

SCARLETT STEELE

A photograph of a blonde woman with long hair, wearing a black corset with five silver buckles down the front and a black choker. She is holding a black whip in her mouth and with her hands. The background is dark blue.

NO SAFE WORDS

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scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

No Safe Words

“That’s the deal,” Vivian sighed and went over the whole plan again. “You’re exactly his type. You’ve got his schedule. Every week it’s the same, gym five days a week, always the same times. Dart night at the bar with his buddies. Get him into your bed, and make sure the video is turned on. You need to actually fuck him, but you’ll enjoy it. He’s really not a bad lay.”

She made the woman go over everything again, just to be sure. Then she finally let her leave. Vivian smiled. It wouldn’t take a lot of effort for this girl to get Richard into her bed. She was pretty, blonde, busty, and just a little ditzy.

He’d had affairs before, she knew it, but couldn’t prove it. The trouble was, without proof, she couldn’t divorce him without risking losing everything. They had a prenuptial agreement.. If she left without cause, she got only a tiny amount of his total worth. She had seriously considered finding a way to have him killed, but finally decided against it. The risks were too great, and she really didn’t know if she could go through with it.

Then she’d had a brilliant realization. The pre-nup clearly stated that if she had cause, the terms were void and she could sue for more. “Cause” could mean abuse, or infidelity. Richard was certainly never going to be abusive. He was too nice for that. But infidelity? Oh yes, that would be easy to arrange. She just needed the proof. She had started making arrangements, and now all she had to do was wait.

It took the bimbo only three weeks to send her not just one, but three recordings of her fucking Richard. Vivian waited until he went to work, then played the

clips. The first was hot, but really no good. The room was too dark to clearly see his face, and he never spoke. It could have been anyone. But Vivian was getting wet just watching him fucking another woman.

She hadn't been lying to the girl. Richard was a decent lay, when he put effort into it. The trouble was, he rarely put in effort. His normal sex was climb on, pump and cum. He must have really liked this girl because he spent a very long time licking her pussy before he slipped inside her. Vivian watched the other two videos as well, getting more and more turned on. The second was better, his face was clear at least, but the girl could have been anyone, including Vivian. The third was gold, it was clearly Richard, and clearly not Vivian, and they were obviously having sex.

I need more of these, Vivian thought, with different women.

She started the search anew to find more girls for Richard to fuck. When she found a dominatrix who agreed to her terms, she knew she'd hit the jackpot. Not just infidelity, but kinky sex! She was practically bouncing up and down when she got the videos back from the dominatrix.

Mistress Bree was clearly a pro. She had set up multiple cameras to have a wide view of the room, as well as closeups of different areas. The space had a large bed, a desk and several chairs and tables. It looked kind of like a hotel room, but a little more personal, and there were a few pieces Vivian couldn't immediately identify. When she and Richard entered the room, he was clearly ready to jump straight into the bed, but she stopped him.

"I told you there are rules," her voice was silky soft but still firm. "You may not touch me without my permission. You may not cum without first asking for me, and waiting for my permission. You may not touch your cock or balls without permission. You will do everything I order you to do, without complaint. Failure to follow the rules will result in punishment. If you don't like anything that is

happening, you are free to leave. Do you understand?”

Vivian watched in awe as her husband nodded.

“Good,” Mistress Bree continued on the video. “Strip. Naked. I want all of it off. Then you may sit on the floor, but put a towel down first. Always put a towel down. Your naked ass should never touch anything except bed sheets, and then only with permission.”

Richard stripped, slowly, uncertainly. He left his clothes in a pile on the floor and Vivian could clearly see his raging hard on. She sucked in a startled breath when Mistress Bree reached out and slapped the head of his cock, making it shrivel back up.

“Do you leave your clothing on the floor like that at home? That’s disgusting! You’re a pig! Pick them up now. Since you’ll be putting them back on when we are done, you may fold them, or hang them in the closet. Never leave your clothing on the floor like that. Go on, do it.”

Richard scrambled to pick up his clothes, he tossed them over the back of a chair, only to be smacked on the ass by Bree. “What did I tell you to do with your clothes?”

“Fold them or hang them,” Richard replied.

“And did you?”

“I’m just going to put them back on, they’re not on the floor...”

Richard’s voice came to a sudden halt when Mistress Bree reached out and grabbed his balls. Vivian could see the tension in her grip and Richard’s face turned pale.

“I did not give you permission to be a smart ass. Nor did I ask your opinion. I told you to fold them, or hang them. I also told you to follow my orders, without complaint. Since this is our first time, I’ve been lenient with forms of address, but that ends now. When you speak to me in any way, you will address me as Mistress, Ma’am, or Mistress Bree. Now, do as you were told.”

She released Richard’s balls and Vivian actually laughed watching him gasp in relief.

“Yes, Mistress,” his reply was quiet, but still clear on the video. He immediately hung up his shirt, then folded his pants, underwear and socks and turned to Bree.

“Where shall I put these Mistress?”

She pointed at small table near the closet, “You may place them there.” She waited for him to come back to her, then ordered him to kneel on the floor at her feet.

Vivian felt her pussy getting wet as she watched the video of her husband kneeling at another woman’s feet. She watched as the woman slowly removed

her wrap dress, revealing a tight black leather corset, satiny panties, stockings held up by a garter belt, and shiny, thigh high boots with stiletto heels. She placed a large suitcase on the table next to the bed and turned back to Richard.

“Spread your knees,” Mistress Bree told Richard. She placed one high-heeled boot between his spread thighs and stepped in close. Without warning, she grabbed his head and buried his face in her crotch. Vivian chortled in glee to see Richard’s face disappear into the woman’s thighs. Bree spread her thighs a tiny bit, shoved his face in deeper, then clamped her legs tight on the sides of his face. Vivian could hear Richard’s muffled protests and imagined he was completely unable to breathe in that position. But Mistress Bree did not seem to care.

Richard’s hands flailed and pushed against Bree’s thighs, but she responded by nudging her boot further into his crotch. He tried to wince away, but she grabbed his hair and held him in place. She held him until he stopped protesting, then she parted her thighs and allowed him to suck in a breath of air before clamping her thighs back on his face.

Richard learned his lessons quickly, the second time, he didn’t smack at her legs, or try to pull away. He simply submitted until his body was shaking from lack of air. Mistress Bree stepped back a bit and forced his legs wider apart. She carefully placed one boot on his thigh and pressed down until he cried out in pain. She repeated with the other thigh. “Lie face down,” she ordered as she stepped off him.

On the close up video, Vivian could see his semi-hard cock as he shifted to lie face down on the towel he’d laid out on the floor. When he was face down, Mistress Bree kicked his legs wide apart, then reached above her head and grabbed on to a bar mounted from the ceiling. Vivian sucked in her breath as Bree grabbed the bar and stepped onto Richard’s back. She was clearly holding some of her weight on her hands as she stepped carefully around on his back, his

ass, and even the backs of his thighs.

Whenever Richard would protest, she would dig one heel into his shoulder or ass cheek until he cried out and promised to behave. Vivian could see his skin turning red where she had dug her heels in. Then Bree did something that had Vivian clapping her hands in excitement. She stepped carefully between Richard's thighs and placed the toe of one boot on his balls. Bree shifted her weight slowly, forcing his balls apart and stepping down onto the empty sack between them. The closeup camera gave Vivian a clear look at Richard's balls being crushed by Bree's foot. Vivian's fingers slipped into her panties to tease her clit as she watched the rest. She was soaking wet and her clit was swollen with desire.

"Roll over," Bree ordered him and took her foot of his balls. Richard did as ordered, his face a mixture of pain, shame and arousal. When he had settled on his back, Bree straddled his face, forcing her crotch down against his mouth and nose, cutting off his air. When he would start to shake, or make loud noises of protest, she would rise up a bit, then settle back down after he'd caught his breath. Finally, she stood and slowly removed her panties before settling back down on his face.

"Lick my cunt, Richard," Mistress Bree ordered, "you're not in a hurry, and you're not getting your dick wet, so don't rush it. Lick it good, make me cum." She lowered her pussy onto his mouth and grabbed his hair to force his lips into her cunt.

Richard was trapped. Bree pinned his arms with her legs, her heels digging into his sides. She alternated holding his head up close into her pussy, and letting his head sit on the floor and grinding her cunt against his face.

“You can do better than that, Richard,” she chided. “Use your tongue, lick my clit like a good boy. Fuck my pussy with your tongue.”

Vivian watched as Bree arched and writhed and rode Richard’s face until she came in a shuddering, squirting orgasm that drenched his entire head and shoulders. Bree quickly reached back, planted a hand on his chest and told him to stay down. She turned so her ass was in his face, and hooked her feet under his arms.

“For this Richard,” she instructed, “you may touch me. Worship my ass. Use your tongue and your lips and kiss and lick every inch of my ass.”

She wriggled backwards until Richard’s face was buried between her cheeks. He gave a few half-hearted kisses, but he clearly wasn’t into it. Then Bree grabbed his balls and squeezed, hard, apparently. “What did I tell you to do, Richard?”

“Worship your ass, Mistress,” his voice was muffled.

“This is pretty shitty worship. I think you need a lesson.” She jumped up and grabbed a bag from the closet, then returned to him. “Stay down,” she insisted. She worked quickly, and Vivian had a hard time seeing what she was doing, but when Bree was done, Vivian understood. She had quickly tied Richard’s cock and balls, so tightly they were bulging out between what looked like rough gardening twine. She had left a long strand as a leash.

After Bree repositioned her ass over Richard’s face, she tugged on the string. He immediately yelped. “Much better,” she chuckled. “We’re going to try this again. You will worship my ass, and if I think you’re not doing a good enough job...”

she yanked on the string again.

Bree arched her back so her ass was pressing into Richard's face, "Do better this time."

Richard's hands reached up and caressed Bree's rounded ass. His fingers glided along her skin, stroking, massaging. In only a few minutes, it looked like he'd lost himself in feeling Bree's ass. She tugged on the string around his balls, and he blinked, then began kissing her ass.

He kissed every inch of her ass, then spread her cheeks and kissed her ass crack and asshole as well. "Don't forget the tongue," Bree punctuated the reminder with a gentle tug on the string. Richard's tongue slid out and slowly covered her entire ass. First licking like he was eating an ice cream cone, then with more interest. When he got to her ass crack, he was enthusiastically tonguing and kissing, pushing her cheeks apart to get better access.

Vivian was so hot, watching the whole thing. Her panties were soaked, and she kept thrusting her fingers in and out of her cunt and fingering her swollen clit.

"MMm, that's nice, good job," she cooed at him. "Tongue-fuck my asshole like a good boy." Richard didn't pause a moment, he pressed his face deeper into her cheeks and thrust his tongue into Bree's puckered asshole while she fingered her pussy to another orgasm. Vivian's own orgasm rocked her at the same moment, but Mistress Bree was not done with Richard.

"Good boy, you can be taught," Bree stood and ordered Richard to kneel on the bed with his ass in the air. "Have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

"No, Mistress!" Richard's look of surprise was almost comical. Vivian was

bouncing up and down with glee, waiting to see what Bree had in store for him next.

She watched the video as Bree slipped into a strap on harness, then walked over to a drawer and selected a slim dildo. “We’ll start with something easy,” she told Richard as she slipped the dildo into the harness and began lubing it up.

“Since you’ve never done this before, we’ll go slow,” Bree spoke gently, almost coaxing. “If you get a hard on, that’s OK. You are not allowed to cum, however.” She picked up the leash from the twine on his balls and wrapped it around one hand as she knelt on the bed behind him.

Bree worked slowly, easing the tip of the dildo into Richard’s asshole. She’d push forward, then pause, shift around a little bit, do a few short strokes, then push forward some more. In a few short minutes, her dildo was buried in his ass, and Richard looked surprised. Then Bree started fucking him, slowly at first, until he was moaning in pleasure.

Bree tightened her hands on his hips and tugged on the string connected to his balls. Richard let out a loud moan of mixed pain and pleasure. On the video, Vivian could see his cock was rock hard. He was liking this!

Bree kept fucking him, stroking in and out of his ass. Richard was moaning and rocking with her strokes, his cock turned deep red, then almost purple, it was so swollen. Finally, Bree shoved hard and deep into his ass, then ground herself there, she was clearly enjoying this. She pulled out quickly and removed the strap on, then grabbed Richard by the hair.

She lay back on the bed and shoved his face into her sopping wet cunt. Pussy juice glistened on her thighs and stomach. She held Richard by the hair and ground her cunt against his mouth until she came in great shuddering waves.

“Get up,” she ordered him. “There is a shower in the next room. Take your clothes and things and go shower, then leave. I’ll call you when I’m ready for more.”

“But...” Richard started to say something but she cut him off.

“This is the arrangement. You are a toy, nothing more than my plaything. You may remove the twine before you shower. Now get out.”

Richard hung his head and gathered his things to leave.

“Oh,” she stopped him as he got to the door, “do not masturbate in the shower. You may only cum with my permission... or your wife’s.”

He pouted, but finally mumbled, “Yes, Mistress, thank you.” Then he left and the video stopped.

Vivian was beyond thrilled. Not only was this clear evidence of infidelity, she knew Bree was a professional dominatrix, the fact that Richard had seen that kind of woman would be even better. Her original plan had been to get the evidence, then divorce him. But now she had an even better idea. Seeing Richard like that had been a huge turn on. What if she treated him like Bree had? What if she could turn him into her obedient boy toy? Wouldn’t that be better than divorce? She could have all the money then, not just half, and have her pussy licked when ever she wanted. She started making plans, and when Bree called to let her know it was done, she got some tips from a pro.

Richard would be out of town on a business trip the next week, Vivian decided she could do some shopping while he was gone and have a surprise waiting for when he got home. And if he didn't like it, well, that would be too bad. He could take it, or he could deal with the divorce courts.

When Richard returned home from his trip, Vivian was waiting for him, phone in hand. He'd barely gotten in the door when she pulled up the video of him and Mistress Bree. "Did you think I wouldn't find out? Did you really believe I wouldn't figure out that you were fucking other women?" She tried to sound angry, and she succeeded, but inside, she was laughing.

"I don't want to hear any bullshit excuses. I've moved your things to the guest room. You can stay there." Vivian stormed off, leaving Richard stunned in the entryway. Later, he tried to apologize, tried to explain, then got angry and demanded to know where she got the video and what "that bitch" wanted. He thought Bree was trying to blackmail him.

"She doesn't want anything Richard," Vivian sneered at him. She'd already worked all this out with Bree, who had been a wealth of information, telling her where to shop, giving her pointers on behavior modification and control. She had even paid for classes with the woman to learn some of the finer points of domination and how to handle some of the toys.

"She was stunned you hadn't told me about this. She insists her toys are there with the full knowledge and consent of their spouses. But you didn't have my consent, did you Richard? Enjoy the guest room. We can discuss this at breakfast, and you're making it. I want to eat at 8."

When Vivian came down to the kitchen the next morning, promptly at 8, she found coffee made and Richard putting the finishing touches on an omelet. He

served them both and sat down, looking expectant, and more than a little sheepish. Vivian ate in silence and let him worry.

“I could divorce you for this, you know that.” She let that hang out there. “And the pre-nup would be invalidated because of your infidelity. But I decided I don’t really want to do that. Unless you force me. I’ve got something much better in mind.”

Richard mumbled something, but she chose to ignore it. “For now, you’ll stay in the guest room, and we’ll have our bedroom redone and the sitting area turned into your room. I want you close by so you can service me when I want it.”

Vivian was enjoying this. Why had she waited so long to do this?

“You, Richard dear, will become my personal little boy toy. You will wait on me, worship my body, service me in whatever way I desire, and you will not complain. You will be a good, obedient toy. If you’re very, very good, I may let you masturbate until you cum. If you’re not good, then you’ll be punished. If you don’t like this arrangement, you can pack your things and leave, then I’ll see you in divorce court. Is that very clear?”

“Yes, Vivian, it’s clear,” Richard’s voice was low and she couldn’t tell if he was angry, or turned on. She ordered him to clear the table, and as soon as he rose to get the plates, she had her answer. His cock was rock hard. Vivian waited until he finished clearing things to drop the next bomb.

“Drop your pants,” she ordered. He stood looking stunned.

“What?”

“I said drop your pants, don’t question me, just do it.”

Richard dropped his pants, and Vivian pointed at his underwear. He quickly whisked them down as well. His cock was hard and bobbing up and down in anticipation. Vivian slapped it, hard. Richard let out a loud yelp of pain and surprise and moved to cover himself.

“Don’t!” Vivian hissed at him. She reached over and took the kitchen towel from his hands and quickly rolled it into a whip and flicked his thigh with it. He yelped again. Vivian rose and began circling Richard, flicking him on the hips, ass and thighs with the towel as she did.

“I saw your session with Mistress Bree,” the towel licked his ass and he jumped.

“I know you like this, I could see your cock getting hard. Just the thought of it made your cock hard just now.” The towel flicked just above the base of his cock and he whimpered.

“Pay attention, Richard, I’m giving you the rules of behavior in this house.”

“You may not masturbate without permission,” the towel hit his inner thigh.

“You may not cum without permission,” a crack across his ass.

“You may not touch me unless I invite it,” snap, the towel went on his other ass cheek.

“You will obey all orders, without question, and will address me as Ma’am, Mistress, or Lady Vivian,” the towel snapped at the base of his cock and Richard yelped again.

“To ensure your little head doesn’t do the thinking for your big head, you will wear a chastity device,” this time the towel flicked the head of his cock, and Richard’s knees almost buckled underneath him.

“There are three devices, one is a strict device made of steel for training or punishment. That is the one I will put on you today. The second also has spikes, but it’s silicone, so you can wear it for longer periods. The last simply holds your cock and balls and keeps you from being able to use them and you can wear it every day.” She snapped the towel on his cock again.

“First, we’re going to establish something,” Vivian’s tone turned hard, “You did not have my consent to see Mistress Bree. You fucked around behind my back. I think 10 lashes is appropriate punishment for that. Stand with your back to the counter and hold onto the counter. Do not attempt to cover yourself or I will add lashes.”

Richard obeyed, placing his hands on the counter and leaning his against it. “Spread your legs, Richard,” Vivian cooed at him. When he was standing properly, Vivian flicked the towel again, smacking into the base of his cock, then slowly working around the tender skin surrounding his cock and balls. Richard was wincing with each strike, but not crying out. He did yelp when the towel licked his cock. “That’s one, Richard, I suggest you count and thank me.”

“One, thank you Ma’am,” his voice was thick and low and she saw his cock twitching despite the pain.

She snapped the towel again, landing it squarely on the head of his cock.

“Two, thank you Ma’am.”

The third strike lifted his cock up with the force of the blow and Richard's knees shook.

"Three, thank you Ma'am."

Vivian placed the fourth and fifth strikes at the base of his cock. His count and thank yous quickly followed.

"Grab your cock and lift it up out of my way," she instructed him. "Hold it by the head, against your belly."

She laid the next strike against the underside of his cock and Richard hissed in a sharp breath before breathing out the sixth count and thank you.

Vivian took her time before the next strike. She wound the towel and flicked, the end of the cloth hit square and true, right in the center of Richard's balls. He sucked in air and shook, then ground out the count of seven and a thank you through gritted teeth.

Eight landed on his right testicle, and he almost buckled. Nine flicked his left testicle and he actually went to one knee. Vivian waited for his to stand again and give his count and thank you.

The tenth and final strike she brought in hard and low and curved up, the towel caught behind his balls, flicking the tender skin and making his balls jump, then shrivel up. Richard went to his knees and his hands almost went to his balls, but

he stopped them with visible effort. He was still on the floor and his voice was barely audible.

“Ten, thank you Mistress.”

Vivian planted her foot on his thigh and pushed him onto his back. She pulled the chastity device from her robe pocket. It was heavy, stainless steel, and had a series of pointy spikes inside. If he stayed soft, the spikes would barely touch his skin. If he got hard, or even started to get hard, the spikes would be very annoying.

Vivian carefully slipped his balls into the spreader to keep them separated, then locked the cage around his cock. She dangled the key in front of his face, then hung the chain around her neck. Then she turned and straddled his face, lowering herself down until his mouth and nose were buried in her pussy. She clamped her thighs on him and felt him try to suck in air and fail.

Vivian reached down and stroked his balls, gently, slowly, the way she knew he liked. She watched them tighten, then his cock twitched. She lifted her ass a bit, let him gasp in a few breaths of air, then lowered back down, cutting off his breathing. She kept stroking his balls and circling the base of his chastity device. She lifted up again to let him breathe, then rocked her hips to put her clit over his mouth.

“Lick my pussy, Richard,” she commanded, and shoved his legs wide apart so she could finger his asshole. She felt his tongue on her clit, slowly at first, then more firmly and she shifted to push her pussy onto his mouth. She pressed her cunt against his mouth, forcing his head to the floor as she rode his face, grinding against his lips, teeth, and chin.

Vivian spat on her finger and pushed it into his tight asshole and was rewarded when his cock swelled, then poked into the spikes and receded. Again and again, she would tease him until he started to get hard, then stop as the spikes made his erection disappear.

“Don’t stop eating my pussy, Richard,” she reminded him. She was rocking her hips as his tongue lapped at her clit. She grabbed his balls and squeezed, making him yelp in pain.

“Make me cum, Richard, right now,” she squeezed again. He let out a whimper, but put his mouth to enthusiastic work on her pussy, sucking her clit between his lips and flicking it with his tongue.

“Yes, that’s it, harder, that’s how I like it, good boy,” she cooed at him, stroking his balls. If he slowed down, she squeezed hard. When he was doing a good job, she stroked gently. “Harder, Richard, suck my clit and make me cum.” Richard opened his mouth wider and sucked her clit between his teeth, Vivian gasped in pleasure. He’d never done anything like his before. She ground against him harder, “Don’t stop, that feels good, just like that, yes!” Vivian came hard, her pussy gushing like it never had before. She liked being in control.

“What a good boy you can be,” she purred at him when she was done. She looked down at his cock, it was raging hard and pressing deeply into the spikes.

“I’m going to shower. You can stay in that cock cage while you clean the kitchen. Later, if you’ve been good, I’ll switch you to one of the others.”

She stood and headed to the bathroom, leaving him covered in pussy juice on the

kitchen floor.

Over the next few weeks, Vivian refined the rules of their new relationship. Surprisingly, after a few initial complaints, Richard settled into it very quickly and seemed to like being the submissive partner. Vivian found herself hoping he'd choose to continue this game, divorce was looking less and less appealing. This way, she not only got to keep everything she wanted, but she had a husband who waited on her hand and foot, never demanded anything of her, and serviced her sexual desires when, where, and how she wanted it.

She had switched him to the daily wear chastity cage, and the idea of him going to work, bossing other men around, all while his cock sat locked in a tight cage made her hot. Every day, after she allowed him to shower, she made him stroke his cock until it got hard and swollen. Then she'd slap his cock, or use a cane on it, or sometimes put his balls in the crusher until his cock shriveled backup. Then she'd lock his cock in the chastity device. She hadn't let him cum yet; since he was in chastity all the time, and she had the key, she knew he couldn't masturbate.

Tonight, she had a special surprise planned for him. After he got home, then fixed dinner for them. She ordered him to shower, but didn't remove his chastity cage. She dressed in a tight black leather top and a matching mini skirt and high heels. when she looked in the mirror, she saw a strong, sexy woman. When he came out of the shower, he took one look at her and his cock started twitching. She had him lie on the floor in front of her as she sat on her bed and stroke his cock slowly.

“Make it hard, Richard, let me see how much this turns you on,” she whispered at him. When his cock was stiff and straight as a flagpole, she stood and placed her bare feet on his thighs. He sucked in air as she put her full weight on him. She held onto the bedpost and inched her toes closer to his cock and balls. She put the toes of one foot against his balls and pressed down. Richard's cock

twitched and he moaned.

Vivian shifted her weight again, digging her toes harder into his balls until he whined in pain. His hard on slowly started to sink, she poked her toes deeper into his balls until his cock shriveled in his hands. Richard whimpered with pain and frustration, then she hopped off him and sat on the edge of the bed.

“On your knees and eat my pussy,” she ordered him. He rose to his knees and she grabbed his hair and pulled his head between her thighs. Vivian held his face to her cunt, grinding her clit into his mouth and ordering him to make her cum. Vivian spread her legs wider and lifted them back.

“Eat my ass too, Richard. Tongue fuck my ass like a good boy. You may use your hands, spread my cheeks, finger fuck my pussy.”

Richard’s tongue slid from her pussy to her ass, his hands pressed her ass cheeks apart to give him better access. His tongue circled her asshole as his fingers slipped into her sopping wet pussy. Vivian held his hair tight, keeping his face buried in her pussy and ass as she ground against him. His tongue was wet and warm and slipped easily into her ass. Vivian squirmed in pleasure, “don’t forget my clit, Richard,” she reminded him. His fingers found her clit and stroked in time with the fingers thrusting in her pussy.

Vivian came with a rush, squirting pussy juice all over Richard’s face. She stood and turned, putting her ass in Richard’s face. She bent over, putting her hands on the bed. “Worship my ass Richard, show me how thankful you are.”

Richard spread her ass cheeks and kissed every inch of her ass, kissing her

cheeks and crack. Then he followed with his tongue, licking her ass cheeks, her crack and her asshole.

“Such a good boy,” Vivian whispered to him, “you deserve a reward. Go into the top right dresser drawer. You’ll find a red bag, bring it to me.”

Richard stood and crossed to the dresser, then brought her the red satin bag she had stored there. She ordered him to kneel on the floor in front of her, then she sat and pulled out the contents of the bag. She held up a curved double-ended dildo Bree had helped her choose. Then she pulled out a soft cloth harness. Bree had told her leather looked hotter, sexier, but the cloth was easier to fit, more comfortable and would hold a bullet vibrator for her.

She slipped the dildo into the harness, one side out for Richard, one side in for her. Then she slipped the bullet vibe into the pocket and stepped into the harness, easing it up over her hips and sliding the dildo into her wet pussy. She switched on the vibrator and gave a little ooo of pleasure. Richard sat watching, his eyes bright and big, and his cock twitching in its cage.

“Kneel on the stool and lean over the bed,” Vivian had already figured it out, she knew his ass would be at the right height for her to stand behind him and fuck his waiting ass. She also knew his cock would be dangling between his legs.

She bent down and unlocked his cock cage, pulling his cock out and letting it free. “I am going to fuck your ass, Richard. I’m going to fuck you hard and deep. And you’re going to like it. You’re going to like it so much that your cock is going to get hard. You may not touch it, but you may cum, after asking permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes... yes, Mistress!”

Vivian could feel the vibrator against her clit and the dildo in her pussy, and she ached to thrust the other end into Richard's ass. She looked down at Richard's upturned ass. She reached for the lube and squirted it over his asshole, rubbing it in with her fingers. Richard arched into her fingers, moaning in pleasure and she smiled.

Vivian pressed the tip of the dildo against Richard's asshole, then pushed the head in slowly. "Beg for it Richard, beg for me to fuck your ass."

"Mistress please, please, fuck my ass with your big cock. Please..." his voice was raspy, breathy with lust.

She eased herself in slowly, inch by inch, pushing the thick, long dildo into his ass. She could feel the other end of the dildo moving inside her cunt. Vivian started slowly, stroking the big dildo in and out. She loved the feel of it moving inside her as she fucked Richard. Each time she thrust in, the vibrator pressed against her clit.

She thrust deep into Richard's ass and ground her pussy against the vibrator. Her clit tingled and swelled. She pulled out, then shoved back in fast and hard. The dildo inside her and the vibrator fucking her as she fucked Richard. Vivian thrust her hips into him again, faster, harder. She dug her fingers into Richard's hips, gripping him tightly and pulling his ass back onto her dildo.

Richard moaned in pleasure as she fucked him harder. She felt his cock slap against her thigh when she shifted to thrust even deeper. He was rock hard and pre cum dripped from his head. Vivian changed her angle, the way Bree had taught her to do, knowing the curved dildo was stroking his prostate. Vivian was enjoying herself. She came thrusting hard into Richard's ass, the vibrating buzzing against her clit. Her fingers dug into his skin.

Richard clenched the bedsheets tightly in his hands as she pounded into him. She felt his body trembling, felt his muscles tighten as he started to cum. Vivian reached down and quickly circled his balls with her fingers, closing them tightly and pulling down, “Cum now Richard,” she instructed. He wailed in pain, but it didn’t stop him from shooting his load onto the sheets.

Vivian pulled out and held him by the balls as she stripped off the harness. She grabbed his hair and shoved his face into the puddle of cum he’d made. “Lick it up,” she ordered him. “Clean up the mess you made on my sheets.”

She reached into the bag again and pulled out a large butt plug. His ass was well lubed and loosened by the fucking. The butt plug slipped in with ease. She worked a spiked ball stretcher onto his balls and locked it in place, then buckled a leather strap around his waist. She pulled a leather strap from the back, between his ass cheeks and over his balls, holding the butt plug in place and crushing his cock and balls under it when she buckled it in place at the front of the waist strap.

She rolled him onto his back and quickly straddled his face, pressing his nose and mouth into the wetness of her cunt until he couldn’t breathe. She held him there, smothering him in her wet folds until he started to shake and tremble. She raised up enough to let him catch a breath, then settled back down again. Richard’s muffled cries of protest came from between her thighs, and she reached back to pinch his nipples until he moaned in pleasure. Again and again, she repeated the pattern. Rise up to let him breath, then smother him with her pussy until he almost passed out.

Again and again, she watched as his cock strained against the leather strap. She slid down his body and ground her pussy against the leather covering his cock. She rocked her hips, grinding her clit against his leather covered cock. She could feel him swelling, even under the tight leather. He moaned, part in pleasure, part in pain, as the leather bit into his skin. Vivian rode his hips hard, grinding against

him, pushing her pubic bone onto his cock until he yelped in pain.

She laid her body down flat against his as she ground back and forth. She reached her hands up to cover his mouth and nose, pressing down, cutting off his air as she rode him. She felt his cock straining at the leather, felt him moaning under her. She kept writhing against him until she made herself cum, gushing all over him. Richard moaned against her hands, his eyes rolled back in his head and his body started to shake.

She tightened her hands on his mouth and nose and leaned in to whisper in his ear. “Cum again, cum now,” she felt him clench, felt his cock throbbing under the tight leather strap. Then she felt his cock go soft, and a tiny bit of wetness on her thigh, and Richard moaning and whimpering. She worked fast to release the leather straps and the ball stretcher. Richard was still wracked in an orgasm so intense it was painful. With his balls clamped tight and the leather belts on, he hadn’t shot his load when he first came.

As soon as the ball stretcher came off, loads of cum came pouring out of Richard’s cock. She waited until his body stopped shaking then slapped her hand into his balls, hard enough to make him cough and gasp. She wrapped his balls in her hand and closed her fist slowly.

“Do I have your attention?” She waited for a nod, she knew he’d be too breathless to speak. “Good. This was your reward for being such a good boy. If you liked this, keep up the good behavior. Now, catch your breath, then go shower and we’ll get you back in your daily chastity device. Once that’s done, you will bathe me, change my sheets, and then give me a massage.”

Vivian sent him to the guest shower to clean up and slowly stripped off the rest of her clothes. She selected a scented bath oil and silky pajamas for the night.

When Richard returned from the shower, he had his everyday cage in hand. She slipped his cock and balls in place and locked the device on, then placed the key on the bathroom counter.

“Draw my bath,” she instructed. She watched as he checked the water temperature and filled the tub, pouring in a tiny bit of her favorite oil. She stepped in as the tub was still filling. “Take care of the bed, then come wash me.”

She sent Richard off to change her sheets, knowing he would toss the dirties in the laundry and make sure her bed was fluffed and ready for her. He returned to the bathroom just as she shut off the water. He took up a soft bath pouf and her favorite soap and slowly lathered her entire body. He shaved her legs, carefully working around her ankles and knees, then drained the tub, rinsed her and the tub down with the handheld shower, then refilled it for her to soak while he went and cleaned up her bedroom.

When she stepped out of the tub, he was waiting with a warmed terry cloth robe. He’d laid towels down on the end of her bed and she stripped off the robe and lay face down.

Richard took his time, massaging her from her neck to her toes. By the time he was done, Vivian was feeling very relaxed and sleepy. He helped her into her pajamas, then tucked her into bed.

“Richard,” she said as he was gathering the robe and towels, “you were a very good boy today.”

He smiled, “Thank you, Lady Vivian. It’s my pleasure.”

“Before you go to sleep tonight, I want you to do something. I want you to write a letter to Mistress Bree and thank her for everything she has done for you. Then you will write a list of things you fantasize about. This list is for me. I want to know your deepest, darkest fantasies, and your fears. Do that before bed, I want to see it first thing in the morning.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Richard turned out her light.

One month later, when Richard escorted Bree into the living room, Vivian tried not to let her excitement show. Richard had given her a list, and she was ecstatic. It had taken a month of talks with Bree, and some very careful shopping, but she was about to make sure Richard would never question his rightful place. Once the two ladies were seated on the couch and served tea, Richard knelt on the floor between them.

“Richard,” Bree spoke first, “your lady believes you have come a very long way, and I agree. We both think your training is coming along well. I suggested this might be a good final step in the process.”

Richard looked slightly worried, but happily expectant. An expression Vivian had come to truly enjoy.

“You have an appointment this afternoon,” Vivian explained. “Your cock and balls will both be pierced so I can lock them into your cage, or just lock the two rings together for easy chastity. When that’s done, Bree and I will take turns fucking your ass, and you will use that very talented tongue of yours to make us

both cum, over and over again until we're completely satisfied. Since you've been so good, and you seem to like Mistress Bree so much, I've decided to share you with her. And what do you have to say?"

Richard quickly bent forward and kissed first Vivian's feet, then Bree's.

"Thank you Lady Vivian, thank you Mistress Bree. You are both too good to me!"

"Yes, we are," Vivian replied. "Keep up the good behavior, and I have a friend who wants to fuck me. I may let you watch. You'd like that wouldn't you? Watching some other man use his big cock in the pussy you aren't allowed to have any more."

She could see that Richard's cock was twitching at the thought. The cock cage jumped and bounced as his cock tried to stiffen. Bree laughed and reached to stroke his balls, bound up tight in the spreader.

"You've done a good job with him Vivian! You're a very good toy, Richard."

"Thank you Mistress Bree!"

THE END

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