to do with this?" he asked.

"Drink it," Jane replied after taking a sip of her soda.

"What? Here? Now?" Mark whispered, hoping no one else would hear him.

Jane smiled as she leaned on her elbows over the table. "Yes, now. What did you think, I was going to tell you to throw it in the trash?"

"Um, what if someone sees me?" Mark whispered nervously.

Jane chuckled as she leaned back in her chair again. "I don't care if they do. Want me to announce it so there will no doubt?"

“No! No, that won't be necessary. I'll drink it. Just give me a moment.”

As Mark hesitated, Jane gave him a little encouragement when she said, “You better hurry or I WILL announce it.”

Mark gulped, took a deep breath, then brought the cup to his mouth and poured the contents in. He wasn't sure what to do at that point. He hid the cup back in his lap and sat there, his mouth full of his own cum.

“You better swallow,” Jane said grinning from ear to ear at his predicament.

With one big gulp, Mark managed to swallow everything in his mouth. He made a face that revealed his disgust at the taste of his own cum.

Jane laughed as she stood up and said, “Very good, shall we go now?”

With that, Mark gathered up the remains of the their meal and stacked it on the tray. He dumped everything on the tray into the trash bin by the door on their way out.

Once back in the car, Mark commented, “That was horrible. How do I get this taste out of my mouth?”

Jane chuckled, then replied, “Too bad you just threw away your drink.”

by nemo-slave7 (64)

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Chapter 10

One of the House Rules

It was a Thursday, the first day of his weekend.

She woke him up at 9:00, saying, “Time to get up. You KNOW what we’re doing today.”

She left the bedroom, and groggily, he arose. He stripped off his sleeping briefs, and went to the bathroom, and relieved himself, and thoroughly cleaned between his butt cheeks, and returned to the living room, where she was sitting at her desk, typing away on her desktop PC. He continued to the kitchen, poured a cup of coffee, returned to the living room, then opened the front door to retrieve the morning paper. He came back in and sat down in his easy chair.

He looked at the paper without absorbing the words because his mind was busy. He knew what was going to happen in a few hours and he was very apprehensive. He knew why he was sitting there naked... Because it was required of him, it was part of the day’s protocol.

A couple days prior, she had quietly walked into the bathroom while he was taking a shower, and opened the curtain, and saw him with his hand on his hard penis, masturbating.

He knew that masturbation without her permission was forbidden. It was one of her rules to which he had agreed, prior to their marriage, and she was quick to remind him of it.

She said, quietly, grimly, “On Thursday at noon, I am going to punish you. You will get up that morning, and you will keep yourself naked until I say otherwise.”

He had received punishments from her a number of times in the past, and he was

very nervous pondering the prospect of the coming one.

She had already laid out implements on the three by six foot folding table set up in the living room. He remembered from previous punishments that she would not necessarily use all of them, but the memory of her using any one of them was enough to give him notions of getting up and running out the front door.

His pulse rate increased. He felt the onset of a full blown panic attack. He started controlling his breathing, while counting IN one, two, three, OUT one, two, three... Until he felt, he had it under control. His pulse stabilized, his breathing normalized.

Then he looked at the clock. He wished that time would just stop, come to a standstill, and he or they would be permanently frozen in that moment. He wished that time would jump ahead to the moment that this would begin, so that he wouldn't have to endure further sitting and waiting. He wished that time would jump further ahead, to the moment when it was all over and done with. He wiggled in his seat, at the thought of what it was going to feel like, when it was all over and done with.

He stared at the second hand on the clock... tick tick tick tick

He considered simply refusing, saying 'No' to whatever she is going to tell him to do. He was bigger, taller, stronger than her. There was no way she could force anything upon him.

He remembered, in the months prior to their marriage, that he told her that he yearned for a Female Led Relationship with Domestic Discipline. He wanted rules and structure in his life. He wanted to be held accountable for his actions. He wanted discipline, to remind him of the rules and punishment for breaking the rules. There followed seemingly endless discussions and negotiations.

They put together an FLR-DD contract, with general outlines of the household given, and numerous rules clearly stated, and equally and clearly stated that discipline and punishment would be metered out at her discretion.

He knew that such a contract would not stand up in court, and he knew, it would never go that far. If he were to defy her, it would end their relationship, even their marriage.

He did not want that. He loved her too much. He knew, she is everything he ever wanted in a wife, just everything.

He came to realize that this time he was spending, thinking and agonizing over the coming punishment, was part of the punishment, that it was meant to ultimately impart upon him a total sense of submission to her will.

Enveloped by the sense of submission, he slipped into a meditative state, repeating to himself, “It won’t be so bad, I can take it, I deserve it.” The sound of her voice brought him out of it.

“It’s time!” she said, wheeling her desk chair around. “Come here, stand in front of me.”

He stood up on legs that seemed filled with jelly and walked to her and stopped, standing up straight, barely a foot in front of her, his hands behind his back.

“Do you deserve the punishment I am about to administer?”

“Yes, My wife,” he answered, using the title required of him during such sessions.

“What did you do to deserve it?”

“I masturbated without your permission.”

“More to the point, I caught you in the act of masturbating without my permission. Which means, I really have no idea how many other times you’ve masturbated when I did not catch you.”

He looked down at his feet, avoiding her eyes.

“I will not bother asking you to tell me. Your answer is irrelevant. I must assume there have been other times. Quote to me the house rule.”

“I will not masturbate without your permission.”

“And you have broken the rule. And to make it worse for you, I caught you breaking the rule, as opposed to you confessing to it. Tsk, tsk... So, your punishment begins. Stand, in that corner, you know the position, and repeat, the

rule over and over.”

He went to the appointed corner. He stood, with his heels touching, feet at a 45 degree angle to each other, big toes touching the floorboards of each wall, his face as far into the corner as he could get it, and he repeated, quietly and clearly, “I will not masturbate without permission. I will not masturbate without permission...”

He heard the sound of the table being dragged across the wooden floor, so that it was in the middle of the room, with plenty of room on each side of it.

She said, “Stop. Get over here.”

He turned around, and went to the table. She motioned, with one hand, for him to mount it. He did, and lay flat, positioning himself over a cylindrical pillow directly under his groin, and another pillow at the end of the table to support his neck, as his head dangled just over the end.

She fastened Velcro cuffs to his wrists, and threaded a rope through the attached metal rings in the cuffs, and pulled the rope tight so that his arms encircled the table, and were tightly bound underneath.

Then she tied a length of rope around his ankles, and secured it to the leg supports.

She picked up the Canadian prison strap, and stood on his left side, lifted the strap, and brought it down across the middle of his buttocks, and he shrieked. Another stroke landed just below the first, and he shrieked again. After six strokes, he was gasping, “Ohhh please...oh...”

She walked around to the other side of the table, and shifted hands. Knowing her left arm was weaker than her right, she administered nine strokes from this side, as he moaned and shrieked.

She put down the strap, and picked up the eighteen-inch, hard maple paddle with multiple holes bored through it. She stood on his left side, and delivered eight hard swats, and he yelled out in pain. She moved to his right side, switching hands, and delivered another twelve swats, as he shrieked.

She put down the paddle and picked up the Glasgow tawse.

She delivered ten strokes from one side, then fifteen strokes from the other, as he continued to howl and beg.

She put down the tawse and picked up the twenty-four inch solid bamboo paddle.

She delivered twelve strokes from his left side and eighteen from his right, as he shrieked and begged her to stop.

She put down the paddle, and returned to her chair, waiting for him to calm down and catch his breath.

After a time, she got up, and undid the ropes, then went back to her chair, and said, "Get up, and get over here, on your knees."

Gasping still, he did, slowly getting off the table, then went to her, dropping to his knees to get between her spread legs, where she was naked below the waist.

She scooted up to the edge of the chair, and leaned back, and he moved in, his face in between her thighs, and his tongue darted in and around her labia, onto and around her clitoris, as she moaned and gasped, and arched her back until she groaned loudly in climax.

She pushed his head away from her thighs and said, "Stand up, hands on your head."

As he did, she smiled at the sight of his expected erection. She reached behind her, from the desk, and snagged a condom packet, opened it, and slipped it onto his penis. Then she reached back, and picked up a vibrating prostate massager.

"Spread your legs some," she said. Then she reached between his thighs, and deftly slipped the vibrator into his anus, and activated it, as he moaned. She held it in place with her left hand, while she stroked and pumped his penis with her right.

"Tell me when you're there," she said, referring to his point of no return, and in a few minutes, he stuttered, "N..n...now..."

She felt the surging at the base of his penis, and she let go of it, and watched as he penis twitched and pumped semen into the condom, in a perfect ruined

orgasm.

She pulled the vibrator out of his anus, turned it off, and set it back on the desk, and picked up a foot long Spencer type paddle.

“Over my lap,” she said.

“Oh no,” he whispered, as he settled over her lap, his feet on the floor to her right side, his hands on the floor on her left.

She began smacking his bruised buttocks with the paddle as he whimpered, and moaned, and began sobbing, letting tears flow freely.

She stopped, and paused, letting his sobs slow down and stop.

“Get up,” she said, “In front of me, hands on head.”

He stood, and she took the filled condom off his penis, and stood up, holding the condom to his mouth.

“Open up.”

He opened his mouth, and she squeezed the semen out of the condom and into his mouth, as he swallowed.

“In the corner, hands on head, and repeat the rule,” she said sternly.

He went to the corner, and knelt, and repeated over and over, “I will not masturbate without permission.”

She went to the bathroom to make preparations for the next stage.

She returned, carrying a bulging-full one-third liter syringe enema, and said, “Get up, and go to the table, bend over it, arms extended.”

He did so, and she came up behind him, inserted the nozzle of the syringe into his anus, and gave the bulb enough squeezes to empty it, as he moaned, she pulled it out, then inserted a Bardex double balloon nozzle, and inflated both balloons to create a tight seal.

“Begin repeating the rule.”

“I will not masturbate OOOHHH without permission... Ohhh! I will not AHHHH masturbate without UNNNGHGH permission...”

After half an hour, she said, “Go to the toilet, and eliminate it. You have ten minutes, only.”

He stood up, groaning, and went to the toilet, and undid the screws on the balloon clamps, deflating them, and the nozzle quickly slid out, along with other liquid detritus.

He cleaned himself up, and returned to the living room.

The table had been moved back; the cock and ball pillory was in its place.

She motioned him to it.

He stepped up to it, and put his ankles in the open clamps.

She opened the horizontal bar-vise, reached through it, and pulled his penis and scrotum between the bars, then closed them and screwed them down, then she went around to his back, knelt, and closed and locked the ankle clamps. “Hold your arms straight out,” she said.

She went to the bathroom, and returned with the Bardex nozzle, holding it in a hand covered in a latex glove, lubed the tip liberally with Icy-Hot, and slipped it into his anus. She inflated the balloons to prevent it from popping out. He quickly began feeling the burn within, as she walked around, holding the Icy-Hot tube, and lathered more of it on his captive penis and scrotum. As he moaned, she picked up two five-pound dumbbells, and placed them in his hands.

“Be sure to hold those up until I say, or I will apply more Icy-Hot... Now, start saying the rule.”

“I will not OHHH masturbate withOOOOOUT permission...owww...I will not masturbAAATE UHHHN without permission...OHHH please...I will NOT masturbate without UHHHH permission...uhhh...”

She had him hold it for fifteen minutes, then she went up behind him, opened the balloon valves and extracted the nozzle, went to his front, opened the bar vise, then went to his back, opened the ankle clamps, and THEN said, “Put the

dumbbells down on the table.”

He did so, while gasping and panting.

“Over here,” she said, “On your knees.” She sat in her chair, legs spread, and waiting.

He came to her, and knelt, and dove in, licking her pussy and clit, until she moaned and bucked in climax.

She pushed his head away, and said, “Stand up.”

He did, putting his hands to his head, and she observed his erection while she smiled.

She produced another condom, and put it over his hard penis, picked up the prostrate massager, and slipped it into his anus, and turned it on, and then stroked and pumped his penis.

After a few minutes, he gasped, “N...n..now...”

She felt the pumping at the base of his penis, and let go, and watched the surge of semen into the condom.

She withdrew the massager from his anus, put it down, picked up the paddle, and smiled at him.

He groaned, and knelt, over her lap.

She proceeded to smack his buttocks, and within a few minutes, his moans and groans became tears and sobbing.

She stopped, and let him quiet down, then said, “Stand up.”

After he did, she pulled the swollen condom off his penis, and stood up, and said, “Open up,” and she squirted the semen into his mouth, and he gulped it down.

“In the corner, on your knees, and I want to hear the rule.”

He went to the corner and knelt, and started the repetitions.

She went to the kitchen, fetched a cup of coffee and returned to the computer at her desk.

After a while, she said, “Okay, get up, time for a shower.”

He stood up, and went to the bathroom, and she followed. He parted the curtain, and got into the tub. She reached in, and turned on the cold water, full blast onto his chest and he shrieked. She waited a few minutes, then said, “Turn around.”

He did, and moaned as the cold water hit his backside. She turned off the water, and said, “Get out, dry off.” He did, and followed her to the living room.

She picked up the humbler, turned to him and said, “Turn around and bend over.” She reached between his thighs, pulled his scrotum back, fit it between the arms of the humbler, and screwed them down.

“You will wear this until the morning you return to work. If I want to go someplace, and I want you to go with me, I will take it off you. Otherwise... Well, get used to it. Furthermore, your punishment continues as follows: henceforth, you will always be naked, inside the house. You will always be in my sight, or out of my sight for only a few minutes at a time. If you go to the toilet, or take a shower, you will tell me, and you will keep the door open, and shower curtains open. You will sleep with your hands cuffed behind your back. If I have to leave you at home by yourself, you will be either handcuffed, or locked in the cock and ball pillory. Any day you return home from work, I am going to look you in the eye and ask you if you masturbated at work. I dare you to try and lie to me. During this time, you will not be permitted to have sex with me, but you will provide me oral service whenever I request it. I will give you daily hand jobs and ruined orgasms, followed by painful paddlings, along with frequent and lengthy applications of my strap-on. THIS will continue until I am convinced you fully understand and accept the rule as LAW. Do you understand?”

“Y..yes, My wife,” he responded, weakly.

by Shilo (58)

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Chapter 11

In Your Dreams

You gasp as she hits you again with the smooth wooden paddle. You know you were supposed to count them, but you lost track because she whispered something naughty in your left ear about her pussy being wet about 15 strokes ago, or was it ten? Maybe it was 20? Well, you've forgotten the count, and you know she will be displeased. She stops again, and she gently licks the sweat that has beaded up on the back of your neck.

"Honey?" Her voice is whispering in your ear, and you begin to feel the tingles down your spine, and your penis is getting firm, not quite erect at the feel of her soft breath on you. You are lost in that voice. "Honey?" She repeats it again, just a little louder...

You can't speak, so you clear your throat, and at that cue, she hands you a cup of water "Drink it, all of it." She says.

You look up into her eyes. They look so gentle. You gulp down the water and feign a smile. "Yes, Mistress."

She notices your semi-erect penis and gives it a gentle stroke, and it springs back to life, but just a little bit. Now her eyes are a darker color than they were before you started. "Honey, how many was that?" Her lips curl into a queer smile, because she knows you lost count, but she still wants an answer.

You can tell that she demands an answer just by her stance. You think quickly, but you know you will displease her.

"Uhhh... ah... 80?" Her strange smile disappears and is quickly replaced by a look of displeasure.

"Did you just say 80?" Her voice raises as she says "80" and you know you are

wrong. You look once more into her eyes and you see her eyes flash. You know you have fucked up, and you know that she has told you more than once that she has a sadistic streak, but until now, until today, she's been gentle and loving. Somehow, she looks neither gentle or loving at the moment. You are genuinely scared.

"Well... Did you say 80 or not?" She says it in an irritated tone like she is speaking to an errant child, not a grown man.

Your eyes well up with tears, but you aren't sure why and you say, even more softly "Yes Mistress, I said 80." You figure that you're better off repeating what you now know to be a wrong answer rather than guessing another wrong answer.

She walks out the door and you wait...

She walks back in the room a few moments later and she is naked except for the small amount of jewelry she wears at all times. You notice she has very large barbells in her pierced nipples and between her legs, and your erection, that had all but disappeared when she left the room, is now back with a vengeance.

She calls you by your proper name. She never does that, or at least, not since she named you after you first met. It reminds you of your mother, who would call you by all your names, including your Christian name when she was angry at your misbehavior. She uses your name again, and you nod, afraid to speak.

"Didn't I tell you to keep proper count?"

You nod again.

"Well, tell me how you came up with 80. I'd really like to know."

You admit you lost count when she told you her pussy was wet, and she bursts into delighted laughter.

You begin to feel relieved, until she says "Typical fucking man, always thinking with his pathetic little head instead of his big one," in a scolding tone.

You aren't quite sure what to say so you remain silent.

"Okay, so you lost count because of my wet juicy pussy... Do you think I should

feel sorry for you?”

You shake your head “No,” because you realize that it is the response she expects.

“Good! At least you got that one right. Would you like to guess again?”

You reply “110?”

She smiles and uses the name she gave you in an affectionate tone. “You are sooo close, but close doesn’t count! It was 108.” Her smile returns. “Do you know what you get for being wrong? You get to watch me play with my hot wet pussy.”

She ties you down to the bed using the silk ties and positions herself over your face. You can smell the sweet clean scent of her pussy as she kneels over your face and strokes her clitoris. Her juices drip on your lips and you lap it up hungrily, wanting to bury your face into that sweet, succulent, vaginal crevice, but you’re unable to move your head enough to get to it.

You watch her fingers as they dance over, around, and even into, the pink flesh of her pussy. Your cock returns to its full erect, hardness. You dream of putting it deep into that sweet pussy that is dripping such slippery juice onto you face. But you know that is not going to happen.

Suddenly, her orgasm washes over her and she squirts what seems like a quart of liquid all over your face and into your mouth. You lap up and swallow as much of it as you can. Your cock is now throbbing for some attention.

But she rises off of you, breathing heavily, and then unties you. Your anticipation builds as she tells you to stand with your hands behind your back, with your legs slightly spread. She ties your hands and she pulls out a thick leather belt about 2 inches wide from her bag. She tells you, “This will hurt me more than it hurts you.” And she folds it over and smacks your fully erect cock with it. “Now count with me...”

by Mistress Merry Sunshine Contrary (53)

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Chapter 12

Brian's Song

Brian was about to do what he had been waiting months - no, years - to do. His entire body was trembling with equal parts nervousness and excitement. In fact, he was so excited he could barely contain himself... Although, that would be exactly what would be forced upon him in just a few moments. He was about to start living his greatest fantasy.

Brian was always intrigued by the kinky side of sex. He was particularly interested in bondage and female domination. Luckily, or perhaps by fate, he met Emily, a woman who shared his interest in those fetishes. Together, they were able to explore their fantasies as they both enjoyed their play and were comfortable with each other.

Both Brian and Emily began to enjoy the concept of control, with Emily taking more and more away from Brian. Emily loved seeing the reactions that she could draw out of Brian (sometimes, even against his will), and Brian loved riding the roller coaster with no idea when or how it would end. One of their favorite types of play involved teasing and orgasm denial, where Emily would tie Brian down to either the bed or a chair, and tease his cock mercilessly until he was squirming and begging to cum. Sometimes she would give him his long awaited orgasm, sometimes she would leave him hanging. Either way, Emily got off on the fact that it was HER choice, not his.

Brian loved his role as Emily's plaything, but he was still hesitant to reveal his most intense fantasy. He was afraid that it wouldn't make sense, and that Emily wouldn't be into it. But when the urge to try out his fantasy outgrew his desire to keep his thoughts hidden - the fact that Emily was torturing his cock with intense teasing and edging until he told her a deep dark secret he had never told anyone, and he was DESPERATE for an orgasm - he opened up about his true desires to be controlled.

"Male chastity?" Emily asked, after she had made his cock spurt cum all over Brian's chest, cleaned him off sensually with her tongue, and untied him from the bed.

"Yes," Brian answered, slightly out of breath from his recent orgasm. "It basically involves locking my cock into a chastity device that won't let me get hard or cum unless you unlock it."

"Unless I unlock it? You mean I get to control your cock completely, even down to whether or not you can get a hard-on?" Emily's eyes sparkled with passion.

"That's the idea."

"You wouldn't even be able to masturbate?"

"Not without you unlocking me."

"But... what if I want to get some?"

"Well," Brian hesitated, "I would be able to make you cum other ways... with my tongue or fingers."

"If I wanted a nice hard fuck, you could use a dildo on me..." Emily trailed off in thought.

Brian could see the cogs turning in Emily's brain. He waited a few moments as she let the thoughts dance around in her head.

"Honey?" he said, snapping Emily out of her daydream.

"Let's try it," she replied with a smile. "It could be fun!"

That was about three months ago. Since then, Emily purchased a chastity device over the internet - "It looks like some plastic medieval torture chamber for your cock," she remarked when she took it out of the package. Brian began wearing it that very day, he was too excited to wait any longer.

Brian started out slow, wearing the device for a few hours at a time in order to make sure his body could adjust and allow him to wear it comfortably. Emily took this opportunity to "quality test" the strength of the device. In other words,

she teased the hell out of him to see exactly what would happen when Brian got aroused. She was pleased by the results: his cock bulged obscenely against the inner walls of the cock cage, trying unsuccessfully to reach the full length it was used to. She was amazed each time she was able to get his cock to respond to her, even though it was trapped with nowhere to go.

After a few hours at a time was no problem for Brian, aside from the slight pain from the frequent stifled erections he would suffer through, the next step was to sleep through the night. Except for having to deal with Emily's sexy naked body next to him, rubbing against his skin and the maddening cock cage all night long, he was able to make it through the night without any damage being done.

The next step was wearing the cage out in public, as well as to work. Brian was pleased to find out that the cage was well hidden beneath his clothing. It was almost impossible to detect; even someone staring directly at his crotch would have a tough time seeing the bulge from the chastity device. He was also surprised to find that the device did not interfere with any of his work duties. Wearing the cage was beginning to feel like second nature to him.

During all of this time, Brian held the keys to his chastity device. Because of this fact, he was able to unlock the cage and touch himself whenever he wanted. Although he hadn't unlocked himself without Emily's knowledge since they began their chastity play, the fact that he could have was still a big deal. The final step in giving Emily complete control over his sexuality would be to give the keys over to her.

Emily and Brian both knew that this was a big step for both of them. Even though Brian was already Emily's chastity sub in just about every way possible, handing over the keys would symbolize the completion of his transition to being totally hers. In order to honor this step, they made sure to make the moment special. Brian took the time to cook Emily's favorite meal for dinner, and gave her a nice sensual body massage for dessert.

He now stood naked in front of her as she sat on the couch facing him. He wore the chastity device, however at the moment it was unlocked. She looked so sexy and beautiful as she looked up at him, exuding such control even from the seated position. He felt his cock begin to throb.

I better hurry this up, he thought to himself. "Emily," he said as he stretched his

trembling arm out towards her, "I ask that you please be my Keyholder, that you lock my cock in chastity, only to be released when you choose." He opened his hand and presented the lock and a pair of keys.

Emily reached out and grasped the lock and keys, holding Brian's hand gently for just a moment. "I am honored to accept this responsibility," she said, looking deeply into his eyes. She took the lock and threaded the hasp through the tiny hole in his cock cage. She paused, leaving the lock open, but dangling from the cage, holding it together against his suddenly hardening cock.

Emily shifted her weight off the couch to stand, and as she did she licked Brian from his stomach all the way up his chest and neck to his chin. She kissed him passionately as her hands roamed over his back. Breaking the kiss, she began to whisper into his ear, "I hope you realize that I'm going to push you. I'm going to push you harder than you think I ever possibly could. I'm going to keep you locked up until you genuinely wish for me to unlock you. You will beg for release, and you will mean it. I'm going to make you hate this, and I'm going to make you regret that you ever introduced this to me. And that..."

Emily licked his earlobe, forcing a sharp gasp from Brian. "...that is when I'll really start to have some fun. By the time I am done, you'll be singing a different tune."

With a *click* Emily closed the lock on the device. Brian's cock was now trapped, bulging against the walls of its plastic prison. Emily held the device in her hand and gave it a strong squeeze, causing Brian to moan. She giggled as she sat back down on the couch, spread her legs and exposed her wet pussy.

"Now, darling, I think it's time to please your Keyholder."

Brian dropped to his knees immediately and began licking her pussy. Emily patted his head and pulled him deeper between her thighs.

"That's a good boy," she said.

By nemo-slave7 (64)

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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](#)

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Meet her on FaceBook:

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Books by Georgia Ivey Green

Taking Back Your Marriage

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A KeyHolder's Handbook

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Mistress Ivey's Femdom Fantasies (Volumes 1 – 3)