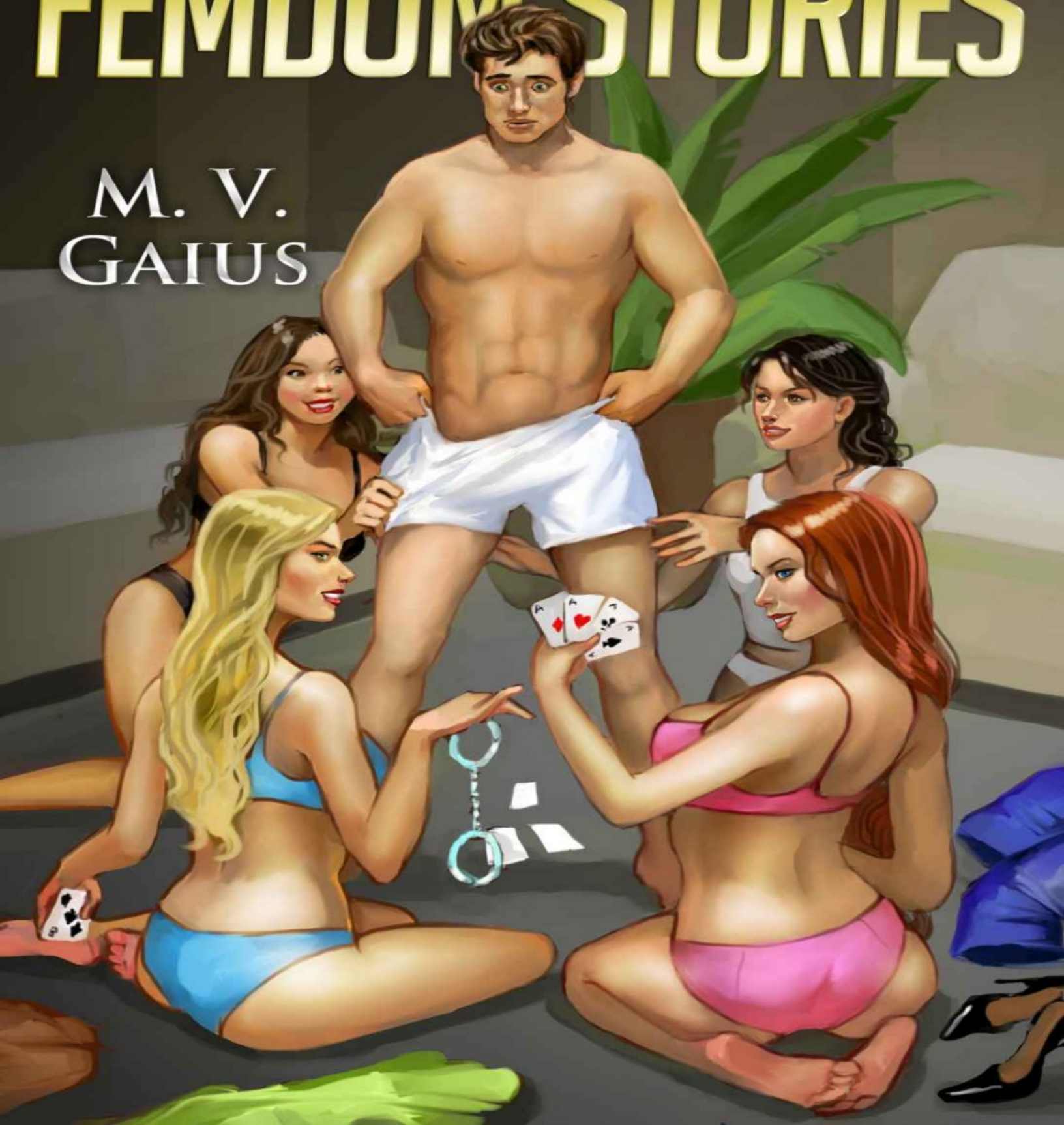


Strip Poker *and other* FEMDOM STORIES

M. V.
GAIUS



Strip Poker and other Femdom Stories

M. V. Gaius

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“Strip Poker and other Femdom Stories” Deal yourself in as every hand is a winner in this scorching collection of four erotic tales of forced nudity, femdom, teasing, tickling, threesomes and lots of CFNM.

Strip Poker - Twenty One year old college senior Tyler felt like he had just won the lottery. Snowed in with his two sexy step-sisters and their three gorgeous friends, things were definitely looking up for the weekend. As the beer flowed, and someone made the suggestion to play strip poker he thought his ultimate fantasy was about to come true. Sadly his luck in cards did not hold and soon finds himself subjected to an increasingly humiliating evening as he falls into the clutches of the overly aroused and increasingly drunken young women.

High Price for a Threesome - Bill thought life could not get any better. Married to the super gorgeous and smart Julia, her inventive and creative mind, coupled with her smolderingly hot looks kept their lives sex filled and entirely satisfying. When her sexy friend Mona temporarily moved in with them he could not help hope that things would move on to the holy grail of all his erotic fantasies, the ever elusive threesome. One long hot Saturday afternoon, his dreams came true, but as he would discover, dreams sometimes come with a very high price.

The Trapped Boytoy - Handsome slacker Dave thought he found the perfect gig. Hired by the gorgeous and rich Super-Milf Victoria de Simone, when he moved into her Penthouse Apartment on Park Avenue everything seemed to have turned golden. Things got far more complicated for him when her twenty two year old niece moved in, and decided to share in the services of her Aunt's live in boy toy.

The Security Guard - As an underpaid security guard at a top line retailer, John Davies still loved his job. Primarily he loved it for the opportunity it gave him to threaten and strip search gorgeous young shoplifters which he did every chance he could. When the super curvy Shelia took a five finger discount at the jewelry counter, John had the time of his life as her clothes fell at his command. He would

soon learn what many learn too late, that Karma can be a real bitch sometimes especially when she comes back for a return visit.

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Strip Poker

Ever since my Dad got remarried I have considered myself a lucky man. I am now 21 years old and my two younger stepsisters are 18 and 19 respectively, and by all objective measurements are absolute foxes. Anyway, last Christmas I was home from my senior year of college and because of being snowed in for two weeks, I was already completely bored out of my mind. Our parents had gone skiing and left me and my two step-sisters alone for the weekend so we had the whole house to ourselves. I was a bit disappointed about missing out on the ski trip, but as events would soon unfold, I realize now in retrospect that missing that trip led to the best trip of my life.

My step-sisters, Brandy and Monica were also bored and decided to invite a few of their new college friends over for a good old fashioned slumber party. They were all moving into a big five bedroom rental house after the holidays and were VERY excited about getting out of the dorm. Their future housemates were equally excited and all wanted to get together to plan out how they were going to decorate their new home. Oddly, despite going to the same school as me, I had not seen much of them over the fall semester as with them being freshman and me a senior we did not travel in the same circles. Having us all home for the holidays was a nice treat as we always had gotten along, and I had to admit, I never tired of checking out their smoking bods.

Being the only one home of legal age, and not yet realizing what an golden opportunity being snowed in with a bunch of bored girls would be, I reluctantly assumed the adult role for the party. After much begging and pleading on the girls part they convinced me to go and buy some beer for them, and being a bit bored and thirsty myself, I ran down to the nearest 7-11 and stocked up on party supplies for the weekend. When all of their hot friends started showing up, the stirring in my jeans alerted me to the possibility of having the weekend of a lifetime and I was DEFINITELY glad to be home.

As we all sat around talking and drinking, it began to dawn on me how fortunate I was. I was surrounded by five stunningly beautiful

and increasingly drunk women; Brandy, my oldest step-sister and a well stacked red-head to boot, Monica, my equaling charming blonde younger step-sister with an ass you could eat baked beans off of and Lynette, Maria and Samantha their equally gorgeous friends had my cock stirring in my shorts by 8:30. After several beers, and the realization that there was nothing on TV, as the cable had gone out due to the storm, Maria suggested that we play cards. That was fine by me as the hops had definitely gotten the girls socially lubricated and increasingly flirty and with the female to male ratio at 5 to 1, I was loving every second of the night.

Dealing the cards, I was grinning wildly, as being the only guy in the room, I was flirted with shamelessly by all of them. After a few minutes of playful banter, and even more beer, suddenly the erotic temperature of the room got much hotter.

“Say Brandy!” chimed the smoldering sexy brunette Samantha. “I know you and Monica told us your step-brother was good looking, but you never told us he was such a hottie. What are you two bitches doing, hoarding all the good ones to yourself like you do back at college?”

Obviously annoyed by this sudden embarrassing revelation, Brandy blushed. “Shut up and PLAY will you?”

Hearing this I smirked. I have never had any problems with the ladies in the past, as I am pretty fit, but hearing that my two step-sisters were attracted to me got my head swelling. Well, BOTH of my heads. I wondered if they knew how much I had lusted after both of their curvy delights since back when we all still lived at home together. God knows the summer before my freshman year I spent a lot of time watching them sunbathe by our pool, yanking my pud every night as I imagined them both naked and in my bed.

More beer was consumed and as the evening progressed the sexual tension in the room kept increasing. As the girls got drunker they got more bold and I was loving every fucking minute of it. Growing increasingly direct, and with no other outlet for their attentions, I was the target for all of their increasing arousal and as the beer flowed they kept amping up the teasing. My eyes could not focus on the

game as they kept wandering back and forth over the girls as each one was truly beautiful, and I wished for nothing more than somehow orchestrate a way to get into all of their panties somehow. That would definitely be a heavy lift, so I decided to just go with the flow and see how the evening progressed. To my delight, it kept progressing in the right direction.

“Yea, I bet you and Monica love spying on your dear old brother Tyler here when he takes a shower don’t you?” Lynette joked as she poked Brandy with her foot. “Or at least that is what Monica told me when she confessed how delicious he looked walking around the house in just a towel.”

My two step-sisters said nothing, but their reddening faces betrayed her crime and now it was my turn to blush. Hearing this, my male ego swelled along with other parts of my body.

“Yes!” Lynette continued as the other friends giggled. “If I had some fine piece of man-meat like this walking around the house half naked, I would no doubt have to sneak a peek too.”

Continuing to play, and definitely drink, I felt my cock continue stirring as these revelations kept running through my mind. Glancing occasionally over at Brandy, looking so totally fuckable with her full ripe melons and stiff nipples straining against her thin shirt I just hoped I wasn’t drooling too obviously. When I caught her eye my grin grew even wider as I saw her seductively wink back at me.

Glancing around the room, when my eyes then locked with my other luscious step-sister Monica, and I got another wink from her, the stirring became a down right rumble. Polishing off yet another six pack we kept playing and despite all having a good time, it was obvious the game was getting pretty boring. Poker truly is not that fun a game if there are not bets made, as the whole point of the contest is to bluff and win money. Having been using chips all evening, it was obvious that everyone was getting tired of the fake game as with no real stakes, the play was dull. When Samantha announced that we were out of beer, I volunteered to go out to the kitchen and bring back a fresh six pack.

Returning from the kitchen with the beer I was astonished when Brandy stood up and addressed the room.

“I don’t know about you gals, but this game is a snooze-fest .”

Every head nodded as she continued. “So I say we spice things up a bit, what do you think ladies?”

Again, more nodding prompted her to continue. “Now, given that we have such a FINE specimen of manhood here, who is up for a nice old fashioned game of Strip Poker? What do you think, don’t you think THAT will get the party started properly?”

Hearing her say this my mouth fell open in delight, as if I had won the lottery without even knowing I had bought a ticket. Within seconds my mind was flooded with erotic images of all five of them writhing naked on the floor as I enjoyed each one, as obviously I would be in the middle of that imaginary rodeo. Oh how I would enjoy finally having Brandy ride my cock while Monica rode my face and their three friends fought over who would take the next turn, but shaking my head quickly, reality set in.

It was too much to hope for and I was sure Brandy was just joking and just being provocative, God knows she was always the biggest tease. I was positive that there was NO way the girls would go for it no matter how much I prayed that they would. To my shock and absolute ecstatic delight they all cheered and said they thought it would be a wonderful idea.

Seeing Brandy patting the floor for me to sit down as she began shuffling, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Alone as the sole man in a room full of beautiful drunken women just about to get stripped was the beginning of many a past stroke fantasy and given that I was pretty good at poker and the girls were already drunk it seemed like a sure thing.

As she began shuffling, Brandy leaned over and whispered in my ear “I have been wanting to see your package for a while big Bro so tonight is my big chance! I hope you are prepared to show us the goods tonight!”. My heart began to race as I realized that this evening was shaping up to be most entertaining.

As the first hand was dealt, everyone took a long swig of their drinks as the reality of what was happening began to set in. The flirty atmosphere of the night so far instantly began pegging up the erotic scale as the sexual tension grew as thick as concrete.

Despite all my erotic plans I had a small twinge of doubt after losing the first hand. As they all chanted for me to strip I instantly snapped to attention as I realized I was not well prepared to play strip poker. Having been a casual night in, I was only in my jeans, briefs and a thin t-shirt, foolishly not wearing any socks or shoes. I had been so swept up with the erotic potential of seeing them all naked, I had not taken a proper inventory of my own clothes before we began to play. Realizing my mistake as my three fours were easily beaten by Brandy's three Jacks, I started to blush.

"Well well well, looks like we have drawn first blood!" she giggled as every female eye was trained on my body.

Seeing that they all had shoes and socks on, I realized I had a BIG disadvantage and I pleaded, quite unsuccessfully, to be allowed to go put them on.

"NOPE! You have to play the hand you are dealt BRO!" Monica interrupted. "So, pants or shirt, what is it going to be?"

Grinning sheepishly I stood up and peeled off my t-shirt, realizing I was not going to be able to weasel out and definitely not wanting to give them any reason to back out of a similar predicament. I smirked as my chest was exposed and the girls all melodramatically commented on my washboard abs and well developed pecs. Hey, I hit the gym everyday and at that moment I was glad I did as they all whistled as I sat back down.

"DAYUM!!!" Maria yelled out. "You were not kidding girls. Your brother IS hot!!!"

Monica and Brandy both giggled and interjected. "Hey, he is our STEP-BROTHER you know, and yes, we both agree, he IS hot."

Brandy, half kidding and obviously drunk leaned over and felt my left pec with her hand. "Yep! Hard as a rock!" Looking down at my jeans she winked. "I can't wait to see what else is hard when he comes out

to play.” The feel of her soft warm hands on my naked skin had my heart rate increasing, and I now realized that this too put me at a big disadvantage.

Laughing nervously, I dealt and fortunately won the next few hands, sparing my few remaining clothes and evening things up a bit. Soon my two step sisters lost both their shoes and socks but otherwise everyone was still pretty well covered. As the play continued, and the beer kept flowing, it was my now turn to get bold.

“Well Monica, I can’t wait until you whip out those whoppers for us all to see. I know I have been DYING to see them for years!!!”

Laughing, the girls all joked and Monica, sticking her tongue out in jest, lifted her foot up in the air and wiggled her toes in my face. She was definitely very top heavy and must have suspected that I was her tits number one fan. Now that I had blurted out my comment, any lingering doubts she may have had about whether I had been perving on her were now removed. Obviously I had. Despite being entranced by her mammalian delights, the sight of those gorgeous toes wiggling in the air had me equally hypnotized.

“Hey fucker, this is the only bare skin of mine you are going to see. Soon that big sausage of yours will be on full display before we so much as expose a nipple.”

As her gorgeous toes swayed before my face, and given the highly charged nature of the evening, I got very hard instantly. I was then, and still am now, a hopeless foot man, and the sight of my gorgeous step-sister’s toes waving in my face, begging for my tongue to bathe each digit was immediately registered in my crotch. My bulge obviously was quite noticeable as Maria drew attention to it.

“Hey Monica, it looks like your tootsies have a fan boy!” she laughed as she pointed at my crotch. Instinctively I dropped my hands into my lap to cover myself but it was too late. My secret was out.

Now armed with this knowledge, the game began to get extremely interesting as Monica began snaking her bare foot over to where I was sitting and running her silky sole up my back. Brandy, not to be outdone by her sister, made sure that once her feet were exposed she added her toes to the assault. While Monica ran her foot over

my bare back she teased my bare foot with hers as we were playing barefoot now. This, along with the beer, did not help my concentration on the game at all.

After a few more rounds the game began to get serious as more and more skin was exposed by the girls. I was continuing to be fortunate in not losing what little I had left but I was always two bad hands away from nudity. Despite my horrendous distractions I still had my pants and shorts and they were barely able to contain my now painful hard-on so I definitely wanted to keep them on. Brandy still had her bra, T-shirt and panties on, much to my disappointment, as a big goal I had for the evening was exposing those puppies. Lynette had only lost her shoes and socks and now barefoot she joined the others in their teasing me with her feet. Monica was glowing red having just been forced to shed her pants but to everyone's amazement Maria still had not lost anything.

Now as it got serious, as nudity was sure to be just around the corner for someone. I was on a singleminded mission to begin to even up the score and ensure that at least ONE tit would come out soon. Surely with the odds so stacked in my favor I should be drowning in naked female flesh by now, but the flaw in playing strip poker with such attractive opponents became quite obvious.

Each article the girls lost caused just enough blood to be diverted from my higher brain to the more southernly regions of my body, and kept me making stupid decisions. When playing poker with the guys I usually am able to count cards but that was definitely not happening under these conditions. Realizing I was about to blow a once in a lifetime opportunity to strip five girls at once I redoubled my concentration and decided to play hard to win. In order to have this plan come to fruition I would have to get more serious about the game and stay focused like a laser.

The plan had a flaw though, as the effect of the beer, and the lovely feminine flesh surrounding me, as well as the increasing number of gorgeous bare feet joining the party caused me so much distraction it definitely had a huge negative impact on my poker skills. Even still, with wavering concentration and a lot of luck, I won the next few hands and soon Brandy and Monica were both down to just their

panties and bra. Lynette still had her shirt on and even Maria was beginning to sweat as she was just now was removing her pants, having added her socks and shoes to the ever growing pile of clothes. Thinking the promised land was at hand I grinned as the next cards were dealt and saw I had drawn three tens. Sure of seeing SOME tits now, sadly, my luck did not hold and I lost to Brandy with four twos and had to give up my jeans.

Now the game was dead serious as I had managed to blow through my whole wardrobe in a shockingly short amount of time! The bulge in my boxer briefs was quite obvious and I was extremely humiliated (but also filled with pride) by all the wolf-whistles the girls gave me as I shed my pants.

Having turned away from them to pull down my jeans, as I was definitely worried about something popping out unexpectedly, my heart skipped a beat as I felt both Monica and Brandy's toes run up the back of my ass and over my shorts with their toes.

"Yea, I can't wait until THESE come off next Tyler!" Brandy giggled as she gripped the hem of my boxer briefs and playfully tried to pull them down.

Laughing as I held onto the waist band, I spun back around, having to cover myself with my free hand as things had definitely gotten out of hand in my shorts and I was beginning to peek out. Pointing at her bra I defiantly shot back.

"No, I think those savory titties of yours are just about ready for their debut. Prepare to whip those babies out for the party!"

Monica blushed at my words as somehow it just occurred to her that she might end up naked. With this sudden epiphany, she started getting very nervous and began trying to think of a way out. Not wanting to quit, and then be declared a wuss, she certainly did not want to whip out her breasts for my viewing pleasure. Grinning she thought of a way to spare her from having to strip and announced her idea to the group.

"Ok, as it is apparent we are all getting pretty close to showing some serious skin now, I think we should give the loser a chance to save their dignity if the group agrees."

As she spoke I watched the other girl's faces, not wanting to chime in my objection to her weasly scheme just yet. I was no fool, and knew that a strip poker game with a bunch of hotties was a delicate thing and had to be coaxed with care so as not to spook the girls. I knew all night that any one of them could call it quits at any moment and that would be the end of the most erotic night of my life. Knowing this, I was very compliant and as she spoke I was quiet. I was encouraged by the fact that she was at least planning on what to do if she had to get naked, and this filled me with hope that this might go the distance to the glorious nude end after all.

Continuing, Monica said "I say in order for it to be fair, anyone who loses the final crucial hand and has to get naked should have the choice of either stripping bare or submitting to one hour of activity the group chooses as a penalty, majority vote wins!"

I smelled a rat as I knew that the girls would stick together as a group and possibly avoid stripping, but I still could not resist the chance of seeing them all bare so I agreed. In one way, I was kind of relieved at her suggestion since, Even though I showed a brave face, I myself was beginning to try to think of a way out of this situation myself. I had seriously underestimated my skills before beginning the game and starting out with a huge disadvantage in the number of initial clothes from the start, I was worried.

Still suspicious that the evening might have a NON-nude ending, when Monica added her following words I knew that whatever else happened, this definitely WOULD end on a happy note.

"Now, do we all swear that if we make this change NO ONE backs out?" They all held up their hands and swore and obviously the huge grin on my face was noticed.

"Hey BRO, I would wipe that smirk off your face! You have to sweat too. When we strip your ass we certainly don't want you hiding those big luscious balls away from us when we win."

Laughing, and even more horny, I held my hand up and swore to abide to the new rule changes. Frankly, it was a change I was kind of relieved to have as despite my confidence in my skills, I was worried now and since I had no margin for error I feared I might end up

naked instead of them. Certainly stripping bare in front of five attractive women is harder than you think, and the new added humiliation of my obvious arousal had my mind racing for any possible avenue of escape. I did hold out hope that if I could win the next few hands, possibly it would be me, instead of them, getting to choose the punishment or witnessing the nude spectacle. But despite my confidence I did worry that my luck would not hold and it would be ME naked and them clothed, which would be the worst outcome of all. Confidently I shuffled and prepared to deal as the tingling in my stomach told me that my luck would hold.

I wasn't so lucky.

In my desperation to strip Lynette whose long blonde tresses and full round breasts now had my full attention, I had allowed myself to be tricked by her and had my three Jacks beaten by her full house. My face began to redden as the girls began to cheer at my predicament as the realization of my downfall hit home.

"Time to Drop Trou big Brother!" Monica and Brandy began to chant as they again snuck their feet over to my lap and began to pull at the fabric with their toes. My mind racing, and without thinking it through, I blurted out that I would rather submit to the one hour penalty than face the naked humiliation. It was a snap decision, but when five pairs of smoky lusty eyes stared at my package, I chickened out at the last minute.

The evil grin that began to form on Lynette's face began to make me wonder if perhaps I had chosen unwisely as the other girls began to nervously giggle, not knowing exactly WHAT was going to happen now. Sending me out to the kitchen to get more beer, clad only in my now very inadequate shorts, I was instructed to stay in there while they discussed my fate. After a few minutes consultation, the girls called me back into the room and with a sheepish grin and red face I came back inside, feeling quite nude already in my wildly tenting boxer briefs. Telling me to sit down, Brandy spoke for the group.

"Tyler we have given this a lot of thought, and I know Monica and I have the perfect and most appropriate penalty for you of all times. As

punishment for losing you will be tied down and tickled non-stop by all of us for one solid hour as your penalty.”

Seeing my face grow pale and my mouth begin to open in protest she held her hand up and interrupted the beginning of my protest as she continued.

“You must not remember what you used to do to us when we first moved in here.” Turning to the other girls, she added. “When we were just kids and suddenly discovering we had just gotten a new handsome big step-brother it was great. Smart, funny, kind of sexy, we thought it was fantastic. He being obviously much stronger than us, used to play wrestle one or even both of us at once and tickle us for hours. It was a nightmare as he would not stop until we peed, and we both vowed that one day we would get our revenge. Well that day has obviously come! And the fact that now dear old brother is all grown up and a half naked super stud under our power makes the timing of our revenge beyond sweet!’

Grinning as she crooked her finger she had me stand up. What she was saying was absolutely true. We did used to play wrestle when they first moved in, and until she mentioned it, I had honestly almost forgotten all about it.

When my Dad got married to their Mom I had just turned fifteen. As a goofy testosterone filled teenager, and being chocked full of overactive hormones and having no suave moves yet, I did roughhouse with them quite often. She was absolutely correct in her memory as I did used to hold them down and tickle them until they peed their pants, thinking it funny (and kind of sexy) but certainly I did not do it out of malice. Not thinking about it at the time, or since, I had just thought it was good natured fun not understanding how it affected them. Not knowing yet how to deal with girls at the time, my obvious attraction for them manifested itself in this childish tickle game and I honestly had thought they liked it.

Now that I was in this situation and essentially at their mercy, the memories of those wrestling matches came flooding into my mind and I realized I was in big trouble. The laughing and pleading, the begging me to stop my relentless assault as I attacked their

underarms and of course their feet was all coming back. It was pretty mean in hindsight as I was so much stronger than them and they were powerless to stop me, but I had honestly forgotten about it until she brought it back up. Looking at the gleam in their eyes though, it was painfully obvious that they had not forgotten.

My heart sank as the full extent of my predicament was processed by my brain. "What had I agreed to!"

Ever since I had been a child I had always been extremely ticklish, which was part of the reason I used to tickle them. We always inflict on others that which we most dread for ourselves. Now as it sunk in that I was going to be tormented in my just my shorts, and with most of my bare flesh exposed to 10 pairs of feminine nails tormenting every inch of my body, I gulped. Feeling my cock strain harder against the fabric of my briefs, I gulped even harder as I knew that there would be no way to hide my erection from them now.

"Hey Brandy, I mean, come on. We were just kids back then. I I I am sorry for tickling you but, hey, you can't be serious. I mean an HOUR! JESUS I"

Seeing my stuttering and obvious discomfort, Maria, grinned as she scooted across the floor and began to run her feet up my legs. Feeling her soles on my flesh I jerked and when she reached the waistband of my briefs and gripped the fabric to try and pull it down. I quickly held tight.

"Well Tyler, you could avoid that if you want by taking THESE off right now. So, what's it going to be? An hour of tickling or the full Monty? It's your choice."

Samantha, seeing me blush stood up and walked over to me. Running her nails down my chest she grinned as her finger reached my waistband and she pulled the elastic out straight. "Frankly I hope he chooses to strip as I can't wait to see all this canned meat popped out its tiny container."

Monica, seeing her friends pawing me laughed. "Well either way is fine by me, but". As she spoke she wiggled her fingers menacingly in the air. "I probably am partial to exacting some revenge on all that delicious exposed man flesh."

My brain boiled at my options as neither were good. Either I was going to be forced to go completely starkers in front of this crowd of hotties or I would have to be tickled non-stop for an hour in just my shorts and with a raging hard-on. It was not an easy choice, but wishing to save some vestige of modesty I meekly nodded my agreement to the tickling and waited to see what would happen next.

Brandy and Monica looked at each other and grinned, and as the rest of the girls all stood up and took me by the hands as I felt my pulse quicken. Leading me up the stairs to my parents master bedroom I could already feel little Tyler creating quite a ruckus in my shorts and knew that he was going to be a problem. I had hoped to somehow get them all into bed, but this was not exactly what I had I mind.

Patting the bed Brandy winked. "UP UP UP Tyler, time for your punishment."

They had chosen well as my parent's bed was enormous and was one of those old fashioned four posters. Shyly I climbed up, still cupping my bulge to prevent my obvious arousal from being TOO prominent and laid down, waiting for them to begin.

With a false sense of bravado I glared at them. "OK, let's get this over with!"

Before I knew what was happening they all had grabbed a limb and tied me spread-eagle to the four posters. They had taken several of my Dad's silk ties to use for my binding and within seconds they were done, the knots tied very effectively so that escape was impossible. Now my mouth went dry as I realized just how much trouble I truly was in. Bound nearly naked and completely helpless to the bed, they had me in the perfect position to tickle me to death and they knew it.

Slowly at first two girls began to slowly stroke the soles of my feet while another two worked on my stomach and rib-cage. Not to feel left out Brandy attacked my neck. Instantly I exploded in laughter as the sensations coming from every part of my body short circuited my poor beer soaked and overly horny brain. Continuing for what seemed like an hour, but was in reality only just a few minutes, I

laughed so hard and so long I almost passed out! Begging pitifully I cried and screamed out, pleading for them to stop.

“Jesus Tyler, we just got started!” Brandy whispered into my ear. “If you don’t buck up you aren’t going to make it the whole hour.”

Continuing their assault, despite my protests, after what seemed like an eternity all hands stopped. All of the girls then began giggling uncontrollably and as I looked down my chest I saw the object of their ridicule.

Not only did I have the most intense erection I had ever had, but the thin fabric of my grey boxer briefs were dark and sticky as the flood of pre-cum I was leaking had completely soaked the fabric. Lynette, barely being able to speak through her snickering, lounged at the foot of the bed and looked up at my wet tent. Reaching out with her foot, she walked her toes up my leg and scratched her toenail over my crotch as she laughed.

“Well Girls, it seems like we miscalculated. Tyler here is obviously ENJOYING this punishment, so it really does not seem like much of a penalty now does it?”

Her comment caused the room to erupt in laughter as soon her toes were joined by all of the others on my body, my secret fetish now turned against me. With my eyes crushed closed I could not look at them as I was so ashamed at my body’s uncontrollable reactions. Despite trying to put up a brave front, the feel of their sexy silky soles on my body, coupled with the erotic events of the night, the beer and of course the tickling all had me moaning and whimpering uncontrollably as I dry humped the air. As I moaned, the giggling got much louder and my curiosity grew.

Keeping my eyes closed during this assault so far, I could not help but look now. As I popped open my eyes and stared down my sweat covered body towards my cock I could see my boxer briefs wildly tented and looking like they were about to explode from the pressure that was building behind the material. This display greatly amused them all, and Maria seemed especially engaged as she ran her toe over the top of my crotch.

I said nothing since I was so ashamed and I could not look at them, but I was relieved that at least the tickling had stopped. As Maria, Samantha and Lynnette continued to rub their feet all over my body, laughing as they watched my reactions with increasing intense curiosity I could not stop whimpering. Samantha cooed especially loud when I lightly kissed her big toe that was dangling in front of my lips, not meaning too but compelled by an unstoppable urge. We were both surprised by this as my action was so automatic it was truly out of my control. Whatever else I was going to learn that night, I did learn that I can be made so horny as to lose control of my bodily actions if a gorgeous foot is waved in my face.

Lifting her other foot up onto the top of my head, she began playing with my hair with her toes and sighed as I now sucked her big toe like a wild man.

“Such a good good boy!”

I was so distracted and obviously enjoying the attentions of these three, I had not noticed that my two stepsisters had left the room. As Samantha and Maria both probed and teased my aching balls through the shorts, and I moaned and writhed on the bed, with Lynette’s toes planted firmly in my mouth, Brandy and Monica came back into the room.

“BROTHER!!!” they both cried out in mock anger. “What a shocking and disgusting pervy display this is!”

Their words seemed to snap everyone to attention and for the first time in almost fifteen minutes my body could rest as they all pulled their feet off of me at once. With all of them now staring straight at my wet sticky bulge, the laughter of the girls was deafening. Closing my eyes in complete humiliation I heard the snickering grow louder as they obviously were whispering something. Despite not wanting to face them, with my pervy shame now exposed and my hard-on on full display, I could not help but peek.

When I opened them Brandy was standing over me with a pair of scissors in her hand. Before I could ask her what she intended on doing, her actions cleared up any doubt of her plans. With two snips of the scissors my boxers were cut from my body and lifted away.

Frantic struggling immediately ensued as I tried to get my hands loose to cover myself. This had the opposite effect I wanted as all it did was cause my erect cock to wildly bounce back and forth which only amused the girls more as they watched me wriggle in naked bondage.

“HOLY FUCK!!!!” Maria shouted. “YOUR BROTHER TYLER IS HUNG!!!”

Now I was furious. This was NOT part of the deal at all. I was supposed to be able to keep my shorts on if I agreed to the penalty, but now I had the worst of both worlds. Feeling as if I had been double crossed, my face glowed in rage.

“GOD DAMN IT BRANDY!!!” I screamed, my face now even redder as anger mixed with humiliation. “This is NOT fucking fair!!! You said if I agreed to the tickling penalty I could keep my shorts. UNTIE ME RIGHT THE FUCK NOW!!! IF YOU DON’T LET ME LOOSE IMMEDIATELY THERE IS GOING TO BE HELL TO PAY!!!”

My furious outburst had no affect on the girls as they continued to laugh at my package bouncing wildly in the air. Lounging also at the end of the bed was Monica, who throughout my outburst said nothing but kept a wry smirk on her face as she watched me struggle. I kept thrashing harder as I hoped to tear one of the ties loose, and thought it might work until I felt Brandy’s toes grip the tip of my cock. This had the immediate effect of causing me to twitch and instantly go still.

“Now Now brother!” she joked. “Don’t get your panties in a bind, well, if you were wearing panties!” she laughed as she snaked her toes up and down my shaft. “You chose the penalty, and as is obvious by THIS, it has been no penalty.” As she said THIS she waved my cock in the air with her toes.

I was about to really let loose with a stream of obscenities but stopped when I saw her reach from behind her and take out her cellphone. My eyes grew wide in disbelief and my pupils dilated from the flashes that now blinded me. My mouth went dry as I tried to think of what to say, but before I could respond she spoke.

“And off to the cloud for safekeeping, check!” Grinning she put her phone down and looked me dead in the eye. “Now, what was all this about ‘hell to pay’ nonsense? It seems to me that if I were in your place I would be nice, as you are really in no position to make threats!”

I was speechless as I knew she had the tool for my destruction now on her phone and even worse, in the cloud. Trying to think of what to say to try to sweet talk her into letting me go, and deleting the picture, she grinned.

“Now, I don’t want you to think I am a bitch. If you cooperate, that little charming photo will stay safely tucked away in my own personal folder, never to be seen by anyone. If you give me trouble though, well, I bet I will have the most popular facebook post of all times in about five minutes!”

Realizing I was fucked, I quieted my tone down considerably and sheepishly grinned. She had me by the short hairs and I knew it, and she knew it, so whatever game she was planning, I had no choice but to go along. With as nice a voice as I could muster I spoke.

“What do you want Brandy?”

“Much nicer!” she smiled as she coaxed a moan out of me as her teasing toes continued to run up and down my shaft. “Now, like I said, I am not a bitch. I know we had a deal, but YOU broke the deal by enjoying your penalty. So, the NEW penalty is you have to be our naked slave all weekend, completely at our beck and call until Mom and Dad come back on Wednesday.”

The girls erupted in applause now. Maria especially was giddy as she added. “WOW, four whole days of your own naked slave-boy. I think I may have to extend my sleepover!!!”

Her words were agreed to by Samantha and Lynette and my cock got even harder as I realized that now I would be naked in front of them for days and subjected to GOD knows what other humiliations. Thinking fast, I spoke.

“Hey, that hardly seems fair. The del was just for an HOUR penalty, not FOUR days. In all fairness girls, I think you should untie me now

and let me go. My arms are starting to hurt and you can't keep me bound up all weekend. I promise to make you all breakfast in the morning, but really, I think this joke has gone on long enough."

Monica smirked but seemed moved by my argument as this really was a joke. They did not MEAN to hurt me, but when Brandy made her next suggestion whatever sympathy may have been building for me evaporated.

"OK Tyler, tell you what. I will make you a new deal. I don't want it ever to be said that I made you do anything you did not agree to willingly. You are right, the bet was for an hour, so let's make it an hour. IF in the next hour you do not WILLINGLY agree to be the naked houseboy for the next few days, then your debt has been paid. However, if you beg us to make you our slave, well, we will have to comply with your wishes."

My face frozen, I thought about what she was saying. Given that I was tied naked on the bed with a raging hard-on, I was not in the best bargaining position.

"So let me get this straight, if I put up with whatever you are going to do to me for the next hour, without begging you to make me your slave, you will willingly let me go and I can get dressed?"

Nodding she said "YUP!"

"And you aren't going to hurt me or anything right?"

Monica spoke up now. "Come on Tyler!" she grinned as she ran her toe over my nipples. "We aren't monsters!!!"

Brandy added. "No, we don't want an unwilling slave. If we lose our contest we will let you go and I will delete the picture and you can get dressed. The whole ordeal for you will be over. If however we WIN, we will hold you to any and everything you beg us for! That seems like a win/win doesn't it? You won't have to do ANYTHING you don't beg us for now how can that be unfair?" Giggling she continued. "Now, if we do win, I will keep the picture in the cloud, just for insurance purposes, to keep you more uh, compliant during your naked servitude." she winked.

Realizing I had no choice, I nodded and stiffened my body. The tickling had been horrible and I knew the next hour would suck, but then at least it would be over and this humiliating evening would end. I was convinced though that I would never willingly agree to traipsing around the house naked for their amusement, so I stiffened my will as I tensed my body and waited for their assault.

Ten minutes in I realized I had seriously miscalculated both how determined they were to win and how exposed and helpless I was. The girls were even more relentless now and as two girls worked my feet and another two worked my ribs and armpits, Brandy resumed her position over my head tickling my neck. Without being able to protect myself at all, every inch of my body completely exposed to their teasing fingers, I was a goner. I had really thought I would be able to hold out and I certainly could not have seen myself BEGGING to be made into a naked slave for nearly a week, but as I screamed and howled I began to break. Finally as the ten minute mark was hit I could stand no more and shrieked.

“FOR GOD’S SAKE STOP!!!! I WILL AGREE TO ANYTHING BUT FOR FUCK SAKE’S STOPPPPPPPPP!!!!”

Monica, her face beaming in delight smirked once again.

“You know how to get us to stop. All you have to do is beg us nicely.” As she spoke she and her cohorts in torment amped up their assault as I desperately tried to escape their fingers.

My face red and eyes filled with tears, the laughs were booming out of my mouth in a constant stream. “YES YES, PLEASE PLEASE, LET ME BE YOUR SLAVE!!!!”

Brandy could not help herself as she was loving this, savoring her victory like a delicious bar of chocolate. “Our slave or our NAKED slave?”

“NAKED NAKED, NAKED AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, JUST STOP! PLEASE I AM BEGGING YOU, PLEASE!!”

“Girls, does he seem sincere?” Brandy asked the room, and through their insane squeals they nodded and everyone stopped.

Laying in a pool of my own sweat I could do nothing but pant as my heart was racing and my whole body was trembling. They had worked me over bad and everything ached, my skin feeling like it was ablaze as every neuron kept firing from the sensations of their fingers still reverberating on my flesh. As I tried to recover, my eyes were closed tight as I was completely humiliated now and I was pondering a very long naked weekend ahead of me. As I stewed in my defeat, my ears picked up on the distinct sound of giggling whispers. As I opened my eyes, my face burned even brighter as I saw the source of their amusement.

My cock was completely rigid, standing straight at a right angle and harder than it had ever been in my life. Every vein was fully engorged on my shaft to the absolute maximum and was throbbing wildly like a firehose about to explode. My balls were almost black they were so desperate and aroused and the head of my penis was glistening in a full coating of fresh hot pre-cum that was still weeping uncontrollably from the quivering slit.

“JESUS THAT IS FUCKING HAWT!!!!” Maria squealed as she stared at my member with her eyes as wide as saucers and to my horror pulled out her cellphone and snapped a shot. “I have never seen one that angry before!”

Laughing, Monica and Brandy smiled and began to cuddle my quivering testicles with their soft kissable toes. Looking straight into my eyes, Monica simmered as she continued to stroke.

“This evening did not go at all like you planned did it Bro? I am sure you had it all plotted out. Get your two little step-sisters and all of their friends drunk and then take advantage of their innocence by stripping them naked.” Winking at her sister she continued. “I am just shocked to learn we have such a pervy step-brother.”

As she continued to run her foot up and down my shaft, I could not help but moan, the sensations feeling amazing and my balls bursting with unspent seed. As I listened to her words, I had to admit she was right. This evening had definitely not gone the way I had planned. The game had been a disaster, and the tickling even worse, and now I was set to embarrass myself for days in front of these hotties. The

worst part of it though was, despite my odds, I had not even seen a single nipple the whole night. As the realization that the opportunity of a lifetime had passed me by my stomach churned in regret at such a prize slipping from my fingers. When she spoke her next words though, I saw a glimmer of hope of possibly turning this around.

“Say Brandy, how much time do we have left on the timer?”

Looking at it she laughed. “Forty Five minutes! Tyler sure caved quickly.”

Turning to the Girls Monica spoke. “Well, we have some time to kill here, as our brother still owes us quite a bit of time for his unpaid penalty.” Hearing this I groaned as I had hoped the tickling was over. As she spoke her busy toes had me panting and unable to form proper words. “So I have a proposition.” Stopping her stroking, she got my attention as every eye focused on her.

“I say we have one more bet with Tyler here, and give him a chance to see us naked like I know he wants to.” As they heard her suggestion they began to protest but she held up her hands and quieted them.

“Calm down, you have not heard the terms of the bet yet! Trust me, there is something for all of us here. The bet I am proposing is this, if he can resist our charms for the next forty five minutes, he not only will not have to be our slave for the weekend, but we will give our dear old step-brother a five way strip show.”

This certainly got my attention, and a huge grin formed on my lips as I was about to instantly agree without even hearing the rest. Seeing my enthusiasm expressed both in my face but also my exposed dick, she laughed.

“Obviously Tyler likes this idea!!!”

“Hey Monica, what do WE get if WE win?” Samantha yelled out “I am not whipping my tits out for your brother for nothing, no matter hot he is.” She fumed as her outrage was shared by the other girls.

“Well, if we win, then Tyler here not only fulfills his naked slavery this weekend, but he has to move into our new house when we go back

to school after Christmas, and his nude servitude continues there until summer.”

Now they all broke out in laughter as they heard the terms, As none had taken their eyes of his cock during the whole show, they nodded their agreement, satisfied that the potential payoff was the risk of exposure. Turning to me Monica winked and twisted her mouth into a sexy pout.

“So Bro, are you feeling LUCKY? Are you ready to turn this night around and get all of us naked as we know you want.”

My face was blank, but my eyes obviously showed I was seriously considering it. This was perhaps the big break I was looking for to be able live out my ultimate male fantasy. Little Tyler was doing the thinking for big Tyler, and I knew I would never forgive myself if I did not at least try to win the fantasy of a lifetime. Grinning I agreed but with one stipulation.

“Ok, I agree, but one condition. NO MORE TICKLING! You will have to get me to submit some other way, but no tickling. That would not be fair as obviously I can’t win that contest.”

Nodding, Brandy agreed and added her own condition. “No problem, I had not planned on tickling you anymore anyway. In fact, you won’t even have to submit vocally. It will be VERY OBVIOUS when we win. So, do we have a deal big brother?”

Looking like the cat who swallowed the canary I grinned and nodded vigorously as my body relaxed. Knowing that I would not be tickled anymore, I felt assured of victory as I was in really good shape. I knew that whatever punishment they could deal out I was sure I could take as I always had a pretty high pain threshold, despite my sad showing under their teasing fingers. Grinning confidently I thought “Hell, it was only forty five minutes so how bad could it be?” With my ultimate fantasy waiting for me at the end of this short ordeal, I was positive I would win as my will and my spine stiffened. The promise of stripping them all, and especially revealing Brandy’s whoppers, had me filled with absolute unshakeable resolve. I was going to win this thing!

Turning and winking to her increasingly nervous friends when she pulled out a bottle of baby oil and spun back around to look at me they all increased their giggles. Opening it she began to pour and the warm slick oil drizzled out of the bottle, right onto the tip of my cock and began running down my shaft, pooling into a large puddle on my balls. It still did not hit me yet as to what the contest was about and despite the extreme humiliation of being jacked off in a room full of women, I had to admit I was so ready to pop so I did not care. As I was totally coated, she recapped the bottle and once again sat at the foot of the bed between my legs. Gripping my cock with her toes again, she glared into my eyes as she began slowly teasing the head.

“You know Tyler, you are not going to win. There is no fucking way you can hold out for forty five minutes!!! You will blowing your spunk all over my toes within seconds, so you might as well lay back and enjoy it.” Looking back to the wide eyed and increasingly horny audience, she added. “Oh, what fun we are going to have with Tyler as our now live in naked slave! Just think, we will always have a clean house and never have to do laundry, cook or dust again!”

Once again I realized my mistake too late having gotten completely swept up by the idea of denuding my captors to really think out my situation. I had assumed the ordeal would more tickling at first, or something similar like maybe a beating but it did not occur to me that they would MILK me as my test. I realized I was in a really bad predicament as pain I could probably take, but this was too much. My balls already were aching and ridiculously full and the relentless stroking of her toes on my shaft already had me writhing and moaning after just a few seconds.

Clenching my teeth tightly, I prepared to try and resist the teasing assault on my shaft, and still hoping for a win I tensed my body as I prepared to resist her unbelievable footjob. I still thought I might be able to resist, but when the other girls all jumped on the bed and I now had ten feet rubbing all over my body I moaned, both in pleasure but also panic. I was done for and knew it was just a matter of time.

As their silken soles and teasing toes began to caress my well oiled dick I involuntarily groaned in a mixture of pleasure and humiliation. For fifteen minutes I put up a valiant struggle, twitching and jerking as I tried to will my seed back up into me, but it was a losing battle. Eventually friction, horniness and mother nature conspired against me and I was helplessly teased towards the cliff of no return.

With every female eye trained on my helpless body I was painfully aware of my predicament and they all were watching me very closely for signs of my inevitable eruption. Maria was the first to announce my imminent defeat to the room.

“Keep going girls!” she cackled as she was stroking my left ball with her pinky toe. “I feel his balls twitching and beginning to throb, and look at his toes!”

Every eye turned to look at my bare feet tied to the posters. Stretched out stiff as a board, my toes were beginning to curl up and I, and they, all knew that that was a definite sign of the beginning of the end. I was stoic and had my face twisted tight, but despite my concentration the groans and whimpers that flowed from my lips betrayed my losing struggle. Now that they knew I was close, Brandy gripped my shaft harder between her soles and began stroking even faster.

My chest heaving rapidly and sweat pouring off of my body like a thunderstorm, I began to shake uncontrollably. I was over the edge and arched my back up off of the mattress as I let out the longest loudest moan of my life as I fell off that edge. As the first hot boiling rope of cum shot out of me and splattered onto my chest, the girls cheered as Brandy milked me completely dry.

Now splattered in my spooge, and shaking, I was even more humiliated. The girls however were entranced.

“HOLY FUCKING HELL that was hot!” Lynette screamed as they all stared at my sticky shaking body. “I have never seen a guy shoot so much!”

Brandy, wanting to revel in her victory just nodded. Seeing me relax on the bed, and stare blankly up at the ceiling her face was smug.

“Thinking about your upcoming service to us Tyler?”

I said nothing but just stared up at the ceiling. She was right I was pondering my fate as I continued to spasm but her next words cut. Lazily dipping her big toe into a pool of my semen off of my chest, she dangled her dripping toe in front of my face.

“Show us your new status Tyler, lick your owner clean!” she laughed. As I stared at my own yogurt dripping off of her foot, I knew what she wanted me to do. Closing my eyes in shame, I leaned forward and slowly opened my mouth, sucking the saturated toe onto my tongue and tasting my hot salty extract running down my throat.

The room was dead silent as this ritual was enacted but all of them watched with ferocious erotic curiosity.

“Well now Girls, I think we are going to have the best winter of our lives with our new houseboy!” I said nothing but continued to lick as they all burst into laughter, my nude slavery dream/nightmare now just beginning.

High Price for a Threesome

“Bill, I want to ask you something, but I want you to keep an open mind about it before you answer yes or no.” Julia, Bill’s beautiful wife asked casually while they were watching TV in their den.

Now, as every man knows, when their wife asks them a question like this, get ready, something dreadful is about to be suggested. Bracing himself for a planned trip to the craft store, or a fantastic fun filled evening at the ballet, or even better getting up at the crack of dawn this weekend to go “antiquing” he grimaced as he prepared for the worst.

“Mona needs our help. She is getting kicked out of her apartment tomorrow and she needs a place to stay for awhile. I know it is a big imposition, but please honey, I really think we need to help her out.”

When he heard her actual suggestion he thought his ears had finally given out as it seemed too good to be true. What she actually was suggesting was way better than the macramé class she drug him to last summer, way way WAY better. Listening carefully and saying little, he purposefully kept cool on the subject as he did not want to seem overly enthusiastic and scuttle the whole thing. With his cock already tingling at the idea, the last thing on earth he wanted to do was potentially blow a situation that, hope upon hope, might develop into something with great erotic possibility down the road.

Julia’s suggestion that fateful evening was as welcome as it was unexpected. To think his wife would beg him to have her best friend Mona, a beautiful, sexy and quite wild and uninhibited blonde she had known since college, move in for a while was like thinking you were about to get kneed in the balls, but suddenly getting a blowjob instead. This was definitely NOT what he was expecting and that was a good thing.

Mona’s life was a complete mess. Having just gone through an extremely bad breakup with her boyfriend a few months earlier she had gotten kicked out of his apartment and had to move into a very expensive sublet at the last minute. Then last week she lost her job and ended up with her car repossessed because she was already

behind two months with the payments, so had no safety net. Obviously she was having an extremely bad stretch of luck.

She made things even worse by being completely irresponsible with money and had run up tens of thousands of dollars of credit card debt which made her three months behind on her rent. The shitstorm she was caught in only got worse so to add to her troubles she was about to become homeless. She was in real and serious financial trouble so she needed their help badly.

Giving her a place to stay for a few months, just until she could get back on her feet, would really help her out. Julia begged her husband to open his heart, and their home, to a true friend in need and like a skilled poker player and masterful actor, Bill feigned annoyance but “reluctantly” agreed to her suggestion. When his wife kissed him deeply and said he was a real “sweetie” for being so understanding he could barely contain his glee. Grinning secretly to himself. Bill could hardly believe his luck as he had played his hand perfectly and now got to enjoy the glorious sights of Mona around the house while also being a hero in his wife’s eyes. When his wife “rewarded” his generous nature with an actual unexpected blowjob in the shower the next morning, he thought he should go to Vegas immediately as obviously his luck was on a roll!

Bill was not a bad guy, nor would he ever cheat on his gorgeous wife, but if he were ever to stray, it would have definitely been with Mona. Julia and she had been friends since college, and Mona was constantly over at their house before her troubles. Frankly, her moving in “officially” wasn’t going to be that huge of difference over the current situation, but having her around all the time had big erotic potential.

Mona was beyond hot, and every inch of her body, from her long golden blonde hair to her deliciously pink painted toenails pushed every button on his horn-o-meter. Notoriously always underdressed, being around her was very difficult for him as he could not help but leer as she naturally dressed very seductively and always liked to show lots of skin.

So many lazy hot summer afternoons over the past few years she and Julia had lounged for hours around their backyard pool. Bill had to work hard to hold back the drool flooding out of his mouth and tamp down the huge tent forming in his shorts as he kept stealing glances of both of their beautiful forms. Tall, curvy and with long legs that he would have killed to feel wrapped around his ears, she just radiated sex. With a naturally flirty nature, he could never be quite sure whether she was purposefully trying to drive him wild, or it was just her nature but he was always tongue tied when she was around. Either way, he knew that it was clear that just being in her presence gave him instant perpetual wood.

He also knew that his wife was aware just how much Mona drove him wild, as it was hard to hide, but she seemed remarkably unbothered by it, thinking it oddly cute. He definitely doubted whether she would keep thinking that if she knew how many times he had jacked off in the shower, lost in his vivid imaginary thoughts of ramming his hard cock into her friend's gorgeous and perfectly formed heart shaped ass.

He thought this knowledge may have caused her to have had second thoughts on having her sexy BFF move in, but of course she did not know everything that went on in his fertile imagination. In fact, rather than be bothered by her husband's obvious arousal, for some reason or another it amused her greatly to see him get all flummoxed by her sexy friend and she encouraged it. She trusted Bill and despite knowing he was very turned on by Mona, she also knew he would never act upon these urges. He, like many men, can enjoy the beauty of a woman from afar and never take it to the next level. She also knew that he, like every other man on earth, dreamed of making love to two women at once and Mona definitely would be the supporting actress in that imaginary porn movie playing in his head.

With summer approaching, and a big delicious pool in the back yard of their house, Bill had many many opportunities to watch them both reveal quite a bit of skin after Mona moved in. Both she and his wife loved nothing better than lounging poolside at every opportunity to work on their tans, and given the high privacy fence around their yard, their choice of swimwear was spectacularly revealing as both

hated prominent tan lines. The girls were very close and would spend almost every afternoon laying out on the deck until the last rays of the sun faded in the western sky of their gorgeous San Diego home. Wearing suits that would make even the most daring beach goer in Rio blush, Julia seemed to increasingly enjoy how nervous their display made her husband. In a weird way his increasingly obvious arousal at their erotic presentation of barely covered female flesh only provoked them both to get more outrageous and see how hot they could make him.

Each afternoon the girl's bathing suits got skimpier and skimpier and presented quite a sight to Bill when he got home from work. As the weeks progressed, Julia smirked when she remarked that "suddenly he did not have to work as late as he used to". Now he rushed home, never being later than 5:30 when before he often would not arrive until well after 7 PM. Seeing her husband grow increasingly turned on like a hormonally challenged teenager around she and her best friend lit a spark in Julia and she loved playing in his erotic sandbox. She had an ulterior motive since the hotter they got him, the more adventurous and compliant he became in their bedroom.

Before Mona had moved in, she and Bill had had a better than average sex life, especially when compared to their other thirty-something married friends and she felt very fortunate. Having been married for thirteen years, and still relatively young, they were both still attractive enough to each other to get the other's motor running. Julia was scorching hot in her own right, with her long dark hair and exotic olive complexion coming from her Italian roots always turning male heads. The effects of her body on Bill was obvious, as all she had to do was give a little wink, and he was at her feet worshipping her body.

She too was turned on by him, as he kept himself in exceptional shape. All of her other friend's husbands had long ago let themselves go, but Julia was especially proud of Bill's physique. Despite being a well paid tax accountant, he was built like a football player and hit the weights everyday . It turned her on to no end knowing that all of her friends were envious and this made her almost as wet as his six foot three 185 lb gym sculpted body.

Ironically, before Mona came into their lives he always hit the gym on the way home from work but after they started their afternoon sunbathing show, he decided to set his weight bench up around the pool.

This was so pitifully obvious she kidded him quite ferociously often enjoying watching his discomfort at getting caught panting at Mona, or sporting an erection. Waking up very early on that fateful Saturday, she lay at the foot of their bed and stared up at Bill sleeping deeply. Since they always slept naked, his morning wood was spectacularly tall and prominent this morning and even was throbbing as he obviously was having quite an enjoyable dream. Knowing that last night she and Mona had given him a lot to fantasize about, she giggled as she snaked her toes up his body towards his face.

They had both pretended to not know that he was home early, and decided to give him quite the pre-weekend treat by sunbathing topless. Knowing they were being watched, they definitely upped their game and Bill's presence came crashing into prominence when they started to put suntan oil on each other's bodies. The horrific crash of breaking glass and the stream of curses coming from the family room as he now was hopping over shards of glass told them both that their special presentation had been well received. Laughing hysterically, Julia thought it was definitely worth the death of several of her dishes knowing he was so completely distracted by their antics.

Embarrassed to be "caught" by his wife and her best friend, she and Mona had given him a a very hard time about it all night. They even upped the ante when they discussed how they used to experiment with each other back in College as they all polished off several pitchers of Margaritas swapping old college stories. Hearing this, Julia knew Bill would be transfixed and get even hornier. Now that it was morning, she was going to continue her tease of her husband as it was obvious that little Bill was still on high alert from the seed they planted in his head the night before and she was going to put all of that stopped up erotic energy to good use.

“So Bill, are you going to spend all weekend perving on Mona and I again like you did last night?” she teased as she woke him up by tickling the side of his face with her bare foot.

She loved this time of the week more than any other since before they had their permanent houseguest, early Saturday Mornings were always set aside as their special adult “fun time”. Seeing her handsome husband, looking even sexier than normal as he slowly woke up with his hair all messed and his chiseled face nicely unshaven, she smoldered. When he began kissing up the side of her foot lovingly and then began running his tongue gently up her ticklish sole she definitely knew they would be changing the sheets today.

Grinning as their eyes met, he denied it, but his stronger than usual morning wood told her all she wanted to know. Pushing him back with her foot she growled, as she was even hornier than normal today.

“Get your ass into position my horny little slave-boy! You need to be PUNISHED for your wickedness!” she winked as Bill dutifully flipped on his back and grinned. They both had a more than average inventive sex life and quite enjoyed her taking the dominant role every once in a while. Seeing his strong erection and shit eating grin on his face, she launched herself fully onto his mouth, grabbing his neck and holding his head hard on her warm wet dripping cave.

“Yea baby!” she whispered as she writhed over his lips, feeling his velvety talented tongue begin to worship her body. She loved riding his face as he was definitely talented in this area and reaching back behind her she grabbed his even harder cock in her fist.

“I may have to PUNISH you quite severely today for being such a pervy and dirty little boy last night!” she joked as she heard him gurgle between her legs. Moans erupting from her mouth as she continued to stroke him lightly, she just barely ran the tips of her fingers up and down his shaft as he slurped away. “Ooooh, so hard!” she smirked as she struggled to speak as her first orgasm was coaxed from her body. She grinned as she felt herself spew onto his face and coat him with fresh honey from her hive. He loved it when she squirted, and this morning, she was definitely entering Niagara

Falls territory. Unable to resist teasing him more about his little crush on her friend, she gripped his balls before she continued to speak, continuously writhing as he kept right on licking.

“So.... BILL! I bet you wish this was Mona’s pussy you were chewing on so masterfully right now DON’T YOU?” Her grip on his balls were tight but not too tight and she knew she had him literally by the balls.

Bill groaned although he did not stop licking. This was definitely dirty pool as his dangling manhood was his own little built in lie-detector, conveniently hanging off of his body for his wife’s use whenever she needed to interrogate him. He said nothing of course, as no sane man would admit THIS to his wife, especially if she was writhing naked on his face and had his balls in her hand. Grunting and gurgling as her nectar coated his tongue, she laughed and gripped his package harder. Bill was packing serious sausage but as she mentioned Mona she definitely felt him throb harder and move up to the front of the meat drawer. Even more incriminating to revealing his true feelings and a sure fire dead giveaway of the real level of his lust was the fact that his balls now began to vibrate.

“Your jewels are ratting you out again Bill!!!”

As she kept riding his face her eyes glanced over to their nightstand and she smirked as she now knew exactly what she was going to do now. Knowing that he was turned on by another woman, and embarrassed to admit it, made her even wetter. Releasing his balls and cock, she leaned forward, not letting her slit leave his lips as she slowly opened the drawer. There beside her romance novel, the KY and the TV remote was what she was looking for. HANDCUFFS.

They had both played around with them before, and nothing got her motor roiling better than having him bound and helpless as she teased him unmercifully. She knew he loved it (his balls never lie) as did she. Despite his protests and being they had been married for a long time, she knew his body better than he did. She would take hours before getting him off, her whole body fully sated from the dozens of toe curling explosions that rocked her pussy from his tongue. Taking them from the drawer, she wrapped them between the brass bars of their bed and covered them with a pillow. Bill, quite

occupied underneath, was not aware of this as he kept right on feasting on her delicious pre-breakfast buffet.

Lifting her dripping snatch from his face, she slid down his body and felt his firm erection rub up against her full womanly ass as she lay on his chest. Kissing him lightly on the nose, she smiled as his desperate eyes and dripping face (freshly glazed from her juices) stared up at her longingly.

With a mischievous grin on her face, she playfully ran circles over his chest as she wiggled her butt cheeks and felt his strong fully erect cock smack against her crack.

"You are a lucky boy slave!" She winked.

"I am, no doubt!"

"Most wives would not be so understanding of knowing that their husband was attracted to their best friend. But oddly, you LYING so poorly about it makes me wet. I know you want to fuck her."

Reaching back and feeling his cock with her hands she continued.

"But I also know that THIS belongs to me and me alone and that makes me very horny."

Sitting up in bed, Bill took her left nipple into his mouth and began sucking. He was so horny his hair hurt, and when Julia took control like this it made him even harder. As he worshipped her breast, she lazily stroked his hair between her fingers and giggled as she felt his dick throbbing helplessly against her ass crack. As he licked she also felt another flood of her own juices release and roll down his stomach.

As he brought his hands to her hips and started to prepare to flip her back and mount her, she stopped him and placed her hand on his chest, pushing him away. Confused he looked up into her face and saw a familiar glint in her eye.

"We are not ready for that yet. You have not earned it! You still have some penance to do."

Looking into her face with his puppy dog eyes, he made a mock sad face that always got her charged up as his desperate need only made her hotter. She could feel his cock throbbing between her legs

and knew he wanted nothing more than to flip her over and slam that monster between her legs all morning, but she had other plans. Stroking his unshaven face, all dripping and coated with her juices, she spoke.

“I say we both take a long hot shower with lots of suds! I want you squeaky clean before I get you absolutely filthy again.”

Bill did not have to be told twice and as she saw his tight ass bound across the room towards their bathroom she laughed. He was so hopeful, little realizing what she had planned for him yet.

They often roleplayed on lazy Saturday Mornings, sometimes having sex well into the early afternoon. They were lucky and she knew it. After all these years of marriage she still liked the sight of his ass crossing a room and the feel of his cock in her cooch or the sensation of his tongue worshipping her clit. But more than anything else, she loved the sound of him begging, that little whimper he makes when she has gotten him so wound up he couldn't stand another second and he moans and pleads for her to finish him. That whimper got her wetter than anything in the world, and she wanted to hear that whimper come from his lips today.

Watching him shave naked, she got out of bed and joined him in the bathroom. He was still rock hard and she smiled, knowing that she had done that, and she giggled to herself as she wondered what it would look like later that night. Playfully smacking his ass while reaching around and gripping his erection she winked.

“I am going to have to join you in the shower to supervise. I will NOT allow any wanking in there ANY MORE!” she whispered breathily into his ear.

His face growing red, he moaned as she stroked him and continued her verbal teasing. “I see the evidence of your dirty crimes on the tiles every morning. You think I don't notice these things? So, is it Mona you think about when you stroke your cock in there, stroking and wanking, stroking and wanking...” As she taunted him he gripped the side of the sink as she was rubbing him fast and hard. Shuddering he thought for sure he was going to shoot into the sink when she stopped.

Reaching into the shower she turned on the water. "No dear husband, your wanking days are OVER!" Reaching back with her foot as she bent down to adjust the water, she laughed as she drug her toes up his aching throbbing shaft and gripped the head. "This baby is mine and I alone will say when or if he can release." Now stepping inside she turned back to look at Bill throbbing so desperately as he leaned against the sink.

"You can start to earn points by washing me."

He winked and practically leapt inside, horny beyond all belief. When Julia played the Mistress role it always made him ache and he was loving his sexy wife playing the Domme today.

For the next twenty minutes he soaped and scrubbed every glorious inch of her body. Kneeling down in the shower his strong hands gripped her ass as she slung her left leg over his shoulder and allowed him to feast on her soapy womanhood. The sound of her moans of pleasure made him even harder as no sound was sweeter to him than her cries of ecstasy as he pleased her with his mouth. His smile grew wider as he tasted her honey as no taste was more delicious than the hot warm juice of his hot wife running down his throat.

Pushing him away with her foot as she climaxed, she told him to stand up and place his hands on his head. His face smiling, he was positive that now he was going to get his reward as she knelt on the shower floor.

She took her time scrubbing and sudsing his body, making sure each inch of him was clean. Julia was quite thorough on his cock and balls, and slowly ran the soft sponge over his vibrating testicles and quivering cockhead, but made no attempt at relieving the pressure. As the water cut off and he was still standing fully erect with his sacks very full and quite desperate to empty, he wondered what she had planned next.

Drying each other, when she pointed at the bed and winked, he jumped in like a kid let loose in a candy store.

"OK Bill, do you think you earned your treat?"

Nodding vigorously, he writhed on the bed, his full erection making a circle in the air that made her giggle.

“OK then, eyes closed and grip the bed frame over your head. I AM GOING TO FUCKING ROCK YOUR WORLD SLAVE!!!” she hissed as he shuddered in ecstatic horny delirium.

Closing his eyes tight, he felt her straddle his stomach and run her hands down his chest.

“Mmmmmmm, so cut. I love it! And by the way, MONA loves it too, she told me last night how hot you are.”

Hearing this made Bill gasp. His telltale balls began vibrating and his stool pigeon cock betrayed how aroused this made him. Feeling his reaction, Julia smirked as she now knew NOW was the time to strike. Bending down to his mouth, Bill opened up expecting a kiss. As he felt her fully erect nipples hit his flesh he started to thrust his cock in the air, hearing it slap helplessly against her ass.

CLICK CLICK

Hearing that sound and then trying to move his hands he realized he was cuffed and began to groan. He had so hoped that she was going to take mercy on him and milk him dry, but the appearance of the cuffs on his wrists told him the truth. Any ball emptying for him was definitely going to be delayed.

“PLEASE JULIA, PLEASE!” he begged as she bent down and kissed him into silence. Now straddling him again she started drawing lazy circles over his nipples as she spoke.

“Not yet slave, not yet. Your package told on you again, and OBVIOUSLY you need more punishment. You have much more work to do to earn my charms.” Moving down his stomach, he almost wept in frustration as she hovered over his cock and grabbed the shaft. Slowly lowering her pussy onto him, as his meat was enveloped into her velvet cave he whimpered. Just as slowly she pulled off of him and to his surprise got out of bed and put on her robe wanting only to give him a brief taste of her silky tight pussy.

“Babe PLEASE, you can’t leave me like this!” he begged as he thrust wildly up into the air.

“Can’t I?” she giggled as she put on the reddest lipstick she had. His hopes rose again as he saw her open her mouth and take his cock in between her painted lips. Very softly she pressed them to his flesh and then sat back up.

“There we go, all done. Now my territory is marked.”

Looking down his body he saw a big red ring around his purple head made by her lipstick. Interrupting this drama playing out in their bedroom, the sounds of clinking dishes and the TV coming on came from outside the room.

Standing, Julia smiled. “Well, our GUEST is awake obviously, so I should go see what she is up to.” Looking back on the bed at her desperate husband she had to stifle a laugh. Reaching out with her toes again, she playfully jiggled his balls on the top of her foot.

“Now, if you are VERY good boy today, I will let you empty these puppies into my cooch. But you are going to have to be VERY VERY good! Good slaves get rewarded, bad ones are left hanging.”

Sighing, and now realizing he had a long horny day ahead of him, he lay back down on the bed and collapsed. His hands still chained to the headboard.

“I will come back in and let you go in about an hour. I probably need to see what Mona wants for breakfast. IF you are good today and IF my mark on you is still there tonight, well, you are going to get the fucking of a lifetime boy.”

Grinning he sank back down and braced himself for just having to lay there naked until she took mercy on him and released his wrists. Being marked by her lipstick was a devious new game as he knew, and she knew, that it would ensure he did not jack off. His seed was boiling to get out and this would ensure he would be quite primed for her by nightfall. As he watched his gorgeous wife approach the door, he thought she had second thoughts when she came back to the bed and opened her nightstand drawer.

“Just to show you I am not a total bitch, I thought I would give you some entertainment while Mona and I go have breakfast.”

Seeing her vibrator now in her hand, when she placed it between his legs and propped it up against his erection he moaned. Turning it on to the lowest setting it sent waves of pleasure down his penis and straight into his pussy crazed mind, instantly racing him to the edge. It was not fast enough to get him off but it was definitely sufficient enough to keep him groaning and panting. Now seeing him react to her “little helper” she kissed his forehead and left.

The next hour was sheer torment. Trying to stay perfectly still, so as to MAYBE get lucky and have the vibrator eek out some manjuice turned out to be an impossible task. As he felt the cum slowly rising like maple sap in February, he could not prevent his automatic bodily reactions despite his tremendous effort. As he helplessly twitched, the vibrator slipped off of its precarious balance against his penis and now lay on the base of his cock on his stomach. This was WAY worse as it would never get him off now, but still caused his dick to vibrate in the air and thus drove him even crazier.

In the kitchen, laughing over a second cup of coffee Julia giggled when she heard the tell-tale sound of Bill yelling “FUCK!!!!” from their bedroom.

“Is he OK in there?” Mona asked, curious as to why Julia did not seem concerned by such an obvious call of distress from her husband.

“Don’t worry about him. He is just a bit ‘tied up’ right now.” Taking another sip of her coffee she looked out the sliding door of the family room to the pool. The weather was going to be gorgeous again today, and as this was San Diego where every day was gorgeous, this was quite a statement. Looking back at Mona she winked.

“I think today is going to be STELLAR! I can’t wait to get outside. I only wish my packages had arrived.”

Her memory jarred, Mona perked up. “Oh, Jesus where is my head. I forgot to tell you. While you were out yesterday you got a package, actually two packages. I am sorry, but after last night, and all those Margaritas, well, it is a wonder I could even find my own ass this morning.”

Grinning, Julia salivated as Mona handed her the two boxes. Opening the first, she clapped her hands in total glee.

"I could not have timed this better if I had tried. Now, before I show you, are you still a 38D?"

"Yes" Mona answered, now quite curious about what was in the box.

When Julia held up the package and revealed the contents Mona gasped. It was truly the skimpiest bathing suit she had ever seen. Stark white and with an odd sheen to the material, it was absolutely scandalous. There would be NO way she could ever wear such a thing in public as it was merely two tiny patches on the top which would just barely cover her nipples. As for the bottoms, well, if she did not already have a full Brazilian, some of her southern flora would definitely peak out from behind the almost non-existent material.

"Holy GOD Julia! I can't wear that!" she cried, her mouth open in shock but it was obvious she was intrigued.

"Well this is a first!" Julia remarked, her face turned into a full smirk. "I never thought I would ever hear you say an outfit is too revealing for you. Its too bad you don't like it" she said with a mischievous grin. "As I got ME one too!"

"They are beautiful" replied Mona "But they seem very revealing don't you think. I mean, this is even more revealing than your thong?"

"Well, knowing how we both hate tan lines, I ordered these for both of us the other week. You see, the suits are made of a special material that allows the ultraviolet rays pass through the material and thus, VOILA, no tan lines."

Intrigued, Mona took the tiny bikini and held it up in front of her. Giggling she realized that this was as close to being naked as you could get without actually going nude. Turning back to Julia she winked.

"Well, I definitely will wear it if you do, because you are right, I do hate tan lines." Her face smirking she continued. "Given how Bill

reacted to our topless sunbath yesterday afternoon, I hate to think of the carnage that is going to be reaped on your glassware today.”

Both pausing to drink more coffee, Mona kept giggling at the thought of Bill becoming completely unhinged when he would see them both in their daring swimwear.

Turning back to Julia, Mona jokingly said. “No doubt that sexy husband of yours will be hitting his weight bench all day today and driving us all wild showing off his twelve pack. This must be your plan, you sneaky little bitch, isn’t it? This is all your elaborate ruse to keep him pumping so much iron he will be even MORE ripped than he already is.”

Laughing back, Julia added “Hey, why should he have all the fun perving on us. By the way, I think you might have a treat today though. I hate tan lines on him as much as I do on myself so...” reaching into the box she pulled out another bathing suit. “I got him one too!”

Seeing the ridiculously small posing strap dangle from Julia’s fingers, Mona spit coffee out all over the counter.

“HOLY FUCKING CHRIST!!!”

Her face red with laughter she continued. “You don’t REALLY expect him to agree to wear this thing do you. I mean, JESUS, the back is just a simple string and the pouch would not cover a hamster. And given that I have seen the tents he pitches, Bill ain’t no hamster! How on earth are you going to get him to wear THAT!”

Winking, Julia replied. “Trust me, I can be pretty convincing when I want to be. Now, go get changed and meet me outside. We are burning up daylight.”

Watching her friend scamper off to the guest bedroom, Julia smiled as she thought about the day ahead. Seeing the sexy ass cheek of her friend peaking out from the bottom of her far too short and quite thin T-Shirt, she definitely could understand why she hit all of Bill’s buttons. She definitely was extremely sexy and she could not WAIT to see his eyes bug out when he got a load of them in their new bikinis.

Turning now towards her bedroom, her ears perked up as she could just barely hear a light hum coming from inside. As she reached the door and strained to listen, the sound of a low whimper made her panties instantly soaked. It was obvious that “Momma’s Little Helper” was still hard at work. Throwing open the bedroom door she had to cover her mouth with her hand to stifle the huge laugh that attempted to erupt out of her mouth.

He was quite the sight. The vibrator had fallen over and to Bill’s great distress was stuck on his lower stomach trapped at the base of his cock and still relentlessly working. With the handle of the vibrator caught between his legs, he was incapable of escaping its relentless mechanical torments. His penis was visibly vibrating and obviously driving him crazy as his face was red and his mouth was moaning. In hilarious increasingly frenzied desperation he was humping the air trying to either toss the vibrator off of his body or create enough friction to get him off. From the looks of things, he was being successful at neither.

Seeing his beautiful wife come in, Bill moaned even louder and visibly shook.

“Julia, please, TAKE THIS THING OFF OF ME!!!!”

Casually she strolled over and lifted it up from between his legs and shut it off. Visibly relieved, he lay back down flat on the bed and shuddered as his pelvis continued to writhe. It had been really awful and if he thought he was horny before, having his cock vibrated at 33 hertz per second for sixty minutes without stopping or relief had his balls bright blue. Then, softly, and with a huge shudder, he whimpered.

Hearing the pitiful low moan come from his mouth instantly shot deep into Julia’s libido like a hot spoon plunged into quart of frozen yogurt. The fact that she knew it was not an act, and was a sound that Bill ONLY made when he was truly desperate, when he could not take another stroke, when his whole being ached for release, she gushed. Nothing got her hotter or wetter than hearing his desperate whimper and as her panties were hosed down with her juices, her nipples instantly jumped to attention.

Now that he was recovering, he lifted his head from the mattress and shook his wrists. "Can you let me go now?"

"In a minute. I might have to keep you chained up for a bit." She said with a mischievous grin. Bill's hopes rose along with his prick as she started to slowly strip. It did not take long as she was only wearing a T-Shirt and panties and as she stood before him naked, he grinned back licking his lips. Thinking that now he was about to have HIS turn much earlier than he expected, he sighed and closed his eyes.

When after a few moments he did not feel her silken luscious lips on his cock he opened his eyes and gasped in shock. There standing at the end of their bed was Julia, looking actually even more alluring now in her ridiculously tiny bikini than she did completely naked. Leering at her body, he could not help but drink in how the tiny triangles just barely covered her nipples and her crotch was almost completely exposed, only her slit just barely covered by the thin white material.

The effect on him was instantaneous as he started to throb even harder. Focused like a laser he wanted nothing more than to kiss his way over her exposed hip and plunge into her. Seeing that he approved, she giggled as she placed her foot in between his legs and stroked the bottom of his balls with her big toe.

Her voice smoldering with lust, she spoke. "Well, I see you approve of my new suit. That is good, as you will be seeing quite a lot of it this summer." Grinning she continued as she clasped her toes around his left testicle. "And you will be even more excited to know I got Mona one JUST LIKE IT."

Hearing this she laughed as his balls started shaking like wild.

"Oh you naughty naughty boy. Your balls just keep giving you away and getting you into so much trouble!!" she joked as he winked.

"Well, you will have much to atone for today before you earn the pleasure of my body tonight." Bending over his crotch she blew lightly over the head and watched him jerk.

Despite enjoying their game, Bill moaned again, but this time not in lust but more out of his desperate need to pee. He had been chained

to the bed for over an hour, and nature was conspiring against him. Whispering, he asked to be released as he really needed to go.

Staring down at his cock she ran her finger around the ring she had marked on him with her lipstick. "Sure, but remember, I am going to check your mark when you are done. If you have rubbed it off, well, no fucking or blowjobs for you. This particular shade is waterproof, but it is not friction proof."

Groaning he rattled his chains as she unlocked his cuffs. Running to their bathroom it sounded like a damn bursting as he let loose and he let out a loud long sigh of relief. Calling to him she spoke loudly so he could hear over the noise he was creating.

"Bill, I am going outside now as Mona and I want to take full advantage of this glorious day." Stifling a giggle, she laid his suit on the bed. "Now, as my "slave" I want you to bring us out some screwdrivers before you start your weight routine, and as a special treat I laid out the swimsuit I want you to wear today."

Groaning in a different kind of pleasure Bill called back "OK, meet you girls by the pool in a minute."

It took much longer than usual to empty his bladder as peeing with a hard-on is not an easy trick. Looking down at his soft, yet still marked, cock he grinned. His wife was very inventive, and sealing him off with her lipstick was very creative. She knew the temptation to toss one off after such heavy teasing would be very strong, and she was right. Without the fear of screwing up his fuckfest later he certainly would have been rubbing one out right now. Walking back into their bedroom his mouth flew open when he saw his new bathing suit on the bed, and lifting it up in his fingers he instantly got hard again.

Outside Mona was smiling as she relaxed in the chaise lounge by the pool. She was filled with such gratitude towards Bill and Julia as they had truly rescued her. Just a few weeks earlier her whole life was a fucked up mess and now she was laying around the pool of their gorgeous home and felt very secure. Seeing Julia approach and lay down on the chair beside her, she bit her lip as her eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

Sitting up she grabbed Julia's hand.

"Thank you!"

"For what?" Julia asked.

"For all of this!" Mona replied, pointing at the pool and the house. "I really was fucked and you and Bill have been great to open up your home to me. I don't know how I can ever repay you for your generosity."

Saying nothing, Julia just squeezed her hand back and smiled. Mona was her oldest and dearest friend and seeing her happy was all the repayment she would ever want.

Suddenly Mona's face brightened and she giggled, her face blushing red and a definite spark entering her eye. Pointing over Julia's shoulder she blurted.

"Woof!"

Turning to see what she was looking at, she felt her bikini now get wet. There, approaching them both with a tray, a pitcher of screwdrivers and two glasses was her husband. His face was as red as fire and it was obvious his pouch was already straining to keep him covered. He had never looked hotter and she joined Mona in glaring at his body up and down as he walked towards them.

Only thin white strings held his pouch in place and every ripple and cut of his marvelously sculpted body was on full display from his well developed pecs to every one of his abs in his impressive twelve pack. Seeing her friends obvious arousal at seeing her husband filled her with great pride as he definitely looked as hot as a firecracker. Making him even sexier was the fact that he was obviously very embarrassed by so much of his flesh being on display.

Bill for his part was struggling. Realizing he had no choice but to wear the suit, he had struggled to put it on. With great difficulty he was able to cram his package inside the tiny confines of the pouch but it was not easy. He had NO room for error as the slightest erection would be telegraphed very loudly in this humiliating outfit.

Mixing up the drinks, when he slid open the patio doors and walked outside he paused when he saw them both by the pool.

Muttering under his breath he whispered "HOLY FUCK!!".

Seeing them both now, fully revealed in such a glorious display was an erotic one two punch on his libido. Trying hard to think unsexy thoughts, he walked over to them with his head down, trying hard not to look.

It was hard as Mona was like a wet dream come to life. Her massive breasts, just like his wife's, were almost completely exposed as only the tips of her nipples covered by the thin fabric. Both of their pussies were equally alluring as only a tiny sliver of white broke up the endless show of their soft flesh.

His eyes lingered as he slowly ran his eyes down from Mona's long flowing blonde hair, down her massive breasts and over her tight stomach. Pausing at her delicious looking snatch his gaze continued traveling down her long luscious legs and ending at her suckable toes. He knew today was going to be a long long day, and all he could think about now was the fantastic pounding he was going to give Julia when was rewarded tonight.

Taking the drinks from his tray Julia smirked.

"Thank you Jeeves!" she joked and as he turned from them to go over to his weights she playfully smacked his fully exposed left ass cheek.

Whistling, Mona showed her approval and Bill blushed. The back of his suit was nothing more than a single thin strip running up his ass crack and tying to the front, exposing him completely.

"Damn!" Mona cried. "Your husband has one fine tight ass."

Winking back, Julia just nodded as she watched Bill start his weight routine. She really was very fortunate as he was very fit and she liked showing him off. Seeing her friend obviously becoming aroused made her even wetter.

For the next hour she kept glancing over at her husband doing chest presses and pull-ups and saw his pouch was getting tighter and tighter. He could not help but watch them and the effect was quite

obvious in his skimpy suit. Looking over at Mona, she grinned as she saw her watching him too and noticed that her nipples were at full attention and growing just as erect as Bill's cock. The outfits she had purchased for them all definitely made it impossible to hide any true lustful thoughts.

Breaking the silence, Mona spoke.

"Do you ever think about Ramone?"

With her face grinning, she answered. "Now that is a name I have not heard in awhile." Her grin grew wider as she knew exactly what Mona was thinking.

Hearing his name again, her thoughts went back to college and memories of him flooded into her mind. She and Mona were roommates back then and both worked as waitresses at a local restaurant where Ramone was the cook. Hot, Latin and crazy, he hit on them both unmercifully always pleading and begging for one or both of them go out with him. His constant seduction attempts had no affect on either, as both being as hot then as they were now they were quite used to constant male attention. They resisted him pretty consistently until one night after work, after far too many tequila shots in the kitchen of the restaurant, she and Mona took Ramone back to their apartment for an unforgettable night.

It may have been the liquor, or his smoldering Latino looks, but they got that dark sexy boy tied down and teased him into a froth all night. Alternating between riding his face or treating his cock like a giant lickable burrito, they had him service them both all night but never took it to full completion. Thinking back on it, that was perhaps the first time she heard that little whimper come out of a man's mouth and discovered just how hot it got her.

Looking over at Mona, she suddenly realized that perhaps she felt the same way. Nothing ever came from that night, and poor Ramone was sent home with the worst case of "bolas azules" in history, but Julia knew it was no accident that Mona had just brought him up. Watching her getting aroused by her husband's workout routine obviously had given her an idea.

Grinning to herself, she realized that they both had the very same idea.

Glancing over at Bill doing curls, she then looked down at her feet and a devilish smile formed on her face. She was going to ramp this day up to an eleven.

Turning to Mona, Julia said "You know what would make this day even more perfect?"

Shrugging Mona shook her head.

"A pedicure!" she continued.

"It would, but honestly, the day is so gorgeous I don't want to waste it inside with some Asian girl working on my feet." Mona replied.

"Oh, that is not necessary." Julia answered as she lifted her feet up and wiggled her toes. "Bill always does my feet, the boy is a natural."

Sitting up and grinning, Mona grabbed her arm. Jokingly she said "Boy, when they were handing out luck you were obviously standing in the right line! How is it that you ended up with a hottie for a husband, this gorgeous house that he paid for with his high salary and to make me even want to punch you harder in the face, a guy who give you pedicures on demand!!!"

With a devilish glint in her eye she winked and then they both looked across the pool at Bill.

"Bill, be a dear and come over here will ya!" Julia called out.

Sheepishly covering his obvious bulge he came and stood over them, his hands firmly grasping his tiny pouch in an attempt to hide his erection.

"Honey, we girls were talking and we both have a favor to ask. Now, if you remember our earlier conversation-" she winked "- I would be very grateful if you would give us both a pedicure." As she finished talking she lifted her foot up to his chest and wiggled all of her toes in his face.

Bill looked like a condemned man as he heard her request. He knew what she was doing, and as he was a hopeless foot fan, and given his tiny covering, if he had to give them both pedicures he was sure

he would be putting on quite a show for his wife and her sexy friend. Looking into his wife's eyes with a silent plea, her twinkle and wink told him to dare not refuse her order. Nodding, he turned to go inside to get the polish and basin and as he began to walk away he felt Julia's foot smack his left cheek.

"Thanks babe, oh, and be a GOOD boy and maybe bring us out some lunch while you are at it."

Watching Mona watch her husband's nearly naked ass walk inside Julia felt another gush of her juices dribble into her bikini. As he was inside preparing sandwiches and drinks, Julia beamed as Mona expressed her envy at her hot and obviously very obedient husband being so well trained. Returning, they all ate lunch and to Bill's distress, and arousal, Julia kept her feet in his lap the whole time as he sat at the edge of the lounge chair. Now finished, she playfully reached up and tweaked his nose with her big toe.

"I think we are ready now."

Grimacing and forcing a smile on his face, Bill stood up and both girls smiled. He often got hard when around them, especially when so much of their flesh was exposed, but this was different. All of them, him included, were nearly naked and his completely inadequate pouch was now straining to keep his package inside. Neither woman directly acknowledged it, but the stifled laughter told him that his wood was on their radar. Pulling a cushion off of another chair and dragging his basin over, he knelt at the end of Julia's lounge chair on the ground.

Julia sighed deeply as she stretched back in her chair and reached out to him with her toes. Sweat forming on his brow, he gently lowered her foot and began to slowly and delicately wash the bottom of her sole. Cooing dramatically as she felt his large, strong and very masculine hands begin to massage her instep, she looked down at the top of his head as he bent over her and sighed. She truly loved her husband, and thinking about Mona's words she realized how truly lucky she was to have him.

Despite these warm feelings, that did not sway her at all from her plans.

Looking down at his pouch she had to smile as the poor material looked like it would give out at any second. Glancing over at Mona, she saw that her friend was now sitting straight up and staring intensely right at the throbbing triangle protecting Bill's modesty. Following her gaze, her husband was concentrating very hard as he massaged the rose oil into her skin. Wanting to see how far she could push this, she stretched out her free foot and circled the outline of his penis through the fabric.

Snapping his head up he glared at her desperately, pleading with his deep blue eyes for her not to do that again as it was obvious he was fully loaded and on a hair trigger. Lifting her other foot from his hands she placed them on his lips and winked.

"Now kiss them before you begin your paint job."

Dutifully he took each digit between his lips and kissed the round fleshy balls of each toe before stretching her foot back out into his lap.

"Today dear, I think I would like some of that special Deborah Lippman Magnificent Magenta."

Winking, Bill pulled out the polish and began to paint. This was a routine they had acted out many times before, but this was the first time they had an audience. They both loved it. Bill had a thing for her feet and was surprisingly artistic and patient, and since she liked to change her nails quite often, it worked out perfectly. He throbbed wildly as she kept her free foot in his lap the whole time and kept growing harder as she kept "accidentally" brushing up against him. Seeing the sweat beading on his face she knew she was driving him crazy and was loving every second. The pulse of his heartbeat could be felt strongly in his dick and the vibration in his balls told her all she needed to know. Looking over at her friend, she could tell that she too was enjoying his performance and as she watched she noticed Mona unconsciously rubbing her feet together in anticipation of her turn under his talented hands.

It took over an hour for Bill to finish her toes, and as he got up Julia stopped him.

"Where are YOU going? You aren't finished, what about our guest?"

With a seductive smile, and a big dramatic wink, Mona slunk down in her chair and thrust her foot into the air, wiggling her toes.

“MY TURN!!!”

Bill froze as he swore he heard the sound of fabric ripping as his missile prepared to open the bay door and launch. Looking over at his wife, when he saw her nod towards Mona and point, he knew what to do. Bending down again, Mona groaned as she stretched her tiny, delicate and oh so suckable feet towards him. Taking her left foot in his hands, Mona felt them shake as he was now almost dizzy with lust.

Lifting her foot up to his face, she seductively purred. “So Bill, are you going to kiss MY feet too before you begin?”

As he puckered up Julia watched him closely and once again his body betrayed him. His tiny pouch looked like a weasel had gotten loose inside as his testicles were definitely vibrating on a high RPM. As he kissed her soles, from out of his mouth erupted a shuddering moan, a slight UNF that instantly had both girls even wetter than they already were. That was the exact sound they both loved so much and hearing it, both girls nipples snapped to attention.

For the rest of the afternoon the party played out exactly to Julia’s plan. Bill dutifully painted Mona’s toenails into the masterpiece they deserved and ended with a long sensuous oily foot rub that had her BFF groaning and writhing. As he stood up, it was obvious he was on full def-con one alert as his tent was quite large and his balls could be clearly seen peeking out of the sides. Cupping himself in a vain hope of maintaining some modesty as soon as Julia nodded he literally ran and dove head first into the pool. Entering the water, he sighed as it was just cool enough to calm down the riot going on in his tiny trunks.

“Didn’t you tell me that the fabric should not be gotten wet?” Mona asked as she saw Bill disappear under the water.

Laughing with her hand over her mouth, Julia croaked out. “Yes, I did. I guess he will figure it out when he has to get out. I think when he finishes his swim we should have him do our backs as I think his

translucent suit will make for an even HOTTER show than the one he just gave.”

Laughing, Mona turned over and unhooked her top as Julia unhooked hers, wanting their bare backs exposed to the sun.

After twenty minutes, Bill heard his wife call for him to come out and put suntan oil on their backs. He had enjoyed his cool swim and for the first time all day his penis was at least back down to a manageable size. For emphasis she added that a GOOD boy would offer to give them both a full massage, and he got the hint.

Exiting the water when he looked down he blanched. His tiny covering was now completely transparent and looked as if he was wearing a scotch tape thong. Covering himself again with his hands he reluctantly walked back over to them on the deck and seeing their tops were untied, he shuddered again. Julia was certainly making him suffer today as being denied after their teasing session earlier in the morning had left him throbbing and dangling like a raw exposed nerve. Everything turned him on, and given that his gorgeous wife and her sexy friend were teasing the fuck out of him all day, his balls were not only vibrating but now constantly ached.

Slathering the lotion onto his hands, he took his time as he made sure every inch of both of them was fully coated. He paid especial attention to both of their legs and after he finished with Mona he finished up on his wife. Bending over her as he spread his palms over her back he whispered into her ear.

In a joking tone he softly spoke so Mona could not hear. “You are being one mean bitch today. You know you are driving me FUCKING CRAZY HERE!”

Turning her head to look up at him she smiled and winked. Whispering back she said “Day’s not over YET babe.”

Reaching between his legs she grabbed his balls through the thin translucent fabric and squeezed. “NOW, don’t blow it right at the finish line. You have been good so far, so keep on BEING good and you will find that obedient slave boys get rewarded.”

Winking back he grinned as he answered. “Yes MAAM!”

The rest of the afternoon was a bit easier on Bill as the girls were thirsty and he made up a series of pitchers of Margaritas for everyone to enjoy. As night fell, Julia had him grill steaks out by the pool and they all laughed, drank and chatted into the night. As the whole day had progressed, she watched Mona interact with Bill and saw clearly that she was completely turned on by her husband. A woman knows, and watching her touch his arm, or stroke her hair, or even more telling rub her foot against his leg, she knew that she was VERY aroused. As Bill went inside to make more drinks, she winked at Mona and the two began conspiratorially whispering.

Coming back out with a fresh tray of liquid refreshments, he was disappointed when Mona yawned and said she was tired and had to go to bed. He had seriously enjoyed her flirty company and gorgeous nearly naked body that day, and frankly she had kept his motor roaring on high. After Mona leaned over and kissed them both a friendly peck on the cheek, she turned to sashay her glorious barely covered ass through the sliding door to go inside. Once Mona was gone Bill felt Julia grip his ass.

Licking his ear, she whispered. "Alone at last GOOD boy!"

Instantly hard he spun around and grabbed his wife in his arms and gripping her ass hard, pulling her into his powerful chest he deep throated her. When their lips intertwined and she felt his hard manhood poking into her stomach through his pouch, she gushed yet again. Feeling the familiar hot honey ooze out of her, she giggled thinking her panties had not been dry once all day but now were utterly soaked. His desire was palpable and that combined with the feel of his hard body and even harder cock against her body, she sighed. Pushing away from him, she went through the sliding doors inside.

His face twisted into a wry grin as he wondered what on earth she was up to now. When suddenly the outside lights flicked off, leaving the deck and pool pitch dark, he started to walk towards the door to follow her inside thinking they were in for the night. His grin turned into a huge big toothed smile when he saw it open and Julia stepped out to meet him, completely naked.

In the full moonlight, and being as horny as he was, he almost shot his wad right there. She was beyond beautiful, the shadows crossing the moon casting interesting patterns over her exquisite body.

Dropping to his knees on the concrete he dove his face into her stomach and growled as he lightly bit a circle around her navel.

Pushing his head back and turning away, her perfect ass wiggled delightfully as she sauntered seductively towards the pool. Turning her head back over her shoulder she looked at him and crooked her finger.

“Lose the suit and join me for a dip SLAVE!”

Bill did not need to be told twice and almost shredded his suit as he ran and dove into the pool.

Now both in the cool water he felt her swim up to him and wrap her legs around his waist as she attacked his neck. God she felt good, her full womanly body so tightly held against his, her full breasts crushing into his chest with her diamond hard nipples so prominently displayed. Reaching down he took one in his mouth and began flicking his tongue over the ruby surface.

Moaning appreciatively, Julia sank back into the water on her back and floated freely on the surface. Pushing off of his body she swam backwards until she hit the floating lounge chair and climbed in. Propping her legs up over each arm, she scooted forward and licked her lips. She had NEVER been wetter or more turned on in her life as she saw her gorgeous husband standing naked in the cool dark pool. As she pulled her legs widely apart she watched Bill lick his lips as well as her full wet and highly aroused womanhood was completely exposed to his gaze.

Her voice dripping in lust she said “Come and get it hungry boy!”

Bill, nervously looked around to make sure they were not being observed, and then eagerly swam over to her floating chair. As he knelt in the water and began kissing his way up her inner thigh, he grinned as he felt her thighs close and grip his ears as her nails dug into his neck. Now fully enveloped by her he began eagerly worshipping her super saturated pussy, the strong musky perfume of

her sex making him even harder underneath the surface of the dark pool.

Bill thought she never tasted so wet or tasty as she did now and he devoured her like a starving man eating an overripe peach on a hot sunny day. Somehow being outside, with the risk of getting caught by either Mona or their neighbors made everything more exciting and obviously had turned both of them on even more. He kissed her lightly on her inner thighs and slowly teased her pussy, taking long lazy licks up and down before swirling his tongue over and under her clit. Grinning as he slurped, feeling her body shudder underneath his face made him enjoy a little tiny bit of revenge for her teasing him all day.

It did not last as nothing made him happier than hearing Julia groan as he licked her to satisfaction . As she squirmed and squealed in delight beneath his busy mouth, he took pride in every toe curling gasp he elicited from her sexy throat. After several very strong orgasms, which caused her to make quite a splash kicking her legs in the pool as her moans echoed off of the concrete, she pulled Bill up to her face and kissed him, enjoying tasting her own juices on his face.

Sliding out of the floating pool chair into the water she nuzzled his neck and playfully ran her hands over his bare ass.

“Your turn now you GOOD boy! Now, go stand in the middle of the pool with your eyes closed and your hands on your head. Once your eyes are closed start counting backwards from five hundred to zero. When you finish your countdown we are going to play the world’s sexiest version of Marco Polo in history! You must be totally silent though and find me with THIS.” As she said ‘this’ her fingers teased the underside of his cock under the water. “Once you catch me, I can begin to give you your well earned reward.”

Bill shuddered and moaned in anticipation and certainly did as directed, his iron hard dick cutting a wake through the water as he swam on his back to the center of the pool.

Counting down in the darkness his mind already was already focused on the pounding he was going to give Julia when he

“caught” her, his huge painfully full and aching balls shooting rope after rope of their contents into her tight wet velvet slit as they mercifully emptied. The day had been the longest horniest ordeal of his life, his cock not once getting soft, and as his balls swung free in the water and vibrated, they begged him for relief. Reaching the center he began to count and once getting to zero he kept his eyes closed as he began listening carefully for any sound of her in the water. Walking quickly through the pool, his painful erection leading the way, he began his hunt.

After 5 minutes he had still not found her, and his ears were so focused on listening for any giveaway splash they rang from the silence. Finally after 10 minutes, he called out to her “Marco” thinking he could trick her into answering “Polo”. When he heard no response nor anything else other than the loud chirping of crickets, he peeked open an eye.

Seeing he was alone in the pool he smirked. Obviously her teasing game was not over yet and realizing she still had some other plans for him he got out of the pool and started walking towards the house. It was completely dark so he had to be very careful not to fall over anything, as he could barely see. Looking down at his nakedness though he could see one thing, he was still painfully hard. The bright red lipstick she had marked him with in the morning still circled his cockhead and glared up at him mockingly in the silvery dim moonlight.

Reaching the deck he began to look for his tiny trunks as he did not want to go back inside naked with Mona possibly still awake. He thought he had laid them on the chaise lounge, but they were missing and he started looking on the ground. Thinking maybe he had thrown them somewhere in his erotic haze he gave up quickly as he knew he would never find them in the dark, especially since they had been flung away so quickly when they decided to go for their little erotic skinny dip. They were not much covering anyhow, but they were at least something but he soon gave up. Thinking to himself that Mona was probably asleep now anyway he walked towards the sliding door and reached for the handle.

Bill was horny as ever but annoyed now, and he kept upping his thoughts on how he was going to take his “revenge” on his wife’s pussy. He visibly grinned at that thought until he tried to slide open the door and discovered it was locked.

“J-u-l-i-a” he whispered, trying to get her attention and not wake the neighbors or Mona.

He knew he would have been quite a sight if he were discovered at that moment; naked, hard and locked out. Right as he began to try the glass sliding door again all of the floodlights in the yard came on, along with all of the lights in the house.

“SURPRISE BIG BOY!”

Bill was completely shocked and quickly cupped his cock and balls, trying vainly to preserve some dignity. There sitting inside on the other side of the glass were both girls with huge grins on their faces. Both were dressed in some of Julia’s more penis stiffening lingerie so it was obvious she had planned this out perfectly. Sitting on the couch facing the door the two were definitely enjoying the show, and laughing hysterically at Bill’s nude plight.

Now he was very annoyed and even more humiliated as his face turned beet red. He dared not raise his voice too much as any of their neighbors, had they just looked out one of their windows would be presented with his nudity on full display, this part of the house not covered by the privacy fence. Frowning and cupping himself tightly he fumed in silence, waiting for the joke to end. Finally, Julia spoke through the door.

“Bill, you have been perving on both of us all day and I think it is time we get our turn. Now, I want you to show Mona here your full, exposed gorgeous cock. I have praised it so often, she thinks I am full of shit, and although she got to see hints of it today in your little pouch, I promised her the full monty. So be a GOOD boy and go ahead put your hands on our head and wiggle your goods for our roomie.”

Mona giggled uncontrollably but definitely was quite interested in seeing this, her eyes boring into his hands, anxiously awaiting his full frontal display. Bill stalled for time, but after a few minutes realized

he was going to have to comply his wife obviously significantly upping the ante. Sheepishly, he put his hands on his head and his full erect manhood sprang out to greet his delighted audience of two.

“See Mona, I told you he was hung” Julia said with pride as Mona sighed and agreed.

“Is that your lipstick mark?” Mona asked with a giggle as she pointed at his dick.

“YEP! And see how obedient he is, it is still there.” Julia replied.

Bill got even harder as his wife and her friend so openly discussed him like a piece of meat. They had played games of Dominance and Submission before, and it always got him going, but nothing like this. His cock throbbing as he waved it in the air for his two female patrons his stomach dropped as he heard her next words.

“Ok Bill, let’s see if we can get my mark off of you. Look down to your left.”

As he did as he was told he saw she had left a bottle of suntan lotion on the ground. His stomach tying in knots he could not imagine jacking off in front of his wife even, but in front of both she and her friend, it was beyond comprehension. Still thinking she would stop her game before it went too far, that hope evaporated as she continued.

“Now get on your knees and stroke it for us hubby. Stroke it like you are imagining both of us sucking you off, which I KNOW you think about constantly. Beat your meat like you do in the shower every morning, your mind focused on your fantasy of that giant meatloaf slamming into Mona’s ass. “

Bill almost creamed right there at the suggestion, and looked imploringly at his wife for mercy through the glass. From the look on her face he knew he had no choice as she simply winked back at him and motioned with her fist in the air to get started.

“Make it sexy for us big boy, but DON’T YOU DARE SHOOT! If you are good and rub off my mark while remaining dry, we will BOTH give you a special treat as a reward! If you shoot and drain those great big luscious balls of yours in your hand though, you will miss

out on the opportunity of a lifetime. It may make me so disappointed at your level of obedience I may just have to go to bed and leave you naked outside all night.”

With these words Bill felt slightly faint, but got even harder. This was the moment he had hoped for, wished for, and jacked off thinking about for years. He was going to get the holy grail, reach Shangri La and discover El Dorado simultaneously. He was going to get what every red blooded man craves from the age of 12 on for the rest of his life. He was going to have his first threesome, and to make it beyond perfect, it would be initiated by his wife and involve her super sexy best friend.

HE smiled internally thinking he had played this perfectly, and if the price was a little humiliation, so be it. Now driven by thoughts of having both women at once, Bill began stroking his cock, putting on quite a show for the ladies, who obviously were enjoying his display. As he kept having to stop as he got to close, he kept glancing up desperately at Julia who now was casually running her fingers up her inner thigh, looking absolutely stunning in her black silk negligee with matching fishnet stockings. Looking over at Mona, he almost lost his load as he saw her openly sighing and tweaking her own right nipple through her thin pink silk teddy.

Shaking his head, he had to laugh at his plight. His incredible sexy wife Julia was not only beautiful but a genius. Knowing it would take quite a bit of friction to take off her lipstick, having him remove it by jacking off was a hellishly devious trick. As minutes stretched into a half an hour as he was forced to continuously pause, she had arranged for he himself to be the instrument to tease his cock to insanity. And to make it even more ingenious, she fixed it so that she and her friend got to watch every long teasing ball aching stroke. Underneath him a steady drip of his pre-cum was forming into quite a pool as the teasing evening progressed.

Right as he threw his head back and started to shake as he had to pause again, Julia commanded him to stop.

“Ok Bill, let’s inspect, I think you may have be clear of my mark now.”

Looking down, he smiled as he saw his glistening and throbbing cock was now clear and realized she was right. The lipstick was gone. Hearing the door unlock he began to shake in insane anticipation of the ultimate reward being so close at hand he could taste it. Starting to stand, Julia spoke and he stopped.

“Not so fast eager boy! I have told Mona ALL about you and I think she deserves the whole Bill treatment. Now, get on your knees and crawl over to her and show your appreciation for her on her feet.”

Bill did not have to be told twice, and he crawled across the floor until he knelt in front of the gorgeous Mona. Lifting up her left foot and gingerly removing her flip flop he brought the wiggling sole up to his mouth. For the next 45 minutes he showered her feet with kisses, taking long licks up her sole, and individually sucking each delectable toe. By the end, his cock was harder than ever and he was openly drooling pre-cum on the floor. He felt unsteady and shaky as his legs shook and his whole body and mind were focused on nothing but satisfying his burning lust and desire for both women.

Watching her husband throbbing and drooling as he worshipped another woman's foot filled Julia with an odd sense of both excitement and slight jealousy. Hearing the gasps of pleasure coming from Mona's mouth as he nibbled up her foot, and smelling the unmistakable odor of female arousal filling the room, she too got soaked. Reaching over she stroked Bill's face as she pulled him up to his feet and steadied him. He was quite wobbly now as he appeared almost drunk with lust.

“So, my GOOD slave. Are you ready for your reward now?”

Bill just blindly nodded and groaned, too horned up even to form complete words.

Mona, now standing, stroked his ass as Julia grabbed his iron hard cock and led him towards their bedroom by his meat handle. He was completely helpless now, pure melted putty in their soft gorgeous hands. Reaching their room, Julia pushed him gently back on the bed. Falling onto the mattress, Bill's jaws hurt he was smiling so hard, the time he had fantasied about forever was finally here.

“OK Bill, it is time for your reward.” Julia purred as she crawled up onto his chest. Feeling Mona crawl up beside her, Bill sighed. Taking his left hand she placed it on her breast as Mona took his right and placed it on hers. Enraptured by the feel of both women’s nipples in his palms, he was helpless as a baby, his whole body melting as Julia began deeply kissing his mouth as Mona started blowing in his ear. Closing his eyes, he sighed as he felt his hands being lifted over his head.

CLICK CLICK

“Oh for fuck’s sake NO!” he cried as he realized once again he had been handcuffed to the headboard.

The girls laughing, sat on either side of his chest and played with his chest hair with one hand as they stroked his desperate twitching balls with the other.

“Such language!” Julia teased as Bill got quiet. “Now you have been good all day, you certainly don’t want to fumble the ball on the 1 yard line do you?”

Instantly shutting up he lay completely still. Hoping that soon they too would be naked on the bed with him.

Running her nail down his chest she wiggled her ass on the sheets as she watched him shudder. Joining in, Mona bent over and licked his right nipple while watching his cock tremble in time to her tongue.

Continuing to tease his chest, Julia spoke.

“Now I know we had a deal, and I certainly am going to honor that deal. In fact, you will be paid for your good behavior quite spectacularly.”

Grinning, Bill looked up lovingly at his wife and closed his eyes. Bracing himself for more teasing he let out a small whimper and moan.

“Much better! JESUS that sound is like music to my ears!” she said as she and Mona got off the bed and spread his legs wide.

He said nothing again as his ankles were tied tight and his legs spread even wider to the legs of their bed. With his arms cuffed over

his head he knew they had him and he was completely 100% their plaything for the duration. What was even better, he did not care and would willingly put up with anything just to have the chance to savor both of their bodies.

Now completely immobilized he was in heaven as his eyes feasted on his gorgeous wife and her sexy friend slowly stripping each other completely and gloriously naked. Blinking twice, he had to convince himself this was not just a dream, but if it was a dream, it was the best fucking dream he had ever had.

His wife's nude body never looked more beautiful as she stood there with her arm around her equally delectable friend's waist. Winking at each other, she turned to Bill, now writhing on the bed as his cock circled the empty air.

"So, still think I am being unfair? I am sure LOTS of wives are mean like me and have their gorgeous friends come over and tease their horny husbands all day before stripping naked in front of them. GOD, you should call the police I am so cruel!"

Blushing he knew she was right. His voice cracking he blurted out "I love you!"

She blew him a kiss and mouthed it right back.

"Now, before we get started, a few ground rules." Lifting her foot between his legs, she drug her toes up his shaft before gripping his cock head with her foot. "The ONLY pussy my property here gets to visit is MINE." Turning to Mona she winked. "You can play with him all you want, ride his face, lick his balls, but only I get to fuck him. OK?"

Nodding obediently, Mona replied "OK" her eyes never once straying from oogling his meat.

Glaring over to Bill, she smirked as he nodded and answered "OK".

Without saying another word, he felt his heart beat faster as both women now knelt on the floor and leaned over his exposed manhood. Feeling their hot breath blowing over his erection, he groaned as he still could not believe that this was really happening!

For the next hour, Bill was taken to Heaven before being thrown into Hell countless times only to repeat the climb to heaven. Not once did they let up on his body, one girl having a ball in his mouth as they stroked his inner thigh as the other one swirled their hot tongue up and down his shaft and over his purple swollen glans. His blabbermouth cock was telling the girls exactly how to tease his body. As time marched on they mastered reading the veins in his penis or the frequency of his vibrations in his balls like a well thumbed paperback and played his body like a finely tuned piano. When they ended with a kiss on his glans and their lips met they began to french one another with his cock in between their wiggling tongues. This was the final straw and Bill fell off the cliff of sanity he had been dangling on.

This last move was too much and he could stand no more. As his will shattered he arched his back as he let out an unearthly sound from his mouth. It was purely automatic and he could no longer control himself, or any other part of his body, as nothing but animalistic growls erupted out of his throat.

Everything swirled in his eyes and he felt as if he would faint as the long pitiful gaspy moans continued to spew and he fell back onto the bed writhing and whimpering in erotic torment. They had taken him to a place in his aroused mind he had never been before and their tongues dueling over his slit had forced him to the end of his tolerance. Humping the air in desperation he could only growl and grunt, his mind yelling "Please" as his mouth could only whimper indecipherable grunts.

Both Julia and Mona sat up on the bed and kissed each other deeply. His moaning and whimpering had set them off and neither woman had ever been more aroused. This was what they both had wanted to inspire and now that he was over the edge, they were quivering and hosing down the sheets as his reactions spiked their own arousal. This was it and they knew it, it was time for the moment of truth. Bill's hot sexy body writhing on the bed, panting and shaking uncontrollably had them both primed for sex now. Turning to him on the bed, shaking in his cuffs and struggling against the ties binding his legs they both smiled.

Julia gushed as warm feelings of both love and lust surged through her body. She loved her husband more than ever at this moment and knew she was very lucky. Not only was he the sexiest man she had ever seen, but she knew he would do anything to please her.

He was also one of those rare men who could hold back his seed, and on numerous occasions she had used this skill to the complete enjoyment of her hungry and insatiable pussy. Tonight however, she knew if she mounted him now this would test his stamina more than ever before. She knew his body better than he did and never had she seen him more worked up. Wanting to feel his steel rod pounding into her, she bent down and whispered into his ear.

“Babe, I need you to keep being good for me. Can you do that? Can you be good for me?”

Bill only grunted but nodded, his whole body aflame with lust and continuing to writhe.

“Good. Now, I am going to ride you and ride you like you have never been ridden before.” Running her hands over his throbbing balls she continued. “It will be difficult, but I want you to bottle up all this seed for me in these beauties. I want to be totally sated before we end. You don’t want this night to end yet do you?”

Shaking his head, he whispered “no”.

“Good! Now, if I go too fast or you are about to spew, snap your fingers and I will slow down. Think you can handle that? Think you can shove that big hard beautiful cock up in me and give me the best orgasm of my life?”

Nodding quickly he again whispered “Yes, Oh God Yes, but please...please Julia...Go easy on me! I am so close, I feel I might pop!!”

“Such a good good boy, don’t you think so Mona?” Julia said.

Mona was transfixed by the scene and shook her head clear as she had been lazily teasing her own nipple and stroking her inner thigh as she watched her sexy friend talking to her even sexier husband.

“Now, as a reward for holding back-” Julia said as she directed Mona to crawl to the headboard “-As I ride this monster, you will use your

lovely and talented tongue to please Mona.”

Saying this, both Mona and Bill smiled.

“I have bragged so much about your pussy worshipping skills, I think you should demonstrate.”

Her hands had never left his balls or cock as she spoke and from their reaction she knew he was loving this. Crawling up on his stomach she slowly lowered her aching wet pussy onto his shaft as she watched him quiver.

It felt SOOOOOOOO good, filling her completely and from the shuddering moan that came from his mouth, she knew he was already struggling to hold back, primed to shoot from so much teasing.

Looking up as he felt her warm wet pussy hug his shaft, Bill’s eyes rolled back in his head as he saw Mona crawl up on his chest and tower over his face. God she was beautiful and his heart nearly stopped as she lowered her delicious snatch on his face.

Bill instantly demonstrated that the compliments his wife had made on his skills were not in vain. Over and over for at least an hour Mona road Bill’s face with his very talented tongue to orgasm after orgasm while his wife road his cock.

For over an hour Mona flooded his face with her honey as he explored every inch of her charms. Swirling his tongue under the underside of her clit, as he followed this up with long languid licks up her slit she poured her essence all over him, her warm musky taste and smell saturating his face.

As he snacked on Mona, he kept shuddering as his wife was using his cock as her own pleasure tool. Feeling her wet tight walls close over his manhood he shivered, and every ten minutes or so he came dangerously close to spilling. As he felt himself getting precariously near the edge of no return, he began snapping his fingers like crazy to slow his wife down.

When Julia saw the signal, she paused and went slower. She was loving this and as she positioned herself on his shaft so he was constantly pounding into her G-Spot she, like Mona, was hosing Bill

down with her juices. With a devilish grin she did keep pushing the envelope, delaying her pause a little longer each time he started snapping his fingers. She wanted him on the edge but not over, but she definitely wanted to see how close to the precipice she could move him. The desperate and frantic snapping of his fingers she took as a badge of honor, and she made a game of seeing how quickly she could make him start his castanet like performance.

Hours went by and Mona gave out first, sliding off of his face like a spent wet rag doll. Cooining as she curled up under his armpit she instantly went to sleep, her pussy buzzing and twitching with pleasure. So many orgasms had been licked and sucked out of her gorgeous cooch, her body could not take anymore and as soon as her head nuzzled up against his hard body as she fell unconscious.

Looking down at his now revealed face, Julia smiled. It was completely drenched. Mona's copious nectar had flooded over him quite well, and he looked like a glazed donut. As she kept grinding into him, she began to shake and moan as yet another giant toe-curler exploded out of her womb. Seeing him snapping so desperately she lifted off of his amazingly hard cock and joined Mona by nuzzling under his other armpit.

Bill was in heaven, although he really needed to shoot worse than ever now. Humping the air desperately to try to signal that his needs were still unmet, both girls just smiled as they slept, somehow subconsciously teasing him even in their sleep as they used his chest as a pillow and both flopped their hands onto his lower stomach.

All night long he throbbed and twitched as the two slept deeply, unaware that their naked presence and the strong smell of pussy that hung in the air kept him painfully hard. The feel of their sexy sated bodies pressed against his kept him primed and ready, but finally he began to get drowsy. Exhausted by the evening, and with his balls excruciatingly aching as his cum boiled inside, he fell asleep as well. As he drifted off, he hoped that his wife would keep her promise and take care of his needs in the morning.

When Bill awoke, he found that he was still bound, but now was sadly alone. Listening desperately for sounds of either girl, he heard the distinct sound of bare feet padding down the hall before finally reaching the room. He was so desperate and hard, feeling insanely horny as the night before had been the most erotic of his life.

Playfully wagging his cock back and forth as both women entered he said "Don't forget about me! I think we have some unfinished business!".

His wife winked at him before turning to Mona and winked again.

To Bill's disappointment both women were clothed, but as they walked over to the bed, their flimsy robes were dropped and their gorgeous naked forms were displayed to his famished eyes again. Each now sitting on either side of him, they both ran their hands all over his body, from his heaving chest to his aching cock. Feeling their fingers begin to stroke him once more he whimpered.

Simultaneously stroked by the two hot women, Bill's breathing became shorter and sweat began to pour out of him. He was so close to cumming, it was hard not to hose them both down instantly. He was enjoying the dual handjob but he had hoped to empty his balls into either his wife's pussy or Mona's throat, so he was oddly sad. He had enjoyed himself so much the night before, it seemed so anti-climatic now to end this way.

Seeing his face grimace as he got closer to release, Julia began to slow her motion. Stroking his face with her free hand, as Mona now started to lick his balls she spoke.

"OK Bill, here is the deal. Yesterday, and especially last night, was the hottest I have ever gotten in my life. Talking to Mona she agreed, and from the feel of your marble like rod in my hand, I can see you concur."

Bill only could moan out a yes now as she kept on pumping.

"So I am going to offer you a choice. I promised yesterday morning I would reward you if you were good, and you definitely passed my test. Now, I will let you choose how this ends. If you want, just say the word and we will both keep stroking you until you shoot. Then we

will all kiss, I will unlock you and we can go have breakfast, never to speak of this again.”

Hearing this Bill screwed his face into a frown. He figured that was what would happen, but hearing it spoken like that was a downer. His face brightened however at her next words.

“Or, you can agree to keep this party going. Frankly, you had us both so turned on yesterday and especially last night, Mona and I are willing to make this arrangement permanent. Now, if you take this option, the threesome arrangement will continue for as long as we all want it to, but only under MY rules.” Her hand skillfully running tiny circles over his freneum she smiled as it was obvious his will was shattering.

“Those rules might be harsh but YOU, my sexy hubby, have awakened a monster in both Mona and I with your writhing and moaning and begging. We now have discovered that nothing gets us both hotter than seeing you beg. So what is it going to be, a temporary relief to your aching balls or the most erotic experience of your life by giving up control of your cock to two desperate horny women?”

Bill was whimpering again now, his wife skilled teasing fingers dangling him on the edge. Despite wanting nothing more than to explode a deluge of his hot boiling cum all over everyone immediately, his answer to her question was obvious.

“Yes, OH GOD YES!!!! PLEASE JULIA, PLEASE!!! Anything, I I I I don’t want this ever to end!!!”

Smiling wildly Julia stopped stroking and whispered something into her friend’s ear. Giggling, Mona leapt off of the bed and ran out of the room.

Still panting and writhing on the bed, Julia now laid on Bill’s chest and kissed him deeply, tasting Mona’s pussy on his lips and instantly getting wet again. Sighing deeply as she felt his body quiver under her, she whispered.

“I love you so much babe!!! You definitely made the right choice!” Hearing Mona come back in she sat back up on the side of the bed

and continued.

“OK Babe, let’s get this new arrangement started properly.” Looking up and seeing that he was still tied down tightly, she grinned. “Now, close your eyes and receive the new symbol of your new status as our fucktoy.”

His face grinning widely, he closed his eyes and was overwhelmed as he felt both women pulling and prodding his balls forward. The grin increased as he felt something being slipped over them and some other cool object brushing up against his cock, teasing his flesh. His curiosity was insatiable, but still not wanting to fuck this up so he continued to keep his lids closed tightly. He did wonder greatly what new wondrous plan his creative wife had in mind for him. He sighed though as he knew it was now totally out of his control as he had turned his body over them. Every nerve was on high alert as he heard the distinct metallic sound break the silence in the room.

CLICK CLICK

His eyes immediately popped open and his mouth gaped in astonishment as he saw that a stainless steel metal cage had been placed over his cock and balls. To his growing horror he saw it had two small padlocks fastened onto the opening and despite feeling relatively comfortable on his skin, it looked quite escape-proof. Looking up at his wife and getting ready to ask her what was going on, his stomach dropped when he saw both Mona and Julia grinning back at him and winking. Around their necks and hanging from matching golden chains were two keys swinging between their cleavage.

Throwing his head back hard onto the pillow he only could stare blankly up at the ceiling in desperation and worry over wondering when, if ever, he would be able to shoot. His rational mind, that part not drenched in hormones, feared that he was going to now have to pay a hellishly high price for this threesome and his cock continued to throb in its new metal prison. His fears were confirmed and his balls started buzzing even worse as Mona and Julia both said that today would definitely be another good day to hang around the pool and Julia looked down into his desperate pleading eyes and spoke.

“Mona, I think we should see how much we can ramp it up today from yesterday. I want to see how many whimpers we can get old Bill here to croak by sundown.”

The Trapped Boytoy

Dave was a slacker and always had been. Breezing through life, everything came easy to him as he was a firm believer in the philosophy of taking the path of least resistance (and least work) to achieve his goals. Now many might want to live this responsibility-free life themselves but can't quite make it happen as pulling this off does require some skills. Dave was lucky though as he was fortunate enough to be able to pull this off as he was blessed with the good looks and a certain charm with women that served him quite well over the years and made his Bohemian lifestyle possible. Never holding a steady job for more than 3 weeks at a time, he casually drifted through his twenties, shacking up with waitresses, aspiring actresses, and an endless parade of overly inked very adventurous art girls. He had a gift no doubt, and his good looks gave him an amazing ability to always be able to charm his way both into their panties, and then eventually into their apartments.

Usually it would take a few months, sometimes more, before these girls would realize that they had inadvertently taken on a huge drain on their finances when their handsome boy toy moved in. Never paying for anything and constantly was borrowing money he was an extravagance few could afford. Accusations would be made, fingers would be pointed and Dave always would leave. It was always time to move on to his next conquest, and bank account, once the bitching got too extreme and the free food and frequent sex dried up.

As he got a little older, his needs changed, and he moved upscale a bit. He no longer had the energy required to move constantly so his new "girlfriends" had to be wealthy and hot. His youthful good looks and stunning body allowed him now to become a perpetual erotic diversion to a series of very wealthy, usually newly divorced women who loved having a young, attractive, (and well hung) stud around the house. The pattern was very predictable and followed the same standard script as before although now he was getting kicked out of high rent Upper West Side condos instead of cramped Brooklyn efficiencies.

He was a taking odd jobs as a “handy-man” now, and specialized in fixing various things in those high rent condos on the Upper West side where the MILF hunting was most productive. When a good target would come into his crosshairs he would crank up the charm (and show a little skin at the right time) and more often than not it would work.

“Oh Mrs. Johnson, do you mind if I take off my shirt to work on your Kohler Carbon special ordered gold plated Shower nozzle with the custom designed needle spray attachment?” he would say, batting his steely blue eyes and casually flexing his impressive guns under his usually too tight cotton t-shirt.

Mrs. Johnson, or any of a number of women just like her, never minded AT ALL and were usually quite enthusiastic about his getting more “comfortable” so he could work. His “job” would usually end at the same time his relationship with the client would blossom, and the owner of the handyman company always had an asterisk by his name when making out the work schedule for the next week.

Once he had the client properly interested, it would not take long before he would shack up with this gorgeous yet naive older woman who he would then sponge off of for as long as he could. The pattern for these ladies was not that dramatically different than the waitresses from his early twenties, except that instead of his borrowing \$20 and not paying it back, he was borrowing \$2,000 and not paying it back.

These women usually would tire of his moochy crap after a few months and begin to demand things from Dave. That was usually when their sensitive and sexy handy man would flee into the night, never to be heard from again. He had to admit to himself, he had a pretty sweet setup. Little did he know how this little world he had created was about to come to a dramatic and unexpected end.

One of the ways Dave was able to pull this scam off as long as he did was not just because he was handsome. There are no shortage of hot studs in New York so to set him apart he had become quite skilled in the art of seducing women and keeping them relatively happy with minimal cash. He was a good listener, knew how to cook

and give good massages and was always willing to go to whatever boring ass Opera or Symphony his current Sugar Momma wanted to attend. He also was a master of perfectly tailoring his schtick to whatever situation he was in. If the lady in question liked Opera, he would polish up on his Toscani. If she liked politics he would spend weeks reading back issues of either the "Nation" or "The National Review" depending on the political persuasion of the MILF of the day. This would always set him apart from just any old brainless gold-digging meat stick. Looks would get him INTO their bedroom, but to stay there would require more.

It was also in that arena where he truly shone. Amongst his many skills that allowed him such leeway was his impressive ability in the fine arts of love. He learned early on in life that pleasing women, especially orally and often, would cover up for a lot of his "sins" in other areas of his life. Women rarely stay too mad too long at a man, no matter how worthless he is, if he is buried facedown in their pussy often and long enough. This is especially true if he knows what he is doing. And boy could Dave perform in this area as as over the years he had had a lot of practice.

As if being a hopeless slacker and mooch was not bad enough, among his other irresponsible habits was he was a hopeless gambler. Like so many other people with gambling problems, he always thought that he was just one more shot away from striking it big. Billion dollar hotels are built in Vegas on just such faulty math, and Dave had it in spades. This fictional big score would then allow him to finally be able to pay off all of his debts and go clean with a nice nest egg. Like most plans of gamblers it of course never worked out that way and soon he found himself stupidly \$35,000 in hock to some Italian-American gentlemen from New Jersey that were not the most understanding of creditors. Being straight men they also were quite immune to his natural charms so he would have to pay them back.

Given his current situation of being in-between cougars and his alarming debt situation with the mob, Dave decided it was time to cast his net again into the sea of Rich Manhattan MILFs and called his old friend Shelia up at the Manhattan Handyman service for a

job. Shelia, the owner, just shook her head when he dragged in asking if there were any odd jobs available. She too was attracted to Dave but also felt a bit protective of him, knowing him to be a lovable (and sexy) fuckup.

He was kind of a kid brother to her rather than a potential romantic conquest, so when he asked for a favor, she was almost helpless to resist. She knew the kind of clientele Dave “preferred” so she directed him to go to 720 Park Avenue and meet Victoria de Simone who had called just that morning needing help in her spectacular Penthouse.

Dave kissed and thanked Shelia, and despite her knowing he was a hopeless flirt, she was very happy about giving the assignment to him. He may be a gigolo, but he was not a pure gigolo and so did have some redeeming qualities. All of the women he hooked up with were ones he was genuinely attracted to, so he was not only pimping himself out for money, although that was obviously a big consideration. He genuinely was in lust with these women, having a soft spot for ladies of all ages. Watching his tight ass bound out of her office, she sighed and wondered how long it would be before Victoria succumbed to his charms just like all the others.

Taking the subway into Manhattan Dave daydreamed all the way from Brooklyn about his new prospect. This new potential sugar mama was in a class of her own, as the wealth at that address was legendary. The apartment house he was traveling to was as far away in luxury from his Brooklyn walkup as Versailles is to a trailer park featured on Honey Boo Boo. Despite the relatively short distance he traveled (less than 10 miles) he might as well have crossed several oceans for the different world he was entering. Stepping out of the subway as he rode the escalator up to street level he thought to himself how so many guys his age (30) missed out on the joys of ladies over 55 and grinned at his potential good fortune if he could make this work. More for him he chuckled more for him.

Entering 720 Park Avenue, the doorman looked very suspiciously at Dave as he had seen his kind before. Tall, muscular, smooth talking boys like him were always on the hunt for rich pussy and were

always sniffing around and he was constantly shooing them away like pests. As he was preparing to send this new boy packing, he grimaced as Dave presented his appointment card indicating he was legitimately there on business. Reluctantly he was let into the lobby and as he stepped inside he gasped.

This was truly plush, he thought, and was well beyond the realm of the 1%. This was home to the .00000001%. Marble was everywhere and he was astonished as he looked around the room and saw museum quality fine original oil paintings hanging on the walls and solid gold sconces for the lighting imbedded in the ceiling.

Completing the Taj Mahal motif was a large tinkling fountain in the middle of the floor, an original Bernini statue planted in the center, and this was simply the lobby. Escorted by the doorman to a private elevator off of the main lobby, for the first time Dave began to feel nervous as he was shown inside. Stepping into the gold and oak lined car, there was only one button on the panel, which he pushed.

“Holy fuck!” he thought to himself as he rocketed up to the 18th floor. “If you have your own elevator in this rather expensive part of Manhattan you are a whole different level of loaded.” Straightening his longish but still stylish hair in the shiny brass on the walls, he waited to arrive.

As the doors opened and he entered into the apartment foyer he was met by Victoria already waiting for him in her own lobby. As his eyes met hers and he took in her form he was beyond impressed. She was as stunningly beautiful as her insanely luxurious surroundings were and seeing her full up close, Dave was instantly highly attracted to her.

Tall, very curvy and pleasantly plump, her long dark hair had streaks of silver peppered throughout giving her a very regal appearance. As he glanced down her body and soaked in her full womanly curves (covered in Versace of course) he smiled. He was delighted to see that her glorious figure was perched on top of a pair of incredibly long legs that he could already imagine kissing. Even more delightful to his senses were her delightful, beautiful painted toes peeking out of some rather expensive Jimmy Choos on her feet that he already imagined in his mouth.

Her queen-like appearance perfectly matched her palatial surroundings, from her black and white marble foyer entrance, to the 800 pound crystal chandelier in the dining room, past the original Monets hanging over the fireplace and finally ending at a full private balcony overlooking Central Park. This was luxury on a scale that would make Trump look subtle and his usual MILF hunting grounds on the upper west side paled in comparison to this upper EAST side palace. This wasn't just money but it was old old money, and from the looks of the place, lots of it.

As Victoria eyed her new handyman, she too was impressed. Tall, over six foot three inches tall, it was obvious that he hit the gym often. Dressed in simple jeans and a white t-shirt, both a bit too tight, they highlighted his impressive abs as well as a delicious ass that she wanted to sink her newly whitened teeth into. His hair was a bit on the longish side, but swept off of his face like a mane and overall he was gorgeous. Glancing him up and down she ached to feel those ruffled locks entangled in her well manicured fingers. With his hair hanging down a bit in his face coupled with his gym sculpted body he just exuded sex and it seemed obvious to her that he would be a very gentle and giving lover. When she spied a genuine look of lust in his own eyes, her designer Jean Yu panties instantly grew wet.

Snapping back into her normal cool diffident demeanor, she directed him to the main bathroom where she was having a problem with one of her designer Italian marble sinks. As she saw him bend down to begin to work, she got a better view of his incredible ass and ripped back and decided to stay and "supervise". Supervising turned to chatting and chatting turned to flirting as he kept asking her more and more questions, seemingly very interested in hearing her life story.

As they talked, Dave heard the sad but familiar story he had heard from so many gorgeous ladies of her class. Wealthy ex-husband, Hedge fund manager on Wall Street, traded in old wife for new younger trophy wife, big settlement, yada yada yada. One interesting side note to her particular story though was that despite an eye

popping 9 figure settlement from her ex, Victoria had lots of money independently from her family through their cosmetics business in Europe. The combination of the two fortunes put her at the absolute pinnacle of wealth in America.

Hearing her talk about her situation, Dave could almost salivate as he quickly realized how rich this woman was. Knowing this and seeing her gorgeous body he knew he had hit the jackpot of all times. Equally in lust with her gorgeous body as much as her equally beautiful bank account dangling before his eyes, he put on the charm extra thick.

As he peeled off his shirt to work, he could feel her dark eyes studying his body as he made sure to flex as much as possible. This had worked before and he was hoping it would work again. Asking for a glass of water, when Victoria brought him into her kitchen and poured him a glass herself, he knew she was checking him out. He feigned getting overheated, and purposefully spilled his drink down his bare chest.

When he felt her grab one of her insanely high thread-count tea towels and begin to dry him off, he knew she was interested. Seeing a room off to the side with clays and other tools of the sculpting trade, and then noticing some of her own statues on the shelves he realized that among her fine qualities, she was also quite a talented sculptor. Sensing a way to move his charm offensive up a notch, he delved into his mind to scoop out all of the old art history subject matter he had been able to absorb from the countless art school girls he had banged in his twenties. Luckily for him there were a lot of memories to recall.

His memory must have served him well since soon they were discussing abstract expressionism and the relative merits of modern pop art in her studio like two art critics at a MOMA opening. He jumped but smiled when he felt her hand run over his back as he was bending over to inspect her current project.

“So, Mr. Jaconi” she began to ask.

“Call me Dave.”

“Ok, DAVE, and YOU can call me Victoria. Pardon me if this is embarrassing, and it may seem like an odd question, but have you ever done any modeling? You see, you have the most fascinating back, and I would love to see it memorialized in bronze.”

Smiling he said no, but in reality he had, many times for former arty girlfriends. Now it was indisputable that she was interested and he definitely knew his charms were working. As she ran her fingers over his back and inspected each cut of his lats, his skin tingled under her touch, the smell of her Clive Christian perfume making his head spin. Victoria was an artist so this wasn't as cheesy as it sounds, but it did indicate a certain level of lust, and she certainly had feelings of lust flooding over her from Dave.

Before long he was posing with his shirt off so she could model his powerful chest. This proceeded to him going fully naked in her studio for a life study. From the obvious look on her face as he dropped his drawers and sat on the posing stool, she approved of what she saw.

Dave liked what he saw too as she was even more gorgeous dressed down than she was in her Verace and jewels. Now donning a plain white shirt, artist smock and being barefoot in black leggings he had a hard time maintaining a soft cock for his nude modeling session. Victoria hit all of his erotic buttons, even if she was nearly 30 years his senior.

By the end of that afternoon they were having a glass of Chateau Lafite on her terrace. By the end of the evening, his face was buried in her silvery pussy, as she was groaning and scratching the back of his neck to pieces as her slender blue blooded fingers also ran through his thick wavy long hair. When she asked him to stay the night, he grinned, kissed her feet (which she loved) and agreed. By the end of the week, he had moved in and was hired as her live in personal “trainer” and life study model.

Everything again went right according to script and would have been absolutely perfect if Victoria did not have one peculiar trait which disturbed him. She was gorgeous, and certainly enjoyed his expert worshipping of her body (which he enjoyed too) so the frequency of

loving was not a problem. The sticky point was she was the most selfish Lover he had ever known.

He would always diligently spend hours massaging every inch of her body, paying special attention to her legs and toes, which she seemed to enjoy the most. After this he would then eagerly eat her out for hours, as she seemed to have an insatiable sex drive and would not allow him up from her lap until she had at least nine back clawing full on howlers. The problem was, that once she was satisfied she would decide it was time to go to bed and as soon as his lips left her pussy she would pass out and go to sleep.

She said she preferred oral to penetration (although she did enjoy watching Dave's erect cock bouncing around the apartment) so full release fucking was off the menu. To Victoria even the SIGHT of cum made her gag which made lovemaking definitely one-sided. This did not prevent her riding him into a froth every once in a while, but because of her almost insane aversion to the male seed, this made that prospect very difficult to pull off as he had to hold back his flood behind a quivering dam.

This Spermaphobia also of course eliminated the possibility of blow-jobs or even pity hand-jobs and it was obvious she thought of a penis more as an attractive appendage for artistic study than something that needed care and feeding itself. This sadly meant that Dave was pretty much on his own for satisfying his natural urges and spent many a morning in the shower using LOTS of extra overpriced conditioner.

After a few months with Victoria, and his growing romantic relationship with his left hand as his only source of sexual release, he was beginning to sympathize with her Ex as he now knew the probable unstated reason for his departure. Now normally, he would have bailed at this point in a second, but he was stuck.

He still owed a lot of money to the mob, and although Victoria gave him a generous weekly allowance, it was not enough to pay off the debt fast enough. His calculations indicated that it was going to take at least 4 months for him to get out of trouble and payment was severely complicated by their terms. The interest rate one gets from

the Mob was not one you would get at the bank so the hole he was in only kept getting deeper. Twenty five percent per month kept Dave seriously under the gun (both literally and figuratively) and trapped into his current circumstances.

He tried all of his charms to get Victoria to allow him to release into her, or even to just jack him off out of pity, but every time the subject came up, she would get quite upset and he would back off. Knowing his precarious situation, and being genuinely interested in Victoria, he certainly did not want to screw up his situation now despite his fast bluing balls. He especially could not afford to leave until he paid off his debt. For the time being, he would have to be happy with satisfying his needs on his own and regular masturbation at least kept him somewhat balanced. Other than this (which was a BIG problem) life with Victoria was otherwise very pleasant.

She was not just rich, but INSANELY rich and they went to the best restaurants in town and the hottest shows on Broadway constantly. Victoria also liked to show him off as often as possible and made sure that all her rich girlfriends knew that this young stud was hers and hers alone.

When her gallery show opened with her new art pieces, all of them nude sculptures of Dave, she had him attend with her. She was sure to make DAMN sure all of her hot and wealthy female friends got a good look at his charms, both in the flesh as well as in sculpture, as their envy was like catnip to her. She loved the covetous looks they all gave her after not only meeting Dave in the flesh, but also seeing his naked form cast in bronze. She smiled as she knew they were all trying to imagine if the metal package did justice to the real thing. All in all things were good for Dave, despite his longing to feel his cock release into a woman, but given enough alone time with his hand, he was content.

The problems really began for Dave when Victoria announced that her niece was going to be coming to New York for a few months and would be living with them while staying in the City. This irritated him a bit as he really enjoyed having his days to himself in the apartment, but of course he said nothing to his Sugar Mama. He had settled in to a pattern where after he led Victoria in her exercises she

went out in the morning and usually stayed out all day. Being enormously wealthy and quite artistic her calendar was packed as she was on several boards of charitable foundations and museums.

While she was out, and he had the house to himself after the maid left, he would usually jack off to some porn. The pressure in his balls was usually pretty intense by then having been bottled up from the prior evenings activities. Despite his frustration with her, she kept him quite charged up.

Each evening almost always involved his head between Victoria's thighs for hours and now that she took to showering with him each morning, his activities in there were curtailed. Now with some kid around the house his whole erotic routine would be screwed up. Irritation turned to worry the second he met Victoria's niece Daniela as she was NO kid.

She, like her Aunt, was gorgeous but rather than being the twelve year old brat that Dave had assumed, she was an incredibly sexy 22 year old uber hottie. To his delight, the tat on her arm and the ring in her nose indicated that she also had a wild side but he knew this was going to complicate things dramatically, as he was instantly very sexually attracted to her. Tall and curvy just like her Aunt, her magenta hair, fishnet stockings and black Goth dress told him she would no doubt be extremely adventuresome in bed.

He was not stupid though and knew that fucking the niece of his Sugar Mama would probably be a deal breaker, so against his natural instincts he decided to remain as aloof as possible. Looking at the new resident entering their home and seeing her wink at him while flashing her pearly whites and snapping playfully her teeth at the air he felt himself grow hard as she definitely looked like a biter.

Daniela was quite close to her aunt and looked up to and admired her rich and talented relative. Growing up she spent many summers with Victoria and her ex-Uncle and was quite fond of her, and Victoria returned the affection. Having never had children of her own, she looked upon her niece as her own surrogate child.

She definitely resembled Victoria, both in her curvy body but also her statuesque frame so there was definitely a genetic link between

them. But not only did they look alike, they also both had a passion and tremendous interest and deep love for art. It was this passion that brought them together as her mother (Victoria's equally gorgeous sister) sent her daughter up to stay the summers in New York for years. As Daniela was growing up and her mother discovered her daughters proclivity she thought staying with Victoria would enrich her culturally. Both Daniela and Victoria cherished those summers together, so when Daniela asked to move in after graduation Victoria was thrilled as it was just like old times.

Having just graduated from art school and wanting to be accepted to NYU's Master of Fine Arts program, she needed to get a portfolio together as part of her submission. What better place for a young girl interested in art to go but to her insanely rich Aunt's palatial Park House apartment and work in her studio. The contacts she would make through her Victoria being on so many boards, and the opportunity to work in her amazing studio was too delicious not to take advantage of. Once she entered the apartment Victoria and Daniela were chatting up a storm about old times and new adventures to come like two old friends. Listening in, Dave realized she was going to be here for the long haul so this was not going to be something he could wait out. He would have to deal with her on her terms and fight his natural instincts to hit on this gorgeous girl.

After dinner Victoria was showing Daniela her new sculptures, and as she ran her hands over the tiny bronze images of Dave's body, Daniela kept looking back at him on the couch and winking. Seeing Daniela's interest in the sculpture, and then looking back to Dave, Victoria grinned.

"Dave dear, please join my Niece and I in my studio. I am feeling particularly artsy right now and would like to do a quick study."

The twinkle in Daniela's eye indicated she was very enthusiastic about the possibility and as he saw the glint in her eye his cock already was stirring in his shorts. Following them into her art studio, he walked slowly behind like a condemned man being led to the gallows. Given his arousal already, he realized the next few hours were going to be very difficult.

Now stripping and sitting on his stool, and trying to mentally prepare for posing naked for both women, he began to sweat. Only minutes into the session he was already desperately struggling to keep from getting hard as they casually discussed the shading or shape of his more prominent attributes and this got him very hot.

Daniela for her part was loving this as she could definitely see his growing angst and really ramped up the teasing. Knowing she was driving her Aunt's sexy live in life model crazy got her wet but even more she was loving the power this gave her. To her great delight, as she kicked off her shoes and began to work, rubbing her fishnet clad feet together she could not help notice Dave's eyes staring intensely at her toes. She smiled as she realized this would be yet another weapon for her arsenal.

Dave was struggling. Looking over at the sexy Niece staring so intensely at his naked body, in his mind he wanted to throw her down on the floor and fuck her brains out. It had been months since he had felt the warm wet inside of a woman's pussy around his aching cock as he shot ropes of his seed inside, and now that she was in the room he could think of nothing else. He tried to remain cool, knowing he was in a precarious position and as he felt his cock not cooperate he attempted to fill his mind with as many unsexy images as he could conjure. Closing his eyes he began to silently chant.

"John Goodman Sponge-bath, John Goodman Sponge-bath".

The strategy worked partially as the image was so horrific it kept his libido somewhat in check but it was a battle. Having both gorgeous women in the room was not making this easy.

Daniela also found herself growing more and more aroused by Dave. His beautiful body, and to her delight, nice big thick cock and luscious balls obviously got her juices flowing, along with his muscular chest, stomach and ass. But it was his resistance to her teasing that made her the wettest of all. Seeing him obviously trying to avoid getting turned on by her only made her more bold and persistent.

Being both gorgeous AND rich, she was unused to any man resisting her charms and his stubborn refusal to take the endless bait

she kept shoveling at him only made him more attractive in her eyes. This first night however, with her favorite Aunt around, she too had to be cool. She loved Victoria and certainly did not want to try and seduce her delicious fucktoy in front of her face. It was in the following days however, alone with this fine piece of man-meat in the apartment, that she really turned up the heat.

Her long slow teasing program followed a definite routine in the weeks after she moved in. When her aunt went out in the morning, Daniela would usually pad around the apartment in just a nightshirt without any panties or bra on, both for comfort but also for the obvious arousal it spiked in her mark. Tracking Dave's increasingly desperate eyes that would struggle to avoid gaping at her exposed legs and feet, she knew he was hot for her, but not so hot as to risk blowing his setup. He received no respite at night either as evenings were spent with him naked and posing for both women as Victoria wanted to help her niece build her portfolio.

If he suffered in the days, nights were even worse. Completely nude before them both, he had no where to hide his arousal. Victoria, unaware of her niece's plot, was an unwitting accessory as she encouraged Daniela to make Dave the center piece of her art. Knowing this, and realizing he could not resist, she loved nothing more than having him pose in increasingly provocative poses. Worse for him, she often would stroke his body to study a curve of his muscles or to understand the density of his flesh and with Victoria's permission and encouragement, she constantly ended up stroking and teasing him as they both studied his body up close.

As this pattern went on for weeks, and Dave's arousal grew, Daniela knew that If she was going to have his boy, she would have to learn more about him and his weaknesses as he was being stubbornly resistant. In order to find this out, her gorgeous Aunt would have to be the one to give her the ammunition and luckily for Daniela, Aunty got quite chatty when she had had a few drinks. Asking Victoria to join her on the balcony for some mixed drinks ended up being just the lubrication that was needed as after a few drinks, Victoria spilled everything.

When she learned not only of Dave's romantic situation with Victoria but also his debt to the Mob, she got flush with the power that this gave her. When her Aunt also accidentally spilled the beans about her interesting sexual dynamic with Dave, and his lack of release, Daniela's pussy instantly got wet. Thinking about that poor impossibly sexy boy servicing her beautiful aunt each night and then having all of that hot cum locked away in those beautiful balls made her head swoon but also gave her wicked wicked ideas. Now armed with these revelations the constant erotic assault on Dave only got more severe.

The day everything changed was just a regular Monday, nothing special to denote it being different from any other Monday on the calendar. Victoria was out of the apartment early that day and would not be back until late so Dave and Daniela had the whole apartment to themselves, the maid having taken the day off.

Daniela had been working out on the treadmill for a few hours and now was incredibly hot, sweaty and quite fatigued, especially her feet. She, like her Aunt, kept her body very fit and would spend hours in the home gym. This was a daily routine but today she had been especially vigorous. She tried when possible to use the treadmill when Dave was using the weights, so as to have a show to go along with her run, but he was not up yet and she had to run alone. Smiling to herself she thought about the pitiful begging sounds she heard him make through the wall the night before after having serviced Victoria for hours he was once again left high and dry. Victoria was NOT a quiet lover, so her niece learned quite a bit about her Aunt's sexual proclivities just by leaving the TV on mute. Thinking about his hot body slaving away between Victoria's gorgeous thighs had her own dripping, and this time it was not just sweat.

Stepping off of the treadmill her feet burned as her shoes must have been tied too tight, or perhaps she had run too long that day. Taking them off, she padded into the living room to watch some TV before hitting the shower and smiled when she saw Dave already sitting on the couch. She had not heard him get up and seeing him wearing only his loose fitting gym shorts, and nothing else, she wished she

had waited on running as it was obvious he was about to start lifting weights.

Walking into the living room she plopped down on the couch next to him, and playfully placed her bare sweaty feet squarely in his lap. Feeling his cock stir through his thin shorts and seeing his obvious discomfort a smile wrinkled on her lips. She knew he was aching especially badly today, as she had heard her Aunt's cries of ecstasy through the walls the night before for hours, and seeing him half naked on the couch, and feeling his erection under her foot, she decided today was the day to make her big move.

"Good morning sexy boy!" she joked as she wiggled her toes in his lap.

"Morning" Dave curtly responded, trying hard not to get too aroused by her. She had been teasing him for weeks and he was having a hard time resisting and knew it was a losing battle if he engaged for too long with her. With the constant ache in his balls and her cute little ass always hanging out under her tight little skirts he was constantly on edge. With her in the house now, he had not been able to release his seed for weeks as he was NEVER alone so he was very worked up.

Rubbing her foot over his tight stomach, she looked into his face and asked.

"So Dave, how about a little foot rub today? Auntie says you are a master and my feet are killing me from my workout."

Dave started to sweat a little as he realized not only was he going to do it, but this temptation was getting out of hand. Grinning, he agreed as he certainly did not want this tempting little Minx giving him a bad report back to her favorite Aunt but he knew he was entering a dangerous territory now. Lifting her foot up from his stomach, he laid it into his lap and began to lightly caress her silky soles in his palms.

As his magic fingers stroked and rubbed her foot, she moaned and writhed dramatically, both out of legitimate pleasure at his massage, but also because she knew this was turning Dave on tremendously. Victoria had mentioned his enormous skill in this area and she had

not oversold his talents, he was a master. With her free foot laid in his lap she monitored his penile reactions and as he worked on the other foot it was quite apparent that he was thoroughly enjoying the foot rub as much as she was. Now that he was fully erect and throbbing she knew he wanted her badly and this knowledge made her grow hotter and hotter. Feigning innocent ignorance she occasionally would shift her foot so that her toes brushed the tip of his cock through his pants. Feeling the twitch in his crotch she also felt her panties moisten and her nipples stiffen.

She got bolder now, and as he kept massaging her feet she began to spread her legs. Seeing him peeking up her shirt and feeling his throbbing cock straining to burst out of his gym shorts she knew she could have him any time she wished now she just had to bait the trap right.

Showing him her panties under her long T-Shirt and seeing his eyes staring she spoke.

“So? See anything you like?” she teased as the rumblings under her foot told her he did.

He just winked back but tried to remain cool. He knew he was in very dangerous territory here and tried hard to force down his erection which now was completely out of hand. Continuing to rub her toes, he hoped this was all just a game as he either needed her to stop soon or finish him off. He certainly did not want to jeopardize his situation by fucking Victoria’s gorgeous niece, but he knew if he had to endure much more of this it was going to be impossible to resist. As she began to speak again as he worked on her feet he knew his will was crumbling.

“You know Dave, I know all about you and my Aunt. She speaks very highly of ALL of your skills.” Now tickling his balls with her toes through his tightening shorts she added. “Such a shame she doesn’t know how these need emptying once in a while.”

Wincing he tried to adjust to hide his now out of control hard-on. Despite knowing she was putting him into an impossible trap and was either trying to seduce him (and get him thrown out) or just tease him (and thus drive him more crazy) he kept still. Part of him

knew he should leave but the lower part of him definitely wanted to stay. Caught in her web of seduction, and his mouth already drooling he was frozen to the couch.

Now he shuddered and twitched at her actions and shifted his position on the couch to get away from her toes but it was no use. She easily wiggled them back into his crotch and found his suffering package again. Throughout this scene he never once let up massaging her foot.

He was not a fool and he suspected that Daniela was a cocktease as she had all of the telltale signs, but knowing this did not help him resist. With her SUPER hot body, aggressive manner she definitely seemed to get off on seeing him suffer, but despite this he was already thinking of how he could have his way with her and not screw things up with Victoria. It would be impossible but his libido was too strong not to focus on it.

“You know I have been working hard on my portfolio and you are the star.”

“Y-Y-Yes” Dave stammered, surprisingly and uncharacteristically unsmooth, he coughed to clear his throat.

“Would you like to see my private project, one only meant for me?” She asked, her foot once again stroking his shaft between the fabric of his shorts. “I have been working on it day and night and I think it is most lifelike, but I may have to get one more comparison to see if I got everything just right.” She spoke, her voice trailing into a giggle.

Grinning back he crooked his eyebrow wondering what she was up to. It was obvious Daniela had some master plan at work and he also knew he was part of it, but it seemed more than just sex. Hell, if it was JUST about sex could she would have just come out with it and they would be fucking on the floor right now. No, she had something else planned, and like a moth driven to fly towards the flame, he was powerless to resist.

Leaping off of the couch, she disappeared into her room for a few minutes before returning with a velvet bag.

“This is definitely my best work yet, and when I showed it to Aunt Victoria, she definitely approved. I may have to make her one for Christmas. Are you ready to see it?”

Dave nodded, his curiosity now piqued. As she slowly pulled the velvet bag off of her work, he gasped. There in her hand was an exact replica of his cock and balls. Looking at it across the room, he had to admit she was pretty accurate as every vein and curve was realistic and he blushed as he realized that obviously his numerous erections when posing naked had been the model.

Lifting it up into the air she grinned. “So, do you like it?” she purred as she then lowered it to her mouth and began running her tongue in a swirl over the head.

Watching this, Dave emitted a tiny moan as seeing his disembodied penis doppelganger in her lips had him at full mast. This was beyond hot, and now it was obvious they were going to give in to temptation. The gun was loaded, the bullets were in the chamber, the finger was on the trigger, all that had to be done was for someone to squeeze.

“Now, I don’t think it is fair to you that I have something of yours to keep, and you don’t have something of mine.” She said giggling. Wriggling her hips she slowly lowered her tiny black panties to the floor and tossed them over onto his face. As they hit his forehead, the scent of freshly aroused pussy shot an arrow into Dave’s brain and he snapped as the trigger was squeezed.

That was all it took. Saying nothing, he dropped to his knees and instantly threw her onto the couch, lifting her legs into the air he slavishly began worshipping her womanhood like a wildman.

Feeling his hot talented tongue slithering up and down her slit, Daniela moaned, smiling even wider as she knew he was now going to be HER boytoy.

“GOD he IS good!” she thought to herself as the orgasms just poured out of her under the skillful work of Dave’s tongue. In a crazed fury he ripped her shirt off and tossed it to the ground, diving after her erect nipple in a lusty haze. She was naked now, and pushing him back with her foot she instructed Dave to lose his clothes.

Like a madman, shaking with desire, he stripped, his gym shorts and jock, both now flying into the air. Sitting on the couch, she cooed as she ran her feet all over his body, watching him throb and twitch as he was obviously the most aroused man she had ever seen. When she grabbed his cock and led him back to her bedroom, he looked like a drunken man, his eyes glazed and gait unsteady.

Led by his manhood into her bedroom, he knew it was wrong, and he was taking a huge risk, but he was too horny to think straight anymore. Months of denial from Victoria and weeks of teasing from Daniela had broken down any possible resistance he could put up. He was all ID now, his brain on complete automatic pilot.

Continuing to guide him she laid him down on the center of her bed and stood back and admired the gorgeous presentation of male flesh displayed before her. Her pussy was storming as she guided her eyes over him, every inch of his body whipped up into an erotic frenzy. More exciting to her was this frenzy was completely directed at her.

Stepping over to her nightstand she opened the drawer and pulled out four handcuffs and dangled them over his face. Dave winked as this was definite confirmation of his first impression, she was going to be a wild fuck! When she cuffed his ankles to the bedpost, Dave looked slightly alarmed, but as she crawled up on his stomach, enjoying the feel of his fat cock smacking helplessly on the back of her ass, and whispered in his ear, he melted.

“I am a kinky girl Dave, so prepare to fly your freak flag high and let’s get those luscious balls of yours thoroughly emptied!!!”

Dave’s eyes rolled back in his head and he loudly moaned as whatever concern he had about being tied up evaporated. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feel of her hot, tight curvy body crawling over his while chained helplessly to the bed. As she checked each cuff and realizing he was truly helpless and under her total control she began laughing. This alarmed him and his eyes popped open.”

“Dave Dave Dave, you are such a beautiful but dumb boy.” She said while running her hands over his nipples as she straddled his stomach. “You really are quite fucked now!”

His eyes growing larger, instantly Dave started to struggle against the handcuffs but it was no use, they were closed tight. His struggles only amused Daniela, and she writhed on his stomach as he bucked and shook trying to escape. Running her hand up to his mouth, she closed it before he could speak.

“Now, It is true that I want you and your beautiful body just as much as you want mine, but not in the way you probably like. You see, my aunt and I are alike in many ways but there is one huge difference between us.” Running her hands through his thick wavy hair she bent down close to his face as she talked. Kissing the end of his nose, she smiled. “She is a cocktease by accident, whereas I am quite intentionally one. Now that you are tied up naked, I am sure you understand your predicament.”

Jumping off of the bed she whipped out her cellphone and pointed it at her new possession. “Say CHEESE!”

She took quite a few incriminating photos with her I-Phone for evidence as he lay there and the panicked look on his face was immortalized digitally as the flash dilated his pupils, she only got her wetter. As she took picture after picture of him bound and helpless, Dave knew there would be no way to explain his predicament to Victoria. All he could do now was wait to see what she was going to do next. Now pacing like a panther at the end of the bed, and fingering his cuffs, she spoke.

“I am sure sweet old Aunt Victoria might take quite a dim view of her handsome boytoy fucking her little niece. Since I am sure you want to keep this private, things are going to be different around here now.” Wanting to yell for help or curse his new captor, Dave held his tongue. He was not stupid and knew he was caught so he lay very still and listened to her words. As she spoke, despite his situation and growing anger, he grew only harder.

“You will continue to service Victoria every night, and then after she leaves in the morning, you will strip and serve me all day. You are going to be quite a busy busy boy from now on. It truly is a good thing you are in excellent shape.” She cooed as she crawled to the foot board and began stroking his quivering testicles with her toes.

Dave couldn't believe his predicament as he just stared blankly into space. This was a nightmare and he knew he was completely, totally and hopelessly trapped. Faced with being teased night and day, it was going to be a very hard hard time and he knew it. As Daniela crawled up between his legs and ran her hot tongue up and around the head of his cock, he visibly twitched and moaned, the joy of the sensation dampened by what she said afterwards.

"Mmmmmm, such a tasty cock Dave. I am going to love tormenting and teasing it all summer." Twisting her face into a little pout, in a mocking tone she said "Poor little baby, I doubt you get to shoot off again until winter."

Daniela purred as she surveyed Dave splayed out before him. He looked absolutely delicious all naked, bound and helpless, and as she continued to run her feet up and down his inner thighs she kept getting hotter and hotter. This gorgeous man was all hers, a total plaything, forced to do whatever she wanted for as long as she wanted whenever she wanted.

"It was so easy" she thought to herself as she considered how she trapped him. Now completely helpless to do anything to stop her, and also caught in a situation he could not get out of, he was going to be at her mercy all summer. If she played her cards right, she thought, his servitude might even be extended well beyond that.

As she sat back down at the end of the bed between Dave's legs, she continued to slowly stroke his balls with her bare foot. Seeing his cock grow harder with every stroke she grinned.

"Ooooh, I see you like that! I knew you were a foot freak from day one. I am sure this knowledge will come in quite handy over the next few months" she hissed as her toes teased and prodded every inch of his aching ball sack. Dave said nothing but whimpered silently. He was trapped and he knew it so he wanted to be as quiet as possible and white knuckle his way through. This hot young girl had successfully seduced him and now had him right where she wanted so there really was nothing he could do about it but follow her lead.

"You know what I am going to do Dave?" she asked as she continued to tease his cock with her feet. "Every morning after Aunt

Victoria goes out, you will strip naked and prepare breakfast for me. I always sleep late so it will be nice for me to have breakfast in bed. You will come into my room on your knees and kiss my feet to wake me. If I am feeling randy that morning, you will be invited to worship my pussy, if not, you will resume your duties which will include feeding me.” Making Dave even hotter, as she stroked his cock with her toes, she pulled out her statue of his penis and began running her fingers up and down his plaster manhood.

Continuing she said “After breakfast, you will bathe me, every inch of my body.” Stifling a giggle she continued. “ I can’t wait to see your poor helpless cock straining for relief as your strong hands tease and stroke my curves with the soapy sponge. I am sure I may give you a little attention, it is such a beautiful cock after all, but of course these (she tapped his balls for emphasis) will have to stay nice and full”

Dave groaned and continued to throb as she both verbally and physically teased him. This was both terrible and exciting, and knowing he was to be this girl’s plaything but also would stay denied release made him even more desperate to shoot.

Daniela continued explaining the new world he was going to live in. “You don’t know this, but I already have talked to Aunt Victoria about living here permanently while I am in Grad school. I could learn a lot from her, and offered to be her personal assistant; taking care of her business affairs, managing the apartment, things like that. And guess what, she accepted.”

Hearing this he moaned again. As she spoke, her toes never stopped their continuous assault on his shaft and he could feel the relentless surge of his sperm beginning their ascent up his cock. HE was panting now as she playfully flipped his penis back and forth between her silky toes.

“Now as the manager of the apartment, you will be earning your “allowance” from me! And boy are you going to earn it. First thing I am going to do is stop the maid service and keep that money myself. You will be the maid now, cleaning the house each day, scrubbing, waxing, vacuuming, all NUDE of course.” she continued. “And as far as your payments to those guys from New Jersey, I will handle that.

In fact I started already as they came by yesterday while you were out. I told them that they would deal only with ME now as you were indisposed.”

Dave was really sweating now. He owed the mob a lot of money, and the allowance he received from Victoria was his only method of paying it back. Now that this was being taken over by Daniela, she literally had his life in her hands.

Sensing his concerns, she continued. “So my dear slave boy, it seems like your ass is quite literally mine now. I control your money and because of your debts, possibly your life.” Standing on the bed over his head, she lifted her foot to his mouth and ordered him to kiss it. “Now, show your devotion to your new Mistress, and kiss my feet. If you treat me well, these feet might treat you well too. If you fail me, these feet may be quite severe.”

Dave closed his eyes and eagerly kissed her delicious toes, knowing he was fucked and hoping for release he focused only on her. She was truly the woman who controlled everything now. He did think to himself he just needed to play it cool for a little while. Once the debt was paid off, this charade would end and he would be out of there in five seconds and back to being with women who WANTED him to cum. Until then he just had to cooperate and endure.

For the next hour he pulled every trick out of his arsenal as he worshipped her sweet pussy on his face. Part of him obviously loved this as Daniela was beautiful and tasted fantastic, and if only he had hope of release it would be perfect. Her whole body spasming in the afterglow of a orgasm, she slid off of his face and snuggled up next to his heaving chest, the smell of her womanly essence all over his face.

“You really are quite good at that!” she purred as her hand lazily played with his chest hair.

Rattling his chains, he begged for her to uncuff him. “Daniela please let me go. I REALLY have to pee, and unless you want a big mess you will uncuff me NOW!”

Smiling she knelt down to the end of the bed and unlocked his ankles. As she kissed her way up his body, enjoying the surging

feeling of desperation exuding from every pore of his skin, she paused over his big full throbbing balls.

Cupping them in her hands she reached into her drawer and took out a tape measure. Wrapping them around both, she wrote down the number and kissed each testicle with her full wet lips before licking her way back up his chest.

Uncuffing his wrists she winked as she looked down into his eyes.

“No problem Dave, but know that you have been measured now. I don’t trust you not to run off into the bathroom and wank your meat like a horny little teenager into the toilet so I had to take this precaution. Now, I will be measuring you every day now. If these get any smaller, well, let’s just say your allowance will be withheld that week for a penalty. On the other hand, IF and when I do let these babies fire off, wouldn’t you like it to be in my hot wet pussy or between my warm soft lips and not in your own hand?”

Saying nothing, Dave stoically stared at the ceiling as he felt her deliciously hard nipple brush against his chest as she released him. She was smart, very smart and had accurately predicted exactly what he had planned to do. Now knowing that even that pitiful avenue of relief was closed off, as he really needed the money and could not afford any delays, he sighed. Now free, he sadly padded off to the bathroom to relieve his bladder, but not his balls.

Over the next several months it was pure sexual torment every day. He was very busy as Daniela predicted, and it would have been like a wet dream if only he were allowed to cum. Day after day he felt his seed building and growing in his balls and he thought he would lose his mind if he did not shoot soon. He was now caught in a total self feeding arousal loop. The more he needed to cum, the hornier everything made him. The hornier he got, the more he fantasized about releasing his seed. To Daniela’s delight, his balls only kept getting fuller as she measured them each day and she knew that as he grew more desperate he became even more willing to do whatever she said to please her.

Dave continued to orally service Victoria each night and because of the new condition of daily measurements, he stopped begging for

her to take care of his manly needs. Every morning after she left he stripped as commanded and woke his beautiful tormentress with light kisses to her soles as she liked. His cock, constantly denied and perpetually teased, visibly drooled pre-cum constantly now as he hoped against hope that she would take mercy and get him off but sadly never did.

Most mornings started with his face in between Daniela's sweet thighs, licking and sucking her to multiple orgasms before carrying her to the bathroom to bathe her. The rest of the day either was filled with him cleaning and scrubbing the apartment nude (which amused Daniela to no end) or if she was in the mood, her tying him up and teasing him unmercifully until he nearly wept in frustration.

She was a true pure cocktease and after a vigorous edging session with him bound and helpless, laughing each time he shuddered in frustration, she would place her gorgeous ass on his face and ride it to a few more creamy toe curlers before she uncuffed him. Afterwards they would shower together before Victoria got home.

This routine ensured that he was only dressed for about 3 hours a day, as even his workout routines now were being done in the nude (Daniela convincing her Aunt that nudity increased calorie burn), but each afternoon he grew hopeful since once Victoria came home he knew he would get at least some temporary rest during the evening. Sadly for him, even this brief pause in his perpetual nakedness and constant teasing came to an end.

Sitting on the couch watching TV one night, Daniela looked over at him and then back at her aunt who was enjoying one of his expertly executed foot massages.

"Say Victoria, I have a favor to ask." Daniela asked innocently.

Both Victoria and Dave looked up, Victoria in curiosity and Dave in fear as she spoke.

"When classes start in a few months, I am going to have to present my portfolio. Now I have quite a few studies I have done of Dave here, but I want something bigger, more grandiose, more fitting of the niece of the famous artist 'Victoria de Simone'." Daniela was many things, and knew how to get exactly what she wanted through

flattery. Knowing just the exact phrase to use to stroke her Aunt's ego, Victoria was putty in her hands.

Intrigued Victoria listened, cooing as Dave suddenly began rubbing the soles of her feet faster as Daniela spoke.

"I want to do a full bronze casting in the old world style. Something with a mythological theme, like the old masters did. I have no doubt that if I present THAT as part of my portfolio I will definitely be accepted."

Victoria grinned and beamed in pride at her niece. Obviously she too had a love of art that matched her own and the scope of what she was talking about was truly ambitious.

"That sounds fantastic honey, absolutely fantastic!" Victoria said. Turning to Dave who was on the other side of the couch with her feet in his lap she asked. "What do you think Dave, doesn't that sound like a truly grand project."

Dave nodded but did not smile. He knew that his destruction was being planned here, but did not know how yet. That mystery would be cleared up in the next five minutes.

Grinning and clapping Daniela spoke. "Oh I so happy you approve! I was worried you would think it silly. Now..." Blushing as she paused she looked down. "...I am afraid my vision might be a bit expensive, and I hope Dave agrees to be the model, as it may be challenging."

"Don't worry about money girl!" Victoria laughed. "I am intrigued and pleased to see how enthused you are, so money is no object. And as for Dave, well, he is always so helpful to me, I am sure he will be to you as well." Turning to Dave, she asked. "You don't mind helping my niece out with her project do you?"

Blushing, Dave shook his head no, feeling the noose slowly close around his neck as he sighed in defeat.

"So Dear, what mythological theme are you thinking about?" Victoria asked.

With her face beaming, and a devilish twinkle in her eye Daniela spoke. "Prometheus Bound!"

Now things got much worse for Dave over the ensuing weeks. Victoria LOVED the idea and as she had promised, money was no object. In the art studio in her apartment she had a boulder brought in from upstate New York at great expense and installed with manacles on the top and bottom per her niece's instructions. Daniela said that realism is what she was going for, and her poor rich and very naïve Aunt eagerly agreed, adding every feature she asked for. Intrigued by Daniela's artistic vision, Victoria got swept up in the project herself and even decided to make her own study of Dave as Prometheus alongside hers.

Once the installation of the boulder and manacles were made, Dave soon found himself bound spread-eagle and completely nude, to an eight hundred pound rock inside a penthouse apartment in downtown New York. He had to almost laugh at his situation as he never could have imagined this particular scenario, it being so incredibly bizarre as to almost reach comic status. Now that he was part of an "art" project, he got almost no rest as his brief evening and weekend breaks were now spent with him chained and studied by both Victoria and Daniela.

Victoria made sure that he was comfortable in his perch on the boulder, but the manacles were real and once locked in, he was completely at their mercy. The sessions would sometimes go on for hours, as both women feverishly sculpted and molded his likeness in clay. Despite the embarrassing exposure, he knew that at least with Victoria in the room, Daniela would somewhat behave and give his poor aching balls a rest. Once again he horribly underestimated her clever mind as he discovered to his horror one night.

"Say Victoria?" Daniela asked as they both sat at their work stations molding parts of Dave's body as he tried to relax on his boulder prison. "Is it my imagination, or do Dave's balls look bigger than usual today?" She knew they did but wanted to recruit her Aunt in her teasing campaign against Dave. Clueless as to her Nieces ulterior motives, Victoria looked up and squinted as she glanced at his testicles. Walking over to him she lifted them up into her hand and smiled. "You know, they do seem bigger today?"

Feeling his plums being manhandled Dave instantly started to get hard. Ironically, this was not a sexual act by Victoria but more of an artistic assessment and she thought no more about it than if she were rearranging a bowl of fruit for a watercolor. She was so focused on her sculpture, when she was in her “art zone” she no longer saw a person before her, but just an object. Seeing only a series of curves or lines, shades and texture, all waiting for her to reproduce in the warm clay in her hands, the fact that these lines were part of a person never entered her head. Knowing this about her, Daniela grinned as she glanced at Dave’s desperate pleading eyes staring at her as he was fondled by the black and silver haired beauty.

Feeling him get hard in her hand, Victoria pressed her fingers into an O and flicked the tip of his cock.

“OW!” he cried as the pain shot through his groin and his erection immediately went away.

“We are trying to work here!!!” Victoria glowered as she went back to her workstation, irritatedly shooting an icy glance at Daniela who was barely able to hold back her snickers.

This was the new pattern every night, and the ache that had been in Dave’s balls before now only got infinitely worse. Teased all day by Daniela, all night by Victoria and by both when together, by the end of August his balls were growing not only very large but quite blue.

As September approached, Dave did find at least find one time during the week when he could be left alone and that was when he watched football on television. Neither woman was a fan, so in general this was his “guy time”. Generally it wasn’t all day, just the occasional game, but Victoria certainly understood she needed to allow him some rest from the long hours of modeling so he could decompress. They had been working him hard for weeks since Daniela was not able to attend Grad School in the fall, as her portfolio was not finished, but was planning on reapplying for the Spring Semester so they needed the project finished soon.

Dave, for the first time in months grew optimistic and hopeful as the first blush of approaching autumn hit the air. Chained for hours on

the boulder was quite boring, and looking out the window he could just see the trees in Central Park starting to turn so he knew that his time of service was coming to an end. His debt was close to being paid off and in just a few weeks whatever hold this sexy minx had on him would be null and void. Part of him knew he would miss them both, as never had he ever been with two sexier women in his life, but his manly needs had to be met. The glaring constant drumbeat of persistent desperation radiating out of his testicles had other plans, and they did not include enduring one more second of this torment.

Once he was free and clear he was going to march into his bedroom, get dressed (for the first time in months) pack his shit and leave as fast as he could get out of the building. The only question in his mind was whether he could forestall jacking off before he was able to snag some hottie and deposit the world's largest load inside her. Things were finally starting to look up as the light was forming at the end of his long summer nightmare, and to make things even better, his favorite team the Jets were playing the hated Eagles on Sunday.

All week Daniela noticed a change in Dave and knew what he was thinking. This would be her last weekend together with him and despite her evil behavior, she really had fallen for him quite hard. Without a doubt he was the absolute sexiest man she had ever been with in her life and his handsome face and perfect body seemed to bring out some very dark passions in her personality. As it was Sunday, usually she and Victoria left Dave alone, but she grinned as she saw him sitting in his chair watching TV, so happy and oblivious. Today was going to be a big day for him.

Dave was totally oblivious and quite happy. This was the day of the big opening game of the NFL and to make it even more perfect his beloved Jets were playing the Eagles. Normally it would have been even more exciting as he would have placed a few bets, but even though he didn't have any money riding on the outcome, he was looking forward to it.

His current situation had caused him to successfully kick his gambling habit and his mouth salivated knowing that it was only a few more weeks and his debt would be paid and he could leave this crazy pussy prison.

Plopping down on the couch and cracking open a beer he grinned as he reached for the remote, ready to spend a mindless afternoon cheering on the Jets to victory. His stomach dropped when he heard Daniela and Victoria call him into the studio to model.

“Damn it, can’t I just watch ONE football game by myself” he grumbled under his breath as he strolled down the hall into the studio.

As he stripped and took his place on his perch, Daniela suggested to Victoria that they turn the game on for him since he was so interested in it. Dave was suspicious at her being so thoughtful, but was still glad to actually have something to do while he had to pose for hours on end. Turning on the large flatscreen on the wall Daniela came back over to him on the boulder and locked him in. As the last cuff was closed and locked his blood ran cold when she whispered in his ear.

“I hope your Jets win for your sake. Those guys came by yesterday for their last payment, and I said that you wanted to make a little bet on today’s game. Not too much, only 40K. They eagerly accepted and agreed to float you the loan, so your freedom really does ride on the result.”

Grinning, she winked and ran her hands down his now heaving chest before joining her aunt at the other end of the room. Winking she mouthed “Good Luck!”.

Dave was panicked. He was so close to being free. If he won, that would be great, but if he lost!!!! His servitude would continue, possibly for another year. His cock, so long denied and so ready for release started to get hard thinking about the possibility of being teased and denied for another year. He had not been able to think of anything but his release for the last 4 months, and now, right at the goal line, it was going to fumble and be intercepted. His mind raging he panted and sweated and his cock began to grow.

Chained and nude he had no way to cover himself, and his penis, seeming to understand what was at stake grew completely erect and began throbbing and twitching.

Daniela, seeing his reaction began to giggle. "Aunt Victoria, it seems that Dave is REALLY enjoying the game today! I may have to go get some ice to cool down."

Victoria looked very amused at his display as it was not uncommon for a nude model to get erect but this was different. In all her years of sculpting models she had never seen a reaction so strong and grinning she grabbed more materials to sculpt more Dave as the situation demanded.

"I hope we have enough clay to cover this new development." Victoria said as she winked at Daniela.

All through the game the women modeled his form as Dave desperately watched the game. As the play progressed and got more exciting he only got harder, and both women joked that perhaps they should start watching more sports as it was far more exciting with a hard-on to watch as a cheerleader. Now with one minute to go, he was transfixed on the screen as the Jets and Eagles were tied and there was only 1 minute to go. Seeing the final play begin, he saw that a man was open and he began to cheer as the quarterback threw a long pass. His heart sank as the Eagles intercepted and ran down the field to score the winning touchdown with only 15 seconds to go. Watching intensely, his cock throbbing and twitching as the clock ran out the the final buzzer was sounded.

The Jets had lost!

Victoria and Daniela were also transfixed, but not by the game. Neither had ever seen him harder and without anything touching his cock it bobbed and wiggled in the air like it was being stroked by invisible hands. Both women stood with mouths open and pussies growing wet as this most erotic scene played out. To the amazement of Victoria, Daniela and even Dave, the realization that he was now enslaved for another year was too much for him and his penis automatically reacted. His cock, untouched by his hands suddenly

lurched up at a high angle and shot rope after rope of hot boiling cum all over the floor. He had spontaneously ejaculated!

“HOLY FUCK!!!” Daniela screamed as this was the single hottest thing she had ever seen.

Victoria too was astonished, and quite aroused, but also annoyed. Being a complete clean nut, she laughed as she turned to Daniela and started to leave the room.

“Looks like SOMEONE made quite a mess! I will go get a towel so you go unlock Dave. I want HIM to clean that mess up!!!”

With his head hanging down Dave slumped in his chains, his chest heaving and his body shaking. Looking blankly at the puddle of his spooge on the floor, and feeling his ruined orgasm continuing to ooze out of his dick he sighed.

Walking over to him in triumph, the keys to his manacles in her right hand, Daniela bit her lip. Never was she hornier than she was now, and with her Aunt out of the room she could be more bold. Cupping his quivering balls with her right had and running her hands over his kissable abs with her other, she whispered into his ear.

“These are a lot smaller now, such a pity you wasted your one shot like that, especially after waiting so long. I was actually going to give you a blowjob tomorrow to celebrate your new status as our slave for the next year but now, I guess that will have to wait some more.”

Pausing as she saw him dribble out the last of his load onto the floor she smiled as she kissed his neck. “Who knows, since you love football so much, maybe you will get a big treat on Super Bowl Sunday!!”

Dave hung his head realizing he now belonged to her totally for another year.

The Security Guard

“You are making a BIG MISTAKE ASSHOLE!!!” Sheila screamed as John Davies, head of security of Garfinkel’s Department store dragged her back into the interrogation room.

“We will see about that? I know you are a shoplifter, and I will find the evidence, as I always do!” he snickered as he looked over his new prey. Again he had snagged a beauty and that was his specialty. Glancing down as she struggled in her cuffs, he could not help but leer at her nice perky tits, firm rounded butt and legs that wouldn’t stop.

“Totally delicious!” he thought to himself as he shoved her inside. Seeing their boss drag another suspiciously top heavy woman back to his office, the rest of his all female staff rolled their eyes as they had seen this particular show before.

“You have no idea who I am do you?” Sheila questioned belligerently her faux outrage rising as she knew she was caught but still fully expected to wriggle out of the trap.

“Nope!” John quipped “And furthermore, I do not care. I saw you pocket those earrings, and before the day is done you will fork them over”

Sheila rebelliously shook her head no just as John secretly wanted her to. He lived for these moments. Being a security guard in a high end retailer is not a good paying job even for the head of the department. The pay is lousy the work is dull but occasionally opportunities arise for some entertainment and this was just such an occasion.

He loved it when gorgeous young girls shoplifted in his store, he just loved it. It was a petty crime no doubt, and none of his “perps” ever ended up in prison but none ever repeated their crimes in Garfinkels. And beyond this effect to his delight they did all end up as stroke material for his vivid imagination as he relived the moments when he took them back to his office and administered a very thorough strip search on their nubile young bodies. Seeing Shelia come into the

store on the closed circuit monitor he hoped she was just such a girl as soon as he saw her enter the building.

Gorgeous and curvy, her snide manner had him instantly attracted and the second she walked in, he had all cameras trained on her every movement. Full wide hips, nice perfect round ass and tits that would bring bring tears to his eyes, as he saw her approach the jewelry counter he prayed she would steal something, anything really, just enough to offer him a pretext for his pervy sideline. Talking to the monitor as he focused in close, he was mentally egging her on as he saw her eyeing some earrings and the clerk was as usual clueless and had her back turned.

“Go on now babe, take it. You know you want it. You know they will look perfect with that new little black dress. Who will know?” he said as he grinned at the flickering black and white image on his screen. Seeing her snag the earrings in her palm, his cock already started to twitch as he knew that today was going to be a very enjoyable day.

Opening the door he quickly walked out onto the floor and straight to the jewelry counter. Grabbing her by the arm, he quickly cuffed her and began marching back to the interrogation room. Hearing her curses and threats only made him harder and now that she was in his office she really struggled. The arrogant ones were always was the best kind to trap as he lived to take down a fighter. As she spat and cursed, to his great delight he knew today would be especially fun as she was unusually feisty. Demanding that she produce the stolen earrings, Shelia only laughed in his face and screamed that he was delusional.

“OK” John said in a mock sigh “Have it your way.” Picking up his phone he called his assistant. “Sylvia, will you come in here please.”

Sylvia knew what that meant as she had seen this movie many times before. John was up to his old tricks again, and as usual, he needed a female witness to prevent from being sued. Sylvia and the other girls who worked for him hated his tactics, but all were afraid to complain since he was the darling of Mr. Stevens the store manager.

After Sylvia came in the room, John turned back to his prisoner and barked out his orders. “OK, STRIP!”

“What?!?” Sheila exclaimed half with fright and half with disbelief.

“You heard me, STRIP!!!! I will find those earrings one way or the other.” Sensing her hesitation, he picked up the phone again as he spoke. “If you refuse to cooperate we could always call the police and you can strip in jail.”

“No No, please don’t do that.” Sheila begged. “My father would kill me!”

“OK then, start shedding your clothes and I won’t call anyone. This can be a purely internal matter.” Putting the phone down, he crossed his arms and glared impatiently at her, motioning with his hands for her to get on with it.

Humiliated beyond belief Sheila slowly began peeling off her shoes, socks and T-shirt, revealing her ample, and now sweat soaked bosom to all in the room. Now down to her underwear she paused.

“I did say strip did I not Sylvia?” John asked his assistant mockingly as he winked. Turning back to Sheila he spoke in a matter of fact tone. “Once the earrings are discovered I will let you go, now STRIP, and I mean EVERYTHING.”

Sheila thought she might have been able to outsmart John by where she hid the earrings but now feared she might have seriously miscalculated. Surely he would not expose her TOTALLY STARKERS would he? This was unheard of for a department store cop. Even still, as she reluctantly reached back behind her back to unfasten her bra she vowed that once this was all over she would get her eventual revenge on this rent-a-cop no matter how long it would take.

Reluctantly, she unhooked her bra and let it drop to the floor as she shimmied out of her floral print panties and kicked them to the side. Now completely naked she shivered, both from the chill of the air-conditioning hitting her bare flesh but also out of fear and humiliation. She made sure to keep one hand over her pussy and her other arm over her breasts to maintain her modesty as best she could but it was not working. Despite her body shaking in fear, her face was

stoic, not betraying her emotion. Internally though she was seething. Her face was totally red now as all her charms were on display, but still her secret had still not been revealed so for a second she thought she might get away with it.

John was puzzled as he thought. "Where else could they be?" and for a second thought he might have played this trick once too often.

"You are going to get slapped with a lawsuit like you never heard of for this one Fucker!" Sheila said as her face glowered and she began to shake in rage.

Just as he was about to panic, thinking that finally he pushed his luck too far, the solution dawned on him. He knew he had seen her take the earrings so they must be on her somewhere. Looking into her face, he smiled as he licked his lips.

"OK then, one last test and then you can get dressed. Put your hands on your head, spread your legs, squat down and cough!" he ordered with smug satisfaction.

Her face turned white at this command. Not only would this be completely humiliating, her whole body totally exposed to his lecherous gaze, it would also reveal her rather unorthodox hiding spot. Knowing she was caught Sheila reluctantly parted her legs and slowly placed her hands on her head as she squatted down. Her face burned as she knew everything God had given her was not totally open to his full view.

John felt his cock thickening as her heavy breasts jiggled as she started to sink to the floor. Now with her hands on her head ALL of her body was open to his full long lingering lusty stare, and he savored every second of her glacial descent. Slowly running his eyes up her gorgeous legs, now spread obscenely to his gaze with her wide open pussy now gaping, he wallowed in the moment. It was times like these that made the long hours and lousy pay worth it.

Thinking how delicious her delightfully shaved snatch would taste if it were on his face right now he shifted his pants as they got tighter. The tension in the room, from his arousal and her humiliation, was thick and everything was as silent as a tomb as this ritual commenced. The silence was broken by the clinking sound of the

earrings falling onto the concrete floor and the metallic ring it made as it struck the ground and cut the heavy air like a knife. Licking his lips again, John bent over and retrieved his prize.

“Hmmm, a little moist but otherwise unharmed.” he chuckled as he licked the bauble clean. “I hope you have learned your lesson today young lady. I won’t press charges this time, but next time is a different story. Now get out of my store!”

“Oh I learned my lesson all right.” Sheila seethed ominously as she quickly covered up and began to get dressed.

At home in his small apartment for months afterward John relived the incident over and over in his mind as he feverishly jacked off.

“Yeah baby, yeah! Spread those big juicy lips for me babe!” he said to himself as he imagined shooting his fattie into Shelia’s full wet lips.

Several years went by more or less like any other years and although the memory of her dimmed, it never faded. He was able to strip search a few other hapless girls during that time, but none were quite as satisfying as Shelia had been. Despite the march of time, his memory never fully dimmed of that fateful June afternoon and he always scanned every female customer coming in to the store hoping she would return and try her stunt again. To his disappointment, she never did, and as it came up on the fourth anniversary of their meeting he spent a long wank session in his bed fantasizing about her outstanding tits once more.

Sleeping well, he whistled as he entered the department store the next morning, happy for another day and another potential catch. As he got to his office he saw a note on his desk from Mr. Stevens and opening it, he instantly felt nervous. Ominously it asked that the entire security team come into the conference room for a special announcement at 10 am.

John, Sylvia and the other girls working in security all waited nervously as Mr. Stevens entered the room. Retail is notoriously volatile and they all were convinced the store was being bought out

and they were all about to lose their jobs. Their fear turned to relief as they saw him enter with a smile on his face.

“I have good news to announce today,” Mr. Stevens began “My daughter has just completed her police training at the academy and this summer she wants to come and help her old Dad out in my business. I asked her what she wanted to do and she said she wanted to head up the security department as that most aligned with her major.’

Everyone sat silent at this announcement, especially John, but the other girls in security all were loving this potential change. Their pervy boss had been terrorizing them all for years and seeing him so publicly taken down a notch was very satisfying. Waiting for the murmurs to die down Mr. Stephens paused and continued his announcement.

“Now, I know John here has been doing a bang up job, but for the time being he and the rest of you will report to my daughter who is now vice- president in charge of loss prevention. She has some very interesting ideas, and as she is actually trained in Police Work, so I thought it appropriate and she will obviously have some new ideas to teach us all. Now, here I am yammering on and on, so I think the best thing to do is to introduce her to you.”

As the door swung open, everyone was shocked to see a gorgeous young woman walk through. Astonished that such a pretty and especially young girl would be taking over, the most astonished look was the one on John’s face. He actually became almost faint as he saw Sheila walk in the door. After a few more words of encouragement, Mr. Stevens turned the room over to his daughter and left her in charge.

The other girls were unaware of the events before, but Sylvia and of course John knew and both held their breath. Sylvia was sweating bullets, but John was shitting them. Clearing her throat she spoke to her new employees.

“Before I begin, I want you do know that I am not just the Bosses daughter, but I really am very interested in this subject. In fact, I have

majored in loss prevention and private security so I hope to impart some of my new methods to you all while I am here.” Everyone listened intently, definitely afraid of pissing off the boss's daughter and each wanting to make a good impression. “So, without any more delay, let's get started!”

“Now, before I begin, I want to say that the most important thing to do when catching a shoplifter is to be able to catch them with the goods. That way the loss is prevented, and hopefully the police do not have to be involved. To demonstrate my new methods of conducting a proper search I will need a volunteer to play the perp.”

No one said a word, but as John stared on in total disbelief he saw her point directly at him and speak. “Who better to teach us than the head of the department. John, please join me up here at the head of the class so we can demonstrate.”

Sylvia smiled with a relieved look on her face as the other girls fought back snickers. Reluctantly he walked to the head of the class, knowing his whole career was on the line. Once there though, he had second thoughts and was about to put an end to this charade, boss's daughter or not. John began to protest but as he opened his mouth Sheila quickly whispered into his ear.

“Boy, I got you just where I want you. And let me tell you, I am going to enjoy every fucking minute of this.” As she turned to the class, her voice returned to a normal tone.

“Now we learned in the academy that the best way to learn is by doing, so, I am going to give your former boss here a challenge.” Lifting her hand up into the air she showed a pair of fake diamond earrings dangling from her fingers. Turning to John she grinned. “Ok John, you are a shoplifter today and just snagged these delicious earrings. Go into your office and hide them on your person and then come back. It will be our job to find them.”

His mouth open in disbelief, he knew he had no choice but to go along. As the boss's daughter, and his new supervisor, she could destroy him in one second. Not only would he lose his job, but he probably would go to prison. Whatever game she was playing now,

he had no option but to go along. Opening his palm, she dropped them inside and winked as he walked to his office.

“Good luck!” she said, her voice barely able to not break into hysterical giggles. After five minute, a very nervous and chastened John re-entered the room.

“Ok Class, now what would you do in this situation? You know he stole the merchandise so there is no doubt of his guilt. What do you do?”

“Call the Police.”

“Threaten him with Jail.”

“Try to trick him into confessing.”

Answers of all sorts came from the class and Shelia just smirked, shaking her head. “No, you are all wrong. That is not how you handle this situation. THIS is!”

Turning to John who had just re-entered, she pressed her sharp finger hard into his chest as she stood mere millimeters from his face.

“OK Perp, Now STRIP!!”

A collective gasp went up from the crowd as her command was yelled. Nervously looking around at each other, they could not believe what they were hearing. Surely this was illegal, and definitely unethical. Grinning, they did all wish it would happen though as their pervy ex-boss certainly deserved this treatment. Despite being a creep he also was certainly hot enough to inspire some curious banter amongst themselves as to what lay beneath his polyester blend uniform. Thinking it a sick joke, the girls all started laughing.

“This is no joke!” she yelled, the group all instantly falling silent. “Is it John? He knows, he knows this is no joke.”

John said nothing but nodded. He definitely knew this was no joke, but he was completely still, hoping she was just trying to make a point. Her next words told him that his trouble had only just started.

“Yes, as John here will tell you, sometimes you have to scare the perps into confessing. And the best way to do that is to remove their

protection.”

Turning back to John she glowered as she yelled. “Now quit stalling and STRIP!”

As he slowly began unbuttoning his shirt the silence in the room was deafening, only the low annoying hum of the Fluorescent light being audible over the breathless crowd.

As his shirt draped over the chair and he kicked his shoes off, Shelia looked out into the audience and saw quite a few of the ladies enjoying the downfall of their boss. John knew not to fight and dutifully continued until he stood only in his white boxers.

“Now Girls, as you can see, the perps always try and preserve their modesty when in this situation.” Turning to John she added. “Don’t they John.”

He said nothing but just blankly stared forward. This was the most humiliating moment of his life and he was powerless to stop it. He prayed it was almost over, but as she spoke he knew it was not.

“Have we found the earrings yet ladies?”

A few giggles and snorts came from the crowd as they all yelled out “NO!”

“Well then, I think our Perp here is still hiding something.” Glaring at him, she screamed. “Lose the shorts Perp!”

His face blushing, he snaked them down his legs and kicked them to the side with his other clothes. Now naked, only his palms clasped firmly in front of him prevented his now fully erect cock from waving at his former employees and he could only hope it would stay that way.

Circling him as she inspected his body, Shelia kept her eyes firmly focused on his body. Despite hating him for all of these years, she had to admit he was hot and part of her was deeply aroused by the sight of his rippled ass only viewable by her at the moment. For so many nights she had planned out this very scene and now that it was here, her lips trembled as her next words left her mouth.

“OK Class, obviously this Perp knows how to hide his ill-gotten gains well. Given this situation, where most shoplifters would have either confessed or been discovered by now, there is only one more thing to do.”

Turning rapidly towards John, her mouth turned up in a malicious sneer as she yelled. “Hands on your head, squat and COUGH!”

His face now the color of eggplant, he slowly placed his hands on his head and winced as he heard the crowd gasp. Now that his penis was completely exposed all could see it at full mast, his foreskin having been peeled back as it reached full length. Grinning as she watched him squat, she reveled in this ultimate moment of victory. His cock throbbing and balls swinging as he lowered himself on his haunches, his cough shook loose the earring and it fell to the ground and made the same ring a similar piece of jewelry had made years earlier.

Transfixed by the incredible erotic scene before them, all of the other girls just stared open mouthed in total disbelief. There before them was their hot but creepy boss, stark naked and with a full hard-on squatting as his goods swayed before their eyes.

His head hanging in complete defeat, John began vibrating both in excitement and humiliation but now knew his ordeal was probably over. She had gotten her revenge and now stood up and began to reach for his boxers. As he felt Shelia reach over and grab his forearm and shake her head, he wondered what more she could do to him.

Gulping he saw her putting on her elbow high rubber gloves as a chill ran up his spine as the next words left her mouth.

“Now Class, the rest of today’s lesson will be on FULL BODY CAVITY SEARCHES. Don’t worry, everyone will get a chance to have their turn on John.”

Thank you for reading my book and I hope you enjoyed it. If you did, I also hope you review it!

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