

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a black dress, a brown jacket, and black boots. She is standing with her legs crossed at the ankles. The background is dark.

Katt Ford

My Kinky

Daughter In Law

Parts 1 - 13

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Kindle Edition

All characters in this story are over the age of eighteen

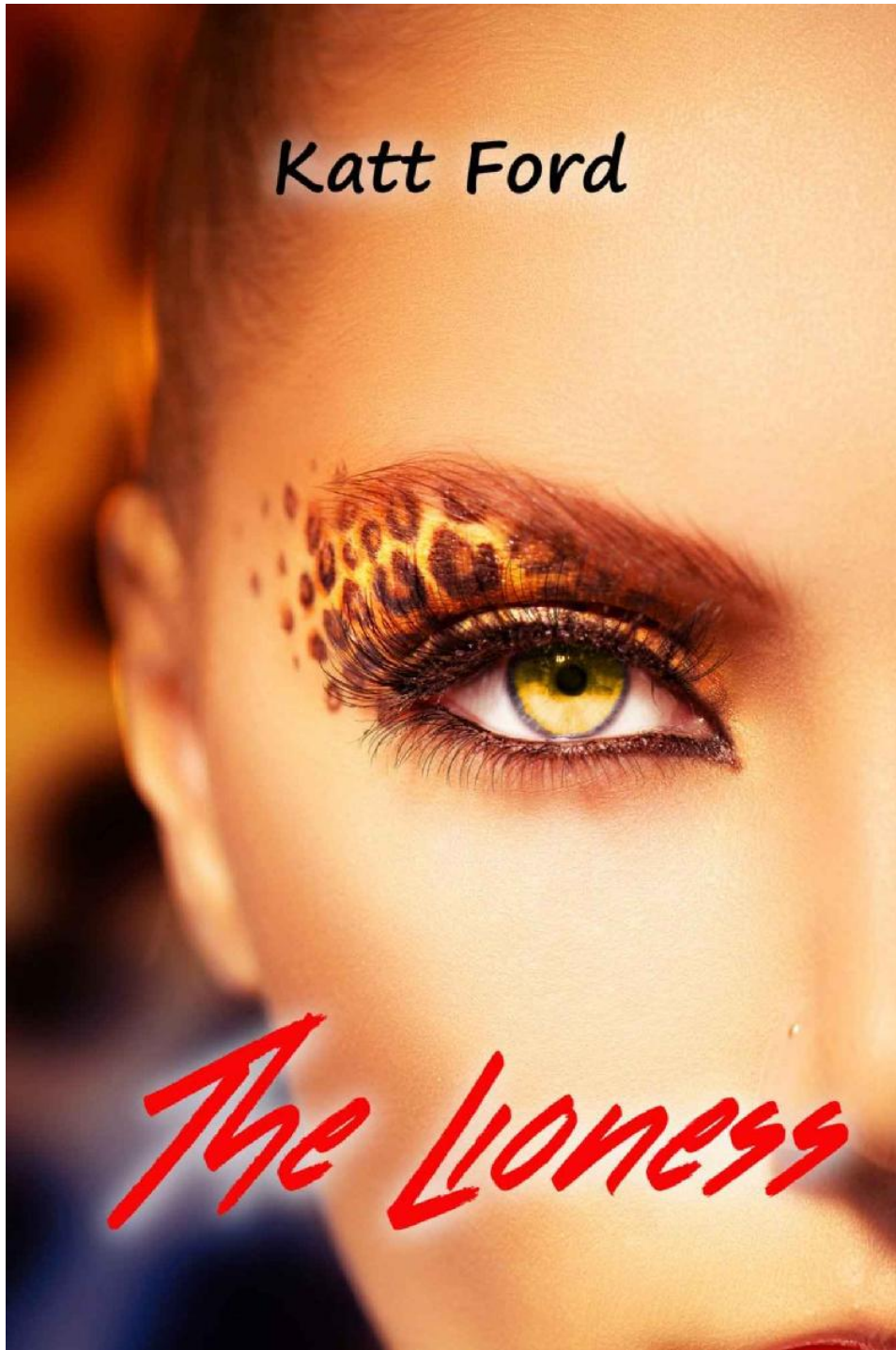
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Katt Ford

The Lioness



My Kinky Daughter In Law

Outside, crickets hummed in the warm air. The window was wide open, and the warm night air swept inside, a welcome relief after the heat of the day. If I turned my head, I would see the shining stars, wobbling a little in the deep blue of the evening sky as they shone over the island. The scent of flowers reached me from outside, drifting in on the faint breeze that stirred the light drapes on either side of the window. It was all very beautiful. And for what these vacation cabins cost, it ought to be.

But despite the warm perfume of the air, the crystalline beauty of the stars, the soothing whispering of the trees as they seemed to dance in the salt-flecked wind, my eyes were fixed within the walls of the cabin. Because right in front of my eyes, there was something even more beautiful to behold.

Wendy's boots rapped slowly on the cabin's wooden floor. The noise was loud enough to be heard over the pounding of my heart as she approached me from behind. Despite the heat, my body trembled. Fear and desire were swelling up inside me, every nerve in my body dancing as I waited to see what she would do to me. I hadn't felt so alive in years, and the inescapable shame of what I was doing was almost drowned out by the deep desire that overwhelmed me. Almost.

Wendy stopped. She was standing beside me now. From the corner of my eye, I could see her feet on the floor beside me, the pointed toes of her glossy black leather boots pointing right at me. Slowly, I raised my eyes.

The patent leather of her boots was shiny enough to hint at my own reflection. Her heels were tall and slender, two steel spikes that made her even taller than she already was. Her boots hugged her legs, ending above the knee. Several inches of her thighs, tanned and toned, showed above the top of the tall boots. The black thong

she wore barely covered her mound, and I felt my mouth watering as I stared between her legs, the shape of her swollen lips clearly visible through the tiny patch of fabric held to her hips by this strings. Was she aroused? My cock pulsed at the thought. It was already heard, twitching and throbbing to the beat of my blood as I gazed up at Wendy in speechless awe. Above the thong, her stomach was as toned as her legs, her young musculature visible under the soft skin. Women didn't use to look like this, I swear. I don't know if it's technology or nutrition or just the changes in the culture that have allowed women to become what they want, to look the way they want. But I don't remember there being women like Wendy around when I was younger. If there had been, I'd have noticed.

Her breasts jutted out from her chest, barely contained in a tiny black bra that squeezed the soft orbs of flesh together until they threatened to spill out over the cups. Her cleavage loomed over me, drawing my eyes towards it as my mouth watered. While the rest of her body was toned and sculpted, her breasts were an explosion of soft femininity, and my hands twitched with the desire to touch them as I stared up at her. Her slender waist was almost like a hinge between the opposing swell of her breasts and her backside, her body a delightful hourglass shape that made my own body burn with primal desire.

Wendy smiled down at me. Her black hair was tied back in a ponytail that fell down her back. Her eyes glowed in two pools of shadows formed by her heavy makeup. Her lips were a deep, dark red, the color of Syrah, drawing my eyes towards them even as the rest of her body demanded my attention. She looked incredible. Wendy always did. But I had never seen her like this, and every cell of my body vibrated with desire. If I had ever wanted anything more than I wanted her at that moment, I had lost all recollection of it. In fact, my entire past, my whole life seemed to be obliterated at that moment, annihilated by the firestorm of her unendurable beauty. My stomach was tight with lust and frustrated desire as I stared up at her.

“Do you like my boots?” Her voice was low, and I strained to hear it over the wild hammering of my heart. I almost envied the words as she wrapped those luscious lips around them, caressing them for a moment before releasing them into the fragrant air.

“Yes,” I croaked. My voice was hoarse as it rose from my tight throat. Next to her sultry purr, I sounded like some obnoxious animal, a cawing raven beside a sweet nightingale. Wendy’s lips lifted in a devious smile.

“I almost didn’t bring them,” she said. “They’re not really made for the climate here. But they’re great for fucking in.” She chuckled as a shiver raced through me, her coarse language further feeding the desire that was tormenting me. I could hide nothing from her. I trembled at the feel of her hand on my shoulder as she leaned over. A gasp escaped my lips as she lifted one foot and slowly, carefully, stretched it towards my straining cock. My manhood bounced as she tapped the sole of her boot against the head of my cock, just lightly. Just enough to make me feel it. I couldn’t keep myself from groaning in desire as she tormented me.

“You really do like them, huh?” she smirked. I groaned again as she moved her foot, running the slick leather on top of her foot along the underside of my swollen shaft now. The feeling was incredible, heightened by the unstoppable desire I felt, and I squirmed on my knees as powerful tremors racked my body.

“Yes, Wendy,” I gasped between gritted teeth. Metal rattled against metal as I struggled, wanting nothing more than to touch her at that moment. But the steel cuffs around my hands denied me. She had threaded the chain through the metal footboard of the bed before locking the cuffs around my wrists, and I had let her. I had wanted this. Only now did the full measure of what I had gotten myself into dawn in my lust-addled mind. I wasn’t used to kinky games, and I was embarrassingly rusty in all matters of sex. But Wendy seemed entirely at home in this situation she had manufactured. What kind of woman brings fuck-me boots and a pair of police-grade handcuffs on vacation with her? That was the kind of

woman I had gotten myself involved with. And as I kneeled on the floor at the foot of my bed, gazing up at Wendy as she taunted and teased me, flaunting the body she knew I wanted more than anything else, I felt a fresh stab of shame and disgrace in my guts.

How did I end up in this position, naked and cuffed and kneeling at the feet of my own daughter in law? Good question.

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Wendy always dressed to impress. I don't know a thing about men's fashion, let alone women's. But even a guy like me could see that my son's wife put a lot of effort into her clothing choices. Their wedding was not that long ago, just a little more than a year, and I can still remember Wendy's wedding dress. For one thing, it was black. I shrugged it off when someone told me it was a recent trend. I've seen enough fashions come and go that I have learned not to bat an eyelid at the way women keep changing how they look. Besides, I'm a man. It wasn't the color of the dress I remembered so much as the cleavage Wendy showed in it. At least it helped make it look less like a funeral, I guess. And my husband's new wife was never afraid to make a statement.

When I answered the door one sunny morning, Wendy was stood smiling on my doorstep. She wore a pretty sundress in the late summer weather, and tall boots added a delicious edge to the otherwise ultra-feminine outfit. I've always had a thing for women in boots. Women these days wear shoes that once would have been considered more appropriate for streetwalkers, but I for one applaud it. I embraced my daughter in law on the doorstep before inviting her in.

"Where's Andrew?" I asked as she followed me inside.

"He was supposed to come, but he had to swing by the office," Wendy explained. Tossing her dark hair back from her face, she took a seat on a stool in front of my kitchen island. I tried to look elsewhere as she crossed her legs, the hem of her dress sliding up along her thigh as her leather boots shone dully in the bright late. My

pulse quickened. I was still at the stage of trying not to think inappropriate thoughts about my daughter in law back then. But Wendy's looks didn't make it easy.

"We were thinking about taking a holiday," she said. "A few months from now. In the winter." I sipped my coffee as she fumbled in her purse, producing a cellphone. The faint floral smell of her perfume rolled over me as she leaned forward in her chair and I leaned towards her, peering at the screen of the phone she tilted towards me. A vision of white sand beaches, tall palm trees and a sparkling turquoise ocean shone in front of me.

"Hawaii?" I said. "Looks nice."

"I know we haven't been back from our honeymoon all that long," Wendy smiled sheepishly. "But I always go somewhere warm in the winter. We were thinking maybe January. After Christmas."

"Sounds lovely," I smiled. Wendy switched off the phone's screen and slipped it back into her purse. I stared into the bright blue of her eyes, no less dazzling than the sea she had shown me, while she bobbed one foot up and down, her leather boot creaking quietly. A faint glimpse of the skin of her thigh showed between boot and dress. I vowed not to look.

"We thought you might like to come with us?" Wendy smiled.

"Me? Wow. I, er...I'm not sure what to say to that."

"Yes is always an option." Wendy's smile grew deeper. I could easily see what about this beauty had caught my son's attention when they first met. Andrew always had an eye for pretty girls. But unlike some of the bimbos he had been with over the years, Wendy had something more about her. There was a gleam of intelligence in those turquoise eyes and an unshakeable confidence in her pretty smile. Wendy looked almost nothing like my late wife, but there was nevertheless something about her manner, her poise, her grace that had always reminded me of Andrew's mother. I wondered if that had played some part in his decision to marry her.

"Well, I wouldn't want to be a third wheel," I tried.

“Oh, please.” Wendy batted my objection away. “You’d be totally welcome. Besides, the resort is all these separate bungalows, so we could all have our own space if we wanted to. We’d love to have you come with us. And don’t tell me you’re busy. Your friends can spare you from your weekly poker game just this once.”

I smiled. Wendy had me there. I had taken early retirement, and it had been years since I went to work. In the meantime, I tried to keep busy as best as I could. But it’s not always easy, especially when you live alone. The offer was tempting. And my last vacation had been a long time ago, I realized. Wendy smiled at me as she saw my reluctance ebbing away, the decision forming on my face before I spoke. Why not, I thought to myself. What’s the worst that could happen?

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The sound of Wendy’s spike heels on the floor echoed in my skull as she stepped around the stand behind me. My arms were straight out in front of me, held against the footboard of the bed by her cuffs. I was helpless. I tried to turn my head to keep my eye on her, but she placed her two hands on either side of my head, holding it still and facing the empty bed in front of me while she stood behind me. I could hear the even rhythm of her breathing as I cringed and waited to see what she was going to do with me.

“I saw you looking at me at the pool earlier,” she said quietly. A man of my age shouldn’t be capable of blushing, but I could feel the red heat of shame rising to my cheeks as Wendy spoke. She was right, of course. The sight of my sexy daughter in law in a bikini was too much for me to resist. I had thought my glances had been discreet. Clearly, I was wrong.

“You’re such a dirty old pervert.” I could hear the smile in Wendy’s voice as she spoke, and it only deepened my feelings of shame. She was right. I had been alone a long time, and in that time, my tastes had become increasingly baroque. Now, it was as though Wendy had a direct line to the fantasies I kept hidden from the world as she taunted and mocked me. I had kept my desires to myself for

so long, never dreaming that a day like this would come. Now, as Wendy effortlessly exerted her power over me, my cock felt as though it was ready to explode with outrageous lust.

“Staring at your daughter in law like that,” Wendy went on. “Did your old cock get hard while you were looking at my young body?”

“Yes Wendy,” I gasped. It was the truth. But the embarrassing stiffness at the pool was nothing compared to the raging erection she had given me now. My heart raced as I listened to her laugh softly behind me.

“I thought so,” she said. “That’s why you had to cover yourself with a towel, wasn’t it? So no one would see your useless old boner.”

“Yes, Wendy.” I didn’t know why my normally sweet daughter in law was being so cruel, but I couldn’t deny the effect it was having on me. The meaner she talked, the more I wanted her. I felt my a pull at the top of my scalp as Wendy seized a fistful of my hair.

“Such a dirty old man,” she purred again. “You’re thinking about fucking me right now, aren’t you? Thinking about fucking your daughter in law with your sad old cock.”

“Yes, Wendy.” My vocabulary had shrunk down to just those two words. But there was no point arguing with her. Standing over me while I kneeled at the foot of the bed, she could see for herself what she was doing to me. My cock throbbed and lurched between my thighs as it bristled with arousal, impossible to ignore.

“That’s never going to happen.” I stayed facing the bed as one of Wendy’s hands disappeared, her other still holding my head in place by the hair. For a moment, I squeezed my eyes shut, and her cruel words echoed inside the dark void of my skull. “I’m married to your son. And if I was ever going to fuck anyone else, it certainly wouldn’t be you.” My lips twitched, but no sound came out. I couldn’t understand why I was letting her treat me like this, why I was enjoying being mocked and humiliated. But I was. I was ashamed of my own fantasies on those lonely nights when I indulged them, and now Wendy was making them all terrifyingly real. My knees ached

on the hard wooden floor, and my cock cried out for relief. But there was nowhere else I would rather be.

“Still, that doesn’t mean we can’t have some fun,” Wendy purred. My heart soared at her words. My eyes sprang open. Straining to piece together what was going on without being able to see, I listened hard as a faint moist sound tugged at my hearing. A soft sigh escaped Wendy’s throat. Her grip on my hair grew tighter. I flinched as she touched me, her thumb sliding teasingly over my shaved cheek until her hand hovered in front of my face. My nostrils flared as I inhaled a scent I hadn’t smelled in long dry years. As I tried to look up at Wendy, her other hand held my head firmly in place.

“Open your mouth,” she said. Her tone made it clear that she wasn’t asking, and I didn’t even think of questioning her. It’s easy to obey orders when those orders coincide with your deepest desire. My dry lips parted, and Wendy chuckled as she curled two fingers inside my mouth. I ran my tongue over the tips of her fingers, groaning in delight as I tasted her. The years between that moment and the long-buried sexual experiences of my past seemed to collapse and vanish. The taste of Wendy’s arousal was sublime, and I moaned with pleasure as I licked her juices from her fingers.

“That’s it,” Wendy grinned. “Suck them clean for me. Suck them like you wish I would suck your cock.” And I did. While my heart filled up with the sting of shame, I sucked on Wendy’s fingers until every trace of the taste of her arousal was gone. The cuffs that held me to the bed rattled as I trembled with relentless desire. And with Wendy’s tight grip on my hair, all I could do was keep staring straight ahead as her fingers slid from between my lips with a wet popping sound. I listened to her breathing change as her fingers, dripping with my saliva, made their slow way back to the warm heaven inside her panties. I clenched my jaw as I listened to her pleasure herself, teasing herself as well as me, her breath getting shorter and shorter as her pleasure mounted. The soft moans that rose from her throat

made my cock throb painfully, but there was nothing I could do to alleviate the pressure. Nothing I could do but wait.

And when Wendy's fingers appeared in front of my face again, shining now with her own juices, I couldn't help myself. I lurched forward. Wendy shrieked with laughter as I strained against the grip she had on my hair, fighting through the pain in my scalp as I brought my open mouth toward her dripping hand. The smell of her arousal drove me wild as I panted like a hungry animal. And Wendy kept her fingers just teasingly beyond my reach.

"God, you ant my pussy so bad, don't you?" she teased.

"Yes Wendy," I groaned, my breathing shorter than hers now as I struggled uselessly against her grip.

"Then you need to beg for it, you filthy old loser," she snarled. I swallowed as she spoke, almost literally swallowing my pride along with the excess saliva as I drooled at the thought of tasting her again.

"Please, Wendy," I gasped, and she laughed loudly as my voice cracked with helpless need. "Please let me taste you, please! I'll do whatever you say, just - let me touch you!"

"Whatever I say, huh?" A jolt of icy fear raced along my spine as I heard the menace in her voice. But I was too far gone to care. It was no mere hyperbole; I needed her so badly that I would have done anything just to taste her. My throbbing cock was overruling every instinct towards caution and propriety that I had. Long years of solitude had reduced me to this, to begging my daughter in law for just a taste of her sweet sex, and I didn't care.

"Yes, Wendy," I gasped, "please!"

"Oh, I'm going to enjoy this," she said. I sighed as she relaxed her grip on my hair. My head slumped forward, but she snatched her dripping fingers away before I could get my mouth to them. Her footsteps echoed loudly on the floor as she circled around me, standing beside me as I gazed up at her irresistible beauty. "I can make you do whatever I want, just for a taste of the pussy your son

gets to fuck. I'm going to turn you into my frustrated pussy slave. And you're going to love every minute of it, aren't you?" Her eyes shone in the bedroom's soft light, lit from within by the fire of her own lust. I could see the moisture that had collected on the front of her skimpy panties, and it made my balls ache with a heavy load of cum. She looked like an absolute goddess as she stood above me, aroused and yet firmly in control while my own desire for her made me weak and humble. Wendy was right. She could do anything she wanted to me. There was no doubt in my mind about that.

"Yes Wendy," I panted. It was all I could do not to groan at the mere touch of her fingers as she placed her hand on my shoulder to balance herself. Her patent leather boot shone as she lifted one leg, and her thin metallic heel sank into the mattress in front of me. My lips trembled anxiously as I watched her reach down towards her raised foot and wipe her fingers on the pointed toe of her sexy boot. Her juices sparkled on the leather in front of my face, and I groaned again as I stared at her foot.

"Lick it off, old man," she sneered. "Lick my boots and show me that you're ready to serve."

I didn't even hesitate. Wendy laughed in pure delight as I lurched forward. My cuffed hands gripped the footboard as I hurried forward on aching knees. The smell of her arousal mingled with the intoxicating smell of her leather boots as I bowed my head to her foot. My tongue slid gratefully over the slick leather as I tasted her pussy, my arousal boiling inside me as though it would never die, and my ignored cock throbbing uselessly.

"Kiss it," Wendy ordered. "Kiss your daughter in law's foot." And I did. My lips smacked loudly against her foot as I kissed her boots passionately, desperately, lapping at her foot like a beaten dog that yearns to regain its mistress's favor. Wendy stood with her hands on her hips, a satisfied smile on her beautiful face as she watched me debase myself. And I licked and kissed her foot as though everything in my life depended on her being happy with me.

“Wait there,” she snapped. Her shining boot lifted from the bed, and she crossed the room in a few quick strides. My heart sank as she turned back to me with her phone in her hand. Then she raised her foot onto the top of the bed again and pointed down at her boot.

“Lick it,” she said. And as I bowed my head and extended my tongue, the blank black eye of her phone’s camera watched me. Wendy giggled girlishly as she took my picture, directed me like a professional as I groveled. “Now kiss it. Again. Good. Stick your tongue out. Look at the camera. Oh, that’s good. That’s so fucking funny.” Finally, she tossed her phone aside. Her boot heel rapped on the floor as she lifted her foot from the bed and slammed it down. The sudden sound made me jump, and my cuffs rattled against the footboard as I moved. The wild light in Wendy’s eyes had not gone away. If anything, it shone all the brighter. And I tried not to think about the fact that she now had photo evidence of my humiliation.

All of that vanished from my mind as I watched Wendy’s hands drift down her body. Her fingers ran along the thin string of her thong, and she hooked her thumbs under the waistband, pulling the underwear away from her body. She teased me mercilessly, allowing me a glimpse of her neatly trimmed black pubic hair before covering it up again. She giggled as I groaned in tormented ecstasy.

“I’m never going to fuck you, you dirty old man,” she grinned. “But I am going to make you my slave. I’m going to tease you with my body and drive you wild, and never let you have me. Never. But if you’re a good boy and do everything I tell you, you might get some rewards. Are you going to be a good boy for me?”

“Yes, Wendy.” She had barely finished talking before I spoke the words, and her dark red lips parted in a wide smile at my obvious eagerness. She was still smiling as she finally pushed her panties down her legs, over her shining boots, snatching them up from the floor as she straightened up. I groaned loudly at the sight of her pussy, the first female organ I had seen in more years than I cared to count. The smell of her sex filled the air despite the open window,

and my cock throbbed as I studied the glistening folds of her womanhood.

Wendy stepped towards me with malice glittering in her bright blue eyes. I couldn't tear my gaze away from her sex as she approached, her tall heels making her swing her hips from side to side as she teased me. She stretched the black fabric of her panties between her hands, and I gulped as she slipped her underwear over my head. Wendy arranged her panties carefully on my face, making sure that the wet spot stained by her juices was directly over my nose. I breathed in her arousal with every breath, and my veins filled with traces of her as my cock surged uncontrollably.

Smiling, Wendy stepped away from me again. Her flawless skin seemed to glow in the low light as I watched her climb onto my bed. Rearranging the pillows, she lay back on the mattress, propping her head up so that she could smile at me over the high swell of her generous breasts. Her black boots shone like mirrors, guiding my eyes between her spread legs as she exposed herself to me. Wendy giggle as I rose up from my knees, leaning over my chained hands to bring my head towards her. She raised one leg, and her thin metallic heel dug into my shoulder as she pressed my downwards again.

"No, no," she smiled. "You haven't earned that, not yet. For now, all you get to do is watch. That's all you deserve." Groaning with desire and frustration, I sank back onto my knees at the foot of the bed. Wendy's eyes were locked on mine as her fingers drifted slowly down the length of her body. I watched in agony as they settled on the glistening mound of her pussy.

"You wanted to look at me earlier, at the pool," she mocked. "Now you can look all you want. Don't you dare look away." As if I could. Wendy moaned loudly as her fingers drifted over her trembling wet lips, and my mouth watered as I stared. I couldn't have looked away even if I wanted to.

A Father In Law Submits

Wendy's dark hair pooled on the pillow behind her head. She had piled the multiple pillows of the double bed into one heap that kept her head propped up at an angle, her pretty face visible over the generous swell of her breasts as I stared up at her from the foot of the bed. I watched her in rapt desperation, my unblinking eyes taking in every twitch, every tremor of her facial muscles as her pleasure bloomed. Her eyelids fluttered like the wings of captive butterflies, with only a faint glimpse of her bright blue iris shining under the thick black bars of her eyelashes. Faint furrows creased her smooth brow as she drew her sculpted eyebrows together in a look you might almost mistake for anger. I could see the tendons rising in her slender neck, could almost see the blood pumping through her glowing veins. A chorus of moans rose from her throat, growing ever louder, and I cringed as I thought if the open window. What if we were discovered? Shame burned my cheeks at the thought. But I was powerless to stop what was going on, even if I wanted to. Steel cuffs on my wrists held my hands anchored to the footboard of the bed. I was stuck watching until Wendy decided otherwise.

My cock throbbed. I couldn't remember the last time I had stayed this hard for this long. My fleeting pleasures had been solitary ones for years now. But my old nerves had never forgotten the scent of a woman. And now I was tormented by that scent, the primal smell of Wendy's arousal filling my nostrils from the wet underwear she had placed over my nose. Her intention was to drive me wild with desire. It was working. Breathing in her intoxicating scent, I kneeled and watched as she lay on the bed in front of me, her legs spread and her wet sex glistening with the nectar of her passion. There was nothing else I could do.

“Oh my God,” Wendy shrieked. She was too far gone in her pleasure to worry about the risk of being heard. Her husband slept in the next cabin over, but she seemed to have forgotten all about that as she thrashed and screamed in my bed. Her hand was a frantic blur between her legs now as she manipulated herself, and I groaned in frustrated desire as I saw the tension in her lovely body. The metallic heels of her boots caught in the rented sheets as her legs thrashed in ecstasy, her feet drumming silently against the mattress as her orgasm approached. I watched the sheet darken underneath her, her fingers shining with her own juices as her spasming pussy erupted, making my mouth water with desire. Helpless and humiliated, I watched my daughter in law cum right in front of me while my raging cock went completely ignored, twitching and throbbing at the foot of the bed.

“Oh my God,” Wendy said again, sighing the words this time instead of screaming them. From where I kneeled, I could see her thighs shaking uncontrollably, her skin shining with wetness as she smiled down at me. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure. Dark strands of hair clung to the faint sheen of sweat on her forehead. She looked exactly like what she was, a woman in the flush that follows orgasm, and there wasn't a single cell in my body that didn't yearn to touch her, to taste her, to merge my monstrous lust with hers until we howled again in mutual pleasure.

But that wasn't what Wendy wanted.

“Did you like watching me cum, you dirty old pervert?” Wendy grinned as she mocked me. Her dripping fingers still hovered over her pussy, shining with the evidence of her orgasm as she continued to tease her own swollen lips. She wasn't done, I could see that. Her orgasm had merely been an appetizer, a promise of more to come. My heart throbbed at the thought of what else my beautiful daughter in law might do.

“Yes, Wendy,” I croaked. There wasn't much else to say. I couldn't deny the truth. All she had to do was look down, and she'd see the unbelievable hardness of my cock, leaping and twitching in

time with my pounding heart as I kneeled before her. It was as though Wendy had reached into my heart and pulled out all of my darkest and most forbidden fantasies. I had never dared to indulge these inclinations with my wife when she was alive. I had been terrified that they would appall her, that she would think less of me as a man. And now Wendy was making my dreams come true, even as she tortured me with my own inadequacy. But she wasn't doing this for me. This was what she wanted. And that was the most thrilling thing of all.

"I bet you did." Her low feminine chuckle turned into a shiver that raced along my jangling spine as she laughed at me. "Some hot young thing in your bed. I bet you never dreamed this would happen, did you?"

"No, Wendy."

"How bad do you want me right now?"

"So bad, Wendy. I - I need to cum, please. Please let me go!" Wendy's brow furrowed again as she frowned.

"Let you go? God no, I'm not doing that. We're not done here. Far from it. I'm having too much fun to let you go." I felt the bed move as she sat up, her glossy black boots sliding over the crisp white sheet as she moved. I was literally trembling with desire as I stared up at her, a supplicant bowing in the presence of a goddess. She looked so powerful as she loomed over me, so secure in her unquestioned right to use me for her own pleasure. It felt as though all I'd ever wanted was to serve her. No matter how much it hurt.

"If I did let you go, what would you do?" she asked. The cold fire I could see deep down in her cobalt eyes made me nervous. A variety of sensations were swimming through my pulsing veins in the raw heat of the moment, but as she spoke, I felt hope coming to the forefront.

"I'd fuck you," I growled. "I'd pin you down to that bed, and I'd fuck you until you screamed." It was no more than the truth. My bound hands were shaking as I spoke, and Wendy grinned at the

edge in my voice. She knew I was telling the truth. She only had to look at my face to know that. And it excited her to know I wanted her so badly. I could see that clearly.

“That’s what I thought,” Wendy said in a soft voice. “That’s why I’m not going to let you go. You’re not worthy of my young pussy. You don’t deserve it.” Her wicked smile grew as she mocked me to my face. My chest rose and fell as I breathed in what remained of her scent through the panties on my face. In all the universe, for me at that moment there was nothing but her. Her body, her voice, the smell of her passion. It consumed me.

“I’m not ever going to fuck you.” Wendy spoke the words slowly and deliberately, peering into my eyes as though to watch each word land in my feverish brain. “I’m just going to keep teasing you with what you can’t have until you lose your mind. You’re going to become my slave, willing to do anything I say just for a glimpse of me. And I’m going to enjoy keeping you horny and frustrated.” I stared up at her in silence, feeling delighted and terrified in equal measure. There was no doubt in my mind that she could do what she threatened. It had been trivially easy for her to get me to strip for her, to put on the handcuffs she had brought and chain me to my own bed. She had used my own desires against me skilfully, and there was no doubt in my mind that she would be able to do the same thing again and again. There was nothing in me that seemed strong enough to resist her. There was nothing that wanted to. The thought of doing what she told me was darkly thrilling, and the smile on Wendy’s face told me she could see my desire as though it was written across my face.

Wendy’s boots shone as she lifted her legs from the mattress. Rolling towards the side of the bed, she climbed to her feet. Her metal heels rapped on the wooden floor of the cabin as she walked past me. My head turned to watch her go, moving as though by its own volition as I tried to keep her in my line of sight. She had brought a bag with her when she came to see me earlier in the evening; it’s not like she had walked across the resort in her skimpy

underwear and dominatrix boots. Fear bloomed in my stomach as I heard her rummaging in the bag. This was a woman who brought handcuffs with her on vacation. What else might her bag contain? But I couldn't see what she had in her hand as she turned back towards me. Instead, I watched her long-legged stride as she made her way back across the bedroom, her body swaying erotically from side to side as she moved, enhanced by her tall boots. Between the black shine of her boots and the black bra that barely contained the mouth-watering swell of her breasts, my eyes were fixed on the wet lips of her pussy, visible between her toned thighs with every step she took. And Wendy watched me from the corner of her blue eyes with a sly smile on her face. She wanted me to watch. She was basking in my frustrated attention like a plant in a patch of sunlight. At the side of the bed, she reached towards a plug socket, keeping her legs straight as she bent at the waist. I heard her chuckle as I groaned in frustration, watching her pussy shine between her legs as I watched from behind. Wendy knew exactly what she was doing.

The mattress sank under her knee as she climbed back onto the bed. I watched the tight leather of her tall boots straining over her legs, my cock throbbing urgently all the while. I could still taste the cum I had licked from those same boots, and humiliation burned in my chest along with the lust that she continued to stoke. She lay back on the bed, spreading her legs again so that her pussy was boldly displayed in front of me. I saw that she held some kind of toy in her hand, a white wand with a round head and a power cord that she had plugged into the wall behind her. Wendy bent her knees as she shifted down the bed, and I licked my lips involuntarily as her juicy pussy came closer to my face.

"I want you to worship me like a goddess," Wendy purred. "All you're good for is groveling at my feet while I get off. So I want you to lick and kiss my boot while I pleasure myself." The metal bedframe rang like a bell as Wendy raised one booted foot and placed it on the footboard beside my hands. The smell of the leather mingled with the smell of her pussy as I panted with desire. The high gloss of her boots showed glimpses of my own reflection as I stared

at Wendy. She really did look like a goddess. And she was right. I wanted nothing more than to worship at her feet.

A switch clicked, and the wand in Wendy's hand began to buzz. As she pressed the round head between her legs, I heard a loud moan of pleasure rise from her open mouth. My cock throbbed with desire, and I shuffled forward on my knees as my own mouth opened.

"Oh fuck," Wendy gasped as I ran my tongue over her boots. "That's it! That's it! Lick my boots you fucking worm!" And I did. My cheeks burned at the insult, but I couldn't help myself. The slick feel of the leather under my tongue was igniting all my desires, and Wendy's moans and shrieks of ecstasy spurred me on. Losing myself in the moment, I passionately kissed her foot, licking and lapping for all I was worth and debasing myself for her pleasure.

On the bed above me, Wendy began to buck her hips. The vibrator's buzzing filled the room, drifting through the open window and into the night outside. But it was Wendy's shrieks of pleasure that I focused on, my cock leaping with desperation while I watched her pleasure herself. I could feel her toes curling in her boot as I kissed and licked hungrily, silently begging her to cum again.

And she did.

Wendy arched her back, pressing the vibrator hard against her drooling pussy as she shrieked in pleasure. Her boot lifted away from my face as she bent her knees, her sharp heels pointing down the bed at me while her body trembled and shook. The smell of her passion grew stronger as her pussy poured out her juices, soaking the sheets beneath her right in front of me while I watched. With a long moan, Wendy withdrew the vibrator from her pussy and let her legs fall to the mattress. Her body still convulsed with the aftershocks of pleasure. I could see her pussy right in front of me, her swollen lips trembling with the ecstasy I was denied. I shivered too as I stared at her.

"Fuck, that was good," Wendy panted. The vibrator fell silent as she clicked the switch to turn it off. The sudden quiet in the room made my ears ring. Nervously, I listened for any noise outside the cabin that might indicate that we had been discovered. But the star-studded night was silent outside the open window. Wendy's blue eyes glowed as she peered down at me over the steady rise and fall of her beautiful breasts. My cock surged as I looked at her.

"We should do this again sometime," she giggled. My face must have shown my disappointment as she turned and climbed out of the bed again. Her boots clicked across the floor, and it was all I could do not to whimper in frustration and need as I watched her cross the room to where she had left the bag she had brought. I heard the long groan of zippers being unfastened as she took off her boots. As much as I tried to crane my neck, I couldn't quite see her. But I knew she was getting dressed. Soon, she reappeared in my line of sight wearing the same simple sundress and wedge sandals she had arrived in. My daughter in law still looked undeniably sexy, and my attraction to her was intensified by my sexually frustrated state. But she was no longer the dominant goddess of my darkest fantasies. She was just a pretty woman my son had married, Even if I was still kneeling, cuffed to the foot of the bed.

"Please, Wendy," I whimpered. Her devious smile lit her face as she stepped towards me. The key to the cuffs was in her hand, and she smiled as she saw my eyes fix on it.

"Please what?" she asked. "Let you cum? Why would I do that? I told you I'm never going to fuck you. You're here for my pleasure. That's all."

"Yes, Wendy," I gasped, frantically nodding my head. "I'm here for your pleasure."

"I'm glad you agree. And now I've had my fun, I'm done with you." The metal footboard creaked slightly as Wendy perched herself on it, crossing her legs so that one of her sandaled feet dangled in front of me. "Once I let you go, you can do whatever you need to do. Doesn't matter to me. But I had fun here tonight."

“Me too,” I panted. It was true. Watching Wendy cum had been the most painfully frustrating experience of my life, and yet I found that I didn’t want it to be over.

“Maybe I’ll come back tomorrow night,” Wendy smirked. “Would you like that, you filthy old man?”

“Yes please!” I gasped, and Wendy laughed out loud at the desperation in my voice. “Please, Wendy, please! I - I need to see you again. I’ll do whatever you want. Please!”

“That’s right.” Wendy’s eyes glowed as she smiled down at me. “You will do whatever I want, or else this game ends. From now on, I expect total obedience from you, no matter what. Or else you’ll never get to see my perfect pussy ever again.”

“Yes, Wendy,” I said. “I will. I’ll do what you want.”

“Good,” Wendy grinned. “then kiss my foot and tell me that you worship me like a goddess.” She giggled girlishly as I bowed my head without a moment’s hesitation to press my lips against her toes. I tasted the faint salt tang of her skin on my lips as I submitted to her.

“You are a goddess,” I murmured, barely believing the words I was hearing as they tumbled out between my trembling lips. “You’re so beautiful and so sexy. I do worship you.”

“That’s right,” Wendy cackled. “I’m going to keep teasing you with my body, and you’ll never get to have me. You’re not worthy of my pussy. Say it.”

“I’m not worthy of your pussy, Wendy,” I sighed. On the footboard beside me, Wendy squirmed with delight.

“Good,” she grinned. The key she held slid into the lock of the cuffs, and the metal sprang free as she twisted it. I sat back on my knees, rubbing my wrists where the metal had bruised the skin, hoping it wouldn’t show the next day. Wendy smiled down at me. Uncrossing her legs, she tapped the sole of her shoe lightly against

my erection. I gasped with desire as she finally touched me, my nerves throbbing with bliss at even that faint pleasure.

“See you tomorrow, Paul.” Wendy smoothed her dress over her thighs as she stood. I was still kneeling on the floor as she grabbed her bag and stepped out of the door. In an instant, she was gone, swallowed up by the placid night as she made her way back to the cabin she shared with my son.

I still wore her panties on my face. I could still taste her skin in my mouth. I didn't even get up from the floor. Haunted by the memory of what she had done to me, I wrapped my hand around my rock-hard cock and began to stroke myself there and then. The image of Wendy in her tall boots, her body exploding with pleasure, shone before me as though she had never left. In a matter of seconds, I came, spurting my cum all over the floor of the cabin. I was hooked. There was no way to deny it. My daughter in law owned me now.

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The sun was only just rising as I stepped out of the shower. It had been a long night. My sleep had been torn by wild dreams that merged with memories, visions of Wendy racing through my head as I watched the dark hours crawl past. I was racked with guilt. Wendy and I hadn't fucked, and she was adamant that we never would. But what we had done was a kind of sex act; there was no getting around that. Wendy was my son's wife, and I couldn't shake the feeling of betrayal that clung to me as I stared up at the ceiling.

But that did nothing to keep my cock from aching. Despite my orgasm the moment Wendy had freed me, my cock was hard again almost immediately. It was an experience I hadn't had in years, one I thought I would never have again. As though my desire for my sexy daughter in law had rolled back the clock to when I was a younger man and my sex drive burned like a hot wire inside me. I didn't count how many times I had recourse to solitary pleasure that night. I only know it was a lot. And by the time morning came, I felt utterly drained.

After my shower, I pulled on my bathing suit and a T-shirt and grabbed a clean towel. I was trying not to think about Wendy as I headed for the pool, as impossible as that was. The loungers by the pool were still mostly unclaimed at that early hour, and I was able to claim a spot for us in the shade of a palapa. While my heart fluttered in my chest, knowing that the moment was coming when I would have to face Wendy again after all that had happened the night before, I tried my best to relax. The sun dragged itself across the sky as the morning wore on, and the other lounges began to fill with the other guests of the small resort.

When Wendy finally emerged, I knew at once. My eyes were drawn to her as soon as she appeared from behind a stand of palm trees near the pool. And I wasn't the only one. She looked absolutely stunning as she made her way towards the pool. Her wedge sandals made her hips sway from side to side with every step she took, an effect that was enhanced by the translucent wrap she had tied around her hips. She had packed her luscious body into a tiny red bikini that flaunted the irresistible curves of her body. A large sun hat cast a shadow across her face, but I saw her smile as her eyes found me across the pool. My heart began to race as she approached, but I tried to act casual as she lowered her beautiful body onto the lounge beside me.

"No Andrew this morning?" I asked.

"He's sleeping in," Wendy said. Her large sunglasses obscured her eyes as she gazed out across the pool. I didn't press for more information. As nervous as it made me to be alone with Wendy, even in public, I was glad that my son wasn't there. It was going to be excruciatingly awkward to act like nothing had happened between his wife and I, and I was eager to delay that encounter for as long as possible.

"Can you go get me a drink?" Wendy suddenly asked, still without turning her head in my direction. "Just an orange juice would be great." For a moment I bristled. My natural response was to tell her to get her own damn drink from the bar that stood beside the

pool. But then the memories from last night rose up. I had pledged to do whatever she said. She had called me her slave. And I had agreed. If I wanted a repeat performance, I had to do what she said. And I wanted that more than anything. My cock twitched against my leg, and I carefully rearranged my trunks as I sat up on the lounge.

“Sure,” I said. Heaving a deep sigh, I stood and made my way to the bar. Wendy smiled as she watched me go, and her smile thrilled and scared me in equal measure. She was testing me, I was sure of that. And the rational part of my brain was screaming at me that this was my way out of this bizarre situation. As I ordered her drink from the barman, I was forced to confront the simple fact that I didn’t want out of it. What we were doing was wrong; there was no question of that. But I couldn’t help myself. Wendy exerted a mysterious pull on me, a force as inescapable as gravity drawing me towards her. I was locked in her orbit, and I didn’t want to break free.

When I returned with a drink for her and another for me, Wendy’s white teeth showed in a dazzling smile. She took the cool glass from my hand and touched it to her forehead before lowering it to her lips. I watched as she took a careful sip. Judging by her makeup, Wendy hadn’t come out here to swim. My cock twitched again, and I struggled to keep my arousal in check as I quickly turned my gaze away from her. How embarrassing, for a man of my age to be getting an erection in public! My cheeks colored as I considered that this was exactly what Wendy wanted.

“Oh no!” I turned my head back to Wendy as she set down her glass on a small table beside her.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I just realized, I forgot to get Andrew to put sunscreen on me before I came out,” she said. Her tone sounded genuine enough. But the smile that shone under her sunglasses told me all I needed to know. In numbed desire, I waited for her to continue.

Her deep cleavage showed as she bent at the waist, rummaging in the large beach bag she had brought with her. Her breasts

threatened to spill out of the cups of her skimpy red bikini, and my cock began to throb as I watched. I pulled a corner of my towel over my lap to hide my disgrace as Wendy straightened up again. There was a bottle of sunscreen in her hand.

“Could you help me out?” she smiled. The mischief in her face made my stomach flutter. Wendy knew exactly what she was doing. But I knew the consequences of refusal. All through my sleepless night, I had been tormented by the thought that she might decide not to repeat what we had done. The thought terrified me.

Wendy’s smile deepened as I wordlessly took the bottle of sunscreen from her. The shade cast by her sunhat moved across her shoulders as she cast a quick glancing look around us to make sure no one was in hearing distance. Then she turned back to me.

“Good boy,” she said with a condescending smile. “That’s a good slave.”

Poolside Domination

The Hawaiian sun beat down, making the textured concrete around the resort pool roasting hot. I was glad I had gotten up early and found us some shade, or else the sun would be hard to take for any length of time. As I moved in and out of the shadow cast by the palapa, I could feel the power of the sun on my skin. At least I hoped it might hide some of my discomfort. Because it wasn't just the sun that was making me sweat. It wasn't the sun that was turning my cheeks red. I could feel the eyes of the other vacationers on me, and I wondered what they were thinking. Did they know who Wendy was in relationship to me? Could they guess? And if so, what did they think as they watched me?

I tried to keep my hands steady as I ran them over Wendy's body. She reclined on her sun lounger, her eyes hidden by her large sunglasses and her face cast in shadow by her hat. I started off small. Her shoulders. About the most innocent part of her body I could touch. Wendy didn't make it easy for me. She barely moved, simply lying back and letting me work around her like some kind of servant. And it was making me hard. I constantly had to adjust myself, trying to hide my growing erection from the increasingly busy pool. Wendy's skin was as soft as butter under my fingers, and the unwanted visions of the night before refused to stop playing in my mind. All I had wanted then was to touch her, and she denied me. Now I was getting my wish, but in circumstances that made it possible to fully enjoy it. And the uncomfortable situation was made even worse by the thought that my son could show up at any moment and ask me what I was doing with his wife.

Coated with suntan lotion that gave off a smell of coconuts, my hands slid down Wendy's arms. She lazily raised her arm as I rubbed the cream into the surface of her skin. I realized that the breath was catching in my throat, and I tried to calm myself by steadying my breathing. Wendy might almost have been asleep for all the attention she paid me. I moved from one arm to the other,

leaning over her prone body to get to her other arm. I winced when she raised the hand I had let fall back onto the lounge and brushed it against the front of my swim trunks, grazing the hard bulge of my erection. A momentary touch that could almost have been an accident. If I didn't know better. With Wendy, there were no accidents. I glanced at her face and saw a sly smile on her lips as I tried to continue with my task.

"What about here?" Her hand continued on its upward path, and her fingers danced over the expanse of her chest above the bursting cups of her skimpy red bikini. I drew a deep breath. In the convex lenses of her dark glasses, I could see two small versions of myself, my face troubled and uncertain as I leaned over my daughter in law. I was in no position to argue. Wendy had made that abundantly clear. If I wanted her to pay me another nocturnal visit - and I wanted that more than anything - I was going to have to do what she said. Besides, as the bulge in my shorts showed, I wanted to do what she said. I really did. But why here? Why now, with a group of strangers watching our every move? Still, I said nothing. I simply squeezed the slippery bottle and squirted more suntan lotion onto my hands.

Wendy sighed happily as my hands touched her chest. I rubbed the lotion over her skin, trying desperately to keep my cool. The soft flesh of her breasts bounced to my touch as I worked my way slowly down, my eyes drawn irresistibly to her cleavage while my fingers caressed her quivering flesh. Although her sunglasses hid her eyes, I felt sure she was watching me. The gentle smile on her face said it all. She was enjoying my discomfort as much as she was enjoying my hands on her body. And my hands moved steadily lower, and lower, my desire beginning to drown out my embarrassment as I massaged her breasts. There was no way for me not to see the faint shape of her nipples through her bathing suit as they began to swell. There was no way for me to look anywhere else. Wendy was getting aroused, I could see that much as her nipples swelled in her bikini, and it was making my own predicament worse. I leaned forward over my daughter in law's incredible body, hoping that my posture would help to conceal my own embarrassing condition. But with Wendy's

breasts in my hands, I was almost beginning to forget about the other people clustered around the pool. I was almost beginning to forget what a strange situation she had manufactured here. Lost in lust, I kept rubbing her skin and feeling the youthful energy of her body under my hands as I drooled over her.

“Ok, I think you got those,” Wendy finally said. Her quiet giggle pulled me abruptly out of the reverie I had sunk into, racked by lust and frustration. Like a swimmer surfacing from underwater, I drew a deep breath as though it had been a long time since my last one. I felt dizzy. While Wendy smiled up at me, I squeezed more lotion onto my hands and moved down her body.

Her stomach was taut and toned, slightly concave as she lay on her back. A long line of visible muscle ran vertically down her midsection like an arrow pointing downwards, and I could feel the rigidity of her muscles under her skin like iron under silk. I'm old enough to remember when women didn't go to gyms, when they were other slender or fat but never taut and toned like they are now. Wendy was in incredible shape, and I was all too aware of that fact as I ran my hands over her stomach. Heading inexorably downwards. Her waist was narrow beneath her ribs, her smooth skin entirely free of flaws and blemishes, and my hands were trembling as I reached the waistband of her bikini bottoms. A tiny scrap of red fabric hid her sex from me. That was all. Just a meager triangle of spandex to separate us, to deny me what I had been longing for all night. The blood roared in my ears as I rubbed Wendy's skin with hungry hands. My fingers fluttered over the top of her bikini. She made no move to stop me. Under the pretense of being diligent, I pushed the waistband slowly down. My fingers hid underneath her swimsuit. Wendy's chest rose and fell as she let out a long sigh, her breasts bouncing in the hardworking bikini that struggled to contain them. Still she didn't stop me. Her hands lay at her sides, her eyes hidden from me by her sunglasses, her lips, painted coral red to match the bikini, slightly parted to reveal her strong white teeth and the dark cavern of her mouth. It was all I could do to suppress a groan of frustrated desire as my fingers brushed against her pubic

hair. If I touched her now, I found myself wondering, if I slid my lubricated fingers down and ran them over the tender lips of her sex, would she stop me? Would she say anything at all? Would she let me finger her, right here in front of everyone at the edge of the pool? She certainly wasn't stopping me as my hands continued to explore her body. My addled brain screamed at me to take the plunge, to ear down her swimsuit and plunge my fingers and tongue into her wet warmth as though there was no one there watching us. What would she do if I did? Did Wendy want me to? Her nipples still stood out proudly from the twin mounds of her breasts. There was no doubt in my mind that this was turning her on, just as it turned me on.

But there was nothing I could do. No matter how much I wanted it, I couldn't do anything about my desire out in public. And Wendy knew it. It was almost like she was daring me to act, trying to see how far she could push me before I lost control. My hands shook, and my cock throbbed with denial and desire. But Wendy's bikini bottoms snapped back into place as I removed my hand. She sighed again and shifted slightly in her seat as I began to work on her inner thighs instead.

The concrete was warm against my skin as I placed one knee on the floor beside Wendy's lounge. I hoped the shadows of my leg and the folds of my swimming trunks would hide the evidence of my arousal as I touched her body. My cock was rock hard now, throbbing stubbornly in my shorts, and Wendy knew it, but the last thing I wanted was for anyone else to see. The skin was warm between Wendy's legs, and she parted them obligingly as I rubbed sunscreen into her thighs. Kneeling beside her, I was looking straight up at her sex now, and I could clearly see the shape of her swollen lips through the clinging fabric of the bikini. My fingers crept higher and higher, savoring the touch of her flawless thighs. Wendy's breathing was quicker than it should be. I could see that as I watched her breasts rise and fall on her chest. Her face was almost hidden from my view as I crouched at her side. It didn't matter. I knew that she was aroused. And my fingers crept ever higher, and my thumb brushed just lightly, as though by accident, against the

mound of her pussy. Wendy shifted on her lounge as though an electric current had passed through her, and I heard the raggedness of her breath as she let out a fluttering sigh. A sly smile crept across my face. I was getting to her. It felt good to be the one teasing her for a change, even if I couldn't do what I truly wanted. Which was to climb on top of her gorgeous body, to pin her down on the lounge and fuck her until she screamed. This was the next best thing. It was the best I could do.

My thumb brushed against her again, and Wendy moaned. I glanced surreptitiously around. The pool area was far busier now than it had been when I arrived, but there was still enough space around us for us not to be heard so long as we kept our voices low. No one was in the pool at the moment, and the people on the far side of the water were too far away to see exactly what my hands were doing. They could see me kneeling at the side of a much younger woman with my hands between her legs, but I hoped that the sunscreen bottle on the floor beside me would explain that. The truth was, I hardly cared anymore. Touching her, teasing her was such a giddy thrill that I was willing to risk exposure. It was a rich kind of payback, I thought, for what she had put me through last night. Wendy writhed again on top of the lounge as I pressed my thumb against her pussy, harder this time, tracing the shape of her swollen lips through the bright red fabric. I could feel the tension in her body as she squirmed above me, could hear the gasps and moans that she struggled to suppress. I was tormenting myself as well as her, my cock throbbing uncontrollably in my swimming trunks. But I didn't care. I couldn't keep myself from touching her, and I was willing to risk discovery to do so.

Wendy's face was pink as she struggled up onto her elbows, and I knew it wasn't from the sun. I could see the rapidity of her breath as she peered down at me from under her sun hat, the brightness of the day shining in the dark lenses of her sunglasses. A single finger pointed downwards.

“Keep going,” Wendy panted, adjusting herself on the sun lounger. “Don’t forget my feet.” Inwardly, I protested. Even in the bright light of day, I wanted to keep touching Wendy between her legs, to feel the dull pulse of her arousal that echoed my own. But outwardly, I kept silent. It amazed even me to see how easily I had slipped into this subservient role with her, but there was something in her demanding tone that stopped me from questioning her. I wanted to obey. Especially since I still hoped to be rewarded.

So I reluctantly shuffled back on my knees while Wendy lay back down on her lounger. The sunscreen was cool against my hands as I squeezed the slick bottle again and began to massage it into her thighs. The muscles of her legs were solid, and my cock throbbed as I imagined those strong legs wrapped around my waist, pulling y against her, into her, my cock sliding between those swollen lips while she moaned and groaned in ecstasy, just like she had last night. My cheeks burned with shame, but there was nothing I could do to stop the onslaught of dirty thoughts that swept over me. My son was a lucky man, to be married to this goddess. And here I was, massaging her legs while my cock ached with desire. I tried to focus on something else, but how do you do that when all you can feel under your hands is soft female skin? Especially when it’s been years since you were with a woman. Slowly, while the sun rolled across the tropical sky, I rubbed lotion into Wendy’s skin, working my way downwards until I reached her feet. I took each toe in turn, thoroughly coating them with lotion, and my cock throbbed more than I would have believed possible. I could remember all too well the way Wendy had looked in her tall sexy boots, the way the slick leather had tasted under my tongue, and it drove me wild with desire. I had never in my wildest dreams imagined that it would be so exciting to give a woman a foot massage.

And I wasn’t the only one enjoying it. As I rubbed her soles with my thumbs, I realized that Wendy was purring in delight. With her face obscured by sunglasses and the deep shade of her sun hat, it was hard to see her expression. But I couldn’t miss the smile on her red lips as she lay back in her chair. And I could hear the noises of

pleasure she was making deep in her throat. I pressed harder. Pleasing Wendy had become the tiny point of focus in the confusing world that swirled around me, and nothing seemed as important as making her happy. I hoped that my bunched thighs would conceal the hardness of my cock as I kneeled on the concrete beside her lounge and rubbed her feet for all I was worth. I hadn't known sensations like this for years. It felt as though I was coming back to life, as though cobwebbed nerves of my body were sparking and crackling after years of disuse. It felt almost as though I could cum right there, by the side of the pool, just from the feel of my daughter in law's feet in my hands.

But it wasn't to be.

Wendy slid forward and placed a slick foot in the center of my chest. I looked up in confusion.

"That's enough," she said. "Andrew's coming." My head snapped upwards. Over in the shade of the palm trees, I could see my son approaching. My knees protested as I sprang upwards, flinging myself down on the sun lounge beside Wendy before he could see us. I snatched up my towel, carefully arranging it over my lap to hide the obvious bulge of my frustrated desire. Andrew smiled as he approached.

"Hey, Dad," he said, and my heart burned with shame as I greeted him back. Wendy raised her head from the sun lounge as he bent over her, and their lips met in a kiss that went on longer than I expected. As Andrew lowered himself onto the lounge on the far side of Wendy, she reached for the bottle of sunscreen that lay on the concrete where I had kneeled just moments before. A small puddle of the viscous liquid had dripped from the bottle onto the warm floor. Wendy lifted the bottle, and I slipped my own sunglasses on to hid my lustful eyes as I watched her body move and twist, barely concealed by her skimpy red bikini.

"You're just in time, honey," Wendy smiled. "Can you do my back?"

“Sure,” Andrew shrugged as he took the bottle from her hand. Smiling, Wendy rolled over. Her dark hair fell around her shoulders as she swept off her hat, casually handing it to me without a word. I tried to accept it just as casually, laying it down on top of the towel that covered my throbbing erection. I kept my head facing the pool in front of me, but my attention was all on her, watching every movement she made from the corner of my eyes. Wendy lay on her stomach, pillowing her head on her folded arms. With rising desire, I watched as she reached behind her back and deftly unfastened her straining bikini top, letting the straps fall off her shoulders. She was topless. My sexy daughter in law was topless and lying next to me, and I had to pretend that I hadn’t noticed while my blood boiled with desire for her. Wendy’s sunglasses hid her eyes from my gaze, just as mine hid my eyes from her. But she knew I was watching. And I knew she was watching me, her face turned towards me as she lay on her stomach with a smile raising her red lips.

It was torture. Andrew perched on the edge of Wendy’s lounge, and his hands slid easily up and down her back. My heart burned with jealousy as I watched him touch her, just as I had been doing until he came along. In some dim corner of my mind, I wondered what the other guests of the resort, who had watched me with Wendy, thought about what they were now seeing. But my own frustration was too great for me to give it much thought. I watched in helpless rage as my son’s hands caressed his wife’s gorgeous body, and wished that it was me instead.

Wendy sighed. I knew that sound of pleasure, and I knew it was aimed at me like an arrow. It found its mark. I was glad of the additional cover Wendy’s sunhat provided as my cock throbbed urgently under the towel. Andrew’s hands rose up and down, and Wendy giggled girlishly as they reached underneath her, approaching her bare breasts. My son seemed almost to have forgotten that I was there. From the corner of my eye I watched as he leaned forward, deepening Wendy’s sly smile with a kiss on her shoulder as he lay on top of her. His desire for her was obvious, and I hoped that I had concealed my own better, while fearing that I

hadn't. Wendy was beautiful, more than any man could resist. But my son had the advantage of youth, and marriage, and love on his side. Wendy didn't love me, any more than I loved her. She just loved teasing me. And I loved it too.

Andrew's lucky hands kept moving. I watched, unable to tear my gaze away, as my son's hands slid slowly down his wife's body. The red string of her bikini bottoms vanished between the smooth globes of her buttocks, making her look as though she was lying naked on the sun lounger. I could hardly blame Andrew for spending more time on those flawless cheeks than was strictly necessary. He kneaded her backside as he smeared sunscreen over her skin, and Wendy sighed happily. She was basking in the attention, both Andrew's and mine, her twisted and devious brain sparking with the thought that she had bot father and son lusting after her. But only one of us would get what he wanted. And Wendy had made it clear that it wasn't going to be me. Andrew's hands gripped and squeezed Wendy's buttocks, and I pretended not to notice as my son delivered a quick little slap to his wife's ass, and she squealed in delight. Watching the two of them was tugging at every last nerve I had, tormenting me with the knowledge of everything I could never have, and the relentless pressure swelled inside me until I could hardly breathe.

Something had to give. I had to do something to stem the flow of rage and desire inside me that made me want to scream. Setting Wendy's hat down on the floor beside me, I held my bunched towel in front of me to hide my relentless erection as I stood.

"I left something in my cabin," I said pointlessly. Andrew didn't seem to hear me at all, lost as he was in tactile appreciation of Wendy's body. And she made no response. Her white teeth showed in her broad grin as she lay on her stomach, basking in all the attention. Defeated, I scuttled away, hurrying across the resort complex in full retreat, like an old stag that is defeated by a younger challenger and knows that he has been replaced.

It was cool inside my cabin, the shutters closed against the heat of the day. The disarray of the room showed me that the

housekeeping staff hadn't arrived yet. The bed still bore the mangled impression of my body, the sheets twisted and scattered by my insomnia. Almost blind with lust, I stumbled towards the bathroom. Avoiding my eyes in the mirror, I tossed the towel I held to the floor and pulled down my swimsuit. My erection sprang forward, throbbing with the dark blood of desire as I stood above the toilet. I sighed as I wrapped my fingers around my cock and closed my eyes. Immediately, the image of Wendy's perfect ass rose up in front of my closed eyes, as though she was right there in the room with me. I gave a shuddering gasp as my hand started to move up and down, my pleasure rushing towards me with each solitary stroke.

And that's how she found me.

Unknown to me, Wendy had left the poolside right after I did. She knew where I was going, and why. It was almost uncanny, the woman's ability to see through my mind and read my actions. The door of my cabin wasn't locked, and she let herself in quietly. Her wedge sandals were quiet on the floor, their sound drowned out by my groans and gasps as I jerked myself off.

"Well, well, well." I jumped with fright at the sound of her voice, my eyes snapping open as my head turned. Fear and shame and guilt bloomed inside me as I looked at my daughter in law with my hard cock in my hand. Her bright blue eyes sparkled with amusement as they skipped over my body, lingering on my manhood to leave me in no doubt that she had seen everything I would have liked to conceal from her.

"Wendy," I gasped, "I - I didn't -" I fell silent. There was nothing I could say, no way to lie my way out of what she had seen. We both knew it. Wendy's body swayed slowly from side to side as she walked towards me, her red lips lifting in the devious smile I was coming to know so well, the one that made my heart thump against my chest every time I saw it.

"Sshh," she smiled, pressing a single finger to her plump lips. "I guess I was just too much for you, huh? You better have been thinking about me while you did that."

“I - I was,” I gasped, truthfully. Touching Wendy’s incredible body was the closest I had come to sex in more years than I cared to count, and the memory of the things we had done together haunted my every waking moment. Of course it was Wendy I thought of, as I stroked myself in the bathroom. Since she had come to me in the night, unexpected and unexplained, Wendy was almost all I thought of.

“Good,” she smirked. Standing beside me, her fingers drifted down to rest on my hand. Slowly, gently, she tugged on my wrist, and I let her pull my hand away from my twitching cock. My hands hung limply at my sides as Wendy released my wrist and reached for my cock. I groaned in abject desire as her outstretched finger traced the pattern of swollen veins on my shaft.

“It’s just too easy to turn you on,” she smiled. “I bet it was killing you, watching Andrew out there, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, Wendy,” I gasped. “Please - I want you so bad!”

“Oh, I know you do. You dirty old man,” she smirked. “But you know you don’t deserve a woman like me. Don’t you?”

“Yes, Wendy,” I babbled in shame and disgrace while her hand continued to toy with my cock.

“Well, since you were such an obedient slave out there, I’m going to give you a treat,” Wendy smiled. My heart soared as she took a half-step back and picked up a bottle of suntan lotion that sat beside the bathroom sink. The bottle made a wet sound as she squirted some into her palm. Setting the bottle aside again, she reached for my cock, and I groaned loudly as she wrapped her lubricated fingers around it.

“See?” Wendy said, and I groaned again in inexpressible pleasure as she slid her hand up and down my cock. “It’s not all bad, being my slave. You don’t get to fuck me, but there are some rewards.” She leaned close against me, and I could smell the coconut perfume of the lotion that covered her glistening body. I could feel the firm curves of her youthful form, her breasts pressing

against my side as they threatened to spill out of her tiny red bikini with every breath she took. My own breath was rapid and ragged, my body tensing and spasming as orgasm approached. Wendy's breath was hot against my ear as she spoke.

"Just keep doing what I tell you," she whispered. "Keep being my obedient little slave, and I'll show you things you never dreamed of. You're going to worship the ground I walk on once I'm done with you."

"Yes Wendy," I panted, thrilling at the feel of her teeth nipping playfully at my earlobe. My cock swelled in her hand. Joke's on you, Wendy, I thought to myself in the one moment of near-clarity left to me before the white light of orgasm erupted in my brain and drove all rational thought away. I already do worship the ground you walk on.

"Oh my God!" I cried out as I came, raising my hands to the bathroom wall to support myself as my knees grew suddenly weak. Ropes of thick cum jetted from my throbbing cock, splashing against the underside of the toilet lid while more poured from the tip of my cock into the toilet below. It was the orgasm of a much younger man, drawn out of me by my daughter in law's youth and beauty and powerful sexuality, and it was all I could do to stay on my feet as my body went suddenly limp.

Wendy released my cock and stepped away. I turned my head to see her wipe her hand on a towel. The sly smile still shone on her face as she looked at me. As my cock softened, the shame I felt returned, no longer held back by rampant desire. My cheeks reddened.

"Clean yourself up," Wendy ordered. "But don't take too long. I want you back out there in five minutes. I'm not done with my horny little pool boy yet." She turned on her heel and headed for the door, Old habit drew my eyes to her ass, exposed by her thong bikini as she wiggled her way back outside. As the door closed behind her, I drew a deep and shuddering breath. No doubt about it. I was in deep.

Waiting For Wendy

Crickets chirped outside. From time to time, the cry of some unknown bird rose into the swarming air. I couldn't remember ever seeing such stars, so bright and so numerous, hanging in clusters like ripe white grapes from the shimmering sky. The island was beautiful beyond compare. I'd been to Hawaii once before, many years ago, long before Wendy and Andrew were married. Back when I was still married myself. The rules are quite clear about that. Till death do us part; that's when a marriage ends. The love remains, but the marriage is over. We can love the dead - I certainly do, still, after all these years - but we can't be with them. Not physically, anyway. Memories and fantasies will only go so far. Over the long years of solitude, I had tested the bounds of what memory could do. But nothing compares to the warmth of a real female body lying beside you. What I was doing was wrong, I knew that. Wendy was my son's wife. But my unbridled lust allowed me to look the other way. Wendy and I weren't having sex, at least by the technical definition, and so I was able to halfway convince myself that what we were doing wasn't cheating somehow. But that didn't stop the shame I felt, even if the shame was never strong enough to overcome my desire. Wendy would get whatever she wanted from me, even if I knew I should resist her. I couldn't. She could make me dance to her tune with no more than a snap of her fingers. I was hooked. Like a junkie, nothing mattered except my next fix. Not loyalty. Not family. Not love. All that mattered was sex.

And so I sat awake, troubled by uncomfortable thoughts. The night wore on, the stars shifting overhead, the motionless yet ever-moving hand of some cosmic clock. We none of us have much time on this earth, a mere blink in the lives of the stars. Even the mountains whose dim shapes could still be seen against the dark sky through my cabin window outlive countless generations. What is one man's life set against the slow motion of the cosmos What does

any of this really matter? I shook my head in the darkness. I was doing it again. Wrapping my head in existential angst to try and disguise the wrongness of what I was doing. You can fool people for a while, here and there, just like Wendy and I were fooling Andrew. But you can't fool yourself. These were the kind of thoughts that plagued me when my daughter in law wasn't around. Because when she was, I couldn't think of anything at all besides her. Her physical presence drove everything away, the same way the sun outshines the stars and makes them disappear. For all that I had lived a long life, I had never experienced anything quite like this monstrous lust, this total forgetting that occurred when Wendy was near me. New experience makes the oldest of us feel young again, and that was what Wendy gave me. That, and a relief from the heavy burden of control that I had carried all my life like a suit of armor.

And so I sat alone in the darkness. And I waited for Wendy.

The resort slept. One by one, the lights in the neighboring cabins were extinguished. The voices of fellow guests that drifted over the landscaped grounds from the open windows slowly fell silent. The night wore on. I sat as still as a mountain and watched the stars move.

It must have been after midnight when I heard footsteps outside.

I turned in my chair. The door of my cabin creaked slightly as it opened. My heart raced. She had come. Fear and shame and remorse disappeared, just the way I had known they would. Wendy was here. That was all that mattered.

A dim lamp burned in one corner of the room. Wendy stepped inside as the front door closed behind her. She was wrapped in one of the resort's complimentary bathrobes, the blue logo of the company embroidered on the breast, and the soft terrycloth looked almost dazzlingly white where it caught the light from the bedside table. She carried a bag in one hand, the same bag she had brought that very first night on the resort when I had had no idea what to expect. I still didn't. I couldn't say if it was a generational thing, or simply a Wendy thing. But this was a woman whose erotic

imagination far outpaced my own. It was a potent part of her dark charm. Along with the incredible body I knew the bathrobe hid. But Wendy was a consummate tease. For a moment, she stood still in the halo of the lamp, saying nothing, Her blue eyes glimmered at me from deep pools of shadow.

“Hello,” she purred finally. “Waiting for me?”

“Yes,” I admitted. Her devious smile deepened.

“Of course you are,” she said, setting the bag down on the floor beside the bed. She held her robe closed as she bent over the bag, and I heard the clink of metal as she rummaged inside for something. When she straightened up again, there was something hidden in her hand. My cock swelled.

“Of course you were, you dirty old man,” Wendy grinned. “Did you jerk off while you thought about your daughter in law like the nasty pervert you are?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head as I swallowed nervously. Wendy stepped slowly towards me, growing taller as she approached while I stayed seated in my chair. Her eyebrows rose in surprise, but the smile never left her face.

“Saving yourself for me?” she mocked. “That was stupid. I already let you cum once today. That’s more than enough for an old man like you.” I winced and said nothing. Wendy, I knew, was more than capable of using me for her own twisted pleasure and then leaving me frustrated. It’s what she had done the night before, after all. And I can’t deny the temptation, as I waited, to take care of myself in the way she suggested. But something held me back. It wasn’t the hope that my son’s wife might relent and actually allow me to have sex with her; at least, I didn’t think so. Wendy had been quite clear that she had no interest in that. No, the reasons why I hadn’t masturbated while I waited for her were unclear even to me. But I suspected and feared that Wendy’s manner had sunk deeper into my soul than even she knew. I wondered if I was starting to enjoy the tease.

“Would you like to see what I’m wearing under this robe?” Wendy stood above me now, her dark shadow cast across me with the light behind her. The sculpted waves of her dark hair fell around the delicate architecture of her beautiful face. Deep in shadow, her eyes seemed to glow. My heart fluttered as I gazed up at her. My hands shook. Every time this happened, every time she came to me or teased me or flirted with me, I could hardly believe it was happening. But the Wendy that stood above me in my cabin was entirely real.

“Yes,” I said, and cleared my throat, “yes, please!”

“So polite,” Wendy smirked. “But no. Not yet. We don’t want you getting overexcited, do we?” Wendy bent her knees, and my cock throbbed as she lowered her weight onto my lap. Instinctively, my hands reached for her, but my heart tripped as she produced a pair of steel handcuffs from the pocket of her robe. I didn’t resist as she locked the cuffs around one of my wrists. There was no point. If I refused Wendy anything she wanted, the game would be over. And as much as I was ashamed of what we were doing, I knew with crystal clarity that I didn’t want that.

Holding my cuffed wrist, Wendy leaned forward. The slight weight of her body pressed against mine, and the chair creaked underneath us. It was wooden, with a laddered back and a padded seat, and Wendy’s feet reached the floor as she straddled my lap. I could smell her perfume, the floral scent tickling my senses as she pushed my hand back behind the chair. Her robe parted slightly as she moved, and my cock throbbed as I took a long look at the soft mounds of her breasts inside the robe. Distracted by her beauty, I barely noticed as she threaded the handcuffs through the back of the chair and locked them around my other wrist, trapping my arms behind me and securing me to the chair in one swift motion. There was no power in me to resist her.

“That’s better,” Wendy smirked. I felt her weight lift off me as she stood, tugging her robe closed around her again. Bending, she reached for the front of the shorts I wore. I lifted my hips off the chair

to help her, and she pulled my shorts and my underwear down in one quick movement, exposing my throbbing cock as it rose from my body, throbbing in the air between us. Wendy's smile was thrilling as she looked me up and down. The predatory glare in her eyes made me feel at once vulnerable and aroused.

"Good," Wendy said. "I like to see you hard for me. I like to see that cock that's never going to feel what it's like to be inside me." I winced at her words, but my cock throbbed all the more as she spoke. My eyes followed the movement of her hands as she finally parted the robe, shrugging it off her slender shoulders as she stepped out of the collapsing fabric. The dim light made her skin seem to shine, the mobile shadows enhancing the curves of her body and the faint shape of her lean muscles. Wendy stood in front of me completely naked. Other than the robe, all she had worn to come over here was a pair of strappy high heeled shoes that I had last seen at dinner the previous night. The thought of my beautiful daughter in law making her way across the sleeping resort wearing nothing but a bathrobe made my cock lurch with desire.

"That's what I like to see." Wendy's voice was soft as she spoke. I watched in mute frustration as she raised a foot, setting her heel on the edge of the chair between my legs. I winced as she lightly tapped my bobbing cock with the sole of her shoe. "I like to see you all hard and horny and know I'm never going to give you what you want," she gloated. Between her legs, the dark strip of her pubic hair pointed downwards, drawing my eye towards her pussy like a moth drawn to a candle. Her swollen lips showed between her thighs, her sex brazenly on display now that she had rendered me powerless to do anything about it. She looked like a statue of some pagan goddess as she stood above me with one foot raised and her hands on the broad swell of her hips, her full breasts rising from her chest with their engorged nipples rising into the warm night air. My stomach fluttered with unquenchable desire. And Wendy could see it written on my face as though in foot high letters.

“Just imagine it,” she purred. Her heels clicked on the floor as she stepped forward again. Standing with her feet on either side of the chair I was chained to, she lowered herself down into my lap again. This time, there was no robe between us, nothing to keep her soft skin from mine, and I groaned as my stiff cock brushed against her thigh. She inched forward, sighing happily as the underside of my cock pressed into the soft folds of her pussy while she draped her arms over my shoulders. Her breasts rose and fell in front of my face as she breathed slowly, smiling down at me as I gazed hopelessly up at her.

“You’d just love to fuck me, wouldn’t you?” she mocked. “Your own daughter in law. So naughty. You just want to slide that nasty old cock deep inside my cunt, don’t you?” Wendy moved as she spoke, bucking her hips as she ran her lips up and down my shaft. I could feel the wetness of her arousal against the hot skin of my manhood as she ground herself against me. The steel handcuffs bit into my wrists as I writhed beneath her. Wendy knew exactly what she was doing. Every time I tried to push my cock harder against her, she would retreat just a little bit, just enough to keep me panting with frustrated desire. She kept the pressure right where she wanted it, enough to inflame us both with passion, but not enough to push us over the edge. As Wendy rocked back and forth, I could feel her wetness on my thighs, her juices slowly flowing over my skin and filling the warm air with the scent of her arousal.

“Who owns you?” Wendy demanded, her eyes closed under fluttering lids as she threw her head back on her shoulders. “Tell me. Tell me who you serve.”

“You, Wendy,” I gasped, my own words modulating into a groan of desire as her wet lips slid up and down my shaft. “You own me. I’m your slave, Wendy.”

“Fuck,” Wendy gasped. “That’s right. You’re my bitch. Say it!”

“I’m your bitch, Wendy.”

“Oh fuck!” I’d have said anything. And Wendy knew it, and used it, and used me the way I wanted to be used. My cock throbbed wildly as she rubbed herself against it, and I shivered as her hand crept downwards, over the taut muscle of her stomach, brushing against my cock as she reached for her own trembling sex. I felt Wendy shiver on top of me as she touched herself, working her fingers into her own tight pussy while she continued to rub her outer lips against my cock.

Unable to help myself, I lunged forward. Wendy shrieked in delight as I ran my tongue over one of her hardened nipples. Her breasts bounced in front of me as she rocked in my lap, and I delighted in the feeling of her soft flesh against my face while I kissed and licked her beautiful breasts. Her shrieks of delight reverberated through the room as I devoured her breasts, and my cock throbbed in desperation while her wet lips spasmed around my shaft.

It didn’t take long. With the multiple sensations from my mouth and cock and her own fingers, Wendy was in heaven. Her body bucked and bounced, her movements increasingly erratic as her passion overwhelmed her. I moaned and groaned too, willing my cock to surrender to the sensations of pleasure I was feeling. I knew Wendy would be furious if I achieved orgasm without her permission, but I didn’t care. If I hadn’t been cuffed, nothing could have prevented me from taking myself into my own hands.

Wendy shrieked and fell against me. The wild spasming of her pussy made me groan in helpless desire as she came. A hot flood of her juices erupted over us both, coating my cock and balls and thighs in the liquid of her pleasure. Wendy sobbed with relief as she laid her dark head against my shoulder, gasping for air as her orgasm engulfed her.

And I was abandoned. While Wendy took off, I was left alone, hovering on the edge of my own pleasure, moaning and groaning and straining as though I could will myself to cum. But it was no use. Wendy’s wet thighs slid over my own as she backed away, leaving

my teased cock to lurch and throb in the empty air while she sighed her way back to relative normality.

Wendy stood. My wild eyes watched her glowing body, loose and languid with lingering pleasure, as she strutted across the room. Straight-legged, she bent over the bag she had left at the side of the bed, her spread-legged stance making me groan at the sight of the dripping pussy that had driven me to the point of madness. Wendy gave me an evil smile over her shoulder as she found what she was looking for. She climbed onto the bed, holding the vibrator I had seen her use the day before. I watched in numb silence as she plugged it into the wall and turned it on, filling the room with the low buzzing of the powerful motor.

Wendy crawled along the mattress towards me. On all fours, her heavy breasts hung from her chest, her nipples still shining with the traces of my saliva. Her eyes were burning with lust and ecstasy as she stared at me. One hand held the vibrator between her legs while she draped the other arm along the top of the bed's footboard for balance. She was facing me, her eyes boring into mine, and I was able to see every minute sign of physical pleasure in her expression as the buzzing head of the vibrator made contact with her dripping womanhood.

"That's it," Wendy panted. "Oh, that feels so good! You like watching me, you pathetic old fuck? Huh? You wanna watch me cum?"

"Yes, Wendy," I croaked. Watching her was torture, and yet I couldn't look away. The sight of Wendy in the throes of orgasm was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and I wanted to see it again no matter how much it hurt. Wendy's eyes shone as she smiled at me. Her body rocked with anticipation as she raised one foot from the bed, the sharp heel of her shoe pointing straight up at the ceiling while she moved rhythmically.

"God, I wish I was getting fucked right now," she panted. "Not by you, though. By a real man. A real man with a hard young cock that can fuck me all night. Oh God, that sounds good." The buzzing of the

vibrator grew quieter as Wendy pressed it harder against herself, and her teasing was interrupted by her frantic moans. "That's how Andrew fucked me," she gasped, rocking her body back and forth and making her breasts bounce as though she really was getting fucked from behind. "Before I came over here to torture you, you son fucked me so hard. Oh God, it felt so fucking good. I wore him out. I just love getting fucked." I whimpered in my chair as I watched. Wendy's arm wobbled on top of the footboard. A thick vein showed in her slender neck as she moaned and groaned, her breasts swaying beneath her as she convulsed on my bed.

"That's what you'll never have," she panted. "No matter how much you beg. You just get to watch while I cum and dream about what you can't have." Wendy seemed to almost be lost in her own world now. I was a prop for her pleasure, another one of her toys to be used. Nothing more. My cock throbbed in the empty air, still shining with the moisture of her arousal. Over on the bed, her cries were getting louder and louder, faster and faster, and I could see another orgasm rising up inside her as the vibrator did its job. I'd never been so jealous of an inanimate object.

With a loud cry, Wendy dropped the vibrator, still buzzing, to the mattress beneath her. In a sudden flurry of motion, she rolled off the bed and rushed towards me. I felt fear bloom in my guts along with desire as I watched her. She leaned over me, balancing herself with one hand on my leg as she stared deep into my eyes. I winced as her other hand took hold of my balls and squeezed firmly.

"You want to cum, don't you?" she snarled.

"Yes, Wendy, please!" All semblance of pride was gone from me as I begged. Nothing mattered to me at that moment except that Wendy let me achieve orgasm. I barely even cared how.

"You have to do everything I say," she grinned.

"Yes, Wendy, of course!" I babbled. "I'll do whatever you say, I promise! Please!" Wendy released her grip on my balls. Chuckling, she circled around behind me. I felt her fumble with the cuffs, and

one of my wrists was released. The cuffs rattled against the chair's laddered back as Wendy pulled me to my feet. Still holding the cuffs, she tugged me over to the bed. My cock swayed as she pushed me down onto the mattress. The handcuffs clicked around the upright post of the headboard as she locked me to the bed. Then she reached for her bag of tricks.

Wendy produced three more sets of handcuffs. She used them to lock first my free arm, then each of my ankles to the frame of the bed. In a matter of minutes, I was immobilized again, spread out on the mattress this time. My heart swelled with hope as I pictured her climbing on top of me and riding my cock to our mutual satisfaction. But Wendy had other ideas. Her dark hair hung around her shoulders as she kneeled on the mattress beside me, panting with exertion.

"My panties from last night," she said. "Where are they?"

"In the drawer," I said, nodding my head towards the bedside. Smiling, Wendy leaned over me, her boobs dangling temptingly over my face as she retrieved the underwear from the drawer.

"Open wide," she grinned as she stuffed her underwear into my mouth. Then she scooped up the buzzing vibrator and climbed on top of me.

I moaned with frustrated lust as Wendy straddled my face. Her pussy dripped freely as she pressed the vibrator against herself, sliding it up and down her dripping sex. The juices of her desire ran over my face, soaking into the panties she had stuffed into my mouth. The taste of my daughter in law drove me wild with desire, and the cuffs rattled against the bedframe as I struggled to no avail.

Wendy cried out as she came again. I blinked rapidly as her juices splashed all over my face, making me taste her orgasm as she rubbed her pussy all over me. When she finally sat back, my face shone with her cum, the pillow under my head dark with it as I gazed forlornly up at her.

“That’s better,” Wendy sighed. “That’s what I needed.” My ears still rang with her screams and shouts as she switched off the vibrator and tossed it towards her bag. Climbing off the bed, she leaned over the bag again and came back with a roll of tape. Tearing off a wide strip, she stuck it down over my mouth, keeping the soaked panties inside and making it impossible for me to speak.

“You actually thought I was going to let you cum, didn’t you?” she smirked. The expression on my face must have said it all, because Wendy exploded with laughter as she looked at me. “Silly old man,” she mocked. “Why would I do that? I already had my fun. Besides, you came once already today. That’s more than enough for a guy like you.” The smell of her orgasm filled my nose as I panted. My cock stood straight up, pointing at the ceiling and throbbing with unrelieved desire as I watched her move around the bed. Her naked ass swayed from side to side as she made her way over to the small table beside the chair I had been sitting in when she arrived. I watched her scrawl something on a piece of paper branded with the resort’s letterhead. The satisfied smile on her face chilled me to the core as she shimmied her way back towards me. The bed sank under her weight as she perched herself on the mattress beside me.

“You know, I got so carried away there that I almost let you cum,” she grinned. I groaned into her panties as she slid her fingers lightly up and down my shaft, chuckling softly as my cock twitched in response to her touch. “You wouldn’t believe how close I was to actually fucking you. Can you imagine?” Wendy chuckled again as I moaned into the panties. “Yeah, I bet you can,” she said. “I bet you haven’t been able to think of anything else. But then I thought, why would I do that? My toys do a better job of making me cum than you would. And there’s always Andrew, too.”

Wendy leaned forward. I felt the hard nub of her nipple in the middle of her soft breast as it pressed against my own chest. Her teeth nipped at my earlobe again, and I groaned as she teased me mercilessly.

“I’m going to go back to my own cabin now,” Wendy whispered into my ear. Shivers raced up and down my spine as she spoke. “I’m going to wake your son up with a nice, long blowjob. And then I’m going to let him fuck me until I scream. And all the while, I’ll know that you’re here. Tied up and frustrated like the dirty old man you are.”

Wendy sat up. I panted through my nostrils as I looked up at her. There was nothing in her gaze that gave me any reason to think that she was anything other than deadly serious about what she planned to do.

“If you’re lucky, I’ll come by in the morning to free you,” she said. “But Andrew really likes morning sex, so I might be late. If so, maybe the maid will take pity on you and let you go.”

“Mmmpff!” The panties in my mouth muffled my cry of protest as Wendy stood up. I watched as she put her vibrator back into the bag and fished out a twenty dollar bill. She left it, along with the mysterious note she had written, on the bedside table beside me where the lamp still burned.

“Don’t be like that,” Wendy grinned. “You know you love it. Look at this thing.” I moaned in pleasure as she touched my cock again, making my erection bounce as she tapped it with her fingers. My eyes closed as my cheeks reddened. Wendy was right. Even while fear made my stomach convulse, I loved what she was doing to me. Even at its worst.

“Sleep tight, old man,” she said as she pulled her robe back on over her naked body. “I’ll see you in the morning. Maybe.” With that, she clicked out the light. In the darkness, I heard her pick up her bag and head to the door. The door that clicked shut behind her. Her footsteps receded into the night. Bound and gagged, I was left alone with my memories and my frustration and my shame.

My daughter in law really got me this time.

Exposed By My Daughter In Law

It goes without saying that I didn't get any sleep that night. Would you? The handcuffs Wendy had attached to my wrists and ankles made it impossible for me to change my position in the bed. I could still taste her sex in the damp fabric of her panties that filled my mouth, and it fueled the unrelenting desire that contributed to my insomnia. I could hardly believe what she had reduced me to, but at the same time, I asked myself why I was surprised. It was as clear to me as it was to Wendy that she had virtually unlimited power over me. I just couldn't say no to her, even when I knew that I should. This game of hers was going too far, had already gone too far. But I couldn't even lie to myself and pretend that I was going to put a stop to it. I knew I wasn't. The thing that scared me the most, more than discovery, more than humiliation, was the idea that Wendy might stop doing what she was doing to me. It was a thought I simply couldn't abide. And I would do anything, apparently absolutely anything, to make sure we kept playing. The last few days, for all the shame and degradation and frustration they caused me, were the most wildly exciting times I'd had in years. My kinky daughter in law made my heart beat in a way I had thought I would never experience again. She made long and lonely years vanish into nothing. I needed it more than I could say. And no price seemed too high to pay for the rush of excitement she gave me.

That doesn't mean, as I lay there gagged and shackled to the bed of my hotel room, that I didn't feel anxious about what was going to happen.

The stars waltzed across the sky, and the light slowly grew. The sky turned gray behind the deep blue mountains, and then yellow, and finally golden. The sun rose. Day dawned, and I lay silent in the bed that had become my prison, praying that Wendy would soon come. Every time I thought of her, my cock lurched. It had been rising and falling all night, tracing the pattern of my arousal like a

seismometer. Every time it started to soften, I would remember how it was that I came to be in the compromising position I was in, and my manhood would start to rise again. But the sun climbed the sky, and Wendy didn't come. It was impossible not to think of what she had said to me, about how she usually spent her mornings.

Impossible not to think of her screaming in ecstasy as my son fucked her in their rented bed. And I wondered if her screams might be just that little bit louder, her pleasure a little more intense, as she thought of me, lying her, bound and helpless for her amusement. The thought made my heart throb. That such a beautiful, wild and sexy woman as Wendy had proved herself to be would involve me in her sex life, even in the bizarre way she had done so - it seemed unreal to me, even then.

But Wendy didn't come. My cock throbbed as I pictured her body contorted in pleasure, rocking to the rhythm of physical bliss just as it had the night before in front of my wild eyes. But Wendy didn't come. The air grew hotter as the sun swelled above the mountains, pouring its heat down on the tropical island where the palm trees swayed in the gentle breeze from the sea, dancing with their own mobile shadows. And Wendy didn't come.

My heart tightened like a fist. I could hear the housekeeping staff outside, talking to one another in a language I didn't recognize as they made their way across the open space of the resort. The holiday apartments were a cluster of small cabins, separated from one another by a patch of dense grass and a few palm trees, and the maids pushed their carts from one room to another as they made their rounds. My own cabin was at one edge of the group, and I had noticed that it was one of the last ones the maids got to. There was still time for Wendy to get here and free me, to save me from the shame my captivity would bring me. The fact that she had left a note and a generous tip on the bedside table beside me terrified me with the implication that she intended for me to be found. But surely even Wendy wasn't that cruel? I hoped desperately that it was all a game, a psychological trick, a mind-fuck. Wendy was an expert at getting me into these positions, I knew. If she had been there, I would have

promised her the earth not to be embarrassed like this. If that was what she wanted, she had achieved it admirably. If she were to walk through the door now - no? How about NOW - no. Maybe NOW - I would have agreed to anything she asked of me.

But Wendy didn't come. The sun swam lazily through the bright blue sky, and the maid's carts clattered, their laughing voices getting closer and closer, and my stomach grew tight with fear and shame, and Wendy didn't come. My heart grew heavy with fear as I realized she wasn't going to.

My cuffs rattled as footsteps climbed the few stairs up to the front door of my cabin. A hand rapped on the door.

"Housekeeping!" A woman's voice called.

"Mmmpf!" I tried my best to yell, to make some sort of noise that might scare the maid away. But Wendy had done her job too well. Her panties from the day before stuffed my cheeks, and the broad tape across my mouth kept my lips tight together. I thrashed from side to side in the bed, but the rattle of the cuffs that held me wasn't loud enough to be heard from the other side of the cabin door. I heard the lock click, and my heart convulsed even as my embarrassingly hard cock throbbed, out of control as though I was a teenager again. The maid stepped inside.

"Hello?" she called. "Houseke - " and our eyes met. She was young, not yet out of her early twenties. Her black hair was tied back in a practical ponytail, showing a tanned face with almond-shaped eyes. Filipino, I suspected, her features a mixture of Asian and Hispanic traces. Her eyes went wide as they met mine. Her jaw slowly dropped, revealing the dark cavern of her mouth surrounded by the ring of her pink lips. For a moment, a moment that seemed to drag on interminably, she stood at the end of the hall where the cabin opened out and just stared at me. Unable to speak, unable to move, I simply stared back.

Finally, the maid stepped slowly forward. Her tennis shoes were silent on the cabin floor as she approached the bed. She was

nervous, I could see that. Hesitant. Who wouldn't be? She had no idea what she was walking into. Her eyes flickered over my body, just briefly, and my cheeks reddened. There was nothing I could do about the erection that rose from my body, my hard cock pointing up at the ceiling beyond my control. In fact - again, the truth stung me, but there was no point in denying it - the shame I was feeling only heightened my arousal. The young maid's eyes spotted the note on the table beside the bed as she cautiously approached, and I watched a cluster of faint lines appear in her smooth brow as she picked up the piece of paper Wendy had left for her. I could see her brown eyes moving from side to side as she read the words Wendy had written, her lips moving in silent little motions as she studied the words. I had no idea what the note said. But knowing Wendy, I had to assume it was something humiliating for me. The maid's eyes returned to me once she had finished reading the note. Her hand deftly slipped the twenty dollar bill Wendy had left into a pocket of her pants. She seemed to be thinking, considering her next action. Desperate not to frighten her, I made no attempt to move or to speak. It was pointless anyway. Wendy knew what she was doing when she tied me down.

The maid seemed to decide on her next course of action. Without a word, she quickly turned and all but ran to the door.

"Mmmpf!" I cried at her retreating back while the cuffs rattled against the bedframe. But it was too late. She was already gone.

In the silence that followed I had plenty of time to consider my position. There was no doubt in my mind that news of my predicament would soon be all over the resort. I was dying to know what Wendy had written in that note of hers, but the maid had placed it back on the bedside table, far out of my reach. My chest rose and fell as I breathed evenly, trying to calm myself. After all, there was nothing I could do about it now, I told myself. I had been discovered. Just as Wendy had planned. If only I could stop myself thinking of her. If only I could stop my cock from throbbing with arousal at every image of my daughter in law that danced through my brain. Maybe

then, the disgrace of being caught like this wouldn't have been so bad.

Voices outside. More footsteps. My head snapped towards the door of the cabin as people entered. The first Maid had returned, but she was no longer alone. Beside her, an older woman in the same uniform stood beside her, her blonde hair tied back behind her head in a thick braid. The new woman's icy blue eyes took me in, took in all of me, and a shiver of shame rippled through me as I watched the corners of her mouth lift. Though older than the first maid, this woman was still much younger than me, probably no more than forty by my guess. I took her to be the other woman's supervisor.

Without a word, the older woman stepped towards the bedside. Her icy eyes flickered over the note Wendy had left. Her smile deepened. Setting the paper back down on the bedside table, she grinned down at me. Then she turned towards the other maid.

"Don't worry, Maria," the older woman said. "I've seen this before. It happens sometimes. Some people are kinky and like to play like this." I could feel my cheeks burning as she smirked at me again. Kinky? Me? I wanted to argue with her, to tell her that I was no pervert. But even if my mouth hadn't been taped shut, it would have been hard to make the case that I wasn't some sort of sexual deviant. My erect cock was the evidence that damned me, the stubborn organ refusing to go down while I mutely endured my humiliation. She was right. Kinky was putting it mildly.

"Kinky?" Maria asked.

"Yeah," the older woman smiled. "You know, like S and M. Fifty Shades, all that stuff. You never tried it?"

"No," Maria shook her head, her dark eyes shining as she spoke. "Never."

"It's more common than you'd think." My skin bloomed with embarrassment as the older woman's eyes swept over me again. She seemed utterly unphased by what she was seeing, utterly comfortable with looking at my body, naked and bound. "It's kind of

awkward, the first time you come across it. But these kinky types are usually good tippers.” The woman leaned down over me. I felt her fingers against my cheek, plucking at the tape that covered my mouth. I braced myself for pain, but the tape came away quite easily as she pulled. Her thin lips grinned as I spat out Wendy’s panties.

“Your mistress said you’ve been a bad boy,” she smirked. Her blue eyes bored into mine, and I felt my cock lurch as she spoke. My predicament, helpless in front of these two women, was turning me on more than I would have ever believed possible. I gulped and worked my aching jaw.

“Her note says that you need to be punished,” the older woman went on, her blue eyes glittering. “But I have to make sure you’re OK. I have to make sure you want to be here.”

My heart thumped in my chest. I opened my mouth to speak, but couldn’t find the words. The cuffs dug into my wrists and ankles as I writhed uncomfortably under the twin gazes of the two women, one shocked but fascinated, the other merely amused. I wanted to be anywhere but there. I wanted to be far away, somewhere nobody knew me or my secret shame, the dark desires that Wendy had somehow seen in me that I had struggled my whole life to hide. I wished that none of this had ever happened, that I was just having a normal vacation with my son and his wife, that Wendy had never come to my room in the night. That Wendy had never heard of domination.

And yet, as my cock throbbed with desire, I had to admit the truth. And I had to say it out loud to this stranger before Wendy got into serious trouble. As hard as it was to admit to myself, I now had to admit to these women my true desires.

“Yes,” I croaked. “I want to be here.”

“Good,” the older maid smiled. “That’s good. Do you want us to make up the room?”

I blinked. The question was so normal, so far removed from the high drama of what I was going through, that my lust-addled brain

was slow to process her words.

“No,” I panted. “No, that’s - that’s ok.” All I wanted was for the painfully awkward encounter to be over, for these women to leave me with my shameful thoughts. The older woman’s smile never faded as she turned towards her coworker.

“Grab the key from that table, Maria,” she said. Maria seemed unable to take her eyes off me as she moved towards the table in the corner of the room. She found the key Wendy had left and handed it to the blonde. Starting at my ankles, they unlocked the cuffs that held me in place. Finally freed, I sat up on the bed.

“Well, I hope you’ve learned your lesson, whatever it was,” the blonde woman said. Her mocking tone made my cock twitch with unconcealed lust as she spoke. “But something tells me your mistress isn’t going to be happy with you. We’ll be back tomorrow.” Standing from the bed, she turned and ushered Maria towards the door of the cabin. I felt the young woman’s dark eyes on me until the moment the door clicked shut behind them.

I sprang into action. The tiredness in my limbs seemed to vanish as I sprang from the bed and charged towards the bathroom. The events of the last twelve hours, edited for brevity, played on a looped highlights reel in my fractured mind as I stood above the toilet and took my throbbing cock in my hand. While images of Wendy’s body tormented me, I gasped and came.

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“Oh my God,” Wendy chuckled. “That must have been so embarrassing for you.”

“It was. It was the most humiliating moment of my life.”

“So far.” Wendy’s smile made me shiver. Her blue eyes sparkled, recalling the amusement I had seen in the eyes of the housekeeping supervisor that morning as she explained my predicament to Maria. I had seen the woman again that day, once I had showered and dressed and joined Wendy and Andrew for lunch. Her gaze had pierced me from across the crowded restaurant as she

hurried by on some task, and her smile had chilled me to the bone. But Wendy wanted details. And Wendy always got what she wanted.

It was after midnight. After the sleepless night I had had, I should have been unconscious. But I didn't feel tired at all. Lust was boiling away inside me again, filling me with fire and light as I gazed down the length of the bed at my daughter in law. Already, her nightly visits were starting to feel as essential to me as the air that I breathed. Already, I found myself longing for her teasing domination, even though I knew it would drive me wild with frustration. And Wendy knew it. She knew how to use it against me. That's the only way I can explain that she had managed to get me tied to the bed again.

Wendy lay on the mattress in the opposite direction to me, her head close to the footboard as she propped it up in one hand. The dark waves of her hair cascaded down her arm and shoulder, set off by her bronzed and sun-kissed skin. Her other hand lay on the swell of her hips as they rose from the bed, her body shaped like a cello as she lay on her side, smiling at me. Besides her tall black boots, she was naked. The pink nipples stood out from her bare breasts, and the dark strip of her pubic hair taunted me as it pointed the way between her legs. I wanted her desperately, of course. I always did. But only her feet lay within my reach, the pointed toes of her boots close to my head as she draped her legs over my bound arm. Wendy had used a single pair of cuffs to lock my wrists around the headboard this time, while my legs were spread with my ankles cuffed to the footboard behind her. She looked so gorgeous, so in control, so desirable yet at the same time so untouchable. No wonder my cock, ignored and rejected, throbbed mercilessly in the air between us.

"I have some other plans for you." Wendy's voice was quiet as she spoke, but I caught the menace that dripped like honey from her dark red lips. Slowly, she uncoiled herself from the mattress, her taunting curves exaggerated by her languid movements as she rolled over onto her knees. Her breasts swelled mouth-wateringly out

from her chest, exaggerating the narrowness of her toned waist above the dramatic flare of her hips. My eyes dropped to the darkness between her legs as she inched forward on her knees, legs parted, straddling me as she moved up my body. I moaned in uncontrollable lust as her inner thigh brushed against my cock, but Wendy kept going. It was only once she straddled my chest that she finally sat. I felt the wetness of her pussy against my skin, right over my palpitating heart, and my lips trembled with desire. Wendy was smart to tie me down. If my hands had been free, I don't know if my strange desire to bow to her whims would have been enough to keep me from grabbing her gorgeous body. And she knew that. I moaned with pleasure and despair as she leaned backward, exposing more of her dripping sex to me wild eyes while she reached behind herself and took my cock in her hand.

"I'm thinking about giving you a special treat," she said. "But you'll have to earn it first." Her teasing hand slid over my cock as she spoke, and her other hand drifted between her thighs. Another moan escaped me as she rubbed a finger over her silken lips, teasing herself right in front of my face. I watched the sensitive skin respond to her touch as she toyed with herself, a long sigh rising from her as her pleasure mounted. "Do you want to earn your reward?" she purred. Her fingers glistened as she raised them from her pussy. My eyes were locked onto the wet digits as she raised her hand towards my face. My lips parted, my mouth suddenly watering as I caught the now-familiar smell of her arousal. While her leather boots gripped my heaving sides, I licked and sucked the moisture from her fingers eagerly, and Wendy's eyes blazed with blue fire as she stared down at me.

"Yes," I panted, not even caring what new outrage she had in mind. The taste of her pussy inflamed my already desperate desire, and all caution fled the minute I tasted her.

"Good," Wendy grinned. Her boots creaked as she swung a leg over me, dismounting my chest while I sighed in disappointment. Wendy had brought her bag of tricks, of course. I watched the light

move over her naked body as she bent and rummaged in the bag. Smiling evilly, she turned back to me with something small and metallic in her outstretched hand.

“What’s that?” I asked. Wendy’s smile grew.

“It’s a chastity belt. For men,” she grinned. I felt as though I had been punched in the heart as I stared at the metal tube. Fear gripped my stomach and made my spine tremble. She couldn’t be serious? But I ought to have known that Wendy didn’t joke. “I brought it with me because I was thinking of trying it on Andrew,” she went on. “But I think it would be much more appropriate to put it on you.” The mattress sank as she placed one knee on the bed, the leather of her boots shining in a dull imitation of the gleaming steel of the chastity device she held. “You see, the more you want me, the easier you are to control,” she said as she climbed back on top of me. I couldn’t argue with that. It was my forbidden desire for Wendy that allowed her to torment me the way she did, that made me enjoy this humiliating treatment she dished out. We both knew that much.

“This thing will stop you getting hard,” she smiled. “It will stop you jerking off without my permission. It means that every time you want an orgasm, you’re going to have to beg me to release you. It makes me so horny just thinking about it.” Once again, Wendy’s free hand strayed between her legs. She kneeled beside me on the bed, and I groaned right along with her as I watched her eyes close, her thighs spread, her body glowing with the lust she felt. I could feel my resistance crumbling moment by moment as I watched her. Her eyes opened again, and her teeth showed in her smile as she saw me watching her.

“Let me lock up your cock,” she whispered, “and I’ll let you eat my pussy until I cum.” She giggled as a shiver raced all along my body, making the cuffs rattle against the bedframe. There was just enough of my rational brain left to know how insane this new idea of hers was. As if I didn’t have a hard enough time resisting my daughter in law already. If I allowed this, I would be committing myself to total servitude to her. Wendy had kept her promise that she

would never fuck me. If I couldn't pleasure myself, I would be in a state of constant frustration, even worse than the one I was already in.

But if I had been able to say no to Wendy, I'd never be where I was. As much as it scared me, the idea of giving her so much control over my body was darkly thrilling. My cock throbbed and swayed at the thought of her becoming my mistress, body and soul. I could no more resist her than I could resist the drums that pounded in my own blood.

"Yes," I gasped. "Please. I'll do it."

"You will?" Wendy's sculpted eyebrows climbed her smooth forehead. For all her confidence and poise, her uncanny ability to understand my desires in a way I barely did myself, she seemed surprised that I had agreed. No more surprised than I was, I felt sure. But my lust was firmly in charge. I didn't care about the cost as I tasted Wendy's pussy in my mouth. It would be worth it.

"Yes," I moaned. "Just do it!"

"Oh my God," Wendy gasped. In a sudden flurry of activity, she turned, lifting her leg over me again to face my feet this time. I groaned as she took my cock in her hand, my manhood twitching with desire as she slid the metal tube over it with difficulty. At once I could feel the fiendish tightness of the device as she forced it slowly down onto me. I winced and groaned as she fed my swollen balls through a metal loop. A lock clicked, and Wendy sighed with satisfaction. Inside the unrelenting metal embrace of the chastity device, my cock already ached.

"This is so fucking hot," Wendy groaned. I groaned too as her painted fingernail tapped lightly against the metal that encased my member. "This is going to make me so wet, thinking about how I have your cock all locked up. It's mine now. You're mine." I groaned again as Wendy wrapped her hands around my caged cock and dangling balls, holding them possessively while she rubbed her dripping pussy against my chest. Then she rose up on her knees

and shuffled backward. Her breasts brushed against my stomach as she crouched on top of me, her knees on either side of my head and her dripping pussy hovering over my face. I could see at once that she was deeply aroused, the delicate folds of her sex visibly spasming with desire. I moaned in discomfort as my caged cock ached.

“Lick my pussy, you dirty old man,” Wendy demanded, giving my cock and balls a little shake as she spoke. “Eat my cunt like the slave you are.” I craned my neck upwards as I raised my head, my tongue already extended towards her. We both sighed in pleasure as I ran my tongue over the folds of my daughter in law’s pussy, tasting her uncontrollable arousal. Ignoring the pain in my caged cock, I did as I was told. Wendy was right. It was the hottest experience of my long life.

Locked By My Daughter In Law

It wasn't the best night's sleep I've ever had. Once she had had her way with me, Wendy simply left. After using me like a toy for her own pleasure, she climbed down off the bed, got dressed and left. No amount of begging and pleading on my part could convince her to stay, let alone allow me some relief. That was never going to happen, and I knew it. But that didn't stop me from trying. And the sly smile that lifted Wendy's lips as she denied me told me that this was exactly what she wanted. She loved to hear me beg. And it seemed like she loved even more to deny my requests.

And so I was left alone at last in the darkness of my room. Still chained to the bed, my hands raised over my head as a single set of cuffs held both arms against the headboard. At least Wendy had been kind enough to remove the cuffs around my ankles, making me slightly more comfortable. She didn't gag me this time, either. Maybe it was these slight concessions to comfort, or maybe it was just the weariness I was feeling from the sleepless night before. But I did manage to drift off for at least a few hours, even in my uncomfortable bondage.

When I awoke, the sky was already bright. My night had been torn by strange and wild dreams, memories and fantasies merging together to create scenarios that were beyond description. Many times through the dark hours, I was awoken by the pain in my cock as it tried to harden inside the steel tube Wendy had locked around my genitals. And each time that happened, I was reminded of my predicament, and each time, that reminder only served to make the predicament worse. Knowing I couldn't get hard made my cock try that much harder, as though it could possibly hope to compete with the solid metal of the device that encased it. Each time I woke up, it took an effort of will to calm myself down again, to try and think of something other than sex, or Wendy. But how could I think of

anything else when she was the reason my cock was locked in the first place? It was a miracle I got even the fragments of sleep I did.

But I did. And when I woke in the bright morning, it took a few confused seconds for what had happened the night before to solidify in my addled brain. I might almost have thought it was a dream, one of the many wild and erotic dreams that had torn my night to shreds. But as I moved my arms, the rattle of the cuffs against the headboard proved that that part, at least, had been all too real. Wendy had come to me in the night again. She had cuffed me to the bed. My face was still crusted with the juices of her orgasm as she made me lick her pussy for her own selfish pleasure. And as my cock swelled at the memory, imitating the morning erections of a much younger man, I felt the cool compression of the steel that she had locked around my member. It was real. Wendy had taken control of my cock completely. And my stomach ached as my cock throbbed with frustrated arousal. There was nothing she couldn't do to me. There was seemingly nothing I could do to stop her. And I lay there in bed, helplessly waiting to be freed, knowing there was nothing I could do about any of it.

I didn't wait long. I hadn't been awake more than a few minutes when I heard footsteps approaching. The stride was different to Wendy's. As I listened to whoever it was approach my cabin, I thought I could detect two sets of feet. The maids. My stomach fluttered. My cabin was near the edge of the property, and they used to always clean my room last. Now they were beelining towards it, first thing in the morning. The dull of my cock grew as I began to suspect that the discovery they had made the day before had something to do with that. And as the lock of the door to my cabin clicked open, a suppressed giggle reached me where I lay on the bed, waiting. My cheeks burned with shame while my blood sang with desire. The maids had found me again.

Maria's eyes shone as she stepped into the room. Her pink lower lip was half-hidden by her teeth as she bit it lightly, her tanned face shining with mischief. She wasn't my type, or wouldn't normally

have been. But the circumstances that Wendy had engineered made her more attractive to me than she might otherwise have been as she stood at the side of the bed, staring down at my practically naked body. Besides, with Wendy's teasing and ruthless refusal to grant me the pleasure I so desired, virtually anything female was enough to get me excited. I winced as my cock pressed once again against the inside of the chastity device.

Maria's supervisor followed her into my room. She wore her blond hair in the same long braid she had worn it in yesterday. Her blue eyes shone with the same unconcealed mirth as she saw me cuffed on the bed. And as her eyes drifted down my body, I saw them widen in surprise at the sight of the chastity device that hadn't been there yesterday. Her brow creased in momentary confusion as she tilted her head to one side, trying to understand what she was looking at. And then a broad smile spread across her face, and a peal of laughter rose from her heaving chest. The sound was surprisingly girlish, coming from a woman of her age. But then, as I was learning myself, this kinky carry-on could make us all feel younger than we were.

"What has she done to you now?" the blonde woman laughed. Bolder than timid Maria, she stepped forward, and I shivered as her hand rose automatically from her side, towards me. Her shining eyes studied my face as she slowly approached, every line of her body showing caution as though I was a dangerous and half-wild animal. Which I felt wasn't so far off the mark, to be honest. The shining steel of the chastity device showed an upside-down reflection of the room and everything in it, the curved steel polished to a mirror shine, and the woman's outstretched fingers grew and warped as they hovered above the metal.

"What is it, Kelly?" Maria asked, craning her neck to see over the other woman's shoulder. The blonde grinned at me first before turning her face to Maria over her shoulder.

"It's like a chastity belt," she chuckled. "I think it's locked onto him."

“A chastity belt?” Maria repeated the unfamiliar words.

“Yeah.” Kelly turned back to me as she spoke. “It’s a thing that stops a person from having sex. Or even touching themselves, in this case.” I tried not to whimper as Kelly’s short-nailed hands ran over the steel that contained my bulging cock, making me ache with the desire to simply get an erection. The small lock that Wendy had attached last night rattled in Kelly’s hand as she toyed with it.

“Did your mistress put this on you?” she smiled down at me. Her blond braid trailed over one shoulder, its swaying tip almost brushing my chest as she leaned over me. The moment was oddly intimate, and my cock throbbed as I gazed up at her, replete with the power that Wendy had granted her without ever even meeting her. Another shudder raced along my spine as I nodded.

“Yes,” I panted, my chest rising and falling as I breathed. Kelly’s smile deepened.

“I guess she doesn’t want anyone touching your thing. Not even you.” I’d never call myself an expert in female sexuality, not by a long way. But there was a glimmer in Kelly’s eyes that I had learned to recognize. She was excited, I knew that much. Whether it was just the strangeness of the moment, or whether she was actually turned on by what she saw, I couldn’t say. But as though I had X-ray vision, I could imagine her heart picking up the pace as it quickened in her chest. And the thought did nothing to assuage my own desperate horniness.

“She left another note.” Maria reached for the piece of paper that lay again on the bedside table. Just as on the night before, Wendy had not permitted me to see what she wrote for the maids. It seemed it was none of my business, even though I knew it concerned me. She had left another twenty dollar tip for them too, taking the note from my wallet this time. Making me pay for my own humiliation had made Wendy smile. And now it was making me ache. I wondered where she was in that moment, my sexy daughter in law. In bed with my son, no doubt. Was she asleep? What dreams ran at night through that beautiful, devious brain of hers? Or was she

awake? Was she thinking of me? Was she crying out in the same physical bliss she took pleasure in denying me while Andrew fucked her? I squeezed my eyes shut momentarily, trying to force the tormenting visions out of my mind. My situation was painful enough without adding to the torment.

“Let me see.” Kelly took the note from Maria, and her blue eyes scanned the page. In the sunlight, I could see the neat swirls of Wendy’s handwriting as they marched across the page in elegant battalions. But I couldn’t read through the page to see what she had written. Instead, I watched the smile grow on Kelly’s face as she read the message Wendy had left for her.

“She says she’s locked him up because he had a little masturbation problem,” Kelly giggled. My cheeks burned with embarrassment as the two women laughed at me. “A lot of guys have that same problem,” Kelly grinned. “But I never thought of dealing with it like this. She says she’s taken control of his cock from now on. She says,” and Kelly’s eyes returned for a moment to the page as she searched for the line she intended to quote, “that if we don’t tell anyone about this, we can do whatever we want with him.”

Two sets of female eyes darted towards me as I gasped involuntarily. Wendy’s cruelty seemed to know no bounds. Not only was she humiliatingly offering me like an object to some women I barely knew, but she had done it in a way that ensured I would get very little pleasure from it. The thought of these two women playing with me in my helpless state drew hot wires of lust through my teeming blood. But as my painfully throbbing cock in its unyielding device reminded me, I wasn’t going to get what I really wanted.

“Whatever we want?” Maria’s dark eyes flickered towards me, just for a moment, before returning to Kelly. Kelly stood. I watched her circle around the bed I was chained to, heading towards the table where Wendy had left the key to my handcuffs the previous day. Kelly grinned as her eyes scanned the table top and found nothing.

“She didn’t leave a key,” Kelly said. Her eyes moved between Maria and me, talking to both of us. “So I guess it’s not exactly whatever we might want.”

“This is so crazy,” Maria said. She hadn’t moved from the spot she stood in, her back to the wall at the side of the bed. She was young, and I guessed she had never experienced anything like this. For that matter, old as I was, neither had I. And Kelly’s fascination with the chastity device, as I watched her eyes drift towards it again, suggested that this was new to her, too.

“I have to say, I admire this woman, whoever she is,” Kelly said. “She’s certainly got you whipped. I’m starting to think she’s some kind of genius when it comes to men. I can’t believe you let her do this to you.”

“Neither can I,” I admitted. Kelly smiled broadly. It was true. Wendy’s power over me was a thing I barely understood myself. It was certainly far beyond my ability to explain to anyone else. But there could be no more clear demonstration of it than the position I found myself in now. At the mercy of two strangers, and yet unable to achieve orgasm, even if they haunted me too. I tried not to imagine the two of them stripping off their housekeeping uniforms and descending on me with a hunger that matched my own. It would only make the pain in my throbbing cock worse to think of it.

Kelly reached into the pocket of her tunic and produced a cell phone. I turned my head to the side as she held it up towards me. The click of the camera made me wince as though it was a physical blow as she took my picture. Her eyes blazing with blue fire, Kelly stepped forward, towards me. Her camera clicked again and again, capturing my shame from every possible angle. I groaned in denied lust as she reached out and took my caged cock in one hand, her hand cupping my balls as she held the phone up above us both.

“Smile,” she grinned. But I didn’t feel like smiling as she took a picture of herself, grinning up at the camera with my imprisoned cock in her hand. All I felt was rage and shame and deep, unquenchable desire. For her, for Maria, for anyone who would touch me. But most

of all for Wendy. My desire for my daughter in law permeated every humiliating moment, as though she was right there in the room with us. I was starting to realize just what it meant to have my cock under lock and key and totally under her control. It meant that there wasn't a thing I could do or say or a single minute of a single day that wasn't infused with her presence. Her beauty. Her power.

"Come get a photo, Marie," Kelly chuckled as she posed and preened for the camera. But the younger woman stayed where she was, slowly shaking her head. The blush that rose to her cheeks was a fainter echo of my own. The girl was embarrassed on my behalf, as though I needed any help on that score. After years of solitude, a woman I didn't even know was touching my genitals, and there was nothing I could do to either stop it or bring it to the conclusion I would have wanted. I simply had to meekly endure.

"Suit yourself," Kelly shrugged. Finally satisfied with her photos, she slipped her camera back into her pocket and stood up. "I'm guessing you don't want us to make up your room? Kind of hard, with you tied up there."

"No," I said, shaking my head emphatically. "It's fine. Please." If they weren't going to release me - and Wendy had ensured that they couldn't - then I simply wanted them gone. Shame was slowly roasting my palpitating heart, and I craved a solitude away from their sparkling eyes and mocking smiles.

"Ok," Kelly said. She nodded her head towards the door. Giggling quietly, Maria walked out of the room. I could hear her laughing more brazenly as she stepped outside.

Kelly's eyes roamed over my bare body one more time. I could almost see the ideas churning in her mind. I wondered if she had a husband or a boyfriend, and if she was as attracted by Wendy's ideas as she seemed to be. If so, the poor man was in trouble.

"See you tomorrow," Kelly grinned. Turning, she followed Maria outside.

“I’m kind of surprised. I mean, you’re no stud. But if I found a helpless man tied to a bed and knew I could do whatever I wanted with him, I’m not sure I could resist the temptation.”

I groaned as my cock pressed hard against the inside of the chastity device. Wendy’s words were doing nothing to alleviate my torment. The flesh of my cock felt bruised from near constant pressure against the steel. After Kelly and Maria had left, I hadn’t found it any easier to control the non-stop barrage of filthy sexual thoughts that rampaged in my brain. Quite the contrary. Now I had new images to fixate on, as well as the ones that Wendy had kindled in my mind.

It had been over an hour that I had to wait before Wendy showed up. She let herself into my cabin with the keycard she had taken earlier. She was wearing the same red bikini she wore the day before, and my cock throbbed wildly at the sight of her like a dog happy to greet its owner. My heart tripped over itself as it pumped hot blood through my veins, as though there was any use for such biomechanical effort. Wendy had told me she was never going to fuck me, and to my deep regret, she had so far kept that promise. Toying with me in the way she did excited her, just as it excited me. But my daughter in law had other means to get satisfied. Unlike me.

“They’re probably married,” I said. “The younger one is. Maria.”

“So am I,” Wendy shrugged. “that doesn’t mean a woman doesn’t have needs. Besides, it’s not sex. You’re more like a toy. My private sex toy. You wouldn’t consider using a vibrator cheating, would you?” I squirmed uncomfortably on the bed as Wendy spoke. The last thing I wanted to think about was the fact that Wendy was married to my son. Beyond the humiliation of being so easily dominated by a woman, it was the transgressiveness of what we were doing that fueled my sense of shame. Wendy might be blissfully unconcerned about it, but I wasn’t. What kind of father sleeps with his son’s wife? Even if I didn’t have a lot of choice. Even if we never actually had sex. My face was still crusted with the dried juices of her orgasm. That was enough.

“Are you going to let me go?” I asked. Wendy smiled. I watched as she uncrossed her long bare legs, uncoiling herself from the chair beside the table at the foot of the bed where she had set when she came in. I was still cuffed, just as I had been all night. I craned my neck up from the pillow to watch her as she stood. God, she was beautiful. I winced as my cock throbbed inside the cage, and I wondered if she knew the pain I was in as she smiled down at me. The pain she was causing, just by looking the way she did. She was utterly irresistible, and she knew it.

“Yes,” she said, “and no.” The bed swayed beneath her as she climbed onto the mattress. She moved slowly, confident in her power, her utter dominance as I lay back with my hands chained above my head and stared up at her. The skin of her thighs was soft above the harness of her toned muscles as she straddled my stomach. The merciless throbbing of my cock intensified as I gazed up at the swell of her hips, the leanness of her narrow waist, the jutting magnificence of her breasts that her bright red bikini top barely contained. Her eyes glittered, as mysterious and inviting as the warm sea outside, as she smiled down at me. Slowly, she raised a manicured hand. Besides her wedding ring, I could see the thin loop of a keyring that she had placed over her finger, two small keys dangling against her palm.

“I’m going to untie you from the bed so you can come join us at the pool,” she said softly. “After all, I need my lotion boy, don’t I? The suntan lotion isn’t going to apply itself. And I know how much you love touching me.” The keys disappeared as Wendy closed her hand over them. She leaned forward, looming over me, and I gasped as I watched the juddering flesh of her breasts straining against the elastic fabric of the bikini she wore. My lips trembled. Her knees slid over the sheet as she inched down the bed, and I groaned as I felt a new pressure on my caged cock. Wendy smiled. Her hips rocked gently back and forth, and a frustrated whimper escaped my throat as I felt her rubbing herself against the steel of my chastity device. My cock ached as I heard her breath catch in her throat, the pitch-

black pupils of her eyes swelling with arousal as she grinned down at me.

“You have no idea how horny this makes me,” she purred. “keeping you all locked up like this. Owning your pathetic cock. God, it’s so fucking good, I can hardly stand it.”

“Wendy,” I said, “let me go. Let me fuck you. I promise you’ll enjoy it.” Wendy erupted with laughter as my heart trembled in shame.

“Yeah, right,” she mocked. “Not gonna happen, old man. Why would I do that when there’s so much young cock out there for me to play with? No, you’re going to stay locked up and frustrated. So you better get good with that mouth of yours. You’re gonna have to make me cum a LOT before I even think about allowing you an orgasm.”

“Oh fuck,” I gasped. My head fell back against the pillow. The sound of Wendy’s laughter made my boiling blood run cold as she continued to rub herself against the chastity device, using me as a sex toy, just the way she had said. My head was spinning. My balls were drawn up tight against my body, and I felt as though I might almost cum just from the sight and sound and smell of her, her lovely young body on top of mine, the delightful whimpers and groans of pleasure she made as she ground her pussy against my cock. But I hovered just on this side of ecstasy, tormented by my utter inability to do anything about it while this beautiful bitch tortured me.

“Look,” Wendy whispered. “Look at me.” I groaned as the pressure lifted from my cock, and Wendy rose up on her knees, sitting on my chest. Her pussy was right in front of my face, the shape of her swollen lips visible through the clinging fabric, and the ghost of her taste danced on my tongue as I stared at her sex.

“This is the key to your handcuffs,” Wendy smiled, holding up the small keys in her hand again. “And this one here is the key to your cock.” The metal keyring shone in the light as she carefully threaded the key off the ring. “We’re not going to need that one for a long time. But I think I’m going to keep it right here.” Her nimble

fingers dropped to her hip. Her bikini bottoms were the kind that fastened by means of a string at the sides, and I watched in mute desire as she threaded the loose end of the string through the hole in the top of the key. Deftly she tied the string around the key so that it hung right at her hip, a tiny flash of silver against the bright red of her swimsuit. "There," she grinned. "Nice and safe."

"What if somebody sees it?" I gasped. My voice was hoarse as I stared up at my dominant daughter in law. Wendy's breasts bounced as she shrugged.

"No one's going to see it," she said. "Anyone looking at me is going to be too busy looking at my tits and ass to see a tiny little key tucked away down there. Andrew especially. Besides, I don't care who sees. It's just a key. Only you and I know what it's for. And those two maids." Wendy giggled happily as I squirmed beneath her. I knew there was nothing I could do to stop her. There was no point arguing. Wendy was going to do whatever she wanted. And I was going to let her. That was how our relationship worked.

Her mouth-watering breasts hovered over my face, blocking out all other thoughts as she reached for the cuffs that held me. The second key twisted in the lock, and the cuffs rattled free. My arms ached as I lowered them at last, letting them rest by my sides on the bed. My fingers tingled with the desire to touch Wendy, to take her hips in my hands, to feel her skin against mine. My heart raced.

The key to my release was right there, I realized. Wendy was on top of me, her weight pinning me to the bed, but I was sure that I could shove her off. Wendy was in great shape, and much younger than me, but I felt confident that if it came to a confrontation, I would come out on top. I could grab the key and free myself, and the image buzzed in my mind. Her bikini bottoms tearing as I snatched the key from her side, the string falling loose and exposing her while my freed cock surged forward. Inside the chastity device, my cock ached as it tried to harden. Wendy stared me down in silence, a slight smile on her red lips. Her gaze was challenging, all but daring me to do it. The moment hummed like a plucked string as the thoughts whirled in

my head. It was my chance. My moment. I could reach out and take everything I desired.

And then what? Then it would be over. All the delightful torture of tease and denial, all the wild ecstasy of submitting to Wendy's beauty. All of it shattered for the sake of a momentary release. Wendy's smile grew broader as I sagged back against the mattress, a resigned sigh escaping my lips as the moment passed. As hard as it was to admit to myself, as difficult as it was to understand, this was what I wanted.

"Come on," Wendy smirked. Raising one long leg, she swung herself off me and stood. "Get your trunks on. Let's hit the pool." She continued to smile down at me like a tropical sun as I sat up and worked my way to the side of the bed. There was no will in me to resist her, none at all. My cock throbbed in its humiliating captivity, but there was nothing I could do. My desire for Wendy made me her slave. And I would do what she said, no matter what.

My Hotwife Daughter In Law

The cool blue water of the swimming pool was outrageously inviting in the tropical heat, but I didn't dare get in. Wendy had warned me not to, but her warning was hardly necessary. The chastity device locked onto my cock was stainless steel and would take no damage from the water, but the same could not be said for the lock that held it together. The thought of the lock rusting shut and keeping me trapped forever horrified me as much as it seemed to amuse my daughter in law.

And there was another reason for me to stay out of the water. My swimming trunks were on the baggy side, and I felt fairly confident that nothing untoward showed to hint at the device I wore underneath. But once the fabric was wet, I was terrified that the bulge of the steel device would give me away. And so I stayed on my sun lounger, sipping drinks and trying to enjoy the sun while my mind raced. A toxic brew of desire and disgrace swirled inside me, and sitting out in public only served to make it worse. I tried not to watch the distorted image of Wendy's body under the rippling water as she swam slow laps of the pool in front of me. At least I didn't have to worry about the embarrassment of an erection showing in the front of my shorts. The metal chastity device ensured that that was impossible.

"Hey babe." Andrew rose from his sun lounger to call to his wife from the side of the pool. I watched from behind the cover of my sunglasses as Wendy turned in the water to face her husband. "You wanna go jet skiing?" Wendy squinted against the sun as she shook her head. "You sure?" Andrew persisted.

"No," Wendy called back, "I'm good here. You go, though." Andrew's tall frame blocked the sun as he turned to me.

"How about you, dad?" I forced a smile onto my face as I looked up at him.

“No, no,” I said. “Not my thing. Thanks, though.”

“No problem.” Andrew turned. His blue eyes squinted towards the horizon, through the row of swaying palms that sheltered the resort from the nearby beach. His sandals slapped against the pool’s concrete surround as he set out for the beach, his open Hawaiian shirt flapping around his torso as he went.

Andrew had barely disappeared behind the distant trees before I saw Wendy’s sleek head swimming towards me. Small waves appeared in front of her head as she swam, bending the light below her smile as she approached. Her dark hair was slicked back over her head, and her eyes glistened like cursed jewels, dangerous and alluring. Placing her hands on the side of the pool, she launched herself out of the water in one sudden movement. I watched her breasts bounce in her tiny red bikini, beads of water running over her skin to drop like falling crystals to the floor. She perched herself on the edge of the pool, her body glistening in the sunlight as it glanced off her wet skin, and I knew as well as she did that mine weren’t the only eyes on her. My son’s wife was the best looking woman at the resort by a generous margin, just as she must be in most situations she found herself in. And Wendy was far from shy. I was living proof that she knew of the power she wielded, the power her beauty gave her. No one would wear a swimsuit like hers unless they wanted the attention. Trusting my sunglasses to keep me safe, I let my eyes drift over her gorgeous body as she sat at the edge of the pool while the water ran over her skin. Among the knotted string that held her bikini bottoms tight to her body, I could see the faint metallic flash of the key to my chastity device. My cock ached with frustrated arousal as I stared at her.

Wendy’s hand left a faint dark impression on the hot concrete as she pushed herself to her feet. Stepping out of the small puddle that had formed on the floor beneath her, she came towards me. I watched her hips sway from side to side above the narrow joint of her waist, the sly smile never leaving her lips as she sashayed towards me. Men stared in open desire. Women frowned jealously.

Wendy seemed oblivious to it all, familiar by now with the effect her looks had on people. It was me she was smiling at.

“Dry me off,” she said. Her tone, softened by her smile, was halfway between request and command. With the key to my cock dangling at her side, she was well aware that she had no need to ask. Suppressing a sigh, I reached for the towel that lay on her lounge, warmed by the sun. I knew it would look strange to the fellow guests of the resort that sat around the pool, watching us. They had to know by now that Andrew was Wendy’s husband, not me. But I wasn’t about to challenge Wendy. If I did, I felt sure she’d find something even more humiliating for me to do. Besides, she knew as well as I did that I wanted nothing more than to touch her. Even if we both knew that it would only cause me pain as my cock tried to harden in the cruel cage that contained it.

Wendy basked in the sunlight as I towed her off carefully. Even in bare feet, she was almost my height. Her body was firm and toned as I rubbed the towel over her shoulders and arms, feeling the strength of her body while my own felt as weak as water. My breath caught in my chest as I moved lower, down the curve of her supple spine towards her gorgeous ass. Wendy stood with her back to me, her hands on her hips, staring out across the pool as though there was nothing at all unusual about being dried off by her father in law. I tried to keep my hands from shaking as I ran the towel over her backside. But I couldn’t keep myself from squeezing slightly, just to feel the taut muscle and soft skin of her buttock. Hardly daring to breathe, I let my hand slip under the towel, and a feeling like electricity jolted me as I made contact with her bare skin. Wendy never moved. My cock cried out for release in the confines of the steel chastity device as she allowed me to touch her in public, allowing me to torment myself with what I couldn’t have while she ignored me.

Reluctantly, I moved away from her ass to rub the towel over her legs. Crouching behind her, I rubbed thighs and calves, my mouth dry as I struggled with desire. Finally, I was done. Feeling my towel

stop at her feet, Wendy stepped forward without a word and swept up her sunglasses from the lounge where she had left them. I could see my own reflection, the expression of attentive desire plain on my face in the dark lenses as she smiled down at me. Wendy lowered herself into the sun lounge, her boobs jiggling delightfully as she shifted from side to side, making herself comfortable. I stared down into the deep cleavage formed by her tight swimsuit as she leaned over and scooped up a bottle of suntan lotion from the floor beside her. Still smiling, she handed the slippery bottle to me.

“You can start with my feet,” she grinned. Now there was no ambivalence. This was a command. One I knew I couldn’t refuse. We were far enough away from the other guests that they couldn’t hear us if we spoke softly, even if they could most definitely see us. Kneeling on the floor by the side of Wendy’s lounge, I began to rub lotion onto her feet and legs. Wendy purred with delight as she lay back, her wet hair shining as it clung to her tanned shoulders.

“Are you turned on right now?” She didn’t raise her head as she spoke to me. Her sunglasses made it impossible to know if she was looking at me or not. Her face was turned up to the bright blue sky above us.

“Yes,” I muttered. Wendy giggled.

“I bet,” she said. “You just love touching my hot young body, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I growled again as I rubbed lotion into her calf.

“Dirty old man,” she grinned. Just the sound of her voice was enough to make me tremble in outrageous desire. It was almost too easy for her to toy with me. A glance, a word; that’s all she needed.

“If you weren’t locked up, would you have a sad old man boner right now?” she mocked.

“Yes.”

“Just from rubbing my feet?”

“Yes.”

“God, you’re pathetic,” Wendy giggled. “I should make you kiss them. What do you think? Would you kiss my feet, right here in front of all these people?”

Wendy’s face as turned towards me now. I could see two small reflections of myself, my mouth open as it formed soundless words while I kneeled at her feet. My stomach fluttered. I didn’t know what the right answer would be. There wasn’t much Wendy couldn’t make me do, we both knew that. Unable to meet my own eyes in the curved black mirror of her shades, I lowered my head.

“Yes,” I muttered.

“Really?” Wendy’s smile threatened to outshine the sun as she beamed with delight. “You’d so that? Then I think you should.” My heart spasmed. That was what I was afraid of. That she would abuse the power she had over me. With Wendy, it was a near certainty. She raised the foot nearest me from the lounge, holding it up close to my face with her toes pointed towards the pool.

“Go on,” she said quietly, “just give it a little peck. No one will see. And it’ll get me so turned on. Who knows what I might do with you after that?” Wendy’s white teeth showed in her tanned face as she smiled. She had spoken the magic words, and she knew it. Hunching my shoulders, I took her foot in my hand as I darted quick glances around the pool. No one seemed to be looking, although the sunglasses everyone wore and the shade of the palapas they sat under made it hard to be sure. Wendy spluttered in delight as I pressed my dry lips to her cool moist skin.

“Oh my God!” she cackled as I hurriedly snatched my lips away. “I can’t believe you actually did that!” Shame burned my cheeks as she laughed. But I saw the rapid rise and fall of her breasts in her straining bikini top. Wendy played me like a fiddle, but my cock ached with desire as I reflected that there might be some truth to her words. Humiliating me was turning her on. And that only made my own frustrated desire that much harder to endure as the steel chastity device gripped my cock tight. I was a wreck, and the day was still young.

“I should have done this years ago,” Wendy smiled as she sank further down in her lounge. “Ok, keep going. Do the rest of me. But don’t get any ideas.” As though I could possibly avoid it. Dying of lust and frustration, I continued to rub suntan lotion into my daughter in law’s mouth-watering body. And if I was a little more thorough than I strictly needed to be, who could blame me? I caressed Wendy’s inner thighs, sliding my fingers as far up her legs as I dared until my shining fingertips slipped just under her bikini bottoms. Her pussy was mere millimeters away from my trembling hands. Wendy said nothing. Her only reaction was to heave a long sigh. Reluctantly, I continued up her body, caressing and adoring every inch of her. I resisted temptation as my fingers brushed over her hips where the key to my chastity dangled from the string of her bikini. I controlled myself as I rubbed her taut stomach. I wrestled with my desire as I smeared lotion on her breasts, practically sobbing at the tantalizing feel of her female flesh under my hungry fingers. By the time I had finished applying her sunscreen, I was an absolute wreck. Just the way she wanted me.

“There’s Andrew,” she said, her voice low and even. I sprang to my feet as I turned my eyes towards the distant beach. Dropping the incriminating bottle of lotion, I flopped down onto my own lounge beside Wendy.

“Go to your room in five minutes,” Wendy said. Her face was blank. She didn’t look at me as she spoke. “I’ll meet you there later. We can play.” My cock ached as it pressed itself against the steel. Wendy had vowed not to fuck me, but hope springs eternal in the heart of a horny man. Every tie she offered me anything, I couldn’t keep myself from thinking that it might mean I would finally have her. And my heart soared again as my son approached.

“That was awesome,” Andrew said, sitting down on the sun lounge on the other side of his wife. “You should have come, babe.”

“That’s ok,” Wendy smiled. “I had fun right here.”

I stood. I could feel the slight weight of the steel chastity device between my legs as my cock throbbed relentlessly inside it. The

ache in my manhood had spread into the lower reaches of my stomach. Wendy was right about that. If my cock hadn't been locked, I would have been sporting a raging erection that would have proved difficult to hide. But then, if I hadn't been locked, if I had free access to my cock, I wouldn't have been as helplessly horny as I was.

I made my way across the resort, through the dappled shade of the palm trees. A group of hotel staff stood clustered in the shade, chatting to one another. My heart clenched in a tight fist of shame as one of them turned and waved to me. Kelly. A sly smile bloomed on her face as I shyly waved back while my cheeks burned anew.

Inside the cool dimness of my own cabin, I heaved a sigh and sat on the bed. The minutes seemed to pass like the slow eons of geological time as I waited. The dull ache of my caged cock was starting to become familiar to me, a constant throb that occasionally rose to a stab of pain, but seemed to never go away. Not as long as Wendy was around to tease and torment me, anyway. Wild thoughts circled around me like bats at dusk. What was Wendy going to do with me? Had Kelly or Maria told anyone else what they had seen? Did they know who it was that was tormenting me like this? The answers didn't matter. I was here, horny and caged. That was all that counted.

My heart leaped as the door to my cabin opened. My cock throbbed as Wendy stepped inside, shutting the door behind her. Dressed in only her skimpy bikini, she swayed like a heat mirage as she walked slowly towards me.

"Why are you still dressed?" she said in a low voice. "Take those clothes off. I want to see MY cock." I couldn't miss the emphasis of her words as I stood and hurriedly slipped out of my swimsuit. Wendy's teeth showed in a broad grin as the chastity device shone in the light. Stepping out of my trunks, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and stood before my daughter in law naked but for the cruel device to which only she held the key.

"Good," she purred. I caught the faint gleam of the key at her hip as she stepped closer. A gasp of desire escaped me as Wendy

reached out and took hold of the device. She squeezed my balls lightly as she ran her thumb over the metal, the faint impression of moisture from her skin evaporating almost immediately as she stroked the steel. My hands clenched at my sides.

“Come on,” she said, tugging me forward by my locked cock. “Let’s get you out of that thing.”

“Yes!” I gasped, lurching forward as Wendy giggled at my eagerness. She led me by the cock towards the chair and table near the foot of the bed and guided me down onto the chair. While I watched, she pulled the sheet off the bed, twisted it into a crude rope and used it to bind my hands. I made no attempt to resist as she tied my hands behind me and anchored me to the chair.

“New rule,” she whispered in my ear. “The cage only comes off when your hands are tied. Only I get to touch this cock from now on unless I say otherwise.”

“Yes, Wendy,” I babbled submissively. She was going to touch my cock. That was the only thought in my mind as she stepped in front of me and slowly untied the key from the string of her bikini. She was going to let me cum. Nothing else mattered. My heart hammered in my chest as she slipped the key into the lock of the chastity device and turned it. I groaned and shuddered in relief as she carefully drew the metal tube away from my swelling cock. At least, my erection was free, swaying and throbbing in the empty air. I had never in my life been as hard as I was at that moment, not even in my twenties. A long moan passed through my quivering lips as Wendy drew a teasing finger along the length of my bulging shaft.

“Is this what you wanted?” she said. “Your daughter in law touching your nasty old cock?”

“Yes, Wendy, please,” I spluttered. “Please let me cum, please!” Wendy’s brow furrowed. I almost cried out in despair as she pulled her hand away. Her breasts rose in her red bikini as she crossed her arms underneath them.

“Let you cum?” she frowned. “Where’s the fun in that? You know you have to earn it.”

“What do I have to do?” I moaned. “Please, I’ll do anything! Anything you say, just let me cum!” A sly smile replaced the frown on Wendy’s face. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on her knees, taunting me with an irresistible view of her generous cleavage as she bent at the waist.

“I know,” Wendy smiled. “You’ll do anything I say. But lucky for you, you don’t have to do anything. Not right now. All you have to do is sit there, and watch.” Wendy giggled as she straightened up again. My cock throbbed to the rhythm of my heart as I gazed up at her in confusion. All but bouncing with joy now, she turned and walked towards the door.

“Wendy!” I called after her, my voice cracking with uncertainty and fear and monstrous lust. But my daughter in law didn’t reply. Her only response was the door clicking shut behind her.

I don’t know how long I waited for her to return. From where I sat, I couldn’t see the face of any clock. I only know that it felt like a lifetime. Wendy certainly knew her knots. Struggling to free myself from the sheet she had used to tie my hands only made my bondage grow tighter. My cock throbbed and bobbed in front of me, finally free and yet just out of reach. My desire was as unrelenting as it was unfulfilled while I waited for Wendy to come back.

Finally, I heard voices approaching. My cock lurched at a bright burst of laughter that I knew was Wendy’s. But the rumble of a male voice made my heart freeze with fear. The door to my cabin opened, and I cried out in horror at what I saw.

It was Wendy, alright. And with her were two young men in the uniform of hotel staff.

“Paul, these are some new friends I met,” Wendy smiled as she stepped into the room. She seemed outrageously pleased with herself, smiling smugly as she pranced and preened, basking in male attention in her barely-there bikini. The men’s faces fell as they

saw me, sitting naked and erect and tied to a chair. One of the men had the classic look of a surfer, his floppy hair bleached blonde by the sun. The other was darker, with bronzed skin and black eyes that darted from me to Wendy and back again.

“What the fuck is this?” the heavier-set, darker man asked.

“Oh, don’t worry about him,” Wendy smiled. “He’s not going to do anything. He’ll just watch.” I was literally speechless. My jaw pumped up and down, but no words came out. Wendy had crossed the line at last, and my heart burned with rage. She had the nerve to smile as she turned back to me.

“This is Devon,” she said, pointing towards the surfer dude, “and this is Tony. I told you that locking you up gets me horny, so I brought these guys to help with that.” The two young men, neither of them yet thirty, looked at one another uncertainly. I could see the wheels turning in their heads. It wasn’t so long ago that I was a young man myself. And Wendy’s incessant teasing had brought that old libido back to me. These guys weren’t thinking with their heads any more than I was.

“I don’t know,” said Devon. “This is...this is pretty fucked up. Is this your husband?”

“No, he’s not my husband,” Wendy said. “Forget about him. Come on, trust me. You’ll enjoy this.” The two men looked at each other again. Seeing their hesitation, Wendy stepped forward. Devon’s eyes all but rolled in his head as she gripped the bulge of his cock through his hotel uniform shorts.

“Come on,” Wendy said again, her voice the same seductive purr that she used to make me go weak at the knees. “Stay here and fuck me like the whore I am.” I watched in agony as Wendy dropped to her knees. The surfer kid didn’t resist as Wendy pulled down his shorts. His cock sprang out, already erect as Wendy took it in her hand and smiled up at him.

“Mmmm,” she grinned, “look at that rock-hard cock.” My heart spasmed as she opened her mouth. Devon moaned in ecstasy as

Wendy wrapped her lips around his shaft.

“Wendy,” I gasped, my voice finally returning to me in a dry rasp, “what are you doing?” My daughter in law turned her face to me with a look of annoyance. Devon’s thick cock slid from her mouth as she glared at me. Without a word, she climbed to her feet. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she punched some numbers into the phone on the wall.

“Everyone shut up,” she snarled. The sound of ringing filled the room as she put the phone on speaker. Bending at the waist, Wendy leaned forward and took hold of Devon’s cock again. He stepped towards her eagerly, holding up his T-shirt, and Wendy stroked his cock while the phone rang.

“Hello?” Andrew’s voice rang out in the small room. Wendy smiled.

“Hey, honey,” she said. “Just wanted to let you know I might not be back for a while. I ran into these two hunks who work for the hotel, and...well...one thing led to another.” There was a pause.

“Are you with them now?” Andrew asked.

“Yeah,” Wendy smiled. “I have one of their cocks in my hand. It’s nice and thick, too. I haven’t seen the other one yet, but I hope it’s at least as good as this one.” Devon moaned quietly as Wendy ran both her hands over his twitching shaft. Andrew chuckled over the phone.

“Ok, well, have fun,” he said. “See you at dinner?”

“You bet,” Wendy grinned. “I’ll give you all the dirty details then. Love you.”

“Love you too.” The phone clicked and fell silent. Wendy’s flashing eyes took in all three of us as she smiled.

“Now *that* was my husband,” she said. “And he knows he married a slut. So are we going to do this, or what?”

Devon peeled his shirt over his head and dropped it to the floor, exposing the lean tanned musculature of his torso. Tony grinned as

he did the same, already fumbling with the front of his shorts as he stepped towards the bed. Wendy's blue eyes glittered happily. She stared right at me as she opened her mouth and sank back down onto Devon's cock, wrapping her red lips around his manhood while he moaned and groaned.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I couldn't believe what I had heard. I knew, vaguely, the kind of kinks others get up to behind closed doors. But I had never had any inkling of the kind of relationship my son and his wife had. A strange combination of relief and confusion swept over me. If he didn't care that his wife slept around, our transgression was less severe. But I would never understand it. Even if I was now destined to be part of it.

And all the while, my cock throbbed mercilessly. The wet sound of my daughter in law blowing a complete stranger filled the room. The predatory look in the eyes of the two young men left me in no doubt about what was about to happen. And my stomach spasmed with guilty lust as my cock throbbed in the empty air, ignored and rejected. Just when I thought my daughter in law couldn't get any kinkier, she had found a way to surprise me again.

A Hotwife Threeway

My wide eyes followed my daughter in law's every movement as she climbed onto the bed in my room. Everything was happening so fast. It was as though I was stuck in some dark perverted dream, watching events I couldn't possibly understand play out in front of me. But this was no dream. The deep frustrated ache in my caged cock told me that as I sat tied to a chair next to the room's small table, a bedsheet twisted around my wrists to keep me out of the way.

The two hotel workers had quickly shed their uniforms. Wendy's bikini was a mere formality. The red bikini bottoms fell instantly away from her hips as she tugged at the string at her hip, the same string the key to my chastity device was tied to. I watched in mute agony as she tossed her bikini thoughtlessly to the floor, my key shining briefly as it arced through the air to land at the foot of the bed. It might as well have been on another planet for all the good it would do me there.

The top of Wendy's bikini put up no more resistance than the bottoms had. Her breasts hung free from her chest as Devon, the surfer dude, rapidly removed her swimsuit. Wendy turned on the bed, climbing on to her hands and knees as she faced the open window. I couldn't take my eyes away from the sun-tanned softness of her skin, the tantalizing glow of health and vitality that seemed to emanate from her body like the corona around the sun. She looked unbelievably beautiful at that moment, and my cock pressed relentlessly against the hard steel of the tube that encased it as I watched my daughter in law do the unthinkable. The fact that my son had given his consent to all of this only added to the unreality of the situation as I helplessly watched. It seemed that the only person who wasn't going to get what they wanted was me. And I no longer even knew what I wanted Wendy's remorseless teasing had me

completely scrambled. I wanted to touch her, to possess her. To fuck her, to be blunt. But at the same time, the last few days with Wendy had been the most wildly erotic experience of my life, and one I was reluctant to let go of. For all the frustration I was feeling, it was hard to ignore the fact that I was still somehow into this.

Devon circled around the bed. He was young, younger even than Wendy, and his lean body showed not an ounce of fat as his muscles moved under his tanned skin. His cock was rock hard, swaying from side to side as he made his approach. On hands and knees, Wendy watched him come, her red lips smiling up at him encouragingly and her black hair falling around her bare shoulders. As the young man stood at the side of the bed, his cock rising like a weapon from between his legs, Wendy reached out for it, wrapping her fingers eagerly around his shaft. Devon moaned as Wendy lowered her head towards him, parted her lips and engulfing the head of his cock in the warm dark cavern of her mouth. Wendy's glittering blue eyes found mine as I groaned in horror and arousal, and I could see the smile in her gaze even while her mouth busied itself with the cock of a stranger.

The mattress sank under the weight of the other man as he climbed onto the bed behind Wendy. The reluctance he had felt when he first saw me tied to my chair seemed to have vanished. I wasn't surprised. If I had had the chance to fuck Wendy there and then, I would have taken it, no matter who might be watching. But the man kept his eyes studiously on her, avoiding looking at me as though he was trying to pretend that I wasn't there. His dark-skinned cock pointed upwards towards Wendy as he raised one foot to the bed, and his free hand held her hip as he guided himself towards her.

A long moan from deep in Wendy's throat as Tony's cock pressed against the opening of her uncovered pussy. I heard him hiss between his teeth at her delicious tightness as he guided his thick cock inside her, making her moan with pleasure and causing Devon to grunt at the vibrations of her mouth against his own cock. I

whimpered quietly as I watched the two men take her from both ends, her gorgeous body pinned between the two men's cocks as she squealed in bliss. My daughter in law was a total slut. There was no longer any way to deny it. And my stomach ached with a dull pain as my cock tried and failed to get hard inside the chastity to which she held the only key.

Wendy began to move faster. Her body rocked back and forth as she alternately slid up and down on the cock in her mouth and the one in her pussy. I could see, in the bright sunlight that streamed in from outside, the bright trail of a stray drop of moisture that slid down her shaking leg from her dripping pussy. The two men, to their endless delight, hardly needed to do anything. Wendy was doing it all, working herself into a frenzy like the cock-hungry slut she was as she jammed her body back and forth between the two hotel workers. Even muffled by Devon's cock in her mouth, her cries and moans filled the room, mingling with the wet sound of her lips and tongue around the stranger's cock. I watched every second of it, completely unable to look away, while my heart burned and my cock throbbed. I had never known such delicious torture in my life.

Gasping, Devon stepped back. His erect cock dripped with Wendy's saliva. Pink traces of her lipstick were smeared against his shaft as he slid his manhood out of her mouth. Wendy's moans grew louder, her gasps and squeals filling the room while I cringed at the thought of who might be listening outside. Wendy didn't care. Tony had both of his hands on her hips now, his fingers making tiny impressions in her soft skin as he held her tight and rammed his cock in and out of her, his aggression seeming to grow along with his arousal. With a sob of pleasure, Wendy slumped forward, keeping her ass up in the air while her head rested on her forearms now, her face hidden by the clinging black curtain of her hair.

But the two men weren't done with her yet. The mattress sank further on top of the bed frame as Devon climbed onto the bed. Wendy lifted her head, still moaning and gasping while Tony fucked her, as Devon lay back, his head on the pillow and his hips in front of

her face. Reaching down, he gathered up her loose hair in his hands, sweeping it back from her face. Like any good slut, Wendy knew what to do. Her mouth open and ringing with gasps, she raised her head and lowered it again as Devon guided her back onto his cock. Her wedding ring sparkled as it caught the light, her hand wrapped around a stranger's cock as she bobbed her head up and down, up and down, moaning around the thick member as she debased herself.

My cock ached dully. I seemed to have been completely forgotten as I sat in the chair, bound and caged. The three on the bed were completely absorbed in one another now, their bodies throbbing with the pleasure that Wendy had decided to deny me. I was peering through the bars of my own inadequacy at a vision of some strange heaven, gorgeous and remote. Powerful tremors rippled through my body as I stewed in humiliation and lust.

Wendy gasped. I saw her back arch, her toes curling as her feet hung over the side of the bed. Tony's hands gripped her tightly, but it was impossible to miss the tremor that raced through her body as her orgasm erupted inside her. The wet sound of her mouth around Devon's cock was echoed by the new wetness of her pussy, and my heart clenched like a fist as I heard Tony moan in pleasure. I could imagine all too easily what he was feeling as Wendy's pussy clenched around his cock, her spasm of pleasure pulling him deeper inside her as though she never wanted to let him go.

Panting with exertion, Tony pulled out. Wendy's pale ass rose into the air, red marks showing on her skin where the stranger had held her. I tried not to look at Tony's cock, still hard and dripping with the traces of Wendy's orgasm. Devon raised his head from the pillow as Wendy moaned, seemingly reluctant to have Tony withdraw his cock from her trembling pussy.

"You made a mess," Tony chuckled. "Time to clean it up." Wendy raised her eyes without removing her mouth from Devon's cock. I watched her cheeks hollow around his cock as she sucked him hard, making the young man groan with pleasure. Tony stepped past me

as though I didn't even exist, moving towards the other side of the bed. His fingers disappeared in Wendy's hair, and I winced again as I watched her raise her head at his urging and take his cock in her mouth. Wendy didn't even hesitate. Her long lashes fluttered as she gazed up at Tony, rocking her head back and forth under his hands as he held her tightly. A sigh of pleasure rose from him as he slowly fucked her face.

Devon wriggled his lean body out from under Wendy. Grinning boyishly, he scrambled across the mattress. Wendy wiggled her hips invitingly as she felt Devon's hands on her ass. I watched her firm flesh move as he grabbed it, squeezing and slapping her ass while she moaned like a bitch in heat, desperate for the touch of any man but me. Finally, Devon positioned himself behind her, and his well-lubricated cock slid easily between the wet lips of her pussy. Tony groaned too as he felt Wendy's howl of pleasure make his cock vibrate in her mouth. Her breath was loud in her nostrils as she kept Tony's cock between her lips while Devon slid his into her wet womanhood. On her hands and knees again, she crouched between the two men while they fucked her from both ends. I watched her hanging breasts sway beneath her with the force of their thrusts, their movements becoming more forceful as their own pleasure approached.

Devon came first. I could hardly miss the sudden tautness of his body, the young man stiffening from head to toe as he pressed himself against Wendy from behind. While her body rocked and trembling, his went suddenly still, his eyes closing and his face contorting as his pleasure finally overwhelmed him. The shudder of my body echoed the one that passed through Wendy as she felt this young stranger cum inside her, emptying his balls deep inside her married pussy while he groaned in satisfaction. With one long last sigh of relief that poured gasoline on the flames that were slowly roasting my heart, Devon relaxed. His cock slid easily from deep inside Wendy's pussy as he lay back on the bed.

Wendy raised one hand from the bed. Still supporting herself with the other, she gently caressed Tony's balls. Envy stabbed at me as she touched him, able to focus her full attention on pleasing him now that the other man had withdrawn. It didn't take long. Tony's breathing got more and more rapid, and his grip on Wendy's hair tightened. As he began to moan in pleasure, he suddenly pulled back. His dark cock twitched in the empty air, and I heard Wendy gasp as it suddenly erupted. Several jets of his hot cum splashed across her face, and Wendy closed her eyes as she let the stranger's seed wash over her. She kept her mouth open, eager to catch the stray drops of cum that dripped from her lips. After glazing my daughter in law's face, Tony released his grip on her hair and stepped back. Suddenly tired, he sat heavily on the edge of the bed beside her.

Wendy sat up on her knees. As though she had just remembered that I was watching, she turned on the bed to face me. My mouth open, I gazed at her in total amazement. I had never even imagined such a thing, and now I had seen it. Too many emotions to name raced through my scrambling mind as I stared at my sexy daughter in law. Between her bunched thighs, I could see the neatly trimmed strip of her pubic hair, and beneath it, the glistening pink folds of her freshly-fucked pussy that was beginning to leak with Devon's cum. Above the inward curve of her narrow waist, her breasts swelled, her large pink nipples as hard as pebbles with her arousal as she smiled at me. Her hair was slick with sweat and cum, and her face shone with the semen she made no attempt to clean off as she smiled at me. My daughter in law, my son's wife, looked like the complete and utter slut that she clearly was as she grinned at me, every square inch of her body glowing with carnal pleasure as she basked in my helpless attention.

"You see?" Wendy said quietly in a voice that was hoarse from her screams and yells of pleasure. "That's what real men get to do. And sad old perverts like you only get to watch." I said nothing. Her words stung, but they were nothing compared to the jealousy and lust that swirled inside me. My cock throbbed as though it would

never go down, despite the remorseless steel that encased it. I was thoroughly in awe of Wendy as she kneeled above me.

“Thanks, guys,” Wendy grinned, turning on her knees to address the two men sprawled on the bed beside her. “That was just what I needed.”

“Our pleasure,” Devon grinned. He stood as he spoke, bending clumsily to retrieve his uniform from the floor where he had dropped it. Tony raised his head as Devon tossed his T-shirt towards him, the two men dressing far less quickly than they had undressed. Wendy’s eyes never stopped shining with pleasure as she watched, her hands on her thighs as she continued to kneel on the bed. The two men seemed to feel awkward now that the moment of intense arousal was passed. What is the correct etiquette in a situation like that? None of us knew.

“Uh, bye,” Devon managed once the two of them had finished dressing.

“Bye, boys,” Wendy smiled flirtatiously at them. The two men hurried to the door of my cabin. As the door closed behind them, I could already hear their excited voices outside, talking and laughing as they hurried off across the resort.

Wendy smiled at me. I was coming to know that devious smile of hers, the one that made my stomach flutter nervously even as it made my heart pound with desire for her. Tony’s cum still shone on her face as she shuffled forward on her knees. Extending her long legs, she climbed down of the bed and slowly stood. My desperate eyes drifted over her lovely body as she stepped slowly towards me, shining like the sun. I gasped as she raised one foot between my parted legs, her bare toes pressing against the stainless steel that encased my throbbing cock.

“So now you know my little secret,” Wendy said in a low voice. “I’m just a girl who likes to get fucked.” With one leg raised, her bare pussy was right in front of my face. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air between us, further inflaming my nerves as I gazed up at her.

Every part of my body cried out for her, to take her and sink my cock into the pussy I had just watched get fucked so comprehensively. But it was impossible. Wendy had promised me that she was never going to fuck me. And to my growing despair, I was starting to believe she meant it.

“Andrew knew I was a slut when he married me,” Wendy said. I watched in agony as her hand crept over the rounded muscle of her thigh, her fingers straying towards the wet mess of her pussy that glistened with Devon’s cum as well as her own. “He likes it. Because every time I play with other men, I go home to him. And he reclaims me. God, he fucks me so hard when I do this. It’s so fucking hot, I can’t even believe it myself.” My heart thumped loudly in my ears as I watched Wendy’s fingers stray over her swollen lips. The pads of her fingers glistened with moisture as she teased herself and me at one and the same time, caressing her sex lewdly in front of my face until her hand shone. Then she reached towards my face. I saw her brow furrow into a frown as I recoiled.

“What’s the matter?” she teased. “Afraid of a little cum?” I pressed my lips together as I silently shook my head. The thought of being anywhere near the mixture of male and female fluids that dripped from Wendy’s pussy made my stomach turn. If she had let me, I would have happily licked her cum from her fingers or anywhere else she allowed me to do so. But the thought of Devon’s semen disgusted me. And Wendy smiled evilly as she studied my face.

“You know I could make you if I wanted to,” she went in in that quiet, maddening voice of hers. “I own your cock now. If you ever want to cum again, you need to do exactly as I say. I could make sure you never get another erection until you eat another man’s cum out of my pussy, and you’d do it. All I have to do is keep you horny and locked, and eventually, you’d beg to eat cum for me.”

I shook my head again. Not because I doubted the truth of her words. In the echoing chambers of my turbulent heart, I knew that she was right. I was terrified of her at that moment. I didn’t want to

say anything that might make my situation worse than it already was. If that was even possible.

“Not today, though,” Wendy smiled. “No point rushing things, is there?” I watched her hand sink between her legs again, scooping up more of the mixed cum that dripped from her pussy. Then she used that hand, wet with juices, to hold me by the hair while her other hand repeated the process. I grimaced and winced, but there was nothing I could do except press my eyes and lips closed as Wendy smeared cum all over my face. The smell of male and female orgasm filled my nose as Wendy coated my face with cum, just as hers had been, making sure that her wet fingers covered every inch of my skin. Laughing, she released her grip on my hair, and I opened my eyes to see her looming above me.

“That’s better,” she giggled. “That’s much better. Now we have matching facials.” Giggling again at her own joke, she lifted her foot from between my legs. I watched her ass sway from side to side as she made her way over to her discarded bikini bottoms. As much as I knew that she was not going to release me, I couldn’t keep my heart from soaring with hope as I saw the key to my chastity device glint between her fingers. But Wendy had other plans.

“I have to wear this back to the room so Andrew can fuck me,” she said. “So don’t go drooling over it, you old pervert.” The red fabric pooled between my legs as Wendy lowered it into my lap. I groaned as the key clicked against the chastity device. So close, so tormentingly close. But with my hands tied to the chair, I had no way to free myself, and Wendy knew it. The more I struggled, the tighter the twisted bed sheet grew around my arms. She was throwing my own helplessness in my face.

“I need a shower,” Wendy announced. Stepping behind me, I felt her struggle with the chair I sat in. Slowly, she turned it a few inches, enough to face towards the cabin’s door and the bathroom beside it. Then Wendy stepped away from me. I watched as she unhooked a tall mirror from the wall by the door and propped it up in front of me,

angling it carefully so that it gave a reflected view of the small bathroom.

“Don’t say I never give you anything,” Wendy smiled. “I’m going to let you watch me shower. What do you say, loser?”

“Thank you, Wendy,” I croaked. I knew what she wanted to hear. And Wendy smiled triumphantly as the words left my trembling lips. Without another word, she stepped into the bathroom. The water hissed as she turned it on. In the mirror, I watched as she stepped into the shower, luxuriating under the warm water.

She took her time. Her skin glistened under the streaming water, and I moaned aloud as I watched her clean herself. Suds dripped from her shining body, accentuating her figure as she seemed to float in a cloud of steam. I caught her blue eyes gazing at me in the mirror from time to time, a sly smile on her beautiful face, and my cock throbbed with need for her. The light shone on her breasts, her buttocks, her legs, every inch of her utterly desirable as she luxuriated in the process of cleaning herself, torturing me with the lovely display as I sat helpless and rejected.

Finally, Wendy stepped out of the shower. The water stopped. Her bare feet left faint moist impressions on the tiled floor of the cabin. She looked as radiant as ever after her shower, her body still shining with water as she reached into my lap and lifted her bikini bottoms from between my legs. Her smile grew as she toyed with the key that hung from the string at the side of the bikini. I could almost see the wheels turning in her twisted mind.

“Kiss my ass,” she suddenly said. She turned, facing away from me with her hands on her hips. Her bikini bottoms hung from her hand as she straddled my legs, moving backward so that her bare ass filled my vision. My cock throbbed. The sheet around my arms held me back as I leaned forward without a word. Her skin was rosy red from the warm water, and I felt that warmth as I pressed my lips to her skin. The firm young muscle of her body made me groan in agonized desire as I humbly kissed her gorgeous ass, and Wendy giggled above me.

“Now thank me for the show,” she laughed.

“Thank you for the show, Wendy,” I croaked. Disobedience was not an option. I had never wanted to cum more in my life, and Wendy was the only woman that could make it happen. My eyes followed every movement of the dangling key as Wendy stepped away from me, still smiling, and put her bikini back on. The key shone as she tied the laces at her hip and fastened her top in place, covering her breasts. Then she stepped behind me. I felt her tugging at the sheet that bound my wrists.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” she said. “Now, I’m going to go fuck my husband. And he’s going to give it to me hard while I tell him all about what his slutty wife has been up to all afternoon. And you know what you’re going to do while that’s going on?”

“No, Wendy.” Wendy had tied the sheet in a series of complicated knots, and I could tell it was taking some effort on her part to free my arms.

“You’re going to sit here in your little cage,” she said. Her breath tickled my ear as she whispered to me. “Frustrated and horny. You’re going to try not to think about me getting fucked and having multiple orgasms, but you won’t be able to help yourself, will you? You can’t stop thinking about your daughter in law, you old pervert.” She was right about that. With the cage still locked around my cock, I would be completely unable to relieve the pressure in my aching cock. And in that state, it would be virtually impossible not to think about the woman who had such devious control over me. As the sheet finally fell to the floor, I rubbed my sore wrists and gazed up at my evil daughter in law.

“Have a nice day, loser,” Wendy grinned. “See you at dinner.” Quickly, she turned. The key shone like the scales of a fish as it caught the light, dangling at her hip like she was the world’s sexiest jailer. I watched her go, my heart thumping in my ears and my mouth dry with fear and rage and monstrous desire as I watched her go. Without a single backward glance, she stepped through the front

door of my cabin out into the blinding Hawaiian sunlight and disappeared. The door clicked shut behind her.

With a sigh, I rose from the chair. My room was in complete disarray. My legs shook weakly as I made my way to the bathroom to wash my face. But I knew that no amount of soap and water could wash away the shame and the memory of what had just happened. I had watched my daughter in law get fucked, and kissed her ass to thank her for the privilege. That's not something you forget.

And all the while, my cock throbbed relentlessly in the steel cage that contained it. Wendy was never going to let me go, I knew that now. The cruel device made her power over me absolute. I could hardly meet my own eyes in the bathroom mirror as I cleaned myself up. Because then I would have to face the knowledge that I was enjoying this.

Going Home

Vacations are supposed to be relaxing. This one was anything but. I spent the entire week in fear of what Wendy might do next. Fear, and anticipation. Because everything Wendy was doing to me was wrong, and I know that. I can't pretend to understand the relationship that she had with my son, her husband, but the last thing I wanted to do was to get between the two of them. But my kinky daughter-in-law had proved that no man was going to get between the two of them. Andrew might not know about the games I was playing with Wendy, the game she was playing with me, but he took a remarkably permissive view of his wife's transgressions. It was all new to me, so new it made my head spin and my heart pound in my chest whenever I thought about it. But I wasn't being given a choice. Wendy was pushing this forward, and there was seemingly nothing I could do to stop her. Not with a steel cage around my cock. Wendy claimed that she owned my cock, and with the chastity device locked in place, it was hard to disagree. After all that I had seen and been through, I was so worked up that I would do practically anything she told me to. I'd do anything just to cum. And that's exactly how Wendy wanted me.

And now, as I sat on a sun lounger beside the pool, things felt strange. Andrew sat beside me on a sun lounger of his own, dark glasses obscuring his eyes as he stared up at the sun from the shade of the palapa. I knew too much. Wendy had drawn me into their relationship in a way that I was distinctly uncomfortable with, and I was finding it hard to process. And while I knew Andrew's secret, I was confident he didn't know mine. He couldn't know that his wife was dominating me, that she had locked my cock up in stainless steel chastity. Any idea of him ever knowing terrified me. I could only pray that Wendy would keep my secret. And regret that I ever got into this mess in the first place.

Except. How can you regret something that gives you a thrill unlike anything else you ever experienced before? How can you regret something more thrilling, more agonizingly exciting than anything you ever dreamed of? the frustration and teasing that Wendy had put me through amounted to torture, but torture of a very specific and very pleasurable kind. I'm lucky to have lived a long life, but never in all my life did I feel as alive as I did in those moments when Wendy teased and humiliated and used me for her own pleasure. It was agony, but more than that, it was ecstasy. Sheer ecstasy, unlike anything I've ever experienced. My biggest fear, the one that kept me awake in the nights while my cock throbbed inside the stainless steel cage that she had locked on it, was that one day this might all have to stop. That one day, Wendy might tire of these games, and cut me loose. Then what? Back to my mundane life, my deep physical loneliness, my unfulfilled dark desires that had now been awakened and strengthened by her twisted mind. That's what terrified me most of all.

The sun moved across the sky, making the sharp-edged shadows swarm across the concrete around the pool. And Andrew and I said nothing. I wondered if he might be asleep. And I couldn't prevent my lust-addled brain from thinking back to what Wendy had said the night before. She had told me how she loved go back to her husband after playing with other men. She had told me how she would be enjoying sex with him while I stayed in my room, locked up and frustrated. Wendy's stamina was unbelievable. After taking on two hotel workers in my room, had she worn out her husband as well? It was useless trying not to think about her. Even when she wasn't there - especially when she wasn't there - Wendy was everywhere. She was under my skin, in my blood, hiding in the crackling caverns of my electrified spine. Her shining eyes floated in the darkness inside my skull. And her hand held my cock in its inviolable grip, squeezing my manhood painfully every time I thought of her. There was no escape from her anywhere, and not being with her was just another way to be with her. I could think of nothing else.

And then she appeared. My sunglasses hid the gaze I was powerless to control as she made her way towards the pool. It was as though I could sense her coming, my head turning like a lump of iron drawn towards a strong magnet even before I could possibly know that it was her. On our final day at the Hawaiian resort, she had abandoned all pretense at modesty. Wendy knew that all eyes were on her, and she didn't care. She loved it. Her dark hair hung loose around her shoulders, seeming to shine in the sun as she moved towards the pool. Her sunglasses reflected the light, the sky, the swaying palms, the admiring men and jealous women watching her approach. Her lips were red, framing the strong white teeth of her smile and matching the deep and vibrant red of the skimpy bikini that strained around her body, struggling to contain her voluptuous figure. I felt the steel chastity device grow tighter around me as I watched her coming, pretending not to have noticed her while every cell in my body strained towards her with longing. Step by step, I watched her approach, her painted toes showing through her sandals as her long legs carried her step by step towards us, and I wondered if she could feel my eyes on her, for all I tried to hide it. I wondered if she knew what she was doing to me, more than any other man around the pool that day. We all wanted her, but no one, I submit, could possibly have wanted her more than I did, as my cock ached dully in the cage to which she held the only key.

“Hey babe.” Andrew sat up as his wife approached, the sun lounge creaking underneath him. Wendy's wedding ring sparkled as she held back her long hair from her face, bending over Andrew to kiss him in greeting. Her breasts swelled in the top of her bathing suit as she bent, and it was all I could do not to groan in utter desire as I secretly studied the shape of her hot young body. Wendy was gorgeous, and being remorselessly teased without any sexual outlet for days now had turned my desire into something close to obsession. I was like a dog in heat, completely fixated on sex to the exclusion of all else. And Wendy couldn't be happier about it.

“I'm gonna go for a swim,” Wendy announced.

“Ok,” Andrew replied, settling back on his chair. I watched as Wendy wordlessly turned, stepping towards the pool. Her toned young muscles showed under skin browned by the sun as she executed a dive into the cool blue water. I watched the light ripple and refract around her body as she swam, jealous even of the water that got to touch her all over while I remained frustrated. The worst part of prison is the view from the window. And the view I had of Wendy was driving me insane. I felt as though I could look at her forever and never grow tired of it, and yet I would never stop wanting to touch her. She had made it abundantly clear that we would never have sex, but it was she who had implanted this desire in me. It was she who had forced me to watch while she pleased herself, while she played with other men, while she teased me mercilessly. And once she had set it in motion, the mechanism of desire seemed to run by itself.

Wendy surfaced. The water slid over her face she turned her gaze to the sun, her black hair slicked back against her head with moisture. I could see her lovely limbs moving under the surface of the water, her body floating in the brightness as she turned towards me. The smile she flashed could have seemed as though it was made for her husband. Andrew probably took it that way. But I knew from the devious look in her sparkling eyes that it was meant for me.

It was too much. I stood. Feigning weariness from the sun, an old man's weakness that no one would question, I hurried back to the dim coolness of my cabin to be alone. There was nothing I could do to stop the torment of Wendy's beauty has it echoed in my mind, but outside of her physical presence, the pressure was less. Our vacation was almost over. I both feared and longed for it to come to an end.

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I woke up early. I always do. The sun was just rising above the mountains, igniting the warm blue sea on another day in paradise. A paradise we were leaving at last. I had packed my bags the night before, leaving out only what I intended to wear to the airport. Rising, I showered and shaved, feeling the steady pull of the steel chastity

device on my manhood as I moved. It didn't take me long to get ready. Once I was finished, I sat on the bed, wondering what would be an appropriate time to make my way over to Wendy and Andrew's cabin to see if they were ready. After all, we had an early flight. And yet I was scared to do it. Scared that Wendy might have something planned, some last twist of the knife. Maybe she wanted me to catch her in bed with her husband. Maybe she wanted me to see that, to see again what she had decided I could never have. The thought made the hairs stand up on the back of my neck even as my cock tried to swell inside the chastity device. And I waited. The minutes ticked by, one after another.

The sound of footsteps outside made me lift my head. I had been hoping never to see the maids again, the hotel cleaning staff who had been witnesses to my humiliation. From what I could hear, there was only one person outside, approaching the door of my cabin. I breathed in deeply as I heard the door click open. The maids always knocked first. It was Wendy.

"Good morning." A broad smile shone on her face as she stepped into the room. She had been holding a key to my room almost the entire time we had been there, and she didn't hesitate to use it. I'd almost grown used to her simply barging in whenever she felt like. "Ready to go?" She asked. I nodded. And as though completely outside my control, my eyes did their familiar dance over her body, studying her as though trying to commit her form to memory. She wore a plain t-shirt that her generous breasts pressed against from underneath, their exquisite round shapes plucking at the dangling cords inside me that crackled with lust. The black yoga pants she wore were mouth-wateringly tight, the stretchy fabric clinging to every curve of hip and leg as though they had been painted directly on her skin. Without looking in any way inappropriate for a day of travel, dressed-down Wendy was sexy as hell. I registered the fact glumly in the caverns of my mind. She knew what she was doing. Something told me that she would never not be sexy to me after what had happened between us on this vacation.

"No you're not," Wendy grinned. "Not quite you're not. Stand up." She offered no explanations as I stared up at her quizzically.

Slowly, I rose to my feet. My heart pounded as Wendy stepped towards me, the airy smell of her light perfume wafting over me as she got closer. The sly smile on her beautiful face made my heart throb in my chest, my stomach tightening as the familiar ache of my cock trying to harden bloomed in my guts. Wendy reached out, and I heard myself gasp as her hand strayed across the front of my pants. With practiced skill, she drew my zipper down, and I felt my entire body trembling as she reached inside. Her fingers slid over the metal that encased my cock, and she giggled at the gasp her touch drew from me, even with the cruel metal between her hand and me.

“We have to take this thing off,” Wendy said, her voice a low murmur now that we stood so close together. “You can’t go through the airport wearing it.” My cheeks reddened. I hadn’t even thought of that. I’m not going to pretend that wearing the chastity device had become normal to me, not by a long shot. But I was evidently too busy thinking about Wendy to consider the practicalities of my situation. And as she reached behind herself to produce the small key from a hidden pocket in the waist of her skintight pants, my cock throbbed with desire as though it could sense it was about to be free. My hands trembled as I fumbled with my belt, hurriedly pulling my pants open so that Wendy could reach inside. I didn’t even try to prevent myself from groaning as she took my caged cock in her hands.

“There it is,” Wendy smiled, petting my cage manhood as though it were a puppy. “There’s my cock, all locked up. It’s a shame to let you out so early, but I guess it can’t be helped. I was really enjoying keeping you locked up.”

“Oh my god,” I gasped, trying to hold still as Wendy slipped the key inside the lock. Her blue eyes peered deep into mine as she turned the key. The tiny click of the lock’s mechanism seemed to me as loud as a gunshot in the hotel room. The steel device came apart in her hands, and as Wendy removed the cage, my cock rapidly swelled. It all but burst forth from the open front of my pants, swelling and throbbing hungrily in the air between us. I gasped, feeling light-headed as the blood drained from my head. Wendy’s chuckle sent

hot wires of shame and desire crawling along my spine. The disassembled cage rattled in her hand as she held it up in front of me.

“Put this in your luggage,” she said. I could feel the warm steel in my palm as she handed me the chastity device. I could see my own reflection distorted in the curved steel as I gazed down at it. The source of all the power she had over me, yet Wendy was so confident in my desire to play her kinky games that she would simply hand it over to me like this. My heart started and stumbled in my chest.

“You want me to..? What about...at the airport. What if they ask about it?” Now that Wendy had raised the specter of airport security, it was all I can think about. My humiliations in front of others had already gone far enough, I thought, and the last thing I wanted was for my predicament to be exposed to more strangers. But Wendy simply shrugged, her slender shoulders rising and falling under the shining black curtain of her hair.

“Tell them the truth,” She shrugged. “Tell them that your son’s wife owns your cock and doesn’t allow you to touch it without her permission. I don’t care what you tell them.” My jaw worked soundlessly as I tried and failed to form words. It was useless arguing with Wendy, I knew that. As I reluctantly slipped the still-warm chastity device into a pocket of my suitcase, I was forced to confront a truth I had been suspecting for some time. The chastity device gave Wendy an enormous amount of power over me. But really, it was more symptom than cause. It was my desire for her that had got me into this mess in the first place, that had allowed her to put the shameful device on me, and it was that same desire which kept me shockingly obedient to her. While the faltering rational part of my brain urged me to destroy the cage while I had the chance, to fling it into the sea or discard it by the roadside, deep down in my confused heart, I knew that I wouldn’t. And Wendy seemed to know it too. There was no crack in her facade, not the slightest hint of doubt in her seemingly unshakeable confidence. She never seemed

to doubt, not even for a minute. And the sly smile never left her face as she watched me put the device away.

“Ok,” Wendy said. “We should get going.”

“Now?” My cock still throbbed between us expectantly. My desire was as strong as ever, and it was all I could do to keep myself from grabbing my manhood right there and then and relieving the pent-up stress of the last few days. But Wendy’s red lips lifted in a devilish smile as she grinned at me.

“Yes, now,” She said. “The bus leaves in an hour. And I’m not letting you out of my sight. Just because the cage is off does not mean you have permission to cum. You haven’t earned it yet.”

“But Wendy...” I could hear the petulant whine in my voice, and I hated myself for it. I sounded like a child, and the shame burned deeper as she laughed at me. But I couldn’t help it. Now that I was so close to what I wanted, I couldn’t easily accept my continued denial.

“What?” I saw Wendy bristle, and my stomach fluttered nervously. “You don’t cum until I say you can. That’s that. I don’t want to hear you whine about it either. Now put that thing away and grab your bags. Time to go home.” Wendy was clearly in no mood to be argued with. Sighing, I awkwardly stuffed my cock back into my pants and zipped up. Unseemly for a man of my age to have to worry about unwanted erections, yet there it was, the telltale bulge at the front of my pants that I fervently hoped no one but me would notice. Wendy turned, and my cock didn’t soften one bit as my eyes drifted down towards her ass. The yoga pants accentuated the curve of her sublime buttocks, at once holding and lifting to give her already exceptional figure an unignorable sexiness that filled me with despair. Grabbing my bags, I gloomily followed my sexy daughter in law out of the cabin, out into the Hawaiian sunshine for the last time.

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No one likes the airport. It’s a necessary evil if you want to travel, but it’s an experience I would always rather avoid if I could. And this had to rank as my worst airport experience yet. I was nervous, horribly nervous as we stepped into the building. I contrived to get into a separate line at security from Andrew and Wendy,

terrified that I would be asked about the chastity device when my bag went through the x-ray. I didn't want my son to hear that conversation. As my bag went through the machine, my heart froze as it paused while the woman at the computer cast her jaded eye over the outlines of my possessions. It was all I could do not to sigh with relief as the conveyor belt started up again and my bag rolled towards me without any further questions being asked. My heart thumped as though I had just run a marathon as I joined up again with Wendy and Andrew who had already gotten through the process.

With the scariest part of the ordeal over, I found my mind returning to Wendy. And my eyes wandered with it. I had noticed, with a stab of ludicrous jealousy, the eyes of fellow travelers on my daughter in law. If Andrew had noticed too, he gave no sign of it. No doubt he was used to it by now. One of the perils of marrying a beautiful wife. But I couldn't keep my own eyes from straying once again to her body, the yoga pants that clung jealously to her legs as though they never wanted to be parted from her. In the lounge area at our gate, she sat beside me, crossing her legs so that the black fabric stretched even tighter over her thigh. She was reading a magazine, and Andrew was occupied with his cell phone. Even though I knew it could only hurt me, I sneaked several quick glances at Wendy's body while we waited for the flight to board. And unsurprisingly, I felt my cock swelling in response to the sight of her. It could hardly be blamed. I wondered if I had ever gone so long without orgasm before. Certainly never with this level of teasing to keep me horny and frustrated. The experience was entirely new, and I was struggling to deal with it.

The wait for our plane to board seemed endless. And lust kept tugging at the base of my spine while I adjusted myself in my seat, anxious to hide my embarrassing predicament, from everyone, including Wendy. My cock seemed determined never to go down, now that it was finally out of its steel prison. Nor was it likely to do so, with Wendy sitting so close to me that I could practically feel the heat coming off her body, could smell the intoxicating scent of her as though I was absorbing it through my skin. I wondered what our

seating arrangements for the plane would be. And with a shudder of despair, I imagine Wendy sitting beside me for the whole ride home, her ripe young body pressed against mine and driving me wild with desire. Try as I might, I I couldn't keep myself from imagining slipping off to the bathroom with her, pressing my seemingly permanently hard cock between the silk and wet folds of her pussy. I clenched my fists so hard that my fingernails made tiny impressions in my palms. I was going to have to do something. I couldn't get on a plane in this state of agitation and sit beside my gorgeous daughter-in-law for the hours it would take to get us home.

Wendy's eyes made the merest flicker towards me as I stood. Then her bright blue gaze returned to the glossy pages of her magazine. I plucked uncomfortably at my clothes, trying to adjust myself to hide the shameful tumescence that threatened to expose my arousal to the world. My heart crackle with shame, but there was nothing I could do. I had to alleviate the erotic pressure I was feeling, or else I felt as though I might burst from the strain of containing it.

It was a short walk to the nearest bathroom. I sighed with relief as I found an empty cubicle. Pushing aside the door, I swung it shut behind me and clicked the lock into place. Hardly the most sensual place for what I was about to do, surrounded by unknown men going about their hygienic business amid the constant drip of water. It didn't matter. As soon as I pull open my pants, my cock spring out, eager and ready. I positioned myself above the toilet as I took myself in hand. Pressing my lips tightly together, I suppressed a deep sigh of gratitude as I began to stroke my cock.

There she was. Wendy. Here too, in the bathroom stall with me, just as she was everywhere else. Her gorgeous ass in her tight yoga pants haunted me like a buffet in front of a starving man, and it was there that my fractured mind began. The demonic desirability of her flesh, the firm sculpted muscle under the achingly soft skin. I imagined her uncrossing her legs, that slow smile I had learned to know so well lifting her lips as her hands reached for the top of her skin tight pants. And drew them slowly down.

I gasped. I had seen enough of my daughter in law's pussy over the past few days to be able to conjure it at will. I imagined it with

terrifying clarity, her wanton sex dripping and ready as she spread herself for me. Like a mirage, I could feel her body under my hands, her nerves flaring and crackling with an excitement that corresponded with my own as I moved to possess her. Her eyelids fluttered, the bright blue of her stare vanishing momentarily as pleasure overwhelmed her. The moan that rose from her throat almost made me cry out in abject lust as I whimpered in solitary pleasure.

My brow furrowed. Try as I might to control my thoughts, they seemed to have their own impetus. My fantasies were merging with memories. The things Wendy had done to me over the past few days danced before my closed eyes. I could see her again with the two strangers from the hotel, her beautiful body arched in the throes of orgasm, every long line of her lovely form speaking of near intolerable bliss. I saw her face flushed with pleasure, her red lips wrapped around the cock of a stranger while I helplessly watched. I heard again the screams and cries of ecstasy that tore apart the air of my hotel room while she tormented me with what I could not have, could never have. I didn't want to think these thoughts, yet there they were. I didn't even have control over my own mind, it seemed. Wendy had taken that too.

With a gasping shudder, I felt my orgasm come. It was all I could do not to cry out and reveal myself to the other patrons of the bathroom as a bliss for which I had waited almost a week wracked me with pleasure. My cock thumped in my hand, and the orgasm seemed to go on forever as I emptied my teased balls into the airport bathroom toilet.

But finally, the spasm passed, leaving me empty and drained. I felt dizzy. I felt weak. I felt hideously embarrassed for losing control of myself like this, for being reduced at my age to this kind of humiliation as though I were a teenage boy again. As I stuffed my sad, wilted cock back into my underwear, I felt very little of the joy I had expected to find. Instead, I felt only shame, and regret. Nothing could compare to what Wendy had shown me, I was realizing. Nothing else would ever be good enough again.

After washing my hands, I return to the departures lounge where Wendy and Andrew sat. Andrew raised his head from his phone at my approach.

“Where’s the bathroom, dad?” He asked. I pointed back the way I had come, across the echoing space of the terminal. “Thanks,” Andrew said as he stood, slipping his phone into his pocket as he walked away. I returned to my seat beside his wife, lowering myself down carefully beside her as though she was asleep and I was trying not to wake her.

No chance of that.

Wendy’s blue eyes rose slowly from the magazine in her lap. She couldn’t know what I had done, and yet I felt that cool stare probing me, as though my skull was clear glass to display the thoughts I hoped to keep hidden from the world. She gazed into my eyes for seconds that lasted lifetimes before her lips slowly parted.

“Have fun in there?” She asked drily.

“In the bathroom? Not really,” I stammered. An amused look hovered in Wendy’s eyes. I could feel my cheeks prickling, and I hoped desperately that I wasn’t blushing under her intense scrutiny.

“That’s a shame,” She said, returning her eyes to her magazine as she spoke. “You should have. Because I’m going to punish you for it anyway.”

My Keyholder Daughter-In-Law

Wendy had threatened to punish me. And I know my kinky daughter-in-law's devious mind well enough to know that she did not make idle threats. The truth was I was terrified of her. Her power over me seemed practically limitless, fed by my own unstoppable desire for her. After the incident at the airport, I was wracked by the creeping fear of what Wendy might do to me. And that fear was made all the more powerful, all the more impossible to ignore by the fact I was forced to confront: I wanted this. I was eagerly awaiting Wendy's punishment even knowing that it might be terrible, that it would undoubtedly involve frustration and teasing and denial for me. I found myself thinking about it at all hours of the day, imagining wild dreams of what might happen. Wendy totally in charge of my body again, teasing and tormenting and dominating me while I did whatever she said. It never for one second occurred to me that her actual reaction would be far, far worse than anything I could imagine. I ought to have known better, but my kinky daughter in law was still more than capable of surprising me.

It's a general rule that time seems to go quicker the older you get. And like all rules, it has its exceptions. Ever since I retired, I'm finding time on my hands, and it weighs heavily. But no hours ever weighed as much as the ones that followed our Hawaiian vacation, while I waited in vain for Wendy's punishment. A week crawled by without me hearing from her or her husband. Another followed it, the phone as silent as before. For all the dark punishments I'd imagined suffering at the hands of Wendy, this was far worse. I told myself that she and Andrew would be busy returning to work and that she had better things to do than spend her time with me. But it wasn't that simple. As the days and weeks passed, I began to suspect the awful truth: That this absence, this silence that clawed at me in the empty hours was Wendy's punishment.

Never underestimate my stupidity. It took me an embarrassingly long time to realize this. I denied the truth forever, telling myself I was better off, telling myself that I should never speak to her again if I could possibly avoid it. And all the while, the steel chastity device still sat unpacked in my suitcase. I had left it there, unable to so much as look at it. Sometimes, in the bright light of day, I felt almost like laughing at the whole thing. As though none of this was serious, as if this were all some crazy TV show I was watching or something like that, and I could just as easily turn it off. Wendy had stopped playing with me; so what? It was just some crazy thing that had happened on vacation and would never happen again. It was for the best, I told myself. This way, we would never be found out. Our awful secret would never be revealed, and my son's marriage would remain intact. And if he got a strange pleasure from knowing that his wife was unfaithful to him, knowing that she had sex with another man, what business was that of mine? Their sex life could stay their own for all I cared. I told myself I was happy not to be a part of it.

But the nights were different. I've never been a good sleeper, and in the nights that followed our Hawaiian vacation, my insomnia grew worse and worse. I had thought that a man's sex drive would decline as he aged, and for a while, for me, that had seemed to be true. But no longer. Wendy had awoken something within me, something powerful and primal, something I was unable to resist or to ignore. I found myself unable to sleep without an orgasm to push me over the brink into unconsciousness. And who do you think was the star of those fantasies that I used to get myself to sleep on a night when nothing else worked? That's right. My sexy daughter-in-law Wendy. I can't tell you how many wild acts took place between the two of us in my fractured mind in the weeks that followed the vacation. As though my retired brain had needed a subject to work on, it devoted itself with ferocious diligence to concocting new and wildly erotic scenarios. I was amazed by my own creativity. But time and again, as I lay alone in my broad bed, sweating through another sleepless night, I found myself remembering rather than fantasizing. I found myself reliving the events of our vacation, the things Wendy

had done to me, the things I had witnessed. Even my darkest fantasies could not compete with the reality she had shown me. And every second of the time we had spent together in my hotel room seemed to be burnt onto the surface of my brain, completely unforgettable, preserved forever. And over the long weeks that followed, repetition polished those memories until I could recall them instantly at any moment. Believe me, I did.

Finally, in the dark heart of yet another sleepless night, I reached for my suitcase. I had long since unpacked, hanging my clothes back up in the closet where they belonged, and only one item still remained inside my luggage. My groping fingers reached into a pocket of the suitcase to find the cool touch of steel, and I recoiled as if I had been burnt. But the real fire was inside me, licking the edges of my startled heart, and I couldn't ignore the call within me that made me reach into the case again. My breath came in ragged gasps as I pulled the chastity device out of my suitcase. In the darkness of my bedroom, it gleamed, picking up and reflecting what little traces of light there were. It felt so light in my hand, its slight weight completely out of proportion to the place it occupied in my thoughts. My cock swelled between my legs as I hefted the device in my hand.

What am I doing? I thought to myself. Shaking my head for no one to see, I stuffed the device back into the suitcase and returned to bed. This was crazy. I couldn't seriously be thinking about putting that thing on again, surely? It was a moment of madness, that was all. I wasn't going to actually do it. Of course not. I wasn't that crazy. After lying in bed for hours that night, I finally managed to snatch a few hours of restless sleep.

And yet none of my rationalizing was able to stop me reaching into the suitcase again the following night.

How long did things go on like this? How long did I oscillate between the two poles of acceptance and denial, fighting against myself while wild images of Wendy's beauty ravaged my mind? I couldn't say precisely. A few weeks, maybe. But all that time, I could

feel myself slipping. I could feel myself slipping deeper into the spell cast by what Wendy had done to me. It was as though she had bitten me and infected me with some kind of venom that was slowly passing through my body, disrupting my normal thought processes and changing me into something entirely new. It was only with extreme reluctance that I was able to admit to myself that this was exactly what I wanted.

And slowly, old habits kept returning to me. I found myself reaching for my laptop one sleepless night, returning to a site I hadn't visited in years perhaps. I soon found that Wendy was hardly unique in her kinky predilections and that I was far from the first man to be turned on by being treated this way. Night after night, I found myself enthralled by the endless procession of videos, beautiful women using their sexual power to bring men to their knees. Men like me. Women like Wendy. And as video followed video, I could feel myself falling deeper and deeper under the dark spell of my daughter-in-law.

The first time I wore the device by myself, it was only for a second or two. During one of my shameful yet daily masturbation sessions, I reached for the device and attempted to slide it over my cock, just for a second, just to remind myself what it felt like to be owned by Wendy. The metal hardly fit over my swollen head due to the erection I had, and I quickly aborted the attempt, dropping the device on the mattress beside me while I pleased myself frantically and joylessly. The next night, I got the device a little lower, held it on there a little longer, almost daring myself to put it all the way on before I lost my nerve. But the lure of the device was just too strong. I came back to it again and again, until finally one night, I put it all the way on. My cock surged inside the hollow metal tube, my rampant erection pressing immediately against the steel walls of the cage, and I groaned in a mixture of pleasure and pain as I remembered how it had felt to have Wendy tease and deny me again and again. I imagined her there with me in the bed, watching me degrade myself, watching me long for her power and dominance without being able to admit it, to her or even to myself. In a matter of

seconds, I groaned in pleasure and filled the metal tube with my semen as I came.

Those not as deep in denial as I was will no doubt see where this is going. Perhaps even I did at the time. I just wasn't ready to admit it to myself. But the day came at last when I put my cock inside the device and locked it shut with a small padlock I had bought from the hardware store expressly for that purpose. I dared myself to wear it all day, going about my usual tasks with a little secret that nobody knew. I tried to pretend that Wendy had put it on me, that she had forbidden me from pleasuring myself until she gave her permission. For the three hours I managed to hold out, my cock pressed solidly against the steel, as though trying to force its way out. Eventually, my willpower crumbled. Fumbling with the key, I tore the device off and took my cock in hand, frantically masturbating to the point of orgasm. As physical bliss flowed through me and vanished again, I felt the dull sting of disappointment. It just wasn't the same. Knowing that I could free myself whenever I wanted to remove the lion's share of the anguish and torment, but also the bliss and rapture of submission. Without powerlessness, without pain, I was finding the pleasure wasn't what it used to be.

More weeks went by. Andrew and Wendy came to visit, the way that they used to. Nothing was unusual, except my own feelings. I now knew more about them than I used to, and it made me uncomfortable. Even seeing Wendy was difficult. She had always been beautiful, but now her beauty pierced me like a sword, now that I knew what she was capable of. Now that I had seen the things I'd seen, I could never forget them, and whenever I was in Wendy's presence, they came rolling back at me, exploding in my mind like fireworks. From time to time, I would catch her looking at me, catch the fugitive gleam in her bright blue eyes, and my cock would swell predictably in my pants as I remember what she had put me through. Did she still think about it too? Did it bring her even half as much pleasure as it brought me to remember what we have done together? I hoped so.

It was more than a month after our vacation that things finally came to a head. I felt ruined, like a shadow of a man, like a ghostly wraith haunting my own life. My idea terrified me, but I could no longer avoid the truth. I needed something only Wendy could provide. I couldn't forget what we had done any more than I could forget the sun above us, and I couldn't ignore the feelings inside me anymore that I could ignore the gravity that holds us to the earth. I was wearing the chastity device when Wendy and Andrew came to visit one Sunday, and even before she arrived, my cock was throbbing with the familiar dull ache of trying to expand inside a metal contraption that would not allow it to do so. When Wendy stepped through the front door, my heart soared, tripping over its own flat feet at the mere sight of her, at the slight smile on her pretty face and the dazzling gleam in her bright blue eyes. For all that I conjured her image night after night in the loneliness of my bed, nothing did justice to her true beauty. It was enough to make me short of breath.

The three of us had dinner together as though nothing was out of the ordinary. We talked of their work, of the weather, of sports, any of the many trivialities that families talk to each other about. But my mind was miles away. I found myself wondering, as I watched those lips curl around a fork that lifted food to her mouth, if she had been with anyone besides her husband since our return from Hawaii. For all I know, that same afternoon, those soft and plushy lips had been pleasuring another man, a complete stranger, Wendy selfishly taking her pleasure while her husband watched admiringly. The thought burned in my brain, allowing me no peace as we dined.

Dinner came to an end, and Andrew and Wendy began to make motions to leave. I began to feel frantic. I was terrified of doing what I knew I had to do, and it seemed impossible to pick the right moment. But when Andrew decided to go to the bathroom before leaving, I saw my chance. Wendy's blue eyes rose towards me from where she sat on the couch as I scurried towards her.

“Wendy,” I gasped, completely unable to hide the desperation in my voice, “I need to talk to you.” Her lovely face remained calm as she stared up at me. She sat on my sofa with a poise and elegance that seemed almost supernatural, a goddess carved of marble. My cock ached inside the chastity device as I imagined dropping to my knees at her feet before fearfully resisting the impulse. She wore a black dress that clung tightly to her torso as though struggling to contain the two voluptuous mounds of her breasts. Under the skirt, her legs were crossed. A pair of wedge heels were on her feet, making her almost as tall as me when she stood, though still shorter than Andrew. In short, she looked ravishing. Her beauty plucked at the weakest parts of me as I stared adoringly at her.

“About what?” When Andrew was around, she remained my friendly and warm and loving daughter in law. This was the first time the two of us were alone together since the holiday.

There was no way she could possibly have forgotten what had happened between us, I knew that. But I strongly suspected that it all meant far less to her than it did to me. To Wendy, it was just a kinky little game like many she played, a way to have some illicit fun on vacation. To me, it was the dawning of an entirely new life.

“About what happened.” From the upstairs bathroom, I could already hear the water running. I was running out of time, and the pressure from my caged cock pushed me onwards. “In Hawaii. I can’t stop thinking about it.”

“I bet you can’t.” A slow smile spread across Wendy’s face. “You dirty old man.” Her words sent a shiver racing along my spine as she grinned at me. Deep shame burned inside me again, just as it had in Hawaii, just as it had on every night since. And just like on all those other occasions, it only fueled the lust I was feeling.

“I - I need it,” I blurted out. “I have to - I don’t know why. Please - just take it.” I heard Andrew’s heavy tread on the stairs as I held out my hand. The key to my chastity device shown in my palm. I watched Wendy’s beautiful eyes sink down towards my hand. She knew at once what she was looking at. I saw her eyes widen, and

her white teeth showed between her lips as her smile grew. She looked absolutely delighted, underneath her obvious surprise. Her eyes rose again to mine as she smiled up at me from the sofa.

“Are you serious?” Wendy grinned. “Do you know what this means?” I could hear Andrew humming happily as he came down the stairs towards us. He was almost in the room with us, and the key bounced slightly in the palm of my hand as I shook with fear.

“I don’t care,” I hissed. “Take it, please!” Wendy reached for the key with a sudden movement, and I gasped gratefully as it disappeared in her hand. Her eyes strayed over my face as though looking for some outward sign of the changes she had caused in me. As Andrew reached the bottom of the stairs, Wendy stood. I saw her slip the key into the handbag she carried, and my cock throbbed painfully at the realization of what I had done.

“Ready to go?” Andrew asked her. Wendy smiled at me as she nodded. Stepping towards me, she wrapped her arms around me, and my caged cock throbbed against her thigh as I returned the embrace.

“I’m coming back tomorrow night,” she whispered in my ear, too low for her husband to hear. “We’ll talk then.”

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The light in the bedroom was soft, casting mobile shadows over the walls, the floor, the dresser, the bed. Over Wendy's soft skin as she stood in front of me. It had been longer than I cared to count since I had had a woman in my bedroom, not since my wife passed. To have my son's wife here now, doing what she intended to do, made my head spin. Even if it had been me who had suggested it.

“So you want me to be your keyholder.” Her black hair shone like silk in the faint light. Her blue eyes glinted, set off by the darkness of the hair that framed her pretty face. She looked stunning. And I sat on the edge of my bed, staring up at her in a

species of wonder, amazed that this thing that I had dreamed of for so long was finally happening.

“Yes Wendy,” I gasped. Inside the steel chastity device, my cock ached with desire. It had only been a single night that I had been forced to go without orgasm, and yet I already felt that it was more than I could take. But I knew what I was signing up for when I gave the only key that could free me to Wendy. Humiliation and frustration and despair. But hopefully, somewhere in there, total bliss too.

“You know I'll do it,” she said. “But the same rules apply as in Hawaii. I'm not going to let you fuck me, no matter how much you beg and plead. And you will beg and plead.” I shuddered deliciously. There was no reason to doubt the truth of her words. She stood in the middle of my bedroom floor, one hand on her cocked hip, dressed in jeans and a pair of tall black high heeled shoes that showed her feet through the intricate cage of the narrow straps. The dull ache of desire in my gut was a constant whenever she was around. And even though I knew I was giving her limitless power to make that aching worse, I had never been more excited.

“I know, Wendy,” I said. “I just...need it.”

“Yes,” she grinned. “Yes, you do. And it's about time you admitted it. But before we make this official, you need to do something first. Are you wearing the device?”

“Yes,” I breathed. Wendy's eyes sparkled with mirth.

“Show me,” she said.

Without another word I stood. Wendy's sly smile never left her face as she watched me rise to my feet. Her eyes were on my hands as I fumbled with the front of my pants and pushed them down. The curved steel of the chastity device reflected the room as it rose from between my legs. And a giggle of girlish delight rose from Wendy's lips as she saw my caged cock again.

“And that key you gave me is the only one?” She asked.

“Yes, Wendy.”

“Good. Because if I ever find out you’ve been cheating on me, you’ll be in more trouble than you can handle. Understand?”

“Yes, Wendy. It’s the only key, I swear.” I was telling the truth. As crazy as it sounds, there was no point to any of this if I could free myself whenever I liked. The whole point was to surrender control. Even if it terrified me.

“Take your clothes off. All of them.” Wendy spoke in a tone that allowed no room for contradiction, and I didn’t try to argue. While my dominant daughter in law watched, I shed my clothes until I was naked, with only the device to conceal my cock from her probing gaze. Wendy’s boobs rose on her chest as she folded her arms beneath them.

“Get down on your knees,” she said. Her voice was quiet now, but I caught her words clearly over the hammering of my heart. She seemed to grow taller as I lowered myself to the floor, gazing up at her, unable to turn my eyes away. She stood with one foot forward, her painted toenails visible through the strappy shoe. She was virtually glowing with the sense of her own unrivaled power, and I kneeled at her feet, a penitent petitioning his goddess.

“Who owns your cock?” she hissed.

“You do, Wendy.” It was no more than the truth. The awful, shameful, humiliating truth.

“Kiss my feet and beg me to own you.” My heart beat rapidly as I leaned forward. I could taste the slight salt tang of her skin as I pressed my quivering lips to her foot, my cheeks burning with shame as I bowed my head to the floor. While she gloated above me, I showered her foot with kisses until she extended the other one for me to likewise worship. My cock screamed for relief in the tight confines of the chastity device. But we both knew it wasn’t going to happen.

“Please, Wendy,” I moaned wretchedly against her foot, “please own me. Take control of me. Use me however you want. I’m yours.”

“Stay there.” I didn’t dare lift my head as Wendy stepped away from me. I listened to her cross the floor, her slender heels thumping on the carpet she made her way towards a bag that she had brought with her. Just like in Hawaii. Picking up the bag, she returned to stand in front of me again, and I lifted my eyes from the carpet to watch her rummage in the bag for something. When she produced a pair of handcuffs, my heart soared.

“Give me your hands.” Wendy crouched over me, and I offered no resistance as she took my wrists in her hands. Placing them behind my back, she quickly cuffed my wrists together. I breathed in her perfumed scent as she briefly pressed her body against mine.

But all too quickly for my liking, she stood up again, looming over me once more as I kneeled, naked and handcuffed on my own bedroom floor. Wendy balanced gracefully on one foot as she raised the other and pressed her sharp heel against my shoulder. I gasped as she pushed me down to the floor, sprawling on my back with my cuffed hands trapped underneath me.

“This is going to be so much fun,” Wendy said. The wild light in her eyes was enough to make me tremble as I gazed up at her from the floor, but there was no stopping her now. She reached into the bag again, and my eyes widened as I watched her produce some kind of sex toy. Holding the frightening-looking implement in her hand, Wendy crouched above me, kneeling close to my head.

“Open your mouth,” she said, gripping my chin in her free hand. I did as I was told. Wendy held the toy above my face, and the soft protrusion filled my mouth as she pressed it between my lips. It was a gag. Wendy roughly lifted my head from the floor as she buckled the gag into place behind my head, effectively silencing me. Once she was finished, she sat back on her knees, and then rose easily to stand above me again. My eyes crossed as I peered down at the gag she had put on me. A large thick cock rose from the front of the gag, jutting obscenely into the air above my face as it rose from my mouth. The part of the gag that was inside my mouth muffled my groan of lust and despair as I realized what Wendy had in mind.

Wendy pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor. Her jeans soon followed as she wriggled out of them, stepping carefully out of the pool of fabric with her high heels still on. I gasped against the gag as she removed her bra, her full breasts rising magnificently from her chest as she stood above me. As she slowly, teasingly wriggled her way out of her skimpy panties, I whimpered pathetically. Her pussy glimmered above me, her soft lips swollen and full as her arousal showed. I couldn't tear my gaze away as Wendy straddled my head, one foot on either side of me as I stared up at the body I had begged her to deny me.

"Get used to this, you old pervert," Wendy grinned. "You're going to be seeing this view a lot. Whenever I can't find a real man to fuck me." Wendy bent her knees, and I groaned again as I watched her descend on me. She gasped as the head of the dildo gag pressed against the pink entrance to her womanhood, and I shivered with lust as she slowly impaled herself on the fake cock.

"Hold still," she growled in a voice that crackled with lust, and I did my best to obey her as she slid slowly down. I could smell the sweet scent of her arousal as her filled pussy hovered above my face, her wet lips pushed apart by the fake cock inside her. Wendy cried out happily as she took the dildo deep inside, her rapidly swelling clitoris almost touching my nose as she settled on top of my face.

"Now watch, old man," she sneered. "Watch this toy fuck the pussy you'll never have." As though I could possibly resist. Wendy's thighs bunched as she began to slide up and down on the fake phallus, and my stomach trembled as I watched. I had no idea how many more nights like this I would have to suffer through. But as Wendy's ecstatic cries rose into the air around us, I was glad that she owned my cock.

My Daughter In Law's Plan

“ Oh fuck yes! Oh, that feels so good! ”

Wendy's cries filled the air of my bedroom, turning the night into a desperate symphony of pleasure. With a feeling that was becoming increasingly familiar to me, I felt a dull ache in the pit of my stomach as my cock tried and failed to harden inside the relentless grip of my steel chastity device. My hands trembled. My whole body trembled. My nerves crackled and sparked, alive with a deep frustration that I knew was only going to get worse. Wendy's voice echoed in my ears, pulling at the taut wires that seem to vibrate all along my spine.

“ Oh fuck! Oh fuck. Oh my...oh my god! ”

Her words trailed off into an animalistic cry. A pleasure I could only imagine tore the words from her throat, and it was all I could do to not groan myself. Wendy's voice, saturated with bliss, seem to merge with the deep pounding of my heart that I could hear in my ears. My breath was almost as short as hers.

“ Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Yes! Yes! Yesssss! ”

I gritted my teeth so hard it felt as though they would crack as I listened to Wendy cum. I was familiar enough by now with the sounds of her ecstasy to recognize it at once, and it sent hot spikes of desire through my body to hear it again. I writhed on the mattress, in the tight grip of primal lust.

“ Oh my god, Andrew, ” Wendy panted, her voice thick with pleasure, hoarse with passion. “ Oh, you made me cum so hard. ”

The phone trembled in my hand. It took every ounce of self-control I possessed to keep silent as I listened to my son fuck my daughter in law. And don't think for a moment that I was immune to the shame brought on by this disgraceful situation. It's not as though I had a choice. Wendy, as always, was firmly in charge, and whatever she said I would do. It was she who had called me up, while Andrew was in the bathroom, ordering me to listen while she enjoyed the pleasure that she so eagerly denied to me. Knowing that she was experiencing orgasm while I was denied all possibility of doing the same only enhanced Wendy's sadistic pleasure, and that in turn fed my own lust, and that only made the pain in my locked cock greater. As I listened to Wendy purr in pleasure, my free hand tugged uselessly at the unyielding steel that encased my manhood. If there had been any way to free myself, I would have found it by now. But that didn't stop me from trying.

Down the phone line, Wendy's noises of pleasure took on a new rhythm. The remorseless, relentless, torturous show was far from over. And Wendy wanted me to listen to the end. I could hear the bed moving on the other side of town, rocking to the rhythm of their passion while my own sat unmoved. I had another long night ahead of me, that much was clear. And once these two had fully enjoyed one another 's bodies and lay basking in the dull afterglow of sexual release, I would lie awake and alone, staring at the dim ceiling of my bedroom and attempting the impossible. Trying not to think about Wendy while the chastity device she held the key to denied me any pleasure of my own. This was my life, the life I had signed up for. The life I had begged Wendy to draw me into. Don ' t think for a moment that I had forgotten why I was here.

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Sunlight striped the white walls of my living room. Outside, I could hear the birds singing even through the closed windows. Spring was coming, there was no doubt about that. The grass on my lawn was starting to grow again, springing back from the cold stasis

of winter, and soon it would be time to get the mower out from its seasonal slumber and get it back into running order.

Not today, though. Today I had other duties.

The strong smell of nail polish filled the air, making me slightly dizzy with its pungent fumes. Wendy's foot was warm in my hand as I held it gently, her toes spread by one of those foam devices designed for that purpose. The tiny brush slid over her toenail, covering it with a layer of red paint as I took care not to get any on her skin. Wendy hated that. They say that practice makes perfect, and I was a long way from perfect. But this wasn't my first attempt at painting Wendy's toes, not by a long shot.

“ So how long has it been now, since I last let you cum? ”

I had a feeling that Wendy knew the answer to that question. I know that I did. If called upon, I could have given it to her in seconds. When you're as sexually frustrated as I am, constantly teased by your cruel and beautiful daughter in law, constantly burning with the shame of your embarrassing predicament, you tend to remember those details. I raised my eyes from Wendy's foot to glance up at her. She sat above me on my sofa, her long legs crossed to keep her foot raised in my hands. She was wearing her common weekend outfit of tight jeans and a simple t-shirt. I knew first-hand just how stunning my daughter-in-law could be when she dressed for an occasion, or when she wore a bikini as she had in Hawaii when I first discovered this sexy dominant side to her. But even in more casual clothes, the woman was a knockout. Wendy could turn heads wearing a burlap sack if she wanted to. Of course, in my frustrated and denied state, I was far from an impartial judge. I wanted her the way a drowning man wants oxygen, and she would look amazing to me no matter what. Her bright eyes sparkled like sapphires between the dark curtains of her loose hair, and a faint smile lifted the corners of her lips as she looked down at me. It hadn't taken Wendy long to discover the possibilities my reliance on her for physical pleasure

created. In the depths of my shame, I tried to justify this in my mind. Any man, once his cock was locked, would do whatever his keyholder told him. That just made sense. Wendy was the only person who could free me, who could give me even a portion of what I wanted, and that made her pleasure extremely important to me. Wendy was smart enough to see that at once. And she was cruel enough to take full advantage. Painting her toes has become one more task on the ever-growing list of humiliating activities she had me perform in service to her. She could get a better pedicure at any nail salon. But that wasn't the point and we both knew it.

“ It ’ s been three weeks, Wendy. ” Wendy smiled at the rapidity of my response.

“ Three weeks, ” she said. “ I bet you ’ d do anything to cum right now, wouldn ’ t you? ”

“ Yes, Wendy. ” It was true, of course. But it never failed to worry me when she spoke like this. After the things we had done in Hawaii, I had a pretty good idea of how devious my daughter in law could be. I could almost see the gears turning in her mind as she watched me, brush in hand, kneeling at her feet and looking up at her nervously. I must have made quite the sight. As soon as she stepped through the door, Wendy had insisted that I remove my clothes. She liked to see the chastity device that caged my cock, the curved steel gleaming in the light. Just one more reminder of the power she held.

Wendy uncrossed her legs. My breath grew short as the foot I had just held reached between my legs and her painted toes tapped lightly against my caged cock. The dull ache in my stomach that was an almost constant companion when Wendy was around grew as I felt my manhood bobbing to her touch.

“ Three weeks, ” she said again. “ That ’ s a long time. Personally, I refuse to let a single day pass without at least one

orgasm. But then, that ' s me. A woman like me shouldn ' t have to go without, should I? ”

“ No, Wendy. ” She smiled at the readiness of my answer. I would agree with whatever she said, of course, and we both knew that. But Wendy loved to see it in action.

“ And how long since I locked your cock away? That first time, in Hawaii. ”

“ Three and a half months. ”

“ So I ' ve been controlling your orgasms on and off for a quarter of a year now. ”

“ Yes, Wendy. ” On and off. There was almost a month in there where Wendy had left me to my own devices. A strange, sleepless, horrible month, in which I had realized once and for all that I would never be free of Wendy, chastity device or not. There were times when I felt almost as though I could hate her, when I grew tired of the constant frustration, the humiliation, the burning shame of being enslaved so easily by my daughter-in-law. But whenever that happened, all I had to do was remind myself how it felt to be free of her. How it felt to be ignored by her, to have her behave as though there was nothing going on between us beyond the normal relationship of a man with his son's wife. It was Wendy who opened pandora's box, and the dark desires she had kindled in me could no longer be extinguished.

“ Doesn ' t it drive you crazy? ” Wendy leaned forward as she spoke. Her blue eyes peered into mine.

“ Of course, ” I said, doing my best to not let my lips tremble as I spoke. “ You know it does. ” Why else would I be here, I thought to myself? Why else would I be kneeling on the floor of my own living

room, stark naked, painting my daughter in laws toes like some kind of unpaid servant? It was madness, pure madness. And the only explanation was the unquenchable lust I had for her.

“ It makes you so obedient though, ” Wendy giggled. “ Look at you. You ’ ll do anything I say just to cum. Not even to fuck me. We both know that isn ’ t going to happen. ” I felt my cheeks redden as she spoke. Amazing that I was still even capable of blushing after all that she had put me through. But there it was, the familiar hot prickle in my cheeks like a thousand needles pressing against my skin. Wendy brought it out in me. I might be a quarter of a century older than her, but she had a way of making me feel like a little boy in her presence. A naughty little boy that she intended to correct. I watched cautiously as she leaned back against the sofa again, recrossing her legs so that her other foot was now raised under my face.

“ My friends can ’ t believe it, ” She smirked. I froze. My heart seemed to stop for a terrifying moment before lurching back to frantic life in my chest. My hands, that had been reaching out for her foot, paused in midair. I had heard her with perfect clarity, but I wanted to find some way that I could doubt what I had heard. And all the while, there was that dull ache in the pit of my stomach, never for a moment letting me forget how much this all turned me on. Wild images bloomed in the darkest recesses of my mind, while I frantically tried to shove them away.

“ You...you told your friends? ” I croaked. Wendy's eyes flashed like drawn daggers as she smiled.

“ Just one or two of them, ” She grinned. “ No one you know. ” I shook my head slowly, as though trying to deny the truth of what she was saying. Wendy ’ s teeth showed white in her smile as she grinned at me, her eyes flickering over my face as she studied my reaction. She fed off my discomfort and embarrassment like a hummingbird feeding on a flower. It excited her. And knowing that,

knowing just what sadistic glee my daughter-in-law took in my disgrace, only turned me on more.

“ But you know how it is, ” Wendy went on. Her hair shone like black silk in the light as she tossed it carelessly back over her shoulder. My eyes were locked onto her now, studying her every movement like a nervous antelope watching a lioness as I waited to hear what she had to say. “ Seeing is believing. This one friend of mine, Jess, doesn ’ t believe me. So I want to show her. ”

“ You want to...show her? ” I croaked. Exposure of my humiliating predicament was one of my greatest fears. And Wendy had already played on that at the hotel in Hawaii. But at least they were strangers, people that we would never see again. The idea of my chastity being exposed to one of Wendy's friends, even if the woman was currently a complete stranger to me, made my blood run cold. And yet. That same cold blood throbbed in my veins, beating to the same wild pulse of arousal that made my heart hammer my chest. As much as the idea terrified me, I couldn't deny the excitement I felt. And as Wendy smiled down at me, I wondered if she could see the awful truth written on my face.

“ Why not? ” Wendy grinned. “ It ’ ll be fun. ” Fun was hardly the word I would use to describe such an event. But I wasn't immune to its appeal, either. It would be massively humiliating, of course. But then, wasn't that what I wanted? My entire relationship with Wendy was one big humiliation, and I loved it. Some dark part of my heart beat with masochistic pleasure at the thought of what Wendy might make me do.

“ You ’ ll like her, ” Wendy smiled. “ Jess is fun. ” That was hardly the point. Nor was it relevant, as far as I could see. Wendy didn ’ t worry about whether I would like the maids she had exposed me to at the resort in Hawaii or the men she had brought to my room so that I could watch them fuck her in my bed. I had a strong feeling that I wasn ’ t going to like this woman, this Jess. But I hadn ’ t an

even stronger feeling that it wasn't going to matter how I felt about her.

“ I ... I ... ” I stammered and fell silent. I had no idea what to say. Wendy wasn't exactly asking. Wendy never really asked. She didn't have to. Ever since I had begged her to take the key to my self-inflicted chastity, the power relationship between us was clear. And I wanted, more than anything, for my sexy daughter in law to use the power that I had given her. I wanted her to make me do things. I just wasn't sure exactly what those things were. But Wendy had always had a better imagination than I did. She leaned forward again, uncoiling herself from the sofa like a snake, and her glowing eyes wove their spell over me the way they always did. Mingling with the smell of the nail polish, I could detect the faint scent of her, the warm smell she emanated that ignited my senses and made my head spin as much as the fumes of the varnish did. I might almost have dropped to my knees if I hadn't been kneeling already. It was embarrassingly easy for Wendy to get around me. She knew exactly what she was doing.

“ Three weeks, ” she grinned, while my heart felt as though it might explode in my chest. “ You know, I might let you cum if you agree to see my friend. ” The magic bullet. Wendy saw right to the heart of my weakness, right to the heart of the control that my frustration gave to her. It was the unspoken promise behind every command she gave me, every humiliation I enjoyed at her hands, and as she deployed it now, my heart soared with hope. What could I do?

“ Ok, ” I gasped. And as my feeble resistance crumbled and broke, Wendy smiled devilishly.

“ You promise? ” She grinned.

“ Yes, ” I nodded, staring down at the floor at her feet, trying to avoid the fierce joy I knew I would see if I looked into her eyes at that moment. “ Yes, I promise. ”

“ Yes! This is gonna be so much fun! ” Wendy cried out with glee, clapping her hands together like an excited girl. I didn't feel much like smiling myself, but I couldn't help but catch a little of her enthusiasm as I gazed up at her. She all but sprang up from the sofa, and I quickly recapped the bottle of nail polish before setting it aside. Wendy ran her fingers through my hair as she stood above me, and my cage cock throbbed at even that small display of affection.

“ Come on, ” Wendy said brightly as she stepped past me. “ Let ’ s go upstairs. ” Years seem to melt away from me as I sprang to my feet like a much younger man, eagerly following as Wendy lead me towards the stairs of my home. I watched the tight denim of her jeans cling jealously to the rounded curves of her ass as I followed her upstairs, my heart thumping and my cock pressing eagerly against the steel walls of the chastity device.

The same sun that lit the living room downstairs shone inside my bedroom, muted by the white drapes that I had left partially closed. Wendy turned as she reached the center of the room, and I saw the bright smile on her face, her irrepressible joy at what was about to happen infecting my own heart. The air seemed to close in around us. Wendy extended a finger as she pointed to the floor at her feet.

“ Sit there, ” she ordered. I didn ’ t need to be told twice. The steel chastity device swayed from my body as I sat on the floor as instructed, my back against the footboard of my bed. As though she lived here, Wendy stepped towards the closet of my room. In the weeks that had followed my giving her the key to my chastity, Wendy had taken to storing some of her favorite toys at my place. The closest we came to sexual contact was when I was forced to watch her use the toys on herself, or else forced to use them on her at her direction. She seemed to have quite the collection. I knew that both she and Andrew made good money, although I had only the vaguest

idea what it was that Wendy actually did for a living. It hardly mattered. Staring up from my own bedroom floor, I watched as Wendy rummaged in my closet and retrieved two short lengths of rope. The fresh polish still gleamed wetly on her toenails as she stepped towards me, that delighted smile still on her face.

“ Give me your hand. ” She stood at a corner of the bed, and I knew at once what she was up to. But that hardly stopped me from obeying her. I lifted my arm towards her. Wendy took my wrist in her hand and pinned it against the top of the footboard of my bed. I watched nervously as she wrapped the rope tightly around my arm, quickly tying it to the bed frame. Stepping over me where I sat on the floor, she did the same with my other arm, and in under a minute, I had both my hands tied to the footboard, my arms spread like wings along its top.

Wendy stood in front of me. Her feet were on either side of my thighs. I watched with growing hunger as her hand reached up towards the top of her t-shirt, and I tried not to groan as she reached inside. A silver chain hung around her neck, and it was this that she fished out of her t-shirt, letting it dangle from her neck so that I could see. A small key shone in the dim light. There was no need to explain. I knew as well as she did what the key was for. And while Wendy swept her hair back from her neck with one hand and fumbled with the clasp of her necklace with the other, my cock struggled with renewed vigor against the remorseless steel of the chastity device. Wendy ' s smile never left her face as she freed the necklace from her neck and crouched down in front of me. I hardly dared breathe as I watched her take my caged cock in her hand, lifting it slightly as she smiled at me. She held the cage still while my body trembled around it, my entire being focused now on the outrageous lust, and the keys slipped easily into the lock. With a barely audible click, she turned the key. The lock came apart, and I groaned with relief and desire as she slowly drew the device off my swelling erection. The steel gleamed as she set it to one side, but I barely noticed. My cock throbbed in the air between us, studded with

dark veins and as hard as it had ever been, fueled by long weeks of denial. Still dressed, Wendy hovered above it, smiling evilly down at me, and I wondered how she proposed to let me cum. I knew better than to ask, and I resisted the urge to beg while she paused. It was clear to me that we would be doing this Wendy's way, or not at all.

Placing her hands on her thighs, Wendy stood. My groan of lust was audible this time as she slowly, teasingly unfastened the front of her tight jeans. I caught the crimson flash of her panties through the opening gap of her pants before she pushed those too aside. The neatly trimmed patch of her dark pubic hair showed as her fingers reach downwards, pushing the dense curls aside. I saw Wendy's thick black eyelashes flutter as her pleasure bloomed. Always the tease. Wendy smiled as she watched me watching her, enjoying the rapt attention of my stare. Then she stepped over me. My wrists strained helplessly against the ropes that held me pinned against the bed as I watched her peel off her jeans and panties. Her discarded t-shirt followed them to the floor. Dressed in nothing but her bra, she stepped back towards the closet again. I watched as she pulled a dildo off the shelf, one I had seen her use before on agonizing nights of merciless arousal. The fake phallus looked huge in her hand as she stepped back towards me. Standing above me again, Wendy parted her legs, and her free hand freely stroked the glistening skin of her womanhood. From where I sat, mere inches from her pussy, I could smell her growing desire, and it plucked at the red threads of my own monstrous lust. Wendy smiled down at me as she rubbed the thick head of the sex toy over those same wet lips, teasing herself as she teased me, her breasts rising and falling in her bra as her breathing got heavier. I couldn't say which was louder, her groan of satisfied lust or my moan of despair as she slid the dildo inside herself. But I watched in agony as she began to slide the toy in and out of her dripping sex, the silicone shaft shining with the clear juices of her arousal as she played with herself. The other hand stroked her swollen clitoris, strumming herself like an instrument right in front of me. My mouth watered as I watched her work on herself, watching the shadows move across her skin as she seemed almost to swell with desire.

“ I don ’ t know what Jess will do with you, ” Wendy panted. Under her trembling eyelids, I could see the faint glow of her blue eyes as they watched me. “ she can be a real bitch. But you ’ ll do everything she says, won ’ t you? ”

“ Yes, Wendy. ” I knew what my mistress wanted to hear. And with my cock hard and unlocked and yet unreachable, I was all too ready to give it to her. Nothing mattered except that I come, and I would say and do anything Wendy required to make that happen. My daughter-in-law ’ s ecstatic cries grew louder and more rapid as the toy did its work inside her.

“ You ’ re going to be our little slave, ” Wendy panted. “ I ’ m going to show all my friends how I made you into my submissive bitch. And we ’ re all going to laugh and laugh at your cock, trying to get hard in its little cage. ”

“ Yes Wendy, ” I moaned. The images she conjured in my mind tormented me almost as much as the sight of her playing with herself in front of my face did, and my cock throbbed ecstatically. All I needed was the slightest touch, and I would dissolve into the pleasure I had been denied for so long, sobbing and gasping with gratitude and shame. But nothing would happen until Wendy decided.

“ You pathetic old pervert, ” She snarled as she trembled with desire. “ You ’ re going to be groveling at the pretty feet of all my girlfriends, where you belong. ”

“ Yes, Wendy. ”

Suddenly, she stopped. Her eyes opened fully. Staring down at me with a glassy stare that spoke of her own arousal, I watched as she slowly, carefully slid the dildo out from between her trembling

lips. I could see the wetness shining on it, the same wetness that ran in thin trails down the inside of her silky thighs, and it made my entire body throb in unison with my freed cock. Wendy shifted, and I gasped as she placed a bare foot between my legs, resting lightly on my balls. Her toes flexed as she gently stroked the underside of my shaft, and I lay my head back against the top of the footboard of my bed and moaned despairingly up at the bedroom ceiling at the sheer bliss of her touch. Delighted with my helplessness, Wendy grinned down at me, holding the dildo in her hand in front of my face.

“ This is how you get to cum, ” She grinned. “ Tied up and helpless, with just my feet touching you. And while you do it, I want you to lick this cock. ” I opened my eyes again as I felt something pressing against my lips. Wendy held the dildo ’ s base against herself, just as though it was a real cock, while its head brushed against my mouth. The smell of her pussy on the toy drove me wild with desire, and her toes stroked my cock until I was half-mad with lust.

“ Go on, ” Wendy grinned. “ Lick it. Lick my cock. ” And I did. While my guts boiled with shame, I did what Wendy wanted. For the first time in my long life, I ran my tongue along the shaft of a cock, and if it was fake, the shame in my heart was no less real. But I did as I was told. Wendy ’ s divine taste filled my mouth as I worshiped her toy, and her toes twitched against my cock, and I moaned loudly as my body filled with desire.

It couldn't have lasted more than seconds. After weeks of teasing and denial, I was primed and ready to go. The mere touch of Wendy's toes was enough. With a long sob of ecstasy, I surrendered to my orgasm. A river of cum erupted from my twitching cock, spurting across the floor between my spread legs and coating Wendy's feet in my seed. She laughed out loud as she watched, delighted with my humiliation as I sobbed and shook and sighed. The physical bliss race through me and slowly faded, leaving me with nothing but the shame.

Wendy dropped the dildo to the floor. Drained, I stared up at her dully as she leaned forward. Her breasts swelled against her bra as she gripped the footboard beside my head for balance. My stomach fluttered nervously as I watched her raise a dripping foot towards my face.

“ Look at this mess you made, you old loser, ” she giggled. “ Now you ’ re going to have to do my toes all over again. ” I said nothing, simply panting with the aftershocks of desire. Chuckling happily, Wendy crouched on the floor and retrieved my cage. I closed my eyes as she slipped it easily over my now-soft cock and locked it in place. She was taking no chances. I knew she had meant every word she had said, about how I would be treated by her and her friend. But I didn ’ t care. I had gotten my long-awaited orgasm, and that was all that mattered.

Submitting To A Stranger

Wendy took her time. But then, she had all the time in the world. With the control I had given her, along with the key to the chastity device, she had all the control she needed. And she loved to make me wait. Because Wendy knew, just as well as I did, that the longer she kept me waiting, the more horny and frustrated I became, the more eager I would be to do her bidding. And she was dead right about that.

In the meantime, I waited and I waited. Since that night that she'd come to my house and finally allowed me an orgasm in exchange for a promise I was terrified of having to keep, Wendy had not unlocked me once. But that doesn't mean she left me alone. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. Now that I knew the true nature of her and Andrews relationship, it ought to have been clear that my son allowed his wife a lot of leeway. The truth was, he didn't care if she was out with another man. It turned him on. And as weird as that might have seemed to me, I was hardly in a position to judge the two of them. I have to admit, it turned me on too. The thought of Wendy, somewhere out there in the darkness of the suburban night, her beautiful body rising and squirming in ecstasy in another man's bed. It was an image that haunted me. The only difference between me and Andrew was that Andrew sometimes got to fuck Wendy. I still never had. And she promised me I never would. And yet I was still unable to break free of her. Let's face it, it's not as though I had a long line of women waiting to do things with me in the bedroom. And besides - it's hard to explain, but the things I did with Wendy with some of the most pleasurable and erotic of my entire life. Even if we weren't technically having sex.

But my nights were haunted by her absence. Haunted, too, by the words she had said at our last meeting. The thought that there was a woman out there who I had never met who nevertheless knew

of my humiliating predicament. Wendy's friend, Jess. Who was this woman? What was she like? What must have been the reaction when Wendy told her about me? I lay awake in my lonely bed at night, my cock pressing painfully against the inside of the steel cage as I thought about Wendy and this mysterious friend. Wendy clearly intended for the two of us to meet. I could try to pretend all I wanted that that was simply talk, a wild fantasy given voice in the heat of the moment, but that wasn't Wendy's style. She made promises, not threats.

And so I waited and I waited. I served Wendy when she demanded my service. I bowed and scraped and submitted myself to all manner of outrageous humiliations for the amusement of my sexy daughter in law. And I never once asked about her friend. Whatever plans Wendy had for me, I knew, would come to fruition when she chose. And I both longed for and dreaded the idea of submitting to another woman. The maids in the resort at Hawaii still haunted my dreams, but I would never see those women again. Wendy's friends were a different matter entirely.

And one day, I got a text message from my dominant daughter in law that made my heart thump wildly in my chest. Expecting it to come, I quickly realized, did nothing to lessen its impact.

Be ready to serve tonight. I'm bringing Jess round to your place.

*

The house was spotless. I had plenty of energy to clean. After all, I had to channel all that energy somewhere. The bottomless sexual energy I was feeling at the thought of what was going to take place that night. With the steel chastity device locked around my cock, I was powerless to do anything to relieve it, and there was no way to think of anything else. I scrubbed and vacuumed and dusted like a man possessed, rattling around my empty house in a whirlwind of activity as though it could somehow make the hours pass any

quicker. But it didn't. The day took forever to die, the sun seeming frozen in the sky as I waited for darkness to fall.

But even the longest days die eventually. It was late at night before I heard a key turn in my front door. Wendy had a key, of course. It seemed silly to deny her one, given the other key that she held. She liked to be able to let herself in at will. I had been waiting for her visit in a silence punctuated by the slow ticking of the clock, my breathing shallow in my chest, my stomach fluttering as though it were the home of a thousand swarming butterflies. The sound of feminine laughter rolled towards me down the hallway that led from my front door, and I had time to draw one deep sighing breath before the women appeared in front of me.

Wendy looked amazing, of course. Her bright blue eyes glittered from inside deep wells of shadow, her carefully applied makeup elongating her eyes and giving her a feline and almost predatory look. Her short silver dress sparkled as she moved, the light caught by a thousand shimmering sequins. Spaghetti straps bared her elegant shoulders, and the dress clung jealously to the curves of her body, its hem showing what seemed like miles of her toned legs. A pair of black high heels accentuated her swaggering stride as she entered my living room, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief as her red lips parted in a smile aimed like a weapon at me. My cock throbbed inside the steel cage as though in recognition of the woman who had taken such unquestionable control over my sexuality. If she had ordered me to, I would have dropped to my knees and worshipped my daughter in law right there and then.

But her friend was no slouch either. Jess's hair was the color of honey, falling in shining silken strands around her shoulders. Her eyes shone under lids that were dusted with glistening coppery powder, setting off the striking golden glow of her iris. Her lips were a deeper, darker red than Wendy's, parted slightly as they lifted a little at the corners at the sight of me.

And her dress. Black, and clinging to Jess's young body in a way that made the breath catch in my chest as I looked at her. The

plunging neckline revealed her deep and mouth-watering cleavage, the soft mounds of her breasts seeming to strain against the open front of her dress with every breath she took. The narrowness of her waist was clearly visible under the clinging fabric above the swell of her hips that filled me with a primal hunger. The dress's high hem revealed even more of her legs through the twin slits in the fabric that reached almost up to her hips, held together with a network of crisscrossed laces. Several inches of her creamy thighs showed between the dress's revealing hem and the top of her boots that rose above her knees. Her boots bore an imitation snakeskin pattern, and more laces ran all the way down the front of them, her bronzed skin showing underneath as the leather clung to her legs. Her painted toes showed in the peephole at the front of the boots, and a slender heel added inches to her height while it made her move with a seductive sway in her tight dress.

At the sight of these two beauties, I was all but speechless. The way they looked, they must have been turning men down all night at whatever bars and pubs they had been to. And I felt at once incredibly lucky and incredibly cursed to be here, in this room, alone with the two of them and reduced to a eunuch by Wendy's chastity around my aching cock.

"Paul, this is Jess," Wendy smiled. "Remember I told you about her?"

"Uh, yeah," I stammered. "Nice to meet you." Unsure of how to handle myself, I fell back on the old cliches of human interaction. But as I moved to rise from my place on the sofa, Wendy stepped forward. Her dress stretched around her thighs as she raised one leg, poised perfectly on a single foot as she placed the other on my shoulder and pushed me effortlessly back down on the sofa. I couldn't keep my eyes from darting towards the darkness under her skirt, and her sly smile told me that she hadn't missed that hungry glimpse as she loomed over me. With her hands on her hips, she looked completely in charge, supremely confident as her heel pressed against my shoulder.

“That’s not how you greet my friends,” Wendy smiled. My brow furrowed in confusion as I peered up at her. But Wendy was in no hurry to explain herself.

“So he’s, like, your slave?” Jess tried and failed to keep the girlish giggle out of her voice. I wondered how old she was. Close to Wendy’s age, I supposed, but her fresh face made her seem younger. The younger the woman, I was starting to realize, the greater the humiliation in submitting to her. But what could I do? Wendy wanted what she wanted. A flash of silver caught my eyes, and I glanced at Wendy’s ankle beside my head. A fine silver chain shone against her skin. And from that chain, a small silver key hung. I suppressed a gasp. I didn’t need to guess what that key was for. The idea that Wendy had gone out in public with my keys so on display made electricity dance along my trembling spine. Had anyone asked her about it? And if so, what had she said? Jess was proof that Wendy had no problems telling people about our arrangement. In fact, I was starting to think that she enjoyed it.

“Basically.” Wendy’s dark hair shone against her shoulders as she turned her smiling face to her friend. I winced as her high heel dug deep into my shoulder. “He has to do whatever I say if he wants to cum. You’d be amazed how easy it is to get a guy to do anything you say when you have control of his orgasms like that. I should have done this years ago.” The women laughed together as though Wendy had said the funniest joke in the universe, but from where I was sitting it was hard to laugh. What my daughter-in-law had said was no more than the truth, and the truth was awful and shameful and humiliating to me. Laughter only made it worse.

“Can I...see?” Jess’s bright eyes darted from Wendy to me and back to Wendy as she spoke. She was so pretty when she smiled. She was pretty when she didn’t. Wendy’s friend was startlingly beautiful, and I found myself wondering if I could have refused anything to a girl who looked like that, even if I hadn’t been wearing a chastity device. Of course, the question was academic. What happened next was up to Wendy, not me.

“Of course,” Wendy smiled. Her blue eyes turned back to me as I sat on the sofa below her. “Go ahead and take your clothes off,” Wendy ordered. “We could use a laugh.” Her heel pressed even harder against my shoulder, just for a moment, before she lifted her foot away. I saw the key to my freedom flashing in the bright light of my own living room as she stepped back. She folded her lovely body into an armchair beside the sofa, the toned muscle of her thigh bulging underneath her short dress as she crossed her legs. Smiling gleefully, she propped her chin in her hand and her elbow on the padded arm of the chair, settling in to enjoy the show. My heart thumped slowly in my chest as I reached for the buttons of my shirt. The air in the room seemed to change. I could feel Wendy's delight as she watched me obey her unquestioningly, and I could feel Jess's gorgeous eyes on me, an expression of wonder on her beautiful face. It took only seconds for me to shed the t-shirt and jeans I was wearing, dropping them in a messy heap on the floor beside the sofa. A bright peal of laughter rose from Jess as my chastity device shown in the light, and my cheeks prickled with the red heat of shame as I exposed my humiliation to this stranger.

“Oh my god, Wendy,” Jess giggled, her eyes shining with delight and locked onto me as though she couldn't tear them away. “Look at that thing! You're so mean!”

“Don't blame me,” Wendy smiled back from her seat. “ He begged me to lock him up like that.”

“Oh my god, really?” I felt Wendy's eyes turn to me, two bright blue lamps that illuminated my every flaw, every shadow, every weakness like a halogen spotlight on the worst parts of myself.

“Tell her,” Wendy commanded. I cleared my throat. Unable to meet the gaze of the two women, I stared at the floor as I spoke.

“It...it's true,” I mumbled. “I asked her to lock me up.”

“But why?” Jess's confusion was easy to understand. Far easier to understand than my own situation was, even to me. I'd asked myself that same question countless times over the past few weeks,

and never found an answer that really satisfied me. There really was only one answer. An answer that made no sense, that raised more questions than it answered, but had the advantage of at least being the truth. And while Wendy watched, beaming with pride and her own dominance, I gave the only answer that I could to Jess's question.

"Because...it turns me on," I admitted. And my cheeks bloomed a deeper shade of red as the women laughed at me again.

"This is so fucked up," Jess giggled. "So you never let him cum?"

"Sometimes," Wendy shrugged. "But he has to earn it. That's the key to controlling a man. Punishment and reward."

"And he can't cum at all without your permission?"

"That's right." I cringed between the two women as they talked over my head. "He has to earn every orgasm. I can make him do anything." A ripple of fear raced through my body as Wendy turned towards me again. "Come here," she ordered. "Greet me properly."

Slowly, I slid off the couch. I could hear Jess giggling again as I crouched on my hands and knees on the living room floor. I knew what Wendy wanted. I peered up into her smiling face, the deep electric blue glow of her eyes, as I crawled across the floor towards her. I heard Jess gasp behind me as I lowered my face towards the floor. The skin of my daughter in laws feet was soft and warm against my lips as I humbly kissed the top of her foot through with the straps of her high heels. The key to my chastity glittered teasingly right in front of my eyes as I debased myself at Wendy's feet.

"See?" Wendy gloated. "He does whatever I tell him to. He worships me."

"Fuck," I heard Jess gasp behind me. "This is crazy. I mean, I know you told me about all this, but I kind of thought you were joking or something."

“Nope,” Wendy grinned. Her dark hair shone as she shook her head from side to side. “It’s pretty awesome, honestly. So much fun to play with a horny guy, knowing there’s nothing he can do about it. He wants to fuck me so bad, and he’s never going to get to. It’s so fucking funny!” Wendy hooted with laughter. I was close enough to her now to be able to smell the faint trace of alcohol emanating from her otherwise fragrant skin. My cock throbbed in its cage. Stone cold sober, Wendy was still more uninhibited than anyone I had ever met. It was hard to imagine what it might be like when she really cut loose. But my heart trembled in the knowledge that I was about to find out.

“What about my friend?” Wendy smirked down at me. “You have to greet her too.” I raised my face from Wendy’s foot to stare up at her. She smiled as she looked down at me, but there was nothing in her smile to make me think that she wasn’t one hundred percent serious. I was hardly surprised. After all, this was what she had promised. To make me serve her friend the way she made me serve her. But now the moment I had jointly dreaded and longed for had arrived. And somehow, it was exactly as I had imagined and nothing like what I had expected.

The chastity device clicked slightly as I turned on my knees. I couldn’t bring myself to look up into Jess’s pretty eyes. Instead, I kept my gaze on the floor. I saw her feet move as she shifted position, the leather of her sexy boots creaking with her movements. And I heard Wendy’s smug little chuckle as she watched me crawl across the floor towards her friend. Like a humble worshipper at some dark temple, I bowed my head towards the floor again. A gasp came from Jess as I pressed my lips to her foot. But she didn’t stop me. I kissed her foot as humbly as I had kissed Wendy’s, knowing that my daughter-in-law was watching me the whole time and would punish any disobedience on my part. The leather of Jess’s boots was slick and smooth against my mouth, the skin of her toes warm where it peeked between the laces. And the dull ache in my stomach sharpened and grew teeth to gnaw at me like an army of rats as my cock tried yet again to harden in the relentless confines of the

chastity device. Groveling at the feet of this gorgeous stranger was exciting me beyond measure, increasing my torment while it fed my desire, and I had to resist the urge to raise my head and sneak a glance up Jess's slutty dress as she stood above me with her feet apart. Instead, I moved my head from one foot to the other, making sure I paid homage to both of Jess's feet while Wendy watched approvingly.

"See?" Wendy chuckled. "See how much fun this is?"

"It's...yeah, it's pretty funny," Jess admitted. "I never had a guy kiss my boots before."

"He'll do it any time you want," Wendy said. "I told him he has to obey you like he obeys me if he wants to cum. Tell him to do something, anything, and he'll do it."

"Ok," Jess giggled above me. "Go fetch me a glass of water." She sounded slightly uncertain of herself as she spoke. As though she was waiting for me to rebel, to talk back, to refuse a request. But Wendy and I both knew that wasn't going to happen. Instead, I rose to my feet. Jess's golden eyes flickered over my body as I stood in front of her, and I felt my skin prickling with embarrassment as her stare inevitably dropped to the steel tube locked around my cock. It was almost a relief to escape that stare as I hurried towards the kitchen, pursued by a rolling cloud of more female laughter. The slight weight of the chastity device hung my body in a way that was becoming entirely familiar to me as I fetched a glass from the cupboard and filled it from the fridge. My trapped cock swayed and throbbed as I made my way back to the living room. Those two sets of beautiful eyes, blue and golden like a summer sky, turned towards me as I approached. While I had been away, Jess had moved to the sofa that I had vacated, and now she sat back against the cushions, her lovely legs crossed and her tight dress riding high around her hips. She smiled wickedly at me as I humbly approached and handed her the glass of water. My cock throbbed again as I wondered what ideas were playing in her excited mind. She slowly

sipped her water, her lipstick leaving a faint stain on the glass while her eyes stayed on me.

“Get back on your knees,” she said. Her voice was quiet but firm. Evidently, my obedience in fetching her a drink had given her confidence. Shame erupted in the pit of my stomach, but I had no choice. Stepping backward, I lowered myself back down to the floor at her feet. And the sight of her smile spreading joyfully until her strong white teeth showed between her painted lips pierced my heart with its unapproachable beauty.

The leather of Jess’s boot creaked again as she straightened one leg, pointing the sharp heel like a knife at me.

“Lick my boots,” she ordered, and Wendy spluttered with laughter. My heart convulsed. Clearly, Jess was quickly coming to understand the nature of Wendy and my relationship. Her golden eyes shone with excitement. She might look like a goddess, but this young beauty was clearly only just coming to understand the power that she held. And it excited her. Suppressing a groan, I shuffled forward on my knees and took Jess’s outstretched leg in my hands. My own arousal roared inside me like a caged animal as I felt the toned firmness of her calf under the leather boot. I felt myself trembling as I lowered my head towards her leg, running my tongue over her shin and watching her reaction. While Wendy laughed, Jess watched me watching her, her teeth shining as she bit her lower lip. My cock throbbed. There was no doubt in my mind. I might be old, but I knew that look. The look of female arousal that hasn't changed in millennia. This beautiful young girl was getting turned on by my submission to her, and that was only making me want to submit more. Jess sank back against the cushions of my couch as her body relaxed, her hips sliding down and her dress sliding even higher up as she extended her leg towards me. I could see the pink flush rising to her cheeks as she watched me. And although I had never believed such a thing was possible, I almost forgot all about Wendy as I stared up at her friend. I lost myself in the moment, lost myself in my own shame and desire and unspeakable lust as I mentally

capitulated. Going through the motions of grovelling at Jess's pretty feet transformed in the fires of my desire into an act of genuine worship. She was a goddess, and I was determined to show her that. My cock raged in the chastity device as I licked and kissed her boots from toe to mid-thigh, my nostrils flaring at the scent of her skin as I approached the darkness between her thighs, mere inches from a treasure beyond compare as I lapped at the top of her boots. And Jess smiled down at me like the sun in August, watching every motion I made as I showered her legs with kisses, basking in my adoration as our lust grew together.

When Jess gently but firmly pulled her leg out of my grasp and uncrossed her legs, I almost sobbed with despair at her beauty. She raised her other foot, and I showered that with the same worshipful attention I had devoted to the first, licking and kissing her boot until it shone while she watched the whole performance, practically squirming now in a way that made me envy my own sofa cushions as she glowed with lust. I noticed that she hadn't crossed her legs this time. As I made my way up her leg, shaking with frustration as I got closer and closer, my head moved past her slightly parted knees, over her slightly parted thighs, the hem of her clinging dress high up on her hips as I breathed in the smell of her through nostrils flared with passion.

“Anything you want, Jess.” Wendy’s voice was low as she spoke, but it almost made me jump to hear her speak, absorbed as I was in worshipping her friend. Jess laughed. The kind of laugh that owes its sound to delight rather than amusement as she smiled down at me still. I felt as though my cock was being squeezed in a vice as I stared up at her, my mouth busy against her thigh as my heart throbbed with hope.

“Take my panties off.”

I gasped. So used by now to being frustrated and denied, I genuinely gasped at Jess’s command. Wendy seemed hardly less surprised than me as she barked with laughter. Jess’s pretty face reddened with embarrassment, but there was no doubting her

desire. She was almost lying down on the sofa now, her hips hovering at the very edge of the couch cushion, teasingly close to me. Her golden eyes glowed like molten ore as she stared down the length of her lovely body at me. And my hands trembled uncontrollably as I raised them towards her. Her skin was as soft as velvet as my fingers brushed against her thighs, carefully lifting the hem of her short dress out of the way. Jess shifted on the sofa, rocking her hips from side to side as I pushed her dress away. Her panties were plain and black, and the elastic of her waistband stretched under my fingers as I took hold of it. Slowly, carefully, as though I were handling something that might break in my clumsy hands, I pulled her panties down her legs. The fabric slid over the leather of her boots, and the dark strip of her pubic hair showed under her dress, the swollen lips of her pussy showing between her damp thighs as she let her legs spread. My mouth watered at the sight as I drew her underwear all the way down, pulling it over her feet and dropping it on the floor beside the sofa.

“Hold it right there.” Wendy’s voice shattered the steel wire tension of the moment. Almost panting with frustration, I turned to watch my daughter in law rise from her chair. Her eyes glittered in the same way as Jess’s as she peered down at me, crouching on the floor. “Don’t do anything until I get back,” she said. I turned my eyes back to Jess as Wendy stepped past us, her heels thumping on the floor as she made her way upstairs.

In the silence that followed, I could hear the beating of my own heart. Jess smiled down at me, her beautiful eyes moving over the features of my face as though she was trying to memorize the look of abject lust I was no doubt giving her. I didn’t care. I would have begged and groveled, I would have promised these women the moon if they would just let me touch their beautiful bodies. Jess reached wordlessly towards me, and I sighed as her fingers ran through my hair. My trembling hands slid over her boots as I gripped her legs, afraid to ask for what she knew I wanted while silently pleading with her through my anguished gaze.

Wendy came back downstairs. I heard something rattling in her hands, and I ran my mind over the collection of sex toys she had begun keeping in my bedroom for when we played like this. I wasn't the least bit surprised to feel her hands on my wrists, pulling my arms back behind me. Cool steel touched my skin. A lock clicked. Handcuffs. I didn't resist as my daughter in law cuffed my hands together in the small of my back. I didn't need my hands for what I wanted more than anything in that moment.

"That's better," Wendy grinned. "Don't want him getting carried away. He's all yours, Jess." Jess smiled up at her friend before her beautiful eyes turned back to me. My heart convulsed as though gripped by an iron fist as her hand tightened in my hair. She pulled me towards her, and I lurched happily forward, kneeling between her spread legs as Wendy's friend guided my mouth towards her pussy. My lips touched hers, and I moaned in sheer ecstasy as I tasted the juices of female arousal with my tongue.

And all the while, my caged cock throbbed, unwanted and ignored.

My Daughter In Law's Friend

The years collapsed. Of all the gifts that Wendy has given me - and that's what she has done, even if it doesn't always look that way, even if it doesn't always feel that way - this must be the greatest. The games we play have a way of making me feel young again, alive in a way that I haven't felt in years, in all the lonely years of solitude that yawned around me. Some things, you don't forget. Some skills you never lose. As I knelt on the floor of my living room between the beautiful legs of a stranger, my hands cuffed behind my back and my sexy daughter-in-law standing above me, I lost myself completely in the moment. The taste of Jess filled my mouth, flooding my senses, sweeping me away in a torrent of lust and excitement. And I wanted to devour her. I pressed my mouth against her eagerly, kissing and licking desperately as though nothing in the world mattered more than giving pleasure to this beautiful young woman.

Jess sighed above me. The happy sound made the blood roar in my ears. I could hear her breath growing short as her pleasure grew, her hand forming a tight fist against my scalp as she held me by the hair, this young woman losing all her doubt, all her inhibitions as her pleasure swelled. There was nowhere on earth I wanted to be more than between her legs at that moment, in the hot damp darkness that dripped with her desire, coating my skin in the residue of her bliss while I worshiped at the temple of her womanhood. I barely felt the aching in my knees as I shuffled closer to her, my tongue probing the wet folds of her pussy as I chased her bliss back to the source.

So far, so sexy. I hardly needed more. Going down on a beauty like this would already have been one of the greatest sexual pleasures of my life. Even the deep ache of having my cock locked away, though hardly forgotten, couldn't take away from the raw erotic power of the moment. In fact, it enhanced it. Wendy had trained me over the months since our Hawaiian vacation to associate sex with

that particular deep ache, and this new experience, I knew, would only cement that bond. I didn't care. I was alive, completely alive with the rush of lust and shame and desire, and the taste of Jess on my tongue was the taste of heaven.

But that wasn't all. Wendy stood over me, watching the show as I went down on her friend. But I knew my kinky daughter-in-law too well to believe that she would remain a spectator for long. And sure enough, Wendy got involved.

"That's right, lick that pussy." I groaned as I felt a weight on the back of my neck, Wendy's slender heel pressing against the pulsing vein as she placed her foot behind my head. She didn't push hard, but hard enough to reinforce her control as my face was pressed harder against Jess's bucking hips. My tongue ached at its base as I pushed it deep into Jess's pussy, making her howl with pleasure as I sucked down her juices. Being used as a sex toy by these two beautiful women was striking bright blue sparks from the surface of my heart. I didn't need to be told as I slurped down the fluids that ran from Jess's quivering sex as though my life depended on it.

I didn't lift my head when Wendy raised her foot from the back of my neck. I could feel the vibration of her footsteps through the floor as I kneeled, still licking Jess's pussy. I could feel her pussy twitching under my mouth, responding to the movements of tongue and lips as I pleased her. Her pubic hair tickled my nose as I rubbed it against her swelling clitoris, and jolts of pain shot through my caged cock as I heard the young woman moan in bliss.

"Don't. Fucking. Move." Wendy's words cut through the noise of Jess's pleasure and my groaning adoration as she spoke. But her command proved impossible to carry out as she crouched on the floor beside me and reached under my bent body. Jess still held my hair, keeping my face trapped between her trembling thighs. But my legs trembled uncontrollably as Wendy reached past my stomach and took my locked cock in her hand. Over the sounds of deep pleasure emanating from Jess, I heard the key slip into the lock. I felt suddenly dizzy as Wendy pulled the device free and let it fall on the

floor with a thump that was out of all proportion to the device's small size. I felt my cock swell immediately, and Jess shrieked in ecstasy as I moaned against her dripping sex, unable to ignore the pleasure of having my throbbing organ free at last. Hope soared in my heart at the thought that Wendy had freed me for a reason, and Jess howled as I redoubled my efforts to please her, hoping by that method to earn some relief of my own.

But Wendy wasn't finished. I grunted as she circled around behind me and reached between my legs, taking my balls in her hand. She squeezed slightly, stopping short of causing any real pain but leaving me in no doubt about her ability to do so. While Jess continued to moan and thrash above me, I felt something brush against the sensitive skin of my balls. Wendy was wrapping something around my scrotum. I grunted again as she tugged slightly, testing her work, and she laughed out loud at my visible response. The pressure increased as she stood up straight behind me.

"Just because your pathetic old cock is free doesn't mean I don't control you," she sneered. Nothing had been further from my mind. The cuffs were tight against my wrists as I struggled instinctively, and I saw at that moment just how well Wendy was able to predict my reactions. If my hands had been free, I doubt that even fear of my daughter in law's wrath would have been enough to keep me from touching myself. But the cuffs made it impossible. My cock might finally be free, but she had ensured I still couldn't use it. And I felt Wendy's high heel pressing into my skin as she placed a foot on my bowed back.

"Come on, make her cum, you old pervert," Wendy growled, tugging on whatever was tied around my balls to emphasize her command. "You should be thanking us for letting you lick a hot young cunt like this." Jess shrieked in pleasure again as she felt me moan into her sex, the vibrations of my voice sweeping through her while I continued to lick and kiss her sensitive skin. I wanted nothing more than to do what Wendy said, to make Jess cum with my mouth. And

from the increasingly powerful contractions of her pussy against my mouth, I knew that she was close. Her moans had turned to shrieks and screams of pleasure that rang back from the walls of my living room, the whole house vibrating to pleasure in a way it may never have done before. Both her hands gripped my head now, crushing my face against her pelvis while she ground her pussy against my face. Her juices streamed down my chin, forming a spreading pool on the floor below us as her trembling thighs gripped my head.

“Oh my fucking god!” Jess shrieked. I groaned as I tasted the sudden flood of fresh juices washing over my face, and I gulped them down as best I could while Jess bucked and moaned. Finally, she released my head, slumping back on the sofa as her body trembled with pleasure. I sucked down a series of deep breaths that tasted of her orgasm as I licked my lips and kissed her dewy thighs, tenderly now, trying to account for Jess’s new sensitivity while ignoring my own monstrous lust.

But Wendy wasn’t done.

I felt her foot lift from my back, but it was soon replaced by a greater weight. Wendy’s legs gripped my sides, and my cock surged as I realized that she had mounted me. She was sitting on my back, and the pain in my balls increased as she pulled harder on the string around my balls. Her sharp heels dug into my thighs as she kicked me, and her free hand seized my hair at the back of my head.

“Don’t get tired on us yet, old man,” Wendy goaded me. “We’re not even close to done here. Women like us need more than one orgasm to feel satisfied. Get to work.” Her heels scraped my skin again as she urged me forward. And Jess sighed in pleasure as I crawled forward, my head back between her legs and my lips against hers. The taste of her was stronger now, her trembling skin slicker and wetter from her recent orgasm, a meadow after a thunderstorm has passed. Her moan made me shudder in denied desire as I ran my tongue over her quivering folds again, teasing her with my mouth while my daughter in law rode me like a pony.

“Fuck, this is so hot,” Jess moaned. Her eyes were closed now, the bright golden light hidden under her sparkling eyelids while she turned her flushed face up towards the ceiling. In the plunging neckline of the dress, her breasts rose and fell with her rapid breathing, her pleasure rising faster inside her now that her first orgasm had been and gone. Her thighs never stopped trembling against my ears. She lay back on my sofa, basking in pleasure while Wendy guided my movements.

“I told you,” Wendy said, and I could hear the smile in her voice. “Just because a guy isn’t worthy to fuck women like us doesn’t mean he can’t make himself useful. Right, loser?” I cried out as Wendy’s heels dug into my sides like spurs, catching me painfully under the ribs while she yanked on my balls harder. And Jess howled, my pain directly feeding her pleasure as I grunted into her pussy.

Wendy rocked on my back. My cock throbbed as I felt wetness against my skin, thin trails of moisture making their way down my sides. Wendy was clearly aroused, and I wondered if she had removed her panties before straddling me, or whether her juices had simply leaked through the fabric. There was no outlet for my own arousal but Jess’s pussy, and I devoted myself to licking her again as the two women reveled in my predicament. Wendy was sitting on my cuffed arms, above where the cuffs held my wrists together, and my legs ached as they supported both our weight. Wendy wasn’t making anything easy for me. Her hand released my hair, and I felt her deliver a stinging slap to my ass as she continued to ride me. Jess screamed in pleasure as her second orgasm drew closer.

“Come on,” Wendy snarled, “eat that pussy. Tell her how much you love it.” Wendy yanked on my balls again. I mumbled the words into Jess’s sex, making her moan with pleasure as I did what Wendy told me.

“Oh fuck, that feels good,” Jess moaned. “Keep doing that. Keep making him talk!”

“No problem.” I could hear the smile in Wendy’s voice, even if I couldn’t see her above me. Her heels pressed into my thighs again.

“Who owns your cock, you old pervert?”

“You do, Wendy,” I said. Or tried to say. Jess’s pussy pressed against my mouth made an effective gag, turning my words into an unintelligible rumble, and Wendy laughed out loud. But Jess screamed again, her pussy pulsating with pleasure against my mouth at the vibration of my words.

“Again,” Wendy barked as she rocked back and forth on top of me, “say it again!”

“You own my cock, Wendy,” I tried to say, and Jess writhed above me. Her juices continued to stream over my face, their taste stronger as her orgasm approached, and my cock throbbed uselessly as I pleased her. With a high scream, Jess came again, her pussy pumping out a slew of hot juices as she let herself go. Wendy gave me one last kick as I gulped down her friend’s cum while Jess screamed and spluttered in front of us. The rope pulled sharply on my balls as Wendy tugged at it savagely, making me groan in pain while Jess howled in pleasure. But the real and true pain was being denied what I wanted most, what my throbbing cock demanded most urgently. The beautiful bodies of these two young women who were tormenting me with what I could never possess.

I raised my head from between Jess’s damp thighs. She lay sprawled on my sofa, overcome with passion and physical pleasure thanks to my efforts. The skin of my sides and thighs burned from Wendy’s blows and kicks. I felt like a horse that had been ridden hard, and it was a struggle to still support Wendy’s weight on my back with my hands cuffed behind me. But I would be lying if I said that there wasn’t a faint sense of triumph bubbling away in my heart, despite the raw shame that filled me. I had made this beautiful young woman cum twice using nothing but my mouth, and from the look on her flushed and shining face, Jess seemed pleasantly surprised by my skills. But experience counts for a lot. The young men she no doubt had her pick of might have better bodies, greater stamina, more energy than I did. But I had had decades to perfect my skills.

“Come on.” I felt Wendy’s weight lift off my back at last, and I struggled not to sigh in relief. I suspected any such indication of my feelings would earn me some rebuke from her, and that was something I was desperately keen to avoid. With the power that Wendy held over me, I was forever walking on eggshells. Or kneeling on them. My balls ached again as Wendy tugged at them. “Stand up.”

I rose to my feet. Jess’s gorgeous eyes followed my movements as I rose. My cock swayed between my legs, rock hard and rejected as I turned towards Wendy. Glancing down, I saw that it was Jess’s discarded panties that Wendy had wrapped around my balls and was now holding like a short leash. It only made my cock throb harder to be humiliated in this way. And Wendy smiled sadistically as she reached between my legs and twisted the panties, keeping them tight around my manhood as she pulled them through my legs and out in front of me. I winced as she tugged playfully at the short leash, the elastic stretching and increasing the pressure as she turned her back on me.

“Let’s take this old pervert upstairs,” Wendy said to her friend over her shoulder. “I have some toys there that will help us have some more fun.” Jess looked as clumsy as a newborn foal as she rose unsteadily to her feet. Her legs were still shaking and trembling inside her tall boots as she balanced on her spike heels. She tugged her short dress down around her thighs as she stood, as though I hadn’t already seen everything she was struggling to hide, as though I hadn’t been responsible for the orgasms that still racked her body with aftershocks of pleasure. And Wendy led me on, towards the stairs, Jess’s stretched panties between us keeping me in check as I followed her like an animal being led to slaughter. But no animal ever went so happily to what awaited it as I did. I might be burning with lust, boiling over with frustrated desire and aching from the bondage Wendy was keeping me in. But my cock was free, the cruel chastity device abandoned on the living room floor behind us, and that couldn’t fail to fill me with wild hope as I marched upstairs between the two beauties. They would have their fun and games. But when it

was all over, there was always the possibility that Wendy might allow me some pleasure of my own. Just so long as I did what they said.

Wendy clicked the light switch in my bedroom. I could see myself in the closet's mirrored door as she led me past, a naked man between two fully, if provocatively, clothed women, being literally led by his cock, and that same cock surged at the shameful sight as I meekly followed my daughter in law. Wendy led me towards the bed while Jess stood close to the door, watching the proceedings with a joyful smile on her gorgeous face, her arms crossed under her breasts. Wendy dropped the end of the panties that she held, and I stood in the middle of the floor where she left me while she positioned herself in front of me. Her sapphire eyes flickered judgmentally over my body while my cock surged, and her sparkling lips twitched towards a smile as she studied my arousal.

“Spread your legs,” she ordered. “Feet apart.” I didn't ask questions. Wendy had trained me well. I just did what she said. I shifted, spreading my feet so that they were a little more than shoulder width apart, and waited to see what she had in mind. My stomach fluttered with fear. I couldn't have been more vulnerable, standing naked in front of her like that, Jess's damp panties hanging from my genitals like a flag as I waited to see what these women had planned next.

Wendy circled around me. Tall, poised, elegant, she was fully in control. Her heels thumped quietly on the carpeted floor, the muscles of her smooth legs showing with every careful step. She disappeared behind me, and I felt my balls move again as Wendy bent and reached between my legs from behind. Then I cried out in pain as she suddenly pulled the panties savagely back behind me. I stumbled as I tried to keep my balance, and my scrotum was pulled back between my legs. A gale of laughter erupted from Jess as she watched from over by the door, and Wendy placed one hand on my shoulder for leverage as the other continued to pull the panties upwards.

“Keep still,” Wendy hissed, her voice loud in my ear. “Open your mouth.” I was gritting my teeth against the pain, but I knew better than to disobey. I opened my mouth, and Wendy’s free hand lifted from my shoulder to seize a handful of my hair, pulling my head back so that I was looking up at the ceiling. To Jess’s seemingly bottomless amusement, Wendy pulled her friend’s panties over my head so that one elasticated leg hole went around my skull, and the fabric pressed against the corners of my mouth as Wendy pushed the panties inside.

“It’s like a wedgie,” Jess giggled. My balls were pulled back behind me continuously by the tension of the underwear, and any movement of my head only made it worse. I had been temporarily spared the pain of the chastity device around my cock as it tried to harden, only to have it replaced with this greater pain and humiliation. Wendy came back into view as she circled back around to face me again.

“Well, it should help to keep him quiet, anyway,” she grinned as she cast an approving eye over her work. “And keep him from getting too comfortable.” She was right about that. The pressure on my balls was unrelenting, and all I could do to even partially relieve it was to tilt my head back. But that meant depriving myself of the sight of my two beautiful goddesses. And that was a pain of an entirely different order. Once again, I was torn between comfort and desire. And Wendy knew as well as I did which had the greater power over me. My stomach ached with a dull throb as I watched my daughter in law make her way over to the closet and slide the door aside. Her hands reached for the shelf where she kept the ever-growing collection of sex toys she stored at my house. All the better to tease and deny me with.

“The trouble with having a guy in chastity is that sometimes you just need a good, hard fucking,” Wendy said as she rummaged among the shelves, and my cock throbbed hungrily. “But I’m never going to let this old pervert fuck me. So that leads us to a bit of a problem.” Theatrically, Wendy turned to face her friend. There was a

broad grin on her face now, and I saw a similar grin on Jess's face as her golden eyes dropped to see what Wendy had in her hands. Two large silicon phalluses rose from Wendy's hands, and Jess hooted in amusement at the obscene sight.

"Luckily, there's a solution," Wendy smiled. Turning quickly in her heels, she made her swaying way back towards me. I knew the dildo gag, of course; one of Wendy's favorite toys, and one of the most tormenting ways she had devised to use me. But I couldn't resist. I couldn't even protest. Jess's panties kept my jaws apart, the elastic keeping my tongue pressed down in my mouth so that I could only make a series of muffled grunts. And as Wendy slid the gag into my mouth and reached around my head to buckle it into place, even those were taken from me. The fake cock rose from my mouth embarrassingly, and the humiliation was compounded by Jess's outraged laughter as she watched her friend transform me into an object of selfish pleasure.

And Wendy wasn't done. Once the dildo gag was buckled in place, she stepped behind me again. I peered down past the cock that protruded from my mouth to watch her hold the base of another toy against me. Another fake cock, every bit as big and intimidating as the one attached to the gag. It extended above my own erection as Wendy held the base against me and wrapped the straps around my hips. Jess spluttered with laughter, and my cheeks burned with shame. She didn't need to explain. The strap on cock was longer and thicker and harder than my own, adding to my disgrace as Wendy fastened it into place.

"There," Wendy said, once both toys were in place. She stepped back around to face me again, checking that the two toys were securely fastened to me. Obscene organs protruded from my body, and the women's eyes were shining as they considered the possibilities. Wendy stepped towards me. Placing her hands on my shoulders, she pushed me firmly backward until my heels reached the foot of my bed. Then she shoved me hard. With a cry that was muffled by the dildo gag, I fell back on the mattress, and fresh pain

bloomed inside me as my own weight descended on my bound balls. For once, I was glad to have my hands cuffed behind me. They were the only thing that had stopped the full weight of my body falling onto my testicles. But even with that, the discomfort was significant. Not that it mattered. Wendy was smiling in triumph as she reached behind herself. Her shimmering dress fell away from her body to pool like oil at her feet, and she stepped out of the dress before kicking it aside. As I had suspected, she must have shed her pantie downstairs, because with the sexy garment gone, her pussy was fully exposed. Her arms bent behind her again, and this time her bra fell away, the soft mounds of her breasts rising from her chest as she chuckled and making my cock throb in the shadow of the strap on above it.

Wendy said nothing. Her bright blue eyes were fixed on me now, and the smile never left her face. She stepped forward and climbed onto the bed, and I felt the mattress sink under her weight as she placed her knees on either side of me. Between her spread legs, her fingers slid over the silken folds of her pussy, coming away wet and glistening as she left a trail of moisture over her firm thigh. Her face was slack with lust now, and I knew the hungry predator's gleam in her eye as she towered above me, savoring my mute adoration of her naked body for a moment. Then, she reached down and took the fake cock in her hands. I groaned in despair as she spread her legs further, sinking down onto the strap on with a gratified moan of pleasure. The weight of her body pushed my own cock slowly downwards, and I winced as she settled on top of me, my erection trapped between the round cheeks of her gorgeous ass as she sat on top of me. And as she began to move, tensing her thighs as she bobbed up and down, I groaned right along with her, teased to the brink of insanity by the sight and movement and feel of her body, so close to everything I wanted and yet so far away.

"Oh fuck, that feels good," Wendy moaned. Her breasts bounced on her chest as she moved up and down, up and down, making the bed rock beneath us as she rode the strap on. "Oh yeah, that's it. That's it." Her eyelids fluttered like the wings of butterflies as

she closed her eyes for a moment, surrendering to the same pleasure she denied me.

The air was sodden with sex. Wendy's cries grew louder and louder until they filled the room, and the night crackled with pent-up desire like the fumes of some explosive gas, and if I had been able to do anything, I would have taken Wendy's beautiful body between my hands and pinned her down on my bed and fucked her senseless no matter who was watching. But that wasn't an option. My sexy daughter in law had stripped everything away from me, denying me the ability to do anything besides endure her merciless teasing. And my aching balls boiled with cum as I watched Wendy writhing in pleasure.

Jess stepped forward. I saw the smile of delight spread across Wendy's face as she saw her friend give in to the same desire she felt herself. I watched in helpless agony as Jess peeled her clinging black dress away from her incredible body, my cock throbbing desperately between Wendy's cheeks as I watched the young beauty strip down to nothing but her tall leather boots. Wendy's laughter came from deep in her throat as she watched Jess climb onto the bed with us. The creaking of Jess's boots filled me with lust as I watched her crawl towards me, swinging a leg over my head. My eyes crossed as I watched her wrap her fingers around the dildo that rose from the gag in my mouth. Shining trails of her wetness dripped slowly down her thighs as she sank down towards me, her wet pussy filling my vision as the darkness closed in. The smell of her filled the warm air around my face as she sat, and I watched the thick head of the dildo push her quivering lips apart as her pussy gripped the fake cock and sank slowly down towards my face.

Jess's gasps of pleasure filled the air, merging with Wendy's passionate cries as the two women bounced up and down on top of my bound body. And there was nothing I could do but wait. My cock throbbed under Wendy's sexy ass, but these women didn't need me for that. All they wanted was to tease and torment me while they

pleasured themselves. And their outrageous selfishness only made them that much more beautiful to me.

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A close-up portrait of a woman with light skin and short hair. She has dramatic eye makeup, including a leopard-print pattern around her eye and a bright green contact lens. The background is blurred with warm, golden tones.

Katt Ford

The Lioness

