

THE

C

F

N

M

PARTY

BY AVA PAULSON

The CFNM Party

Copyright © 2018 Ava Paulson
All rights reserved.

The Explanation

“Wait . . . what?” asked Ava, incredulous at what she was hearing. “What’s a CFNM party?” She had been renting a room in a house for only a few weeks and had become accustomed to how bonkers her two housemates were, but this was a bit beyond anything that had come before.

“Seriously. It stands for ‘clothed female naked male,’” replied her roommate Melanie, or “Mel,” as everyone called her. “We’ve done it once before and it is a crazy amount of fun,” she laughed. She used her straw to stir her tall, iced mocha coffee, and didn’t seem to be terribly concerned about the fact that they were within earshot of a few other patrons of the coffee shop, each of whom appeared to be preoccupied with enjoying a sunny Sunday afternoon in Los Angeles at the little tables set up outside of the café.

Her other roommate, Jenny, clarified, “It’s like a regular party, but all the guys are naked.” She reported this somewhat matter-of-factly as she poked her iced tea with a long straw.

“So, are there guys who will actually do this?” inquired Ava, curious but excited by what they were saying. She sat back in her chair and brushed a short wisp of brown hair away from her face.

“We have around a dozen guys lined up already,” Mel reported. “And we’ll probably end up with more than that.”

“And oh my God, you should hear about the requirements,” added Jenny, laughing, her large breasts jiggling in her white cotton T-shirt.

“What are the requirements?” asked Ava, thinking perhaps they had simply lost their minds.

The two housemates looked at each other, then burst out laughing again. Finally, Mel gained her composure and was able to speak.

“Well, to begin with, . . . seven inches,” now in a trying-to-be-serious tone of voice.

“Seven inches?” questioned Ava, slow to pick up on what they were talking about.

Mel lowered her voice, more for effect than any concern that anyone might overhear, and explained: “Penis. Length,” emphasizing

both words.

Mel and Jenny both laughed, then gave each other a look.

Ava had noticed that Mel, an adorable pixie of a girl, had the unusual habit of always referring to the male genitalia as a “penis,” and there seemed to be something intentionally diminutive about her use of the word. Mel had admitted to her one evening that she actually preferred men with smaller equipment, so Ava was a bit curious that the party she was planning seemed designed to favor men who were larger than average. While Ava found that she, herself, usually just used the word “dick”—and she was happy with one that was average or larger—she noticed that Jenny almost always used the word “cock,” and was primarily attracted to really well-hung men. Ava also noticed that when Jenny pronounced the word, she drew out the middle vowel, and the sound came from deep in her throat.

“And aside from their cocks, a few of them are absolutely gorgeous,” Jenny added. “The other ones aren’t too bad either, but the size requirement is nonnegotiable. We have been talking to guys over the past few weeks.”

“Ooh, this is crazy!” Ava blurted out, incredulously. “I mean, this sounds *dangerous*.”

Mel responded in a no-nonsense tone of voice, “OK, right, normally, I get what you mean, but this isn’t a “normal” situation. See, the whole point of this is that we have the guys at a disadvantage. Think of a regular party. You have a bunch of guys, fully dressed, and you know how guys are: they pretty much don’t give a fuck about what they look like. Sure, you have some guys who clean up real nice, and maybe they spend a minute longer making it look like they combed their hair, or putting on “the clean shirt,” but otherwise, they have this really casual feeling of being in control. Yeah, that’s how guys are, but it’s partly because they feel comfortable.”

“Imagine going to a party wearing a pair of sweatpants with your hair in a bun,” Jenny added.

Ava gave a telling smirk at the thought, nodding that she understood the point the two girls were making.

“So,” Mel continued, “Now think about the girls at the party. They dress up, right? They have their hair done, their makeup flawless, their tight little dress that, as Mama said, ‘puts your assets up front,’” she laughed, “and finally, that pair of stilettos they know will show their legs and butt to their advantage. All in all, the girls feel put on display, while the men are the audience. And *that*,” she emphasized, “is the dynamic. So we change it up. Believe me, when the boys walk in without one single thread covering them . . . and really, think about it: a guy gets to be pretty secretive about his penis. We girls can only do so much to hide our trouble spots, but men totally get away with hiding the size of their package. So when they walk in, and every woman in the room can see exactly what they have to offer, they get really, really compliant. They start to think about what they’ll have to do to please a girl when not only can everyone see what they’ve got going on, they also can see that there is a lot of competition.” Mel sat back, confident that she had made her point, then thought of the joke a moment too late: “*Stiff* competition,” she added.

In spite of the delayed punch line, Jenny laughed, her singsong laughter at odds with Ava’s look of concern.

“But how do you get the guys to agree to do this?” asked Ava. “I mean, as you said, boys are so used to being in control. How do you get them to agree to . . .” she trailed off.

“Show their cocks?” Jenny piped up, helpfully.

“Oh, that part isn’t hard,” Mel responded. “Sure, a lot of guys wouldn’t dare, but that’s generally for two reasons: One, they are too ‘masculine,’” she explained, air quoting, “by which I mean too scared to be seen as anything less than fully dominant, or two, they know that they don’t have anything to show. By which I mean, again, they are too scared. Basically, once we separate the frightened little boys from the men, which is easy to do, we have our guys. And then we have our party.” Mel paused a moment, then added, “Personally, I like a guy who is a bit too small, but we get him to show it off

anyway,” she declared with a sly smile. “You might find that at least one or two of the guys are a bit smaller than the ‘requirement.’”

Ava sat back, pondering all that Mel had said, and while she had to admit to herself that it was beginning to sound reasonable, she was still uncertain.

Mel picked up on this and so elaborated, “Look, the bottom line is that there are rules that are designed to make sure that everyone has as much fun as possible, and in a safe, female-positive environment. Seriously, any guy gets out of line, and he’s gone. And since all the other guys at the party don’t want anyone to mess it up for them, they not only follow the rules, but enforce them as well. For one, the ratio of males to females is designed to keep the men at a disadvantage, so that they feel outnumbered. This does a couple of things: it keeps the men in check, and it heightens the objectification as well.”

Jenny giggled.

Mel continued, “There will be no doubt that the girls are in control. The rules for the men at the party will be clearly spelled out to them, and they are all intended to make the night as fun as possible for the girls we invite. First and foremost, obviously, the men are to be naked for the entirety of the evening, from the moment they arrive until the end of the evening. They are to remain available to be viewed by any and all of the women in attendance. They are to allow any of the females to do anything they please, which includes initiating physical contact.”

“That’s the best part,” Jenny inserted, jubilantly. “The guys all have to agree that the girls have free reign to touch them. Or pinch, slap, squeeze . . .” she added, laughing.

“Yeah,” Mel continued, giving Jenny an amused look. “This really opens up the possibilities. And just like the double standard where the women are fully clothed and the men are fully *not*, the men are absolutely not allowed to initiate physical contact by touching the women. Which, if you think about it, is how a regular party should be in that regard. But there’s more: the boys are also required to perform as instructed. Any reasonable request from a female in

attendance should be treated with the respect it deserves, and failure to comply will cause the guy to be evicted from the party.”

“Wow,” mused Ava, now lost in thought. Then, in a lowered voice, added, “This is all kind of turning me on. I like the thought of, you know, doing whatever I want. But, what, um, . . .” she queried, unsure of how to ask, “I mean, OK, so you are telling me that there are guys who are willing to agree with all of this, but how do you find them?”

“Oh, word gets around,” Mel replied with a mysterious little wink. “And as far as qualifying them, I will explain it this way: One of the guys that we talked to, in his initial interview, asked, ‘Isn’t this all kind of unfair?’ To which we replied, yes, it is totally unfair. That’s the point.”

Jenny added, “As it turned out—” She then paused and turned to Mel. “You’re talking about Joe, right? Little Joe?”

“Yeah,” Mel replied with a laugh. “Little Joe.”

“Yeah, so Little Joe ended up failing to meet the size requirement, but really, he wouldn’t have gotten in because he seemed to be resistant to the concept from the beginning.”

“Now, on the other hand,” clarified Mel, “we don’t really want total exhibitionists, either. It’s best if the guys are a little bit nervous. We don’t want them there if they are going to be too cocky.”

“Cocky,” Jenny repeated with a giggle.

Ava looked at the two of them in wonderment as she contemplated all that she had heard. She couldn’t have foreseen all that would occur as a result of her roommates’ crazy idea, but for now, she was excited, and decided that she would be cautiously optimistic about the idea. At any rate, Mel and Jenny seemed to have it fully under control, and they gave Ava every impression that it was going to happen regardless, so she thought it best to just let it unfold as it would.

Ava

Ava had a no-nonsense, pragmatic approach to life. She wasn't particularly tall, and she had an hourglass figure, so she was at once petite *and* curvy. She had short, dark-brown hair, a mischievous twinkle in her hazel eyes, and a dazzling, winning smile. She was gracious, and overtly friendly, but she was not above being manipulative when it suited her purpose. She had a voyeuristic tendency, and objectification of the male body came naturally to her. She was the youngest in her family, and the only girl, so from a young age, she had been well aware of what boys looked like naked.

The first real-live naked boy Ava had ever seen, aside from her older brothers, was named Shane, and he was her boyfriend one summer. It was well past 11 p.m., closing in on midnight. But it was a weekend night — Saturday, to be precise — and since it was summertime, she didn't really have a curfew. Which is why, though she knew she shouldn't have been drinking, she wasn't worried; her parents would never find out. In fact, no one would ever find out what she did with Shane that night.

"Have you ever played poker?" Shane asked, innocently enough. He was absent-mindedly shuffling a pack of cards as they sat in the hayloft of the old barn on his parent's property. They lived in town and wouldn't come out to their farm this late at night, so they had the place to themselves. The loft had been converted into a living area, with a rug, an old sofa with a new blanket thrown over it, and some tables with candles, which the pair had lit for illumination. They were drinking vodka mixed with fruit punch from 7-11 Super Big Gulp cups. Ava noticed that the punch had turned Shane's lips red. She wanted to kiss him.

She peered at him, half suspicious, and lied, "Not really. You play with five cards, right?"

He smiled. *This will be easy*, he thought to himself.

"Yes, or we can play Texas Hold 'em, but maybe that's a bit too complicated."

Ava hid her smile. All the boys in her family had obsessively played poker all of her life, and had drilled the cards, numbers, and statistics into her brain. She was good with math and had begun to regularly beat them at the game they had taught her.

"What are the stakes?" she asked, trying to feign ignorance.

"Hmmm," he mused.

She could tell what he was up to, but as long as he was playing this game, she would play too.

"I don't know," he replied, with a drawn-out, almost comically contemplative tone to his voice.

She'd had enough of his silly play-acting, but didn't want to show her cards just yet. She waited, trying not to show her exasperation.

"Have you ever played *strip* poker?" he asked, his voice betraying a nervous edge.

She revealed a bit of a smile and turned her face away from him.

"No," she replied. "But if you think you can beat me, . . . I guess I could give it a shot. I think I have more items of clothing on, so at least that is a bit of an advantage."

Thirty minutes later, Ava wore a look of smug satisfaction on her face. She had removed both of her shoes, exposing her bare feet. He was wearing a pair of boxer briefs. And in her hand was a pair of aces.

She laid them on the table and studied the look on his face. He had played a pair of kings. He blushed with embarrassment, slowly looking up from the cards to see her smiling broadly at him. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Beginner's luck," she offered.

He shook his head in bewilderment, looking back at the cards on the table. Suddenly, he looked up at her.

"Two out of three?" he asked with hopeful desperation in his voice.

She laughed.

"I believe that the rules were quite clear," she gently admonished.

He seemed to resign himself to his fate and reached for the waistband of his boxers.

“Hold on. Stand up. I think I deserve to watch. I won, and now I believe you should acknowledge that I beat you fair and square.”

He blushed again, but acquiesced, getting to his feet, then pulling off his underwear.

She watched him in the flickering candlelight. He was nicely built, tanned, and shaved smooth. At first, she tried not to stare at his dick. But she liked looking at him.

At last, his voice broke the spell.

“What now?” he asked.

Ava wasn't prepared to lose her virginity that night, so she told him to masturbate while she watched. He was clearly nervous to do something so intimately revealing in front of her, but his desire won out, and he began, slowly at first, to pleasure himself. Watching him, Ava was fascinated. The control over him that his own desire afforded her was breathtaking. Her eyes traveled freely over the entirety of his body as she examined his every movement, and every expression on his face. Then Ava demanded something that surprised her.

“I want to see you put your middle finger in your ass.” She tried not to show that she was shocked to have been so forward, and was rewarded with the sight of him wordlessly complying with her suggestion. He put the middle finger of his free hand in his mouth first, lubricating it with saliva, then slid it up his ass. She felt a heady rush of power, a beautiful, dominant sensation as he did as he was told, fucking himself in the ass and stroking his cock. She was aware of a tingle in her own body as she watched his own pleasure arrive at its climax, and she felt a peculiarly strong satisfaction in watching him cum.

From that point forward, her dominant tendencies became more and more pronounced. She had developed a fascination, an obsession, with boys' butts. *They're just so fucking cute*, she often thought to herself, and something about them just begged to be grabbed, violated, and penetrated. Sometimes she wondered if perhaps she was a gay man in a woman's body, as she became

more and more preoccupied with the idea of acquiring a strap-on dildo and taking a man anally. And although she had gotten a few boyfriends to consent to her inserting a vibrator, she had yet to realize this fantasy of taking a man completely.

Ava was unaware that every single one of her fantasies would eventually be satisfied, though she had never thought of the idea that she might witness a house filled with naked men, all available for her to view.

James

James pulled into the parking lot, parked his car, and paused for a moment. He felt nervous. He looked at his hands on the steering wheel. They were trembling. He tried to shake it off, getting out of his car and walking into the café. He saw two women seated at a table and made his way over to them. He could feel them sizing him up as he approached.

James was tall, with a slender yet decidedly muscular build. He had brown hair and blue eyes, and never had too much trouble gaining the attention of the women to whom he was attracted. That is, until he met Ava. They worked at the same graphic design company, and something about her bewitched him. He was shocked by his reaction to her. He found himself almost entirely unable to speak in her presence, something that he had never encountered before. He was mesmerized by every movement she made, and yet was helpless to approach her.

And so James began—as creepy as he had to admit to himself that it was—to try and gather information about Ava. He felt as though he was performing the work of a detective in the employ of some lecherous old client, gathering tidbits of data about this woman. It was under this guise that he learned that she was going to be at a party on the following Saturday. He decided that he would do whatever it took to acquire an invite to the party, in the hopes that, free from the professional confines of work, and with the encouragement of a drink or two, he might at last be able to get Ava's attention for a moment. From there, he had to have faith that he would be as effortlessly charming as he usually found he could be, and therefore, have a chance with her.

Although James was able to glean that Ava would be at this particular party, and he even discovered the method of securing an invite (which was strange, he thought, as he had never had to undergo an interview to get into a party), there were two very

important things that he did not know. One, was that Ava herself was co-hosting the party with her two housemates. And two, that to be admitted to the party, he would be completely, and utterly naked. All that he did know, was that he absolutely had to get an invite.

James sat at the table in the café, greeted the two housemates, and the questions began.

“Have you ever been to a CFNM party before?” asked Mel.

“I... don’t know what that is,” he admitted, wondering if any of his answers would disqualify him.

They smiled, and Jenny made a note on the form that she had printed out before her.

“Basically, it’s a party, and the guys are,” Mel glanced at Jenny, trying not to laugh so as to appear quite serious, “completely naked.” Mel and Jenny were successful in their attempt to suppress giggles, and they secretly enjoyed James’ apparent nervousness.

“We need you to understand a few things,” Jenny clarified. “You will show the utmost respect for the women at the party at all times. No grabbing, no touching, no disrespectful comments.”

“On the other hand,” added Mel, “the ladies will pretty much have free reign.” The two girls did laugh at this point, seeing the worried look on James’ face.

Mel added, “We’re sure you’ll be fine.”

There was a pause, then Jenny looked at him and asked, “Are you circumcised?”

He shook his head, and swallowed hard, wondering what he had gotten himself into.

“No,” he responded.

Jenny made a note on the form, then asked “And what are your measurements?”

“Do you mean my . . . ”

“Your cock,” Jenny clarified, helpfully.

James looked down at the table, feeling his face grow warm. “It varies,” his voice lowering to a little above a whisper. “Six inches,” he said at last, nervously, “around. Nine inches in length.”

The two women glanced at each other, then Jenny made a note on the form.

They assessed his physical attractiveness, his build, and asked him personal questions regarding his physical, mental and his emotional fitness. They even gave him a brief psychological examination they had found on the internet, to avoid men who were mentally unbalanced, or dangerous. Only the most well-grounded, stable men would be considered, and they had to display a deference to women by being well-mannered, polite, and well-spoken. Finally, they asked questions regarding his sexual orientation. Only straight men were to be considered, however, they had to consent to interacting with other men. They would be putting their hands and mouths on the bodies of other men, and preference would be given to men who had never done anything like that before. James shifted nervously in his chair. He noted that, though it wasn't his own particular interest, he was aware of the prevalence of girl-on-girl action in straight porn, and so he could see where a female audience might appreciate seeing two straight men touch each other.

Jenny smiled, noting his response on the form, while Mel commented, "Oh, it will go a bit beyond that."

And so it was that James secured an invite to the party. Though he felt a surge of pride at having accomplished his goal, he now felt a peculiar sensation. His plan to put himself in from of Ava, in a venue that he thought might enable him to finally make a connection with her, had become an incredibly intimidating reality in which he would be entirely naked.

As he made his way out the door to his car, he turned and looked back, catching sight of Mel and Jenny, the two remarkable girls he had just met, still sitting at the café. They did not notice him, as they were preoccupied with another young man who had just walked up to their table. What have you gotten yourself into, he asked himself. He took a deep breath, and as he exhaled, he decided that the thing to do was to fully surrender to the experience.

Mel

Mel had an inexhaustible store of energy. Her brown eyes sparkled with intensity, always seeking the next thrill. She was slender, with small breasts, and narrow hips. She perpetually had a dark tan, which faded only slightly around her bikini area, owing to the fact that she usually sunbathed in the nude. She had long, straight, brown hair with natural streaks of gold, which were tossed about frenetically when she was in motion.

Mel loved men. She loved them big, and well-built, the bigger the better. At the same time, however, she had a preference for guys with a smaller-than-average penis. This was partly due to the fact that she was very petite, with narrow hips, and she found that even six inches felt too big for her, but it was also due to the fact that she took particular pleasure in humiliating men for being small. By far her favorite was a well-built guy who was over-compensating for having a small dick. She was never with any one man for very long. She was also very sadistic, but by her own estimation, it was in a playful way. From her point of view, she simply enjoyed herself. She loved to play with and torture boys, in fact that turned her on even more than fucking them. Almost. Really, she just loved a new boy-toy to play with, and yet another man to wrap around her finger.

It had always been this way. When Mel was very young, she felt a curiously beguiling fascination with trying to kick a boy between the legs. She had been chasing some of the neighborhood boys around one summer night, through the backyards, laughing at the thrill of the chase. At last, she cornered Mark Sutherland, the boy she had focused her intentions upon of late, between the tall fence, and the woodpile in his own backyard. He looked up at her, wild eyed and afraid, but excited. Mel laser-focused on that excitement. What was he thinking? she asked herself. She stalked him, taking her time now, as his eyes darted right and left, looking for an escape.

“It’s hopeless, Mark,” she taunted. “I’m too fast for you. You might as well give up, and give me what I want.”

“What... what is it, that you want?” he stuttered, knowing the answer.

“Spread your legs. And put your hands behind your head.”

Mark was trembling, scared, and she could see that he was simultaneously excited, and filled with dread. He hemmed and hawed, making pleading sounds, as Mel crossed her arms and eyed him with a look of superiority, gloating over his predicament. At last, he meekly complied, assuming the position she had prescribed. She laughed as he surrendered to her. She paused for a moment longer, making him suffer, before taking a step forward and in one, swift movement, slamming the toe of her Keds sneaker between his legs. She laughed as he fell to his knees, cupping his balls with his hands and crying out in pain.

When she was older, she made taking a kick in the balls a pre-condition of her first kiss. She loved it when the guy didn’t want to, but ultimately allowed her to do whatever she wanted because his desire for her outweighed his fear. Her dominant nature expressed itself so naturally, that she never questioned it. She never really wondered why she was the way that she was, and as long as she was enjoying herself, she didn’t particularly care.

The company Mel worked for was something like a dating service, pairing dominant women with carefully vetted men. She performed quality control on the selection of men available to the clients, which were primarily women who desired submissive men. She enjoyed this aspect of her job, which was to interview possible candidates for the database her company offered. And in addition to being a stable of men for Mel herself to choose from, it also provided the benefit that Mel was able to select quite a few of the men for the party from the database.

Jordan was just one example of the men she met in her line of work. On the afternoon that he arrived at her office, Mel could see

that Jordan was nervous. She noted as such on the form she had before her. He was standing in her office, the afternoon sun highlighting his blond hair and his blushing face as she nonchalantly instructed him to take off his clothes. She observed as he complied. She began taking notes on his physical appearance as he revealed himself to her.

When he had removed the last of his clothing, she had him stand at attention. She spent several minutes assessing his body, taking notes, before she continued questioning him. She asked him about his financial status, his interests, and what his intentions were in joining the other men available to the clients of her company. As he answered, in addition to noting his answers, she checked off “circumcised” and “shaved, completely” on the form. She directed him to stand on the scales she had against the wall of her office. She measured his height, (6 feet tall) and his weight (190 lbs.). She used a tailor’s measuring tape to measure his neck (17 inches) his arm length (34 inches) his waist (30 inches) and his inseam (35 inches). She instructed him to make himself hard, so as to take a measurement of his erect cock. His face blushed red, and she noted his embarrassment as he began to stroke his cock in front of her. She noted the time (15 seconds) for him to become fully erect, as well as which hand he used (right). She then measured the length of his cock (7 1/2 inches) and the circumference (5 1/4 inches). She returned to her desk chair, notating all of the information she had gathered. She then sat back and examined him standing before her desk. She made no effort to suppress a smile as she took in the sight of him standing before her. She momentarily toyed with the idea of taking him for herself. She could definitely see him getting on his hands and knees for her, however, unfortunately, his penis was far too big for her preference.

Mel picked up her camera and took a photo, informing him that he would have a bio on the company’s website, which would include some photographs. He swallowed hard, visibly intimidated by the fact that he was to be displayed fully naked for the benefit of the

clients. She then began a series of very personal questions about his sexual preferences. She asked him how often he masturbated (daily) and where (on his knees on the floor of his bedroom) and if he would consent to being whipped (yes). She then instructed him to bend over her desk, and then arch his back to raise his butt up in the air. He complied, and she took another photo of him in this position.

When Mel was satisfied with the information that she had gathered on Jordan, she allowed him to put his clothes back on. She smiled as she witnessed him trying to stuff his erection back into his clothing, which resulted in an obscene bulge in the front of his pants. Before he left, she slipped him a note, which had the time and location for the party listed upon it. She felt that she was confident in his inclusion, and so he didn't need an interview, but she also didn't ask him if he was available. She simply added, "Show up here. It's a CFNM party." She observed as he studied the note, his eyes wide with terror, which let her know that she didn't need to explain further. Jordan knew exactly what he was in for.

Preparation

The house was a California split-level home, with four bedrooms, three bathrooms, and a pool and a jacuzzi in the backyard. It was a lot to afford, but the girls felt that it was worth it. That afternoon, Mel was supervising two male college students whom she had hired to clean the house in preparation for the party. For her own amusement, she had obligated them each to wear what appeared to be something like a maid's apron. The aprons were made of a sheer, white cotton, and they were so small that the boys were barely covered in front, and completely exposed in the back. Aside from the aprons, they wore work boots, which they removed when they were inside. Mel thought it was fun to watch them walking around barefoot while dusting and vacuuming, but nothing surpassed seeing them on their hands and knees, with a bucket of soapy water, using hard-bristled brushes to clean the patio. She liked seeing how their balls were exposed when they were on their hands and knees as they scrubbed. As a result of their work, the flagstone surface of the patio was gleaming.

A delivery driver pulled up outside the front of the house, and began unloading cases onto a hand truck, and wheeling the deliveries up to the front door. When he was shown through the door to the back patio where everything was to be offloaded, he took note of the various men in the house in various stages of undress, but he retained a professional demeanor and focused on the task at hand. It was a sizable order, which consisted of 24 bottles of white wine, 24 of red, twelve bottles of top shelf vodka, four bottles of gin, six bottles of silver tequila, four bottles of whiskey (two bourbon and two rye), four bottles of white rum, two cases of Diet Coke, a case of Sprite, two cases of Rockstar, half of them diet, twelve bottles of club soda, another twelve of tonic, a half dozen bottles of sparkling water, three gallons of orange juice, two gallons of cranberry juice, one gallon each of pineapple and tomato juice, a large bag of lemons, a bag of limes, two jars of martini olives, a dozen oranges, a half dozen fresh

pineapples, a bunch of bananas, one watermelon, a pallet of strawberries, a half-rack of a Guatemalan passionfruit juice that Ava was partial to, four bottles of lemonade, and 150 pounds of ice that was placed in the deep freezer in the garage. In addition, he delivered four trays of fresh fruit, which consisted of melon, kiwi, mango, and red and white grapes, two large wheels of triple-cream brie, two trays of prosciutto, sliced thin, several wedges of bleu cheese and one of parmesan, a dozen sliced baguettes, a tray of caprese hors'd'oeuvres, two trays of sliced red peppers, baby carrots and snap peas, four containers of hummus, fresh guacamole, two bags each of crispy pita chips and tortilla chips, a pastrami sandwich from the deli for Jenny, and a dozen boxes of sparklers.

Jenny popped downstairs, and seeing that the grocery order had arrived, snapped up the white deli bag that held her pastrami. She caught sight of Mel, gazing at the boys performing their tasks.

"Aren't you getting ready yet?" she asked, incredulous. She was wearing a short, silk kimono, and her hair was tied up in a knot, and her makeup appeared half-done. Mel smirked at the sight of her.

"I don't take long to get ready," she replied. "Just some mascara and a little lipstick. And I'll throw on a dress. With nothing underneath," she said with a wink.

Jenny rolled her eyes and made an exasperated sound.

"God, I wish I could do that. I need a full face to be ready," while her hand made a circular motion around her head.

Mel laughed. "Yeah, well, I just don't give a fuck. Anyway, what's up, you need something?"

"A collar!" she cried out, relieved to have been reminded. "I suddenly realized I need my leather collar for Mathieu. I don't want one of these other girls to think they can make off with him," she scowled.

"You know he's going to get fondled anyway," Mel pointed out with an amused tone in her voice.

"Oh, I don't care about that, I just want everyone to know that he's mine. No one makes Mathieu cum but me," she stated with a tone of comic defiance. "Anyway, I need to find my collar for him."

“Look in the big basket in the living room,” Mel offered helpfully. “I had the boys collect up some of the toys and put them out for our guests. They may have been a bit too thorough in their search.”

Jenny yelled out a thank you over her shoulder as she made her way through the sliding glass door off the patio.

Jenny

Jenny had a curvy body, or what one might call voluptuous. She had wide hips, a generously proportioned butt, and enormous breasts. She was a natural blonde, and she wasn't overly serious about anything. She was pretty, in a way that other girls rarely found to be threatening, in part because she was genuinely friendly and kind. She loved cute boys, and she loved to play with them. She had a come-what-may attitude, which gave her a certain fearlessness. She approached everything as an adventure.

Due to her fun, light-hearted and adventurous attitude, she had found a summer job that she really loved. She worked for a website that employed her to find cute boys on the beach, or wherever, and dare them, challenge them even, to try on one of the tiny bikini bottoms that she had been provided with. She had boxes of them, dozens of tiny little bikinis that would barely cover even a modestly proportioned male. Her job was to get them to allow her to photograph them while wearing the ridiculously small garment.

She had no fear or trepidation, and she found it easy to pick out the right boys: cute, young, well-built ones with an exhibitionist streak. Ironically, the more well-hung they were, the more likely they were to accept the challenge of the tiny piece of fabric she offered them. She would photograph the look on their faces when she showed them the tiny garment, and she never grew tired of the look on a guy's face when he contemplated wearing something that small. Boys do love a challenge, but this was formidable. She could sometimes see their hands shaking as they took the tiny bikini from her. It was a G-string design with perhaps an inch-wide strip of fabric in the front. A woman would have a difficult time covering herself with it. For the boys, it was terrifying.

The website that she worked for had given her the use of a small conversion van that the boys could slip into and change. They would appear, minutes later, and she would start taking pictures. The boys

were almost more exposed than if they were naked. All of the young boys were shaved, so they looked good in the tiny garment, which did very little in the way of covering them. The boys would either be blushing with embarrassment, or looking confident, even defiant, in the face of the challenge to remain balanced and safely covered by the wisp of stretchy fabric. She always tried to get a photo of the cute little indentation caused by the rim of the head of their cocks. And of course, the material was practically see-through. A lot of the boys were so thick that they were visible on either side of the material. A lot of the boys would fall out. The pictures she took were worth more if they ended up naked, so she would encourage them to get hard. When they started to get an erection, she would take their photos in profile, as their cocks would pull the fabric away from their bodies, exposing them more. And once they started to get hard, it was only a matter of time before the material would give, and they would pop out, an event that she made sure to capture on film.

One of the aspects of the job that never ceased to amaze Jenny was that once she picked up her camera, her subjects were rendered almost powerless to refuse her suggestions. It was as though the camera itself underscored an authority to her position, and people naturally seemed to respect that. More than one boy ended up completely naked for her camera, in spite of the semi-public location they were in along the beach. She was always surprised by the ones who ended up totally naked. They tended to be the cutest, hottest boys who would end up stroking themselves for her camera. The website she worked for really loved her work, and as a result, she was very well-paid. And sometimes, if she got to know a model well, she ended up taking him home with her.

It was in this guise that she met Mathieu. He almost made her feel nervous, as he was remarkably good-looking, with an exquisitely proportioned body. She showed him the outfit he was to wear, and he accepted the challenge. When he appeared, wearing the tiny bit of fabric, she practically swooned. He was absolutely enormous, and it seemed a violation of the rules of physics that his gigantic cock

remained in place. It was certainly stretching the material to its maximum. And so she spent the next half-an-hour photographing him. She couldn't help but giggle as she watched his dick threaten to pop out. She had no idea how he kept covered at all, but it was fun watching him try.

At the end of the photo shoot, Jenny spent some time talking to Mathieu, and she let him know that not only was she really impressed with his performance during the photo shoot, but she would really like to have him come to over to her house that evening.

"Are you wanting to take some more photos?" he asked, trying not to sound as weary of posing as he was.

"No," she laughed. "I am tired of holding this thing, and I wouldn't mind looking at you without a camera lens between us."

Later that evening, Jenny was lying in bed with Mathieu, and she had her arms and legs entwined with his, and her head was lying upon his chest. She had been impressed with his physicality to begin with, but was even more so now that she had learned that he knew how to make her cum.

"Do you know what a CFNM party is?" she inquired coyly.

"That does seem to ring a bell. I recall that CFNM is an acronym for chicken-fried nachos and mariachi. And I am certain that I am correct about that."

"You are a fucking idiot, Mathieu," Jenny declared playfully. "And no, it is not whatever that thing is that you just said. It stands for clothed female, naked male. And it is fun as hell."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. I remember now. But I thought that was a fetish on the internet, and not a real thing."

"Well, it is totally a real thing, and my housemates and I are totally throwing a very real party next week. And I want you there."

"Naked?" Mathieu asked dubiously.

"I don't know, do you have a pussy, Mathieu?" She slid her hand down the front of his body until her hand came to rest at the base of his massive cock. "Nope, no pussy. So yeah, you will be naked." She began stroking him, in a deliberately lazy manner, as she revealed,

“There will be a little stage set up in the living room. With equipment this big, I want to see you get up on the stage and show it off.” She laughed, and added, “I just want to brag to my girlfriends.” Jenny noticed that he was beginning to grow hard in her hand. She kissed him as he put his arms around her and pulled her on top of him.

Mathieu

Mathieu, as it turned out, was perfect for Jenny. Growing up, he had always been quiet, and respectful, which made him come off as a bit of a wallflower. He didn't have a lot of experience with girls, and so when he finally had a girlfriend, things progressed slowly. Eventually, one night when they were alone, her hand ventured down the front of her pants, and she suddenly froze.

"Um, what is this, Mathieu?" she asked, sounding alarmed.

"I'm, uh, you know. I got turned on when we were kissing, and..."

She interrupted him.

"No, I mean seriously, how big is that thing in your pants?"

Mathieu swallowed nervously.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Um, I don't know. Okay." Not getting the response he was looking for, he wasn't entirely sure what to do, but she sat there staring at him, so he unbuttoned his pants, drew down the zipper, and pulled the extraordinary length of his cock out to show her.

"Oh, my God." She placed her hand across her mouth, her eyes wide in a combination of terror and disgust. Not only had she never seen a cock that big, she was unaware that they even existed. Mathieu felt awkward, and she made it apparent that she wasn't coming anywhere close to it, so he reluctantly attempted to shove it back into his pants. Things didn't improve much after that, and he never did have another date with her.

His second girlfriend reacted better, but that was partly due to the fact that he had given her some indication of what she could expect, so it was less of a surprise. He lost his virginity to her, and though he was as gentle as he could be, he could tell that it hurt her to have a cock that size inside of her, and she wasn't enthusiastic about having a reoccurrence of the event. Eventually, the relationship fell apart, and Mathieu was not optimistic about dating other girls. However, it would turn out that the rumor mill was slowly working in his favor.

And so it was that he met his first long-term girlfriend, Elizabeth, who had made the unlikely decision of going by the name of Betty. She was a full-figured rockabilly girl, and her problem was that she dated a number of guys, but she could barely feel them inside of her when they had sex. They ended up putting the blame on her for being “too big” rather than feel the shame of being “too small.” With Betty, Mathieu had the pleasure of satisfying his girlfriend without it being painful for her. After college, they ended up moving to opposite ends of the country, seemingly by coincidence, but perhaps there was something intentional to it. They’d had a tumultuous relationship, and they both ultimately decided it was for the best that they were separated from each other.

Mathieu had been single for a while when he encountered Jenny and her camera. When she challenged him to appear in public wearing next to nothing, there was something about her that he couldn’t resist. He was instantly attracted to her, and thought if nothing else, it would at least give her an idea of his size before he attempted to ask for her phone number. He hoped that she might be attracted to him. And so it was that he found himself standing before her, wearing a thin, white, practically see-through strip of fabric stretched to its limit across his cock. He smiled at the sight of her seeing him for the first time wearing the tiny garment. Her mouth practically fell open. He had no idea how much less he would soon be wearing.

The Party

Ava came downstairs and saw that her two housemates were dressed in their “Make the boys drool” outfits, as they called them. Mel wore a pair of open-toed high-heeled platform shoes, and a sleeveless silver cocktail dress. Her nipples appeared prominently beneath the thin material, making it obvious that she wore nothing underneath. Jenny had her most extravagant eye makeup on, and she wore high heeled shoes and a simple, black dress that fit tightly, and featured her extravagantly over-sized breasts spilling out over the top. Ava herself had decided upon a shimmery blue dress that showed her cleavage and her curves to their advantage.

It was early evening, and about half of the women had arrived, and none of the men. This was intentional, as the plan was for all of the women to be present when the first men arrived so as to heighten the intimidation factor. The first man to arrive would be treated to the experience of appearing alone before a large group of women. All eyes would be on him when he emerged from the changing room, fully naked and available for examination. While some of the women had been present at Mel and Jenny’s previous affair, and had some idea of what to expect, most of them had not. And so it was that everyone made for the bar which had been setup on the back patio. With cocktails in hand, they began to lose some of their nerves, and a camaraderie developed between the women. They were going to present a single front to the men, and take full advantage of the intimidation that would be visited upon each of them.

“Bottom line is, we enjoy ourselves,” offered a woman named Sofia, whose hair was swept up in an elegant manner and carried a long, black cigarette holder.

“*Bottom line* is, we enjoy grabbing their naked butts,” interjected a curvy redhead named Lily, to the laughter and appreciation of the group of women.

Ava stood at the edge of the patio, taking in the energy of the place. Looking around, she noticed one woman in particular, who stood out due to her remarkable appearance. Ava made her way over to talk to her, and noticed that in addition to the rather striking outfit she was wearing, she also appeared quite at ease, with an attitude of serenity about her. She wore black, high-heeled platform shoes, form-fitting black leather pants, which revealed her thick upper-thighs; wide, full hips; and a large, round posterior. She wore a black leather jacket, which was zipped up only half-way, to reveal a black satin bra supporting her massive breasts. Her hair was jet-black, and pulled back into a ponytail, in contrast to her pale, porcelain skin. Her eye makeup was dramatic, as was her bright red lipstick. She was playing with a short leather leash in her hand, with what appeared to be a small, chrome cock-ring attached to the end.

"Hi, I'm Ava."

"I'm Vista," replied the woman warmly. Her warm greeting was a surprise given her ferocious appearance, and even more of a surprise later, when she revealed how extraordinarily dominant she was.

"Many women are surprised to hear me say it," mused Vista, after they had sat and talked for a while. "But I don't ever put a cock in my mouth. I don't have anything against it, certainly, but I simply prefer not to. In fact," she explained further, "I rarely allow a man to cum in my presence. That being said, I absolutely adore, obsessively, and demand, continually, oral sex," she continued, with a wink and a big smile. "There is nothing that gets me off like having a man lick my pussy. Unless it is two men," she added, her warm, natural laugh coming again. "I've found that if you allow a man to lick you for as long as an hour, he pretty much becomes your slave after that. You can do anything you want to him. He will have an enormous respect for you." She smiled, wistfully, then apropos of nothing, inquired, "I love naked bondage photos, don't you?" She didn't wait for an answer, and instead, brought out her cell phone. "Take a look at this." She held out the device, which was displaying an image of a young man sitting on a hardwood floor, naked, wearing a spreader

bar on his ankles that kept his legs spread apart for the camera. He had a dreamy look in his eyes, and he was impressively hard. "Isn't that delightful?" she asked, and again, not waiting for an answer, she put the phone away and mused, "I love how humiliating it must be for them, knowing that they are naked whenever we want. It is as though I can revisit that moment and make them strip naked all over again, and return to position. I just love that!" Vista then pulled a package from her purse, and opened it, revealing a large, black butt plug. She displayed the object for Ava, with a triumphant look on her face. "Now, you may be thinking that this is just an ordinary butt plug, but there is something else." She then produced a small, plastic box with buttons on it. "It has a remote!" She pressed a button, and the butt plug began to vibrate. She operated a slider on the face of the remote, and the vibrations intensified in response. She laughed, as Ava observed her with bemusement. "I am intending to find a victim for this little device!" Ava laughed at her use of the word "little," since it was huge, and she almost felt bad for the guy Vista chose to be her "victim."

The mood was bright and cheery by the time all of the women had arrived. They had plenty of time to relax, have a drink, and calm their nerves. When the first man showed up at the door the party broke out in laughter and applause, practically scaring the poor guy away. He was led quickly to a room off the foyer, where Mel had positioned herself. She had made no secret of the fact that she took on this duty so that she might have first choice in selecting one of the men for herself that evening. Her job was to encourage him to take off his clothes, and deposit them in one of a number of large paper bags. She had a black marker, with which she would write the man's name on the bag, so that he might collect his clothing at the end of the evening.

Mel sympathized with him that he was the first male to arrive at the party, but assured him that others would soon follow. He was attractive, with a handsome face, short brown hair, and he was nicely built, circumcised, and well-hung. Mel openly stared as he undressed and placed his clothing in the bag she had provided.

After surveying his body, she offered, "Don't worry, honey. You're gorgeous. So you'll be fine."

"Thank you," he replied in earnest, feeling awkward as he stood before her, now completely exposed.

"You are Aaron, right?"

He paused for a moment, due to the fact that his name was Aaron Wright, which made the way she asked the question sound odd.

"Yes," he replied, blushing.

Mel wrote his name on the paper bag that held his clothes, then put it aside.

"You can pick up your clothes at the end of the night," she informed him, followed by an awkward pause. "Go ahead," Mel directed, pointing toward the door.

He took a moment to collect himself, then opened the door to enter the party.

When Aaron entered the party completely naked, the roar that went up was like New Year's Eve. Blushing furiously, he made a move to cover himself, but stopped, remembering the rule that none of the males were allowed to cover, or conceal themselves for the entirety of the evening. They were to remain fully on display to the benefit of the women present. A few flashes went off, as photography was allowed so long as everyone was careful not to include any of the females in attendance, as it could cause embarrassment if the pictures got out.

Aaron was escorted to the bar, to help soothe his nerves a little. A minute after he arrived, the second and third man showed up, to more cheers, and they were whisked away to the changing room. When they emerged, their physical differences were more apparent in contrast. The blond one was Jordan, one of the men that Mel had selected from work. He was a swimmer, so his lean, powerful body was completely shaved. He had a cute butt (that was sure to get pinched and spanked throughout the night) and a long, thick cock that arced slightly to the left. The dark-haired one was taller, thinner, and had very prominent nipples (that were certain to get bitten),

closely trimmed hair and a long, straight cock that was already semi-hard.

When male number four arrived, he appeared bookish and unassuming, the type of guy you wouldn't expect to see at such an event. But when he took off his glasses, he appeared quite handsome, and when he took off his clothes, he revealed a beautiful body, with an extraordinarily thick, ten-inch cock. He was about to have a most remarkable night, as most of the women at the party had never seen a cock that size before, and he would be the focus of a tremendous amount of fascination and curiosity.

The party was buzzing now, with each of the guys circulating, having been instructed to introduce themselves to each of the females. The women were entertaining themselves by getting to know each of the men in the most intimate ways. Some would sit back, observing, while others were so forward they would grab and squeeze any body part that caught their attention.

Ava wandered, slowly, content to be a voyeur for the moment. There was so much to see, that she felt she could watch for hours and still miss a lot of what was going on. When male number five appeared at the door, he practically went white. He was led to the changing room, and it took quite a bit of encouragement to calm his nerves. It was only when numbers six and seven arrived, and stripped down, that he felt that he could gather the courage to follow suit. Number six was Latin American, with thick, wavy black hair, coffee-colored skin, a slender build, and he was one of only two uncircumcised men that had been invited that evening. Number seven was pale-skinned, very tall, with blond hair, blue eyes, thin, with impressive abdominal muscles, and an eight-inch cock. The two men stripped, depositing their clothes in the bags given to them, and entered the party, at which point the nerve-rattled number five reluctantly undressed and followed. As it turned out, in addition to being one of the better-looking men at the party so far, his body was

magnificent. Mel shook her head in wonderment that he had been so nervous.

As the men were given a narrow window of time in which to appear, numbers eight, nine, ten and eleven showed up almost simultaneously, and the changing room was filled with men in various stages of undress. The eighth was a natural redhead, with an incredibly smooth body, and a cock that swung heavily as he walked. Nine was boyish in appearance, with a mop of dark hair, thick, long eyelashes, and the head of his long cock was the size and shape of a ripe plum. Number ten had midnight-dark skin, movie star looks, a gorgeous butt, and a remarkably thick cock. Eleven had mocha-colored skin, broad shoulders, a well-developed chest, and a long, low-hanging cock. As the twelfth male entered, two naked guys were just leaving the changing room, which caused him to swallow hard, nervous, unsure of what he had gotten himself into. He might have lost his nerve if not for the thirteenth and fourteenth male entering behind him, encouraging him to enter the changing room. The twelfth was covered in tattoos, and had a number of piercings. The thirteenth was stocky, broad and muscular, and had a full erection almost immediately upon entering the party.

Shawn

The fourteenth male to arrive was named Shawn. He was massively built, like a body builder, with a broad, handsome face, enormous pectorals, six-pack abdominals and a cock that measured five inches at most. Certainly less than average in size, and he was definitely the smallest of the men in attendance.

Mel's mouth fell open when she saw him with his clothes off. She had been looking forward to this since his interview, as she had noticed, her mouth watering, that he was beautifully built. She only hoped that he had a brain as well, though she needed little more from him than the ability to obey her. With a cock that measured barely five inches in length when fully hard, he was far short of the size requirement. Mel made certain in his interview that he understood that, though he had suitably sized equipment, he was going to be surrounded by men much larger, and would appear very small by comparison. She presented it to him as a challenge, explaining that there would be women who would enjoy teasing him about being smaller than the other guys. It was up to him to brave the humiliation and remain naked and exposed to them regardless. What Mel didn't explain, was that the girl most likely to treat him this way was Mel, herself.

When he had removed all of his clothing, and deposited each of the items into the paper bag Mel had provided him, he stood before her, unsure of what to do next. Mel was amused.

"Let me take a good look at you," she said as she took a step back. Shawn remained in place, feeling awkward, wanting to cover himself, unsure of what to do with his hands.

"Raise your arms, and place your hands behind your head," she ordered. He assumed the position, and she observed the fact that he immediately had an erection. She smiled at the vision of his massive, gorgeous body and his cute little erect penis. He had never felt so

naked as he did at this moment. And she had never seen a man look as naked as he did in this moment.

She raised her hand to her lips, nervously biting the soft, rounded fingertip, and managed nothing more than a “HmMMM.” She saw him swallow hard, nervously contemplating what would happen next. She wanted to make him more nervous. She was going to enjoy her new toy.

When Shawn entered the party, completely naked and still fully erect, Ava noticed with a smirk that the “non-negotiable” penis size requirement had a little wiggle room after all. She wondered if he would be teased about that, since he was so large in every other dimension. But then it occurred to her that he was perfect for Mel, and she had likely already snared him, and so of course he was going to be teased, relentlessly, by Mel.

James

James pulled up to the house, figuring he must be in the right place due to a lack of free parking space, and ended up leaving his car a few blocks away. He shut off the engine, feeling butterflies in his stomach, trying to steel his nerves. He could feel his naked body beneath his clothing. He was more keenly aware of it, and he experienced something akin to terror that it would soon be on display for a large group of women. He wondered how he even ended up in this situation, but if he had a moment with Ava, and managed to capture her attention, then this would all have been worth it. And he reminded himself that you only live once, and he was going to experience everything he could. He took a deep breath to quiet his nerves. Then he stepped out of the car and walked the few blocks to the house.

Ava noticed a change had taken over the party. It was as boisterous and fun as ever, but the women had become more emboldened. There was a woman who had gotten ahold of a fraternity pledge paddle, and she was making her way around the party, challenging each of the guys to “bend over and take it like a man.” Most of the men would volunteer gamely, even laughing at the prospect of taking an old-fashioned paddling. That is, until she began, at which point they would receive an instantaneous attitude adjustment by the weight of the paddle and the strength of her arm. And of course, a few men would try to shy away, until cajoled and enticed by a few other women, each expressing how disappointed they would be if denied the opportunity to observe his naked little rear-end get a proper paddling. And eventually he would comply, and though some of the girls watched his backend take the paddling, others preferred to watch his cock bounce from the force of the paddle, and some would watch the look on his face. There was a woman who had gotten the nickname “Ball Girl” due to her fascination with walking straight up to any man in her field of vision and firmly grabbing and squeezing his balls. Whenever any of the

men became erect, a cheer would erupt, with appreciative applause for whomever had made the guy hard. There was a man kneeling before a couple of women, and they were massaging his cock with their feet. A couple of girls were having guys masturbate for them to examine technique as well as assess their length and girth.

Ava marveled at the job her two housemates had done in planning the evening. It seemed that they had thought of everything. And she was aware of some of the evening's more decadent pleasures that hadn't even been revealed yet. There was a small stage area in the living room that was lit by ceiling mounted lights, which would serve as a performance area later in the evening. A variety of kinky little diversions would be presented upon the stage at random points throughout the evening. One of the anticipated events would occur at the very end of the evening, when some of the males would be selected to mount the stage, one by one, for a masturbation show. As naked and exposed as the men felt up to that point, nothing would compare to that final moment, when they were invited to masturbate for the entire party. Many of the girls would have their cell phones out at that point, taking photographs and video of that moment when each of the selected males would stand in the spotlight and perform such an intimate act for the pleasure of the females at the party. They would be blushing from embarrassment, yet turned on by the pleasure of being objectified so completely, until at last each male would make himself cum, to the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

Ava made her way through the crowded room to the outdoor patio, and in a move that surprised her, she approached a man who was being made to stand still with his arms up, fingers interlaced behind his head. He was fully erect, and a group of four women were enjoying a game where they tossed little plastic bracelets, trying to land one on his erect cock. She reached out and grabbed ahold of his left butt cheek. As he had been instructed to stand still, he didn't react, so she continued to grope him for a moment, then slipped her hand between his legs from behind, and gave his balls a squeeze.

She then quickly turned away, just before one of the girls succeeded in tossing her bracelet onto his cock.

Ava went to the bar to get another drink and noticed a line of naked butts at the bar. The men had been put into service delivering drinks to the girls throughout the party. She noticed one guy holding three drinks in one hand and stroking himself with the other. She later discovered that at least one group of girls wanted their waiter fully erect when he delivered their order. She was so entranced in watching the various activities that she didn't even see James enter through the front door, or observe him enter the changing room, or notice him emerge. And though she knew James rather well, she was about to get to know him a lot better.

There were twenty-one males in total who would ultimately arrive at the party. The timing of their arrivals meant that for a while it seemed that there was always a new one to look at. Number sixteen was a surfer, with long, blond hair, green eyes, and a smooth, hairless, muscular body. His cock was almost vertical when it was hard, and extended just past his navel. Number seventeen, though his ID had been checked in the selection process, appeared to be just over eighteen years old. He was boyish in appearance, yet magnificently well-hung. The eighteenth male to arrive was quite extraordinary. He had been carefully selected and vetted by the two housemates. In their experience, such a specimen of the male gender was highly prized by some of the women in attendance. He had a compact, muscular body, and there was something thuggish, even menacing about his appearance. He was covered in tattoos, one of which even continued a few inches along his cock. He looked dangerous, and a bit threatening, which made the fact that he was completely naked all the more compromising.

Number nineteen had long hair, full lips and sleepy bedroom eyes. He wore a leather collar around his neck, which signified that he was the property of one of the two housemates. Ava couldn't remember who he belonged to, Mel, or Jenny, but she had seen him around the

house recently. His name was Mark, or Matt, or something like that, Ava thought to herself. She had a smirk on her face as she observed the extraordinary size and shape of his dick. That would be to Jenny's liking, she thought. As it turned out, his name was Mathieu, and though he seemed confident at first, he would soon find that being attached to one of the hostesses meant that more would be required of him. The twentieth to arrive had pale, porcelain skin, and black hair that hung down across one eye. He was thin, and had a long, pale-colored dick. The final arrival, number twenty-one, was very tall and broad-shouldered, and he had a deep tan and a beautifully formed rear end. He was a full eight inches, with remarkably large balls.

Ava scanned the scene, taking in the sight of the variety of hedonistic pleasures. And then she saw something that surprised her more than anything she could have imagined seeing on this night of strange and miraculous visions. It was a man who was six feet tall, with a thin build, had brown hair and blue eyes, and his body was shaved smooth and he was uncircumcised. It was James, from work, and he was completely naked.

She stood at the edge of the outdoor patio, the soft glow of white lights that had been strung along the exterior of the house illuminating the scene of debauchery occurring before her. Her mouth was hanging open, a fact she was unaware of, as she stared at James' naked body. He was holding a drink, and he was looking about for someone to whom he could introduce himself, as per the instructions given at his interview. At that moment a woman who was walking behind him gave his butt a little pinch, which made Ava laugh. It surprised him, and he turned to look, but the woman had already disappeared into the crowd.

She certainly hadn't expected to see him, though she hadn't known what to expect. She made her way over to him directly, enjoying every moment of her approach. She wondered how he would react. She felt a supreme confidence as she came up behind

him, trying to suppress a giggle as she thought about pinching or slapping his butt, to watch his surprise as he turned to see her standing there. But then she decided to offer a more traditional greeting.

“Hello,” she purred, a bemused tone in her voice. She was smiling broadly, savoring the moment. It was decadently delicious, watching as he turned toward her, awaiting the look of recognition on his face. As she had anticipated, his eyes flashed with recognition when he saw her. And then a deep, crimson-colored blush arose on his face. She smiled brightly, as he was clearly happy to see her, but he was also incredibly nervous to be completely naked in her presence. She didn’t scan his body with her eyes at first, but met his gaze to read the expression on his face. She saw him catch his breath before speaking, which she found quite telling. She suddenly had the sensation that he was hers, to do with as she pleased.

“Hello,” he offered warmly. “I’m James.” He felt himself blushing, and he was definitely nervous, but he was relieved to have found his voice in speaking to her.

“I know who you are. Of course, I have never known you like this,” she said, gesturing the length of his body. He blushed again, looking downward, then shrugged.

“Yeah, well . . .” he started, paused, then continued, “I’ve never quite done anything like this before.”

“Well I am glad that you did.” She was pleased to see him blush again.

“So why did you agree to come tonight? I mean, knowing that you would be naked.”

“I um . . .” he trailed off, looking down, then looked at her. “I knew that you would be here.” Now it was her turn to blush.

“So you volunteered to be here, knowing that you would be exposed to all of the women at the party, just for me?” she asked, slightly incredulous.

“Yes,” James replied. “I, um, I mean, since I couldn’t talk to you at work, but . . . I thought, if I came here tonight, I could, at least, show you the . . . show you the respect, I think you deserve.”

Ava thought for a moment, then concluded, "Well, I am very, very glad that you decided to come here tonight, for whatever reason. I think that it will make a significant difference on Monday morning, when I see you back at work, thinking about how exposed you were for me." Ava gave him a wicked little smile, then raised her cup to her lips, taking a drink, looking at him over the rim of the cup.

There was an unspoken dynamic in play, in which she naturally assumed a position of power over him, due entirely to the fact that he was required to be naked, and she was not. She found it exhilarating to overlook this, not even mentioning the fact that he was entirely exposed to her as they talked. It was as though it had ever been this way, that he wasn't allowed clothing when he was before her. At last, however, her curiosity caused her to burst the bubble, and she called out the fact that she was seeing him fully exposed.

"So let's have a look at you," she said, surprising herself with her forwardness. She saw him blush yet again, as though he had forgotten that he was completely nude, and that he was unable to hide anything from her. He stepped back, assuming an open attitude in his pose, and she allowed her eyes to travel the length of his body, downward, then up again, meeting his eyes with an appreciative look. He was beginning to grow hard, and it was a delicious part of the arrangement that there was nothing he could do to disguise it or stop it from happening. She casually glanced from time to time, not caring to hide the fact that she was now openly observing his state of desire, and reveling in her power to objectify him at will.

"I've never seen an uncircumcised cock before," she mused, partly to make him feel more naked, and partly because she was genuinely curious about it. "It looks like your foreskin slides back as you grow harder," she stated, though it sounded like a question.

"Yes," he replied, his voice catching from the nervous energy of being so exposed to her.

"Show me," she demanded in a matter-of-fact way. He reached down and with one hand, pulled his foreskin back to show her as requested. She looked, biting her lip, attempting to be as nonchalant

as possible. She said nothing further for a minute, giving him no indication that he was to do anything more than remain in place, showing her his cock.

"Let me try it," she said as she reached out and took him in the palm of her hand. It was hot to the touch, and she was thrilled by the heft and thickness of it. She slowly wrapped her fingers tightly around him, and slid the soft, smooth skin forward, then back.

At that moment, Jenny appeared before her.

"Oh my, it looks like you have your hands full," she laughed.

Ava looked up, startled, as though she had been discovered doing something she shouldn't, then caught herself, remembering that she was in a place without any such rules.

"Oh, hi, Jenny," she replied, trying to sound innocent, as she reluctantly released James' cock. Jenny looked amused, then turned to James.

"I know that we interviewed you, but I forgot your name."

"I'm James," he replied, trying not to appear embarrassed about the fact that he was fully erect.

"James is a guy I that work with, as it turns out," Ava added.

"Oh, the one that has a big crush on you, but never says anything?" Jenny inquired, in her inimitably blunt manner. James tried not to look surprised, but the expression on his face revealed his embarrassment.

"Yeah, that one," Ava replied with a laugh. She glanced at James, meeting his eyes and trying to express her sympathy for him in the moment.

"And we have been having a wonderfully informative conversation, so I don't think he will be so tongue-tied in the future."

"Ha ha, tongue-tied," Jenny repeated, making herself laugh. "I will leave you two to do, um, whatever!" She turned and walked away, to go look for Mathieu.

"Yeah, um, sorry," Ava apologized, turning back to James. "I can always count on Jenny to say the wrong thing."

"No, no," James shook his head. "I'm sorry that I was, well, intimidated, I guess, and didn't have the nerve to talk to you. I always

wanted to, but, you know..." he trailed off.

"Did you know that there was a "size requirement" for this party?" Ava inquired, abruptly changing the subject.

James paused, with a quizzical look on his face.

"No, they didn't mention that. They asked for measurements, and a lot of other personal information."

"That would be Mel and Jenny," Ava laughed, then added, "I live here, by the way. Mel and Jenny are my housemates. They came to me with the idea for this party. I had never even heard of a CFNM party before, and even then, I couldn't have imagined this," she said, gesturing with a sweep of her hand. They were silent for a moment, taking in the sight.

"So what is the size requirement?" James asked after a moment's thought.

She giggled, then responded, "Seven inches." She watched as her words took effect upon him.

"Wow." James had a newfound sense of his own nakedness. "So I wouldn't even be here if . . ." he trailed off.

She looked at his cock, and remarked "Well, you definitely qualify." He blushed for the seventeenth time, thinking about the women at the party not only requiring that all of the men be exposed, but larger than average as well. He realized that he felt rather vulnerable in that moment. He felt the objectification of her gaze upon his body. It turned him on to no end to be on display for her, and he felt proud to be deemed worthy of her observation.

"Show me how you masturbate," Ava demanded, though her voice was soft and encouraging.

His face flushed with embarrassment, which she found cute, and he put his drink down on a nearby table and took a step back, allowing her to observe him fully as he took his cock in his right hand. He looked down, too embarrassed to meet her gaze as he slowly began stroking his cock. She sipped her drink as she watched him, an exhilarating feeling surging through her as he pleased himself at her command. She swirled the ice in her drink as she observed him. He was hard, and he was naked, and she had every intention of teasing him.

“Do you always masturbate with your right hand?” she asked, and he replied that he did, so she asked him to please show her what it looked like when he did it with his left hand. He released his cock from his right hand, and it bobbed slightly, jutting upward in the air for a moment before he wrapped the fingers of his left hand around the shaft and began stroking it.

“Tell me, does it feel the same? Or does it feel different?”

“It feels different,” he replied. “It feels a bit clumsy, like this hand doesn’t quite know what to do.”

“Curious,” she thought aloud. “I like the thought of you like this at work,” she laughed, the thought suddenly springing to mind.

He smiled, a nervous, almost frightened smile, and offered, “I would, if you wanted me to.”

She laughed, then, a high-spirited laugh at the thought of him willingly doing anything she might command him to do.

“Why don’t you take your hand off your cock, cross your wrists behind your back, and take a step forward,” she said slyly. He did as she suggested, and she took a moment, observing his naked dick, before she took it in her hand. She didn’t stroke it, she simply wrapped her fingers around it and squeezed it firmly in her hand. Then she would quite deliberately release it from her hand, then move her hand a few inches along the shaft, and again, wrap her hand tightly around it. They didn’t speak as she did this, as she was concentrating on his reaction to the pressure she was applying to his cock, and he was lost in the pleasure of being objectified in this manner. She then slid her fingertips up the length of him, and gently pinched the head of his cock between her thumb and forefinger.

“Does this hurt?” she inquired.

“No, it doesn’t hurt,” he replied.

She pinched harder, and repeated her question.

“That hurts a little,” he winced.

She pinched even harder, and asked, “How about now?”

“Yes, that hurts,” he winced.

She didn’t release him, but rather she maintained the pressure, holding the head of his cock between her fingers, and pulling it

toward her. He gasped, again, and she could hear his breathing quicken.

“How does that feel? You like it, don’t you?” She had ascertained that James was submissive, and she had begun to suspect that he might be even more submissive than she imagined.

He inhaled sharply, enduring the pain, while admitting, “Yes, I do like it, even though it hurts.”

She laughed, still not releasing him, and revealed, “That must be humiliating for you to admit. I appreciate that.” She finally released him, and began stroking his cock in her hand. She came around behind him, and pressed her body against his back. She was stroking his cock in her right hand, and she reached up and took ahold of him by his hair with her left hand.

She pulled his head back, and whispered softly, “I am going to make you admit to a great number of things. Some of them might be humiliating for you to admit, but you are going to be honest, and tell me anything I want to know. When I am satisfied with all that you have revealed to me, I will let you fuck me.” She felt his body tremble as he heard her saying this, her voice almost a whisper. His cock felt impossibly hard in her hand.

She smiled, and asked, “Do you mind if I take photograph of you?”

He looked surprised for a moment, then replied “No, I don’t mind.” He stepped back as she pulled out her cellphone and took a full body shot. The objectification of being photographed made him hard, and she zoomed in for a close up of his face, and then his cock.

“Pose for me.”

He smiled, involuntarily, feeling embarrassed, then raised his arms, placing his hands behind his head, and pushing his hips forward, his erect cock thrust toward her. She continued photographing him.

“Turn around,” she said playfully, but when he did, she froze momentarily. Somehow, inexplicably, she had never been able to fully assess or appreciate his absolutely perfectly formed butt. Now, seeing it on the display of her camera, she saw it for the first time.

She almost dropped her phone, but got ahold of herself, and admitted, "That, is an amazing, gorgeously perfect ass, James. How in the world is it, that I have never realized this about you?" James remained with his backside to her, but turned his head to look at her over his shoulder.

"I don't know," he laughed, embarrassed by the question, but flattered. "I don't wear tight pants?" he offered helpfully. It was true, as he found that pants that were tight on his butt were too constricting in the front. She took a photo of him, biting her lip as she thought about what she might do with James' beautiful body.

"Hmmm," she mused dreamily, then with a start, said, "Follow me. There is something I would like to show you . . ."

James followed Ava's lead. She led him inside the house, to a door that she opened to a flight of stairs, and with a wave of her hand, gestured for him to go ahead of her. He obliged, starting up the stairs, and she followed, closing the door behind them. He found himself in a darkened room at the top of the stairs.

"Go toward the light," she said in a spooky voice, which made them both laugh. He continued through the room and found himself on a large balcony overlooking the backyard patio area where they had been standing moments before. There was a string of white lights softly illuminating the balcony. He stood against the railing, looking down at the party below, as she drifted up behind him.

"Get on your knees," she commanded. He dutifully lowered himself to kneel before her. His eyes were cast downward, in a show of respect. After a moment or two, she began to circle him, her movements slow, deliberate, and thoughtful. She was in no hurry, and enjoyed allowing the anticipation to grow. She purred with satisfaction, observing him kneeling, naked, and hard. Returning to face him, she slid her hand below his chin and lifted his face to her.

"I love it when a man knows his place. Yours is on your knees, when you are before me." She combed her fingers through his hair, then gathered it in her fist and pulled him backward, until he was leaning back with his hands on the floor. She pulled his head back,

so that his body was a continuous arc from his knees to the top of his head. She pressed the toe of her boot against the inside of his knee, first one, then the other, spreading his legs wide. She took a step back to examine the position she had placed him in. His back arched, his hips thrust forward, his head back, his knees far apart, all of his body appearing to be in the service of displaying his erect cock.

After some minutes of taking in the sight of him presented to her in this way, she exclaimed, "I like you in this position. You should take this moment to memorize this position, so that I can order you to pose like this for me anytime I want. And you will assume the position for me anytime I want, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted, his voice betraying his lust, and also his fear. It was a fear born of respect for her. It thrilled her to know that she could make him feel afraid of her, and what she might do to him. She stepped forward, placed her hand under his chin, and pulled him up to a standing position. She kissed him, and delighted in the fact that he was such a good kisser. She placed her hands on his chest, feeling the heat rising from his skin. She pulled back from the kiss, turned, and led him into the bedroom. She sat on the edge of the bed, and pulled him down on his knees and began kissing him again. She could feel him submit to her, his strength becoming hers, his body hers to do with as she wished. She lied back on the bed, propped up on her elbows, and studied the look in his eyes.

"Lick me," she commanded, and he dreamily, lustfully complied. He lifted her dress, moving forward, until the tip of his tongue touched the surface of her panties, which were dripping wet. His hands slid up her hips, and he took ahold of them, pulling them down her legs and casting them aside. His hands moved between her thighs, and he spread her legs apart, and began slowly licking her pussy with a devotion that took her breath away. His tongue slid deftly over her clit, then up and down, occasionally penetrating her with the length of his tongue, driving deep inside of her, his lips pressed against hers. It occurred to him that the wetness he was lapping up was caused by his submission to her, which caused his head to spin. His lips closed in a kiss, then his tongue slid deep

inside of her again, repeating the sensation. His tongue darted quickly across her lips, his hands holding her hips and pulling her toward him. Her hands combed through his hair, pressing his face against her body. Though she was deeply aroused by James, he was new to her, and it took a while before she could relax enough to have an orgasm. But what finally sent her over the edge was the fact that not only did he never give her any indication that he was tired of licking her pussy, she felt as though he would have remained in place for hours if she wanted him to. Which, he would have. At last, she came, shuddering, as she had the first of many orgasms.

As her orgasm subsided, he remained in place, and for the next ten minutes continued to kiss her softly between her legs. Gradually, his tongue began stroking her pussy, and she began the long, slow ascent to her second orgasm.

“You have a great deal of talent, James” she mused, watching him lick her. “I am really looking forward to making use of all of your various skills.” He made her cum for the second time, and though he clearly did not want to stop, she decided to have him continue later.

For now, she wanted to rejoin the party. But first, she decided that he needed to be marked in some way, so she took a thin leather strap that Mel had loaned her “Just in case,” and fastened it around his cock and balls.

“That looks cute,” she assessed with a smile.

Then she had him gather their drinks, and they returned to the raucous event taking place downstairs. She walked into the party with her naked male in tow, and she had to laugh about the fact that he didn’t need to put his clothes back on after the activities upstairs, since he didn’t have any clothes to begin with.

At this point, the party was in full roar, and everyone was enjoying themselves to the fullest. Most of the men had bruises, bite marks and hickeys on their chests, butts, hips, and even on their cocks. One woman was seated, holding the cigarette she was smoking in one hand, and a set of balls in the other. She was involved in a conversation with a girlfriend, who was playfully stroking a cock with

her foot. A small group of women were examining the uncircumcised Latin American, having him show them how his foreskin slides back and forth. Another group had two men before them and they were trying to talk the two into making out with each other while they played with each other's dicks. The girl with the paddle was putting on a clinic for an audience, punishing two men who were standing side-by-side, each bent over, grabbling their ankles. She was showing them where and how hard to paddle them. The two boys' butts had been pale white to begin with and were now rosy red. A few feet away from her a woman who was the self-appointed "Size Queen." She had a man standing at attention while she used a cloth measuring tape to measure his cock. First, she measured his length, then taking him firmly in hand, wrapped it around the middle of his shaft to measure his girth. When she was finished, she took a black marker and wrote the numbers (9 1/4 and 6) on his right shoulder. At this point in the evening, many of the men had their measurements displayed in this way.

Some of the girls were pretty tipsy at this point, and were completely unrestrained in their demands of the naked men. Sophia and Lily were seated upon a couch, with a guy kneeling on the couch between them, and they were taking turns spanking him with their bare hands. Clearly, their hands were going to be sore in the morning.

"This is your fault, you know, for having such an irresistibly cute butt," Lily explained, emphasizing the point with a hard slap of the hand across his already reddened posterior. "And it's totally your fault that it so desperately needs to be spanked."

"What are we going to do with you?" Sophia wondered aloud. She would occasionally grab his cock, and feeling how hard it was, inform Lily that his spanking needed to continue.

A group of three women were making a boy dance for them, while he simultaneously inserted a large dildo in his ass. One of the women was convulsing with laughter, telling him that he should go fuck himself. Which, of course, was exactly what he was doing, as

they watched him do it. As an experiment, one of the women had poured a twenty-pound bag of ice into the bathtub of the bathroom just off the patio, then filled it with cold water, and was selecting men to come, one by one, and sit in the ice bath for a full minute, for the purpose of measuring shrinkage. She thought, not inaccurately, that she was doing this in the interest of science, so she timed the length of each immersion in the icy water, photographed each of her experiments, and made careful measurements afterward. A group of girls were having a contest to see which of them could make their naked male drop to his knees, using a wide variety of methodologies.

Ava and James stood there for a moment, observing all of the activity that was taking place. At that moment, Mel and Shawn approached. Mel took in the sight of Ava's captive male, looking him up and down, and took note of the cock-and-ball strap that he was wearing.

"I told you that you might need the strap," she whispered in Ava's ear. "And I see you are having a good time," she said aloud. She flashed her brilliant smile.

Ava laughed, admitting that she was, in fact, having a good time and indicating the naked man beside her, asked, "You already know James, right?"

Mel nodded, "Of course, we interviewed him for the party. I am pleased to see he wears a cock strap well."

James looked embarrassed at the comment, which made Mel laugh.

Then she stated, "Take a look at what I found. This is Shawn. And take a look at his cute little penis!" she said as she reached down and flicked it with her fingers. Shawn turned red in the face as everyone felt compelled to have a look.

"That is cute," Ava offered, enjoying his embarrassment. "What are you going to do with it? I mean him?"

"I was thinking I would take Shawn upstairs to my room and play with him. There's no end to the fun I can have with him." She gave Ava a wink, then Mel took Shawn and led him away.

Shawn was visibly nervous, even a little bit scared, wondering what was going to happen to him, but he was excited as well. He felt a twinge of self-consciousness, suddenly becoming aware of how vulnerable he was in this moment. He had been having this feeling at regular intervals throughout the night, but it had become far more intense knowing that he was soon going to be entirely in Mel's hands.

Mel and Shawn made their way upstairs, and down the hall to Mel's bedroom. There was a soft click as Mel locked the door behind them. He found himself in a large bedroom on the second floor, illuminated by candles that were placed all about the room. The center of the room was dominated by a king-size bed, which was unmade, the white, cotton sheets tumbled about. The entirety of the far wall was a closet, with sliding mirrored panels. Shawn caught sight of himself standing naked in the room, lit by candlelight, and a shaft of moonlight coming in through the windows on his right. As he glanced in the mirror, he caught sight of Mel coming up behind him, and he turned to face her as she held out a pair of leather cuffs.

"Hold out your hands," she demanded, and she bound his wrists with the leather cuffs. Then she attached them together with a carabiner that was attached by rope to a metal plate with an eyebolt that was mounted to the ceiling. The other end of the rope could be pulled downward, pulling his arms up over his head. When it was as tight as she liked, he was standing on his toes. Then, to further his vulnerability to her, she fastened cuffs around his ankles, and then attached a spreader bar. The spreader bar telescoped, such that she could spread his legs as far apart as she liked, and lock them in that position. She accomplished all of this so quickly that he was barely able to process what was happening to him until it was done, and she stood back and observed him bound naked before her. He met her eyes, and he had a look of vulnerability born of lust and desire, which she met with a dazzling smile.

She leaned in and kissed him, hard, then whispered, "Welcome to the party, Shawn." She then retrieved a blindfold, and tied it across

his face. This heightened his vulnerability to the extreme, and he was now so nakedly on display for her, that she felt a hot flush in her cheeks as she observed him. She was wet, too, looking at him bound and helpless.

"I don't think I have ever anyone look so naked," she laughed. His body was stretched tightly, and she could see that it took some effort on his part to maintain his position, even though he was tied so firmly in place. She gave his penis a playful slap of her hand, then raked her nails down his chest. He hissed, gasping at the sensation as she dragged her nails from his shoulder down to the base of his erection. Satisfied that she had bound him so as to keep him completely exposed to her, she stepped forward and took his balls in her hand and squeezed them firmly.

"Have you ever had your balls squeezed like this?" she asked.

He gasped, then replied, "Yes. Perhaps not that hard."

She squeezed them a bit harder. "Not this hard?" she asked.

"No, not that hard," he replied.

"Hmm," she mused, then squeezed a little harder, feeling how soft and round they were, and how vulnerable he was to her. Holding him by the balls made his bondage and his nakedness so much more tangible. He strained at his wrist and ankle cuffs, arching his back as she held him in place, pulling him toward her. He gasped, more impressively this time, as she continued the pressure with her hand. Finally, she released him, and gave his cock a few strokes before she circled around behind him and gave him a sharp slap of her hand on his butt.

She opened the top drawer of her dresser and removed a thick, black, leather belt. She turned to face him. She brought the leather belt up slowly, between his legs, until it softly caressed his cock. She examined the expression on his blindfolded face. He had a look of disbelief, fear, and arousal as he processed the fact that he was entirely vulnerable to her at this point. She brought the belt back and swung it, slapping him hard across the dick. He gasped, and she smiled a wicked smile as she brought the belt up between his legs and slapped him across the balls. His head was thrown back, his lips

parted as he moaned deeply. She smiled, with a sinister curve to her lips, then flicked her wrist, the strap making a satisfying thwap sound against his balls. He made an urgent sound between clenched teeth that she liked. She flicked her wrist again, harder this time, and he made the same lovely sound, only more intense. She admired the look of his fantastically well-built body between strokes of the belt. She struck him again, harder yet, and a desperate cry emanated from his lips that she found irresistible. She took a step back, observing how exposed and available he was to her.

“You know,” she said, bringing the strap back, then delivering a stroke along his inner thigh, making a loud smack and leaving a hot, red welt, “that is a tiny little penis you have. Don’t you think it’s a little smaller than what I deserve?” He gasped, trembling from the impact of the whip. She had a wicked smile as she watched his reaction. He looked surprised, but she could see that he was turned on by the erotic pain, humiliation and objectification.

“Yes,” he responded.

“Yes, what?” she demanded.

“Yes,” he replied, “I am smaller than what you deserve.”

“What is smaller?” she asked, coyly.

“My . . . dick . . . is smaller.”

“Than what I deserve,” she corrected, curtly.

“Yes,” he admitted. “My dick is smaller than what you deserve.”

She smiled, saying “Well, then you will have to work harder for me then, won’t you?”

“Yes,” he responded.

“Good. I will have you show me. But I don’t know what I want to make me cum first, your tongue,” she continued, delivering another stroke of the belt, “or your erect penis.” She continued to mark the inside of his thighs as she mused, “I will have to think about that while I whip you with this belt.” She brought the belt down hard across his chest, repeatedly, then along the outside of his thighs, up to his hips. She meticulously whipped him up the back of his thighs, and between his legs, making contact with his balls several times, then across his back and finally set about turning his butt a bright

red. For some time, she toyed with him, and he only seemed to grow harder, which inspired her to whip him harder.

At length, she announced, "That was your first whipping. The second one is going to be a bit harder." She picked up her drink, and watched him hold himself in position for her as she took a sip. He was breathing hard. She held the belt in her hand, and smiled at the sight. She loved seeing men this way, so naked, so hard, so vulnerable to her. She took a long drink, luxuriating in the power she had over him in this moment. Finally, she removed the entirety of his bondage and allowed him to kneel before her.

"You may thank me now, Shawn."

"Thank you," he replied with a voice that betrayed both his exhaustion from the whipping, but also an earnestness. Mel could tell that he was truly thankful to her, and wanted to please her. She reached up behind her neck, and unfastened a single clasp on her silver cocktail dress, causing it to fall to the floor. She stood before Shawn, revealing her slender, petite body, her golden-brown skin and smoothly shaved pussy. She wore a gold belly chain, her only adornment, with the words "Fuck you" in flowing cursive script. She reclined on the bed and pulled his face down between her legs. He required no further direction to begin licking her pussy, and for the next half hour or so, he pleased her with an attentiveness that Mel found remarkable. She was impressed. She held him by the back of the head, thrusting her hips against his face as she reached orgasm. She recovered slowly, while he gently kissed and licked her. At last she ordered him up onto her bed.

Downstairs, the party was in full roar. The guy who looked like he could be a movie star was dancing on the little stage for the amusement of the women gathered before him. It turned out that he was a really good dancer, and the movements of his gorgeously built body were hypnotic. There were five people in the large jacuzzi, which consisted of three women in bikinis and two men who were, of course, completely naked. The men were sitting on the edge of the jacuzzi, and had been directed to play with each other's cocks. The three women were luxuriating in the hot, relaxing water, talking

amongst themselves as they objectified the two men. They compared the men against one another, rating their appearance, and whatever personal details they had learned about them. One of the women revealed that the man on the left, the one that they had decided to call “Big Dick,” was in fact, a lawyer. They laughed about the possibility of seeing him in court, practicing law, after having seen him here, naked and hard. The one on the right, whom they had begun calling “Butt Boy,” was a city planner, and though no one knew exactly what that entailed, they did know that he had an outrageously biteable bubble butt, and at the moment, they didn’t care about much else. More importantly, they now had these two guys stroking each other for their amusement.

In a spare bedroom, one of the women had corralled two men to serve her in a more intimate fashion. She invited the two men to remove her dress, revealing that she was wearing nothing underneath, so the men immediately began caressing and kissing her naked body. She could feel their massive cocks pressed against either side of her, and it was a delicious feeling of power to take both of them in her hands at the same time. She led them to the bed, and one slid down her body to lick her pussy while the other kissed her breasts, licking and softly biting her nipples. She pulled the one on her breasts by the cock to her mouth, and began sucking it as the other licked her between her legs. Then she had the two boys switch positions.

Outside, a group of four women had a man backed up in a corner. They were having him stand at attention, with his hands behind his head. He looked scared, as the four women seemed to be challenging each other, taking turns spanking his balls with their bare hands as they grilled him with personal questions. They were asking him how often he masturbated, and what he liked to fantasize about, and he was being as honest as possible out of fear that they would spank him even harder.

Inside, down in the basement, two women had a man blindfolded, with his hands tied behind his back. They were discussing female superiority, female domination, and all manner of bondage kink as they took turns whipping his chest. He had a muscular build, a beautiful dick, and he was as fully erect.

As one of the two women teased him with a leather strap, the other commented, "I am surprised by the size of his cock. I think that there is a contest going on, and he might do well."

The first woman brought the strap up fast and hard, striking his balls with the smooth leather surface, eliciting a yelp from the bound, naked male. They listened to his desperate cry, and observed the look of anguish on his face.

"Oooh," the second female cooed with a pout, "did that hurt?" Then she laughed, taunting him, while the first whipped him again, even harder this time.

"Well," the first observed, "he is tied up, so he isn't going anywhere until we're done with him. And we're just getting started." She whipped him to emphasize her point, and before he had time to recover, she whipped him again.

Ava turned to James passed two men who were entertaining a few women seated before them poolside, holding a lit sparkler in both hands, while both doing "the propeller" with their dicks. Another male was on his hands and knees, and two women were using him as a footrest as they had a conversation punctuated by laughter. They passed a couple of women who were taking turns casually masturbating the thuggish-looking guy with the tattoos all over his body. They noticed a girl lying down on the diving board, who clearly didn't give a fuck, as she had her dress pulled up, and one of the tall blond men on his hands and knees, licking her pussy. They made their way through the crowd on the patio, and through the open glass doors into the living room. In the middle of the living room, upon the small stage, a man was standing in the spotlight. He was blindfolded, and his hands were behind his head. The women took turns with a few Nerf guns, trying to get the small projectiles to suction to his body by shooting them from across the room. One man was kneeling

on the floor, and leaning back until his head was resting on the seat cushion of the sofa, and a woman in a short skirt was straddling his face in reverse, so that she could watch all of the action on the stage. He was embarrassingly hard, but no one paid any particular attention to this fact, as there were fully aroused hard-ons everywhere they looked. The objectification of the men at the party had reached such an intense level, that it was difficult to remember how nervous they had been at the beginning of the party. It was amazing to think that none of them were paid performers, and it was somewhat ingenious that the design of the party was to enlist regular, though remarkably well-hung men, to willingly engage in things that they wouldn't have been able to conceive of the day before.

Ava noticed a basket of toys on a table against the wall, and a small cock ring in its cellophane wrapper caught her eye. She plucked it out of the basket, unwrapped it, and turned to face James.

"I think this would look attractive on you." She smiled, and began sliding it over the head of his cock. With effort, she forced it until it popped into place just past the rim. He moaned at the intensity of the pressure, and she took a step back to examine him standing naked before her, with a leather strap at the base of his cock and the small ring placed just past the head. She smiled, satisfied, thinking how delicious it was that he had so quickly become her property. She took a step back, enjoying the site of him up against the wall, and it struck her, as it did from time to time, that he was a bit beyond naked, in the middle of a party that was in full swing. And not only was this to be expected, it was required. She didn't need to feel the slightest concern for the fact that she had compelled him to follow her about wearing nothing but a little bit of cock bondage. In fact, his adornment would receive a number of compliments throughout the rest of the night.

A girl with a camera approached, and asked "Do you mind if I photograph him?"

Ava thought it interesting that the photographer had asked for her permission, not his, and she responded "Not at all. Feel free," at which the girl with the camera turned and took a few photos of him. She paused, reviewing the digital images, then thanked her, and departed.

"Wow," remarked James, watching the photographer take her leave. "I don't have any rights here at all, do I?"

Ava laughed, and responded "Nope." She playfully grabbed his cock and held it firmly in her hand. "And that's the way I like it." She drained her cup, then recommended that they get a refill. Leading him by the cock, she made her way over to the bar.

Ava and James stood waiting for the bartender to serve them. He wore a bartender's apron, indicating his servile position, with the understanding that he was to lift it up on command, should any of the women request that. A flat screen tv was mounted on the wall behind the bar, which was linked to a live view of the shower upstairs. A guy could be seen taking a shower, and the camera must have been waterproof, as it appeared to be in the shower with him.

Ava pointed at the image on the tv, and turning to James, said, "I would like to see you do that."

He smiled, looking a bit nervous about the prospect.

"Surely he must be clean by now," James commented, watching the soapy, hot water course down the boy's body. Of course, he realized that getting clean wasn't the point. The point was getting dirty. The point was the objectification of showering for the amusement of the women in attendance. The blonde, bronze-skinned male in the shower would occasionally stroke his cock to keep it hard.

They got their drinks, and turned in time to watch a rather petite woman riding the big, muscle-bound male like a pony. He was on his hands and knees, and she was holding onto his hair like a mane, and spanking his bare butt with her hand. At some point, someone offered her a riding crop, so she could whip his flank to go faster.

They heard a woman nearby say something about setting up a “horserace.”

Ava led James down the hall, past another room with an open door. Inside the room, two women were standing on opposite sides of a queen-size bed, upon which, two men were positioned. Their bodies were oiled up and their cocks were hard, and the girls were giving them directions. A third woman was holding a camera, making a video of what was happening on the bed.

Ava and James continued on, and at the end of the hall, they found the bathroom with the shower that had been seen in the live feed behind the bar on the patio. The shower was empty now, but the video camera was still set up, and appeared to still be sending a live image to the wall-mounted tv outside.

She turned to him, with a wicked smile on her face . “I think it’s time for you to take a shower.” He realized that, though they appeared to be in private, as soon as he stepped into the shower his image would be broadcast for anyone else at the party to see. His cock hardened, and the cock ring, placed just past the rim of the head of his cock, looked mercilessly tight. He swallowed hard, took a deep breath, then stepped into the shower.

Having given him a few additional instructions, she then made her way to the bar. While sipping her drink, she kept glancing at his image on the video screen. He was using lots of soap, as she had instructed, and the suds were coursing down his body. She looked around, and at first, felt disappointed that there weren’t more women watching. Then it occurred to her how much naughtier it was that there was such an incredible amount of male exploitation going on, that his extremely naked and vulnerable display was received with little more than a casual look here and there. She turned back to the screen and watched as he began masturbating for the camera, slowly and deliberately, as she had instructed. Just as she had become accustomed to the idea that this was a private display for her to enjoy, two women stepped up to the bar and one of them

pointed at the screen, laughing, wondering aloud who was making this guy masturbate in the shower for them to watch. She smiled a secret smile, deciding not to reveal herself.

One of the two women at the bar let out a gasp, and Ava returned her attention to the tv to see that he was holding the large dildo she had found for him. It had been placed in one of the gift baskets, wrapped in plastic, and she had given it to him and directed him to use it on himself at some point during his shower. He was standing in profile to the camera, his chest against the tile wall of the shower, and he was using both hands to insert the lubricated dildo. His rear end was stuck out, offering himself up for penetration. The image was from the top of his head to his mid thighs, so the entirety of his violation was visible to the camera. One of the women wondered aloud if he was going to be able to take the whole thing, since it was so massive. For the first few minutes, it looked as though he was only going to be able to take half of it at the most, but he persevered, and after a few minutes more had just a few inches left. When at last he reached the wide base of the dildo, and turned, as instructed, to show the camera, she heard a bit more applause than she had expected. She was pleased to see that the show she had him put on was so well received.

Ava was struck by how profoundly satisfying it was to dominate James' asshole. Bearing witness to his public, and voluntary submission to her through the willing penetration of his beautifully formed, tight little ass was deeply rewarding. She felt optimistic about the potential of a very satisfying relationship with him. Not that she was focused at the moment on being overly serious with him. For now, she would be content to play with him for her own amusement. But going forward, she felt assured that she might have a lot of fun with his willing and remarkably talented body, and remained open to the possibility that it could develop into something more substantive and meaningful to her.

When James had toweled off, he exited the bathroom, and he had another moment of realization of just how bizarre this situation was.

Not putting on clothes after his shower, and entering a full party served to remind him, yet again, just how exposed he was. When he found Ava at the bar, she handed him a drink.

“You look like you need this,” she offered with a smile and a look of admiration, then added, “That was impressive, by the way.” She kissed him, and patted his butt with her hand. “I can’t tell you how much I enjoyed watching you succeed in getting that massive dildo in your ass. I love how hard you worked for me.”

As many ways in which the boys at the party had been objectified, teased, and tormented, nothing could prepare them for the moment they were brought onto the stage before an audience and told to make themselves cum. The first “performer” was clearly nervous, and his hands were trembling. As comfortable as he had eventually become with being naked while getting fondled and being played with, he was unprepared for the harsh and unforgiving spotlight being trained upon his body for the benefit of the large audience of women, who were unequivocal in their demand that he masturbate and make himself cum for their amusement. He endeavored to follow the instruction that he was to last as long as he was able, but it was only a few minutes before he could no longer deny the inevitable. He ejaculated as the audience erupted in cheers, delighting in watching him succumb to his own pleasure.

The second performer had his hands tied behind his back, and a vibrator was strapped to his cock. The buzzing of the vibrator was drowned out by the sound of the dozen or so women who were watching and talking amongst themselves. One of the women mentioned about how skilled the current performer was at licking pussy, as she had availed herself of that pleasure earlier in the evening. The crowd exploded in cheers when at last his knees buckled, and he came to orgasm. The vibrator continued to pleasure him, however, which was apparently agonizing for him, and he was soon coming a second time. Finally, one of the women took pity on him and untied the vibrator from his exhausted cock, and led him off the stage.

Next on the stage, the well-hung, muscular blond named Jordan was on his knees. Two men stood on either side of him, and in each hand he had a cock, stroking both of them at the same time. He had one of the cocks in his mouth, and from time to time, the woman whose name was Vista would yell out "Switch!" at which point he would turn his head and take the other one in his mouth. There were two women seated in front, on the couch, who were giggling uncontrollably at the embarrassingly hard cock that Jordan was displaying. He had the type of light complexion that revealed his embarrassment in the form of a blush that extended up his chest and across his face. He had never done anything like this before and it showed. Although he kept both of the cocks hard, his lack of expertise meant that he was going to be on his knees for a quite a while before he managed to make either of the men cum, a fact that made this display particularly enjoyable for the crowd that had assembled to watch.

Jenny, having found Mathieu, had him kneeling beside the pool. She marveled at the sight of his naked body with the rippling, pale blue light upon it. She sat with her feet dangling in the pool, while he had his hands behind his back, and she slowly jerked him off. When, at last, he reached orgasm, she took his cock in her mouth and made him cum.

"I made you cum for two reasons, Mathieu. The first is that I wanted to. You cum a lot, and you are fucking delicious," her appreciation apparent in her tone of voice. "The second purpose was to make it harder for you to cum again. As you know, I want to see you perform for me, and the rest of the guests here tonight, on the stage in the living room. And I want to see you work for it. I don't want it to be easy for you, as I expect more from you. I demand more. I deserve more." She leaned forward and kissed him, and he could taste his cum on her lips.

As Jenny approached the stage with Mathieu in tow, she noticed Jordan still sucking the cocks of the two men standing to either side

of him. Finally, one at a time, both of the men reached orgasm, ejaculating in turn on Jordan's face, at which point he was made to finish himself off as well.

It appeared that the majority of the men had been up on stage already, and Jenny was hoping she could place Mathieu as the final act. The stage was empty for the first time in a few hours, so Jenny turned to Mathieu and challenged him.

"I don't know how you could possibly top that performance," Jenny confessed to Mathieu, "but I am going to enjoy watching you try. I want you to get onstage, and jerk yourself off for the audience. I want you to show them how you masturbate for me. And because I just made you cum, it isn't going to be over quickly for you. No, instead, you are going to give them a nice, long show to enjoy. The light will be so intense, you won't even be able to see who is watching you, while they will be able to examine every inch of you." She gripped him more tightly for emphasis as she explained, "You have never felt so objectified, so naked, as you will feel jerking off for all of us. We are going to enjoy this a lot more than you will, and the more terrified you are, and the longer it takes for you to cum, the more we will enjoy watching you." She leaned in and left a bite mark on his chest, then slid down and made a bite mark on his hip, then took his cock in her mouth, making it slick and wet. "Impress me, Mathieu." Jenny whispered in his ear, and with that, she gave him a firm slap on the butt, sending up on stage to a renewal of excitement as the audience got a look at the incredibly well-built hunk of man they would enjoy next. They cheered and applauded as he turned, blushing, to face the crowd.

Mathieu nervously wrapped his hand around his erect cock and began sliding his hand back and forth along the shaft. He had never felt so objectified as he did standing on the stage, jerking off for the amusement of the women at the party. There were bright lights focused on his naked body, and all he could make out were the silhouettes of women pointing out his various physical attributes and comparing him to the other men. A flash would go off every so often, as some of the women wanted mementos of the evening so they

were sure to photograph something as embarrassing as a man having to masturbate in front of an audience.

“Use both hands!” someone yelled from the crowd. He complied, which drew some positive reaction from the audience.

“Stick two of your fingers in your ass!” called out another woman, which got howls of laughter from some of the women in the crowd. He focused on making himself cum, gripping his cock firmly and stroking it faster, which drew some encouragement from the audience to go even faster. He thought about the fact that she had wanted his show to go on as long as possible. He thought she was likely to have him lick her again and make her cum later that evening, and he focused his thoughts upon that to get himself off.

One of the women had a laser pointer, which she used as a visual aid in discussing the body of the man on stage. It always seemed to make some women giggle when she pointed out the size and shape of his balls, trailing the red point of light across them as she did so. Finally, one of the women brought one of the cute blonde boys up on stage, and had him bend over a barstool that was off to the side. She gave him a hard slap across his naked butt with her hand, and told him to stick it out. Then she told the Mathieu that she wanted him to cum on the blonde boy’s butt. Someone else in the crowd volunteered that after he came, he should lick it off.

At last Mathieu began to cum, his body shuddering with the pleasure of it, and his face blushing red from the erotic humiliation of it. He then obediently knelt, and licked the cum off of the blond boy, even licking his balls, where some of the cum had dripped down. This created a frenzy of cheers of appreciation, such that he was then ordered to continue sucking and licking the blonde boy’s balls while simultaneously jerking him off.

When at last Mathieu had made himself and the blonde boy cum, he was allowed to leave the stage. He rejoined Jenny at the side of the stage, and she had a look of glowing admiration on her face. She

whispered in his ear that she hadn't thought there was any way that he was going to top the previous performer, but miraculously, he had. She gave his balls a firm squeeze as she voiced her appreciation.

The sound of the party suddenly erupting in cheers and applause travelled up to Ava's bedroom, where she had James lying in bed with her, having had their fill of their first CFNM party.

"I guess that whoever is on stage just made himself cum," she murmured in a sleepy voice.

"I would have gotten on that stage if you had wanted me to," James offered. Ava smiled as she wrapped her arms tightly around James, and whispered dreamily, "Next time." Exhausted from all that they had done and observed, they drifted off to sleep in her bed.

The Next Morning

When Ava woke up the next morning, she observed James lying on the other side of the bed, still asleep. She remembered, bit by bit, all of the things that had transpired the previous evening. She smiled, her head swimming with the incredible scenes of objectified male bodies, and the varieties of games, tasks and punishments meted out during the course of the evening. And of course, she remembered all of the wonderfully devious things she was given the opportunity of doing with a man she had known only as a co-worker; what was she to call him now? Her servant, maybe? He seemed willing enough. It had seemed that there had been nothing she asked of him that he would not do for her. She recalled standing next to him, watching the men tasked with masturbating to completion on the stage, and signaling to him that it was time to find their way to her bed. She remembered his tongue giving her two more orgasms before she drifted off to sleep, one hand gently stroking his soft, exhausted dick.

James woke with a start, momentarily surprised to find himself in an unfamiliar bed. Then he smiled a sleepy smile at Ava, remembering all that had transpired between them the night before. She placed her hand on the side of his face, then slowly slid her fingertips down his body until she reached the now familiar curve of his butt. She gave it a hard pinch.

“Ow!” he cried in mock protestation.

“Good morning, James. Now go get me a cup of coffee!” She demanded with a broad smile. He looked at her for a moment, to see if she was serious.

“I don’t know where the coffee maker is,” he replied.

“Find it.”

“How about I find your clitoris?” he asked, trying to sound helpful.

“Coffee first!” she shouted, laughing.

He climbed out of bed, slowly, and realized that he was very sore from everything that had happened to his body the night before. He

remembered that his clothing was still somewhere else in the house, in some other room.

“What do I wear?” he asked. She looked at him not comprehending for a minute.

“Silly!” she finally replied. “Nothing. You wear nothing,” and pointed to the door. He turned to go, and she watched his gorgeously perfect butt as he walked out the bedroom door.

James descended the stairs, and found his way through the house to the kitchen. The tile floor felt cool on his bare feet. He was looking through the cupboards, trying to locate the coffee, when Mel walked in. She was wearing a sleeveless, white t-shirt, her prominent nipples visible beneath the fabric, and a tiny pair of panties.

“Can I help you?” she asked. James turned, startled, and was surprised to feel himself blushing. He had been so entirely exposed the night before, that he thought it odd to feel so naked now, especially because Mel had already seen him this way.

“I am trying to make coffee,” James replied. “For Ava.”

“Oh, I see.” Mel’s eyes slowly scanned James’ naked body. She opened the one cupboard that James had yet to open, retrieved a bag of coffee, and handed it to him.

“Here you go, James” she said, smiling sweetly.

“Thank you,” he replied, hesitated, then added “Melissa.”

“You can call me Mel,” she said over her shoulder as she rummaged through the junk drawer.

James poured the ground coffee into the filter in the coffeemaker, and amended his comment, “Oh, ok. Thank you, Mel.”

“Not a problem,” she replied as she located the large binder clip that she had been looking for, then left the kitchen. “Your bare butt looks cute, James,” she called out as she disappeared around the corner.

Ava was lying across the bed, sipping her cup of coffee, watching James. He was kneeling on the bed, and doing what she had told him to do, which was to play with himself while she watched. He was completely naked, and slowly growing hard. She observed his

manner, his attitude, and the way that he followed orders. She watched his hand sliding up and down the length of his cock, and listened to the sound of his breathing. His entire body radiated a heightened arousal. When his cock was fully erect, she told him to place his hands behind his back. He complied, and she could sense an expectation on his part. She smiled to herself, knowing that he was about to learn a lesson concerning the nature of his obedience to her. She made no move to do anything to him then, and she said nothing more for the time being, as she was content to silently observe. He had no further orders from her, so he remained in position, kneeling before her on her bed. She casually examined his posture, which was respectfully upright, and his bearing, which was open and vulnerable to her. She greatly appreciated viewing just how vulnerable, how exposed he was. His hands remained behind his back, his wrists crossed, and his knees were spread wide, allowing her an unrestricted access to his body. For many long minutes they sat in silence as she took in this display of naked submission to her authority. His cock remained hard as her eyes travelled slowly about his body.

She thought about all that had transpired the previous night. She would eventually realize that it would become a regular event, in which a grand party would be held at the house, whose purpose was the enjoyment and objectification of naked men. She would see things she had only fantasized about, and many things she had never imagined. Her thoughts cleared, and returned to the man before her. She smiled warmly at the opportunity at hand.

“Do you ever penetrate your butt while you masturbate?”

“Yes,” he answered, clearly embarrassed to say so.

She slipped her hand between his legs and stroked his asshole with her fingertips as she inquired, “Do you slide your fingers in and out while you do that?”

“Yes,” he admitted.

“Do you fantasize that it is a woman, fucking you from behind, with a strap-on dildo?”

“Yes.”

“How big is the dildo that she fucks you with?” she asked, still sliding her fingertips between his legs, her other hand now placed upon his hip.

“Big enough that the sight of it turns me on,” he revealed. “Big enough that it scares me a bit.”

“Like she is presenting you with a challenge?” she asked.

“Yes, like she is testing my will to submit to her.”

“Do you fantasize that she makes you suck it, too?”

“Yes, I fantasize that she makes me get on my knees and suck it.”

She laughed, then came around to stand in front of him, taking his cock in her hand once again. “That is quite a revealing admission,” she observed. “Would you like for me to make you suck my strap-on cock?” she asked with a teasing laugh.

“Yes,” he replied, then remembering her directive, added, “I would like for you to make me kneel before you to suck your strap-on cock.”

Ava took hold of James’ dick.

“Follow me.” She led him into the bathroom just off her bedroom, and turned on the shower. She picked up a long, black, silk robe, which she put on, leaving it open in front. She motioned for him to get into the shower, which he did, then she held up the cell phone she had scooped up on the way in, and selected the video function. She pressed the button, and as the device began recording video, she ordered him to start masturbating for her. The hot water was coursing over his naked body, and beads of water were running down the length of him as he took his cock in his hand and began stroking it for her camera. Then she told him that she wanted to see him play with his ass at the same time. He complied.

“Harder,” she directed him from behind the camera. “And tell me when you are going to cum.” It wasn’t long before he did just that, so she told him to stop, and put his hands to the side. She stepped closer to him, and focusing the camera on his cock, took his balls in her hand. She gripped them more and more tightly, until he began to cum. Each throb of his cock caused him to ejaculate, and she captured the entirety of it on the video. When he had finished, she

stepped back and took in the change that came over him, a certain look of contentedness that was apparent even on video.

She wasn't going to allow that to last, however.

"Now do it again." She delighted in the look on his face as he took his now semi-hard cock in his hand and began stroking it again.

"That's right," she voiced her approval as he made himself fully hard once again. "Now jerk yourself off, nice and hard for the camera." He did as he was told, his eyes closed in concentration as he worked toward his second orgasm. She suddenly had an idea, so she told him to reach up and adjust the shower head to its hardest massage setting, then point it directly at his cock. She could see by the look on his face how intense the water pressure was. She smiled, satisfied, as he continued masturbating for her. When at last he told her that he was about to cum, she had him redirect the spray of water so that it was directly on his balls.

"Now cum," she commanded, and she watched the expression on his face as he came for the second time.

She clicked the video function off, set down the cell phone, then turned off the shower. He stood there, dazed from the intensity of release, water dripping down his naked body.

"There's no need to towel off. Just follow me." She returned to the bedroom door as he followed behind her. The morning air was cool, as a layer of fog had rolled in. As they stepped out onto the balcony, Ava turned to observe the effect upon his wet skin. She saw that he shivered a bit, involuntarily, and she told him to get on his knees. He did, and as he was kneeling before her, she commented, "I am really impressed with your obedience to me. I never would have guessed you could be so obedient. Things are going to be very different between us at work, and for the foreseeable future. I am going to enjoy playing with you. You see, making you cum twice for me had a purpose. The first was to make a video. When I come into your office for my performance review, I will have that video on my phone. I might just play it. You won't be able to see it, but I will. And you will be able to hear it. And you will know what I am making you do in the video."

Mel took the very large binder clip, which would ordinarily be used to secure a massive paper document, and brought it with her as she returned to her bed. She lay across it such that she was directly in front of Shawn. She giggled at the thought that he had no idea what was going to happen next. She paused, savoring the moment, feeling the incredibly addicting rush of power that she had over him. Her eyes travelled slowly down his naked, kneeling form, to his erect penis. Then she focused on his balls. She brought the large binder clip between his legs and pressed it open. It presented a great deal of resistance, and she found that she had to use both of her petite hands to press it open fully. She slowly slid it across his balls, which barely fit between the black metal sides of the clamp. When the binder clip was in place, the massive size of the clamp allowed it to encompass a sizable area of both of his balls. She turned her attention to his face as she slowly released the chrome handles, which allowed the black metal clamp to slowly close upon him. The look on his face was delicious for Mel to observe. His mouth opened, but emitted no sound yet. He made no move to protect himself, but remained dutifully in position as she allowed the clamp to slowly tighten, trapping his most vulnerable parts in between. The pressure built, until she at last released the device fully, leaving it in place. He gasped, and she smiled a devious smile as she watched the expression of pain cross his face. She withdrew her hands, and slipped one hand beneath the waistband of her panties as she sat back on the bed to enjoy the sight before her. His jaw clenched and he groaned, making a low, animal sound. She suppressed a giggle at the humiliation of it, that a common office supply was being used to express her total dominance over his naked body. She got up on her knees and drew close to him, placing one hand on his hips and dragging her fingernails up his torso. She reveled in the sensation of owning his body, and electrifying his skin with her touch. She placed one hand on his chest, then dragged her fingernails downward, across his belly, and down to the base of his cock.

“The pain that you are feeling is really beside the point,” she explained, now sliding the tips of her fingers along the shaft of his

erect penis. "It is simply a physical manifestation of my ownership of your body. It is symbolic." She teased the shiny metal tabs of the massive binder clip, causing him to yelp. She used her fingers to flick his penis, observing the look of pleasure and pain on his face. "You understand that I have taken control of you, and that you are now my property, don't you? You and your tiny little dick?" she asked, smiling sweetly at him.

"Yes," he stammered, breathlessly. She smiled, feeling that now-familiar rush of power, as she again toyed with the heavy clamp in which he was imprisoned, and watching both the throbbing of his erection and the look of total subservience she had elicited from him.

"Very good," she concluded. "I am going to have a lot of fun with you." She released the clamp, and was delighted to witness as the sensation washed over him, and though it clearly was overwhelming, he remained on his knees, in the position she had assigned him, waiting for whatever she might do to him next. Having placed the binder clip aside, Mel wrapped her arms around Shawn, and pulled him down between her legs. She laid back amongst the pillows as he slipped off her underwear. Slowly, at first, his tongue began to pleasure her.

"That's right," she sighed. "Make me cum, Shawn."

Upstairs, Jenny was lying on her bed, and she had Mathieu kneeling on the edge of the bed, and she was sucking his cock. He was still wearing the collar Jenny had him wear the night before. She had one hand wrapped tightly around his balls as she slid her lips down, and took him into her mouth as far as she was able. She felt a thrill at the realization that she could take no more than a third of his length into her mouth. He was moaning with pleasure, and she didn't want to stop, so she didn't. She began, lightly at first, dragging her teeth along his sensitive skin, then giving him little bites along his shaft. She pressed him against her soft, wet lips and kissed him, then took him into her mouth as far as she was could. She then sat back and stroked him hard with her hand wrapped tightly around his cock. She could feel his sexual desire building, and his cock growing mind-numbingly hard in her hand. She licked and kissed it lazily as

she worked the length of it in her palm. She leaned forward, and wrapped her lips around one of his balls. He gasped, then moaned, as she carefully sucked one ball into her mouth, deep enough that she made room for the other to slip between her lips. When both of his balls were inside of her mouth, she heard him inhale sharply, the sensation overwhelming him as she sucked on his balls as though she was sucking his cock. At the same time, she continued stroking the shaft of his cock, and could feel that he was getting close to coming.

At last, she allowed his balls to pop out of her mouth, one at a time, then she climbed up on the bed, laid back and guided him between her legs, allowing him to penetrate her slowly, flooding her senses with an almost painful desire. He supported himself with one hand as the other slid up her inner thigh, spreading her legs further apart as his achingly hard cock slipped between the wet lips of her pussy. She reached out, placing a hand on his chest, then trailing downward until she felt the base of his cock just as his hips pressed against hers. Her back arched involuntarily as the sensation flooded upward, her head rolling back into the pillow as she emitted a soft moan of unrestrained pleasure. She could feel the weight, and the heat of his enormous cock throbbing inside of her as her fingers found his open mouth, and he sucked on her fingertips as he repeated the length of his thrust. The rhythm of his movement was slow, deliberate, and sensuous. Her eyes fluttered closed, and her head rolled to the side as she felt him filling her completely. Her eyes opened, and she caught a glimpse of their own reflection in the mirrored, sliding doors of the closet beside the bed. She watched the backlit silhouette of his body as he moved in serpentine, penetrating and retreating, continuously pleasuring her. His head lowered to her body, and he licked and sucked her large, round, erect nipples, as his hands stroked the curves of her body. His hands, lips, tongue and cock seemed everywhere at once, and though she could feel that she was going to cum, he was fucking her so slowly that it wasn't going to be anytime soon. It almost took her breath away as he thrust inside of her, the rhythm and intensity increasing

exponentially. She closed her eyes as a blissful sensation came over her, and her mind reeled with the possibilities presented by the fact that a little bit of dick teasing could result in such a magnificent effort on his part to please her. At last, a thunderous, mind-numbingly explosive orgasm pounded her like a tidal wave, and she looked at his face, and thought about his name, and his identity, and that she had never seen someone look so naked as he pressed his hips to hers and his cock throbbed inside of her.

When she had recovered, she gently eased him back, until he was kneeling at the end of the bed. She smiled, satisfied, and lifted herself, rotating, then pressing her backside to his lips. She reached back, and brought his face between her legs, and he kissed her, sliding his tongue upward between her cheeks. He pressed his lips against her small, tight asshole, then teased her by circling it with his tongue. He placed his hands on the beautiful curves of her cheeks, and gently pressed them further apart as his tongue fluttered across her sensitive skin. He kissed her again before sliding his tongue inside of her. She reveled in this pleasure as he worshipped her with his tongue. She caught a glimpse of him in the mirror beside the bed, and fixated for a moment on how intensely hard his cock was.

As Mathieu licked her asshole, Jenny confessed, "I really love anal sex, Mathieu, but your cock is way too big for me. Luckily, your tongue is just perfect." She pulled away from him, and guided him down, face up on the bed. She straddled his face in reverse, and lowered her ass onto his face. She began to ride him, and as he began to lick her again, she was thrilled by the extravagant length of his tongue. Something felt so right about this moment, for both of them, and it clarified the nature of the relationship between them. He was hers to do with as she pleased, and he would willingly comply with anything she ordered him to do. She had dominated him completely, and the final proof of this victory was how hard he was as he licked her. His lips and tongue were so obedient as he served her pleasure that she couldn't help but take for granted his submission to her. She placed her hands on his hips, and she wrapped one hand around his enormous cock. She began to stroke

it, slowly, clearly in no hurry to finish. When he was about to cum, she let him know that he was allowed to by jerking it faster and harder, until he was unable to stop. He came all over his bare chest, a sight Jenny was delighted to witness.

Eventually, all three girls allowed their new boy toys to reclaim their clothing, and sent them on their way. In the weeks that followed, between James, Shawn, and Mathieu, as well as the various boys who would perform housecleaning duties, there seemed to always be a naked male in the house at any given time. They weren't jealous with each other, and maintained a "you can look, but you can't touch" policy.

The Aftermath: Ava and James

James woke up, a few minutes before his alarm, and looked bleary-eyed at the clock. He felt suspended between dreams and waking life, as the events of the weekend slowly unraveled in his head. It seemed unreal at first: the party and its aftermath, the new, and entirely unexpected relationship with the woman from work. In a very short period of time his life had changed completely. Ava had taken ownership of him, arresting his thoughts and actions, and supplanted his dreams and desires with images of her. He felt only a drive to please her and do as she directed. He had willingly become a plaything for her, and he endeavored to obey and conform to her ideal of him.

Silencing the alarm before it had a chance to sound, he slipped out of bed and dropped to the floor to do a set of push-ups. He finished, then got into the shower. He stood for some moments with his head underneath the warm spray of water, then began soaping his body. His ever-present thoughts of her caused his cock to become hard. Harder, in fact, than he had ever seen it before, which was a new phenomenon. It was as though her new position in his life, an extraordinarily powerful new position that he was previously unaware of had caused his dick to increase in size. Erections now felt almost painful in their intensity. His hand naturally slid into place around his erection, and he stroked it in his hand as soapy white lather and warm water coursed down his body.

Suddenly, her words came to him, and he could feel the power she had to compel him. She had introduced a new rule in his life, one of many, as he was kneeling before her on the floor of her bedroom. She informed him that he was to never masturbate when he was out of her site, unless she had specifically ordered him to do so, in which case he would position a camera to record a video for her to watch. He placed his hands behind his back, and felt the water teasing his cock, as though it too was enjoying his denial. He turned

the water to its coldest setting, and remained in place for ten seconds or so, voluntarily acquiescing to another of her commands. He then turned off the shower and stepped out. He grabbed his phone from his bedroom, and stood before the mirror, still desperately hard and dripping wet, and snapped a photo of himself. He checked the photo to make sure that it was in focus, then sent it to her in an email attachment, following another of the rules she had given him while he was kneeling on the floor of her bedroom.

Now fully dressed, and thankfully no longer erect, he nervously drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. Traffic was lighter today. Or was it heavier than usual? His mind was in a fog as he endeavored to attend the task of driving to work. He was thinking of her, unaware that he was pressing the tip of his tongue against the roof of his mouth when a horn honked behind him. Shaken out of his reverie, he accelerated the car, and it occurred to him how sore the muscle in his tongue was. He smiled to himself, thinking that he was going to have to get used to that.

The office was its usual buzz of activity, but everything seemed to be in slow-motion to him as he made his way to his office. His eyes darted back and forth, wondering when he was going to encounter Ava. His face felt flushed, as though everyone knew the secret he was carrying. It was as though the metaphorical leash that bound him to her was visible to everyone. He finally found the door to his office and lurched through the doorway, closing the door tightly behind him. He paused in the relative stillness, then turned on his computer. At that moment, his phone vibrated in his pocket. He sat at his desk and saw that she had sent him an email. He opened it, and felt his stomach drop. Ava had attached a photo of him, that he was unaware that she had taken. In the photo, he was naked, blindfolded, and kneeling on her balcony overlooking the CFNM party. His hands were clasped behind his head, his knees were far apart. The message read:

“I am going to have a lot of fun with you today. Be prepared to obey orders. Clear your schedule for a meeting with me at 10:30.”

James swallowed hard, and noticed that he was embarrassingly erect.

A little past 10:30 Ava walked into his office, and closed the door behind her. He got up, and his face blushed red at the sight of her. He smiled warmly, and she smiled back as she crossed the room to his desk.

“Hey,” she said, and the word carried many unspoken implications. He placed a hand on his desk to steady himself as she came around the desk and greeted him, her hand stroking his chin, then dropping down to rest on his hip.

“Hello,” he replied, and his usually calm, confident demeanor was replaced with a nervous uncertainty. He kept his eyes on her, and wore an earnest expression on his face. The effect was to render his appearance as one who is willing to serve in any capacity required. She sat in his desk chair and directed him to stand in front of the desk.

As he moved into position, she looked about, commenting, “You have a very private office. That should serve you well today. And a very nice desk chair! It’s one of those ergonomically designed ones,” she noted, distracted for the moment. “Take off your clothes,” she said, placing her chin on her hands and her elbows on the desk, and peering at him expectantly. He swallowed hard, blushed, and complied, removing his shoes, socks, shirt, and pants, until he was standing naked in the middle of his office. For a minute or two she silently observed his obedience to her command.

“Tell me, now that you have had time to reflect upon it, what you think of having come to our little party this past weekend.”

James remained standing, looked down for a moment, thinking, then replied, “I am unsure of how to respond. I mean, I thought it was a lot of fun,” he offered with a hopeful smile. “Women are so often put in a position of having to be on display, so I thought it was interesting to experience it the other way around. And when I saw you, I um, well, that was the whole point as far as I was concerned.” He couldn’t help but look embarrassed, though Ava could tell that he was being genuine.

She laughed, then repeated, "Yes, when you saw me." She glanced at his cock, which was semi-hard, and inquired, "What did you think when you saw me?"

He really blushed then, looking down for a moment, then replied, "I thought that I was in big trouble."

"Big trouble?" she repeated, laughing. "What kind of trouble did you think you were in?"

He hesitated, then responded, "I knew that I was going to do anything that you wanted me to."

She suddenly looked quite serious.

"Place your hand on your cock, and play with it slowly, while you repeat what you just said."

He placed his hand on his cock, and began to masturbate slowly as he repeated, "I knew that I was going to do anything that you wanted me to."

"Hmmm," she murmured, watching him. "Say it again."

"I knew that I was going to do anything that you wanted me to," he repeated again, now fully erect. She continued watching him for another minute, then told him to place his hands behind his back. He did, and then she told him to bend over the desk. Again, he did as she directed. She reached forward, and combed her fingers through his hair.

"Well, Mel and Jenny are already talking about having another party," she purred. "If you do as you are told, you might get an invitation to the next one. And if you aren't careful, I might make sure that you are the first to arrive," she laughed. "You know what happens to the first male to arrive?"

"No."

She stroked the side of his face. "Well, you see, all of the women have already taken their places, and they are rather keen to play with the first man they see. They get, um, a bit forward with the first one. And since he is so entirely outnumbered ..." she trailed off. She then stood up, and walked around to the front of the desk.

"Cross your arms behind your back," she commanded, while retrieving his leather belt from the pair of pants he had dropped to the floor earlier. She then laid the belt across his upturned butt.

“Memorize this position. Sometime after 6, when everyone has gone home for the night, I want you to return to the position you are in now, and remain in this position until I arrive.” She slid her fingers between his legs and wrapped them tightly around his balls, giving them a firm squeeze.

“Do you think you can do that for me?”

He gasped, feeling the pressure she exerted upon him, and replied, “Yes, I can do that. I will be in this position after 6, this evening.”

She laughed, giving his balls a squeeze.

“Good. And one more thing. I will text you throughout the day. Whenever you receive a text, you will have just two minutes to respond. Your response will have a photo of you completely naked attached to it. So be prepared, that wherever you are, you will have just two minutes to send me a very, very naked photograph. If you fail,” she added, her voice becoming quite serious, “I will whip you very hard with the belt this evening. Then I will have you turn over, and I will whip you across the dick.”

He nodded to show that he understood, then heard the door click shut. He remained in place another minute before looking over his shoulder to see that she had left. He took the belt from across his butt, then stood up. Just as he was about to get dressed, his phone buzzed. He looked at the message. It read “Two minutes . . .” He launched the camera function on his phone, set it on the desk with the little tripod built into the phone case, and set the ten second timer. He took a few steps back and waited until he heard the snap of the shutter. He then responded to the text by sending the photo of himself, standing naked, and hard, in his office.

At 2pm that day, James took off his shoes, socks, and unbuckled his belt, dropped his pants to the floor and stepped out of them. He unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it on the floor. He stood before the camera, completely naked, in a seldomly used storeroom, terrified that someone might enter and find him in such a compromising position, yet turned on by doing what she had told him to do. Which is why he now found himself standing naked before his camera for

the picture he was to send to her. She chuckled to herself when her phone made a soft vibrating sound. She picked it up and opened the image file to see him naked in the storeroom. She smiled, seeing the nervous look on his face in the photo.

She texted back, "Nice. Now print it out."

He swallowed hard, knowing that the printer was some twenty feet from his office. He would have to transfer the image to his computer, then send it to the printer, then sprint to make sure that no one else saw it before he could retrieve it.

A few minutes before 6:30, James stepped out of his office and looked around, nervously checking that everyone had gone home for the evening. Seeing that every desk was quiet, and most of the lights had been turned off, he quietly closed the door and quickly slipped out of his clothing. He positioned himself as she had instructed, bent over his desk, his chest pressed against the surface, and he placed his leather belt across his ass before he folded his arms behind his back. He remained in position, feeling very vulnerable and exposed with his butt facing the door to his office. His mind whirled with the fear of someone else walking in on him, and seeing him in such a compromising position.

Around 6:45, he heard the door to his office swing open, and he felt a wave of panic, his heart racing as he wondered if it was Ava, or perhaps the cleaning lady. Regardless, he remained in position, knowing that if it was Ava, and he disobeyed her order not to move, that his whipping would be much more severe. She allowed him to remain in this state of uncertainty for a few moments more, then burst out laughing, unable to help herself at the sight of him in such a humiliating position. His body visibly relaxed, which she intended to fix with the use of his belt. She closed the office door, and crossed the room to stand behind him. Without a word, she lifted the belt off his butt, and held it folded double. Unceremoniously she raised her arm, then brought it down, landing it hard across his ass, leaving a red mark.

He yelped, and she laughed, asking with mock concern, "Ooh, that looked painful! Did that hurt?"

He nodded his head and replied yes, to which she laughed again, and replied "Good! I like that." She stroked the single red mark with her fingertips, then instructed him to raise his rear end up higher.

He pushed up on his toes, and arched his back, raising his butt higher.

"A little higher," she directed, and watched as he endeavored to satisfy her command. Her hand slipped down between his legs, and she felt the tension in his body as she made contact with his balls. She drew her middle finger back with her thumb, then flicked balls, causing him to jump, and make a small moan.

"I love that sound," she stated with obvious pleasure, then flicked him again. She then took his balls firmly in her hand, and brought the belt up between his legs, and gently stroked them with the smooth, soft surface of the leather belt. She gripped more tightly, causing his balls to pull slightly further away from his body, all the while slowly teasing him with the belt.

"Now," she declared in an official-sounding way, "We are going to have a talk. Or rather, I am going to talk, and you are going to listen. Because there are some new rules that you will need to follow." She paused for a minute to let the words sink in, then raised the belt and spanked his balls with it.

He cried out, a sound she found almost endearing, as she continued.

"I will do anything I want to you, and you will do anything that I tell you to. I will train you to serve me, and you will be trained to do so regularly." She emphasized this point by raising the belt, and slapping his balls again.

He groaned in a breathy, rather attractive way, which pleased her greatly.

"You will consider yourself my possession, and you will endeavor to serve me in every conceivable way, as well as you are able. Do you understand?" she asked.

He nodded his head, and replied in the affirmative, which she rewarded by raising the belt once again, only this time she paused, watching him tense up in anticipation. Her lips curled into a smile, then she brought the belt down hard. He yelped, and she looked

down to see that his cock was embarrassingly erect. She tapped his dick lightly with the belt.

“You will show respect, kneeling before me whenever I command. You will be a willing participant in your punishment, enduring whatever pain and humiliation I deliver with an appropriate attitude. And at last, when I decide that you deserve to be allowed to use your tongue, you will make it as pleasurable for me as you are capable.” She whipped him with the belt as she finished her sentence, then asked, “Do you understand all of what I have told you?” she asked.

He again nodded and replied yes. She smiled, then raised the belt to whip him again.

As Ava deepened her relationship with James, she continued to train him to serve her in every way. She bought him his first dildo, which was a nice, cute, eight-inch silicone model that was realistic in color and shape. She had James practice with it, under her supervision, and then by instructing him to use it on himself when he was at home. She also introduced him to her strap-on dildo.

The first time she used it, she was lying on her back, her massive strap-on rising upward from between her legs. He was straddling her body, and he rotated his hips forward as she guided him into position. His erect cock arcing upward as he positioned himself to be penetrated by her. She pulled him downward, and he began taking the length and girth of her dildo inch by inch. He would take as much as he could, then raise his hips, and then he would take more, until the entirety of it was penetrating him. Then he began to ride her dildo, slowly at first, as she placed her hand on his cock, urging him to take it deeper, and harder. His asshole was so tight, and her dildo was so large, really a bit too big for him, that he had to surrender to her dominance with every thrust. He had his hands on her breasts, and he began to ride her as he leaned forward and licked and sucked her nipples. When he reached orgasm, he came upon her body, then collapsed, spent and exhausted. Before he dismounted, she had him lap up his cum until she was licked clean.

The Aftermath: Jenny and Mathieu

Jenny continued with her job cajoling unsuspecting men to wear practically nothing in public while she photographed them. Her photos were also worth more if she could get two boys instead of one, so she enlisted Mathieu's assistance. He had come to adore her, and felt that he was unable to refuse her anything, so he readily agreed.

When she met Devon, she paired him with Mathieu. They were previously unknown to each other, but they agreed to pose together. There was an easy camaraderie between the two, and she could see that they would work well together. Devon was black, with caramel-colored skin and green eyes, and Mathieu was white, with beautifully tanned skin, long, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Jenny observed that they both had smooth, hard bodies that were browned by the sun. When they emerged from the van wearing the prescribed outfit, they were both laughing from the terror of trying to remain covered in the ridiculously small bikinis. In spite of Mathieu's experience in having done this before, it was still a formidable challenge. As she photographed them, she noted that they were naturally confident models, who gave her really wonderful photos. She realized that they were both trying to seduce her, and using each other to do so. It took very little encouragement from her to get them to interact with each other, in spite of the fact that they were completely straight. She likened it to the way that two girls will start making out with each other to get attention from boys. They were attempting to get her attention by playing with each other, and it wasn't long before they were getting hard.

They were up against a stand of palm trees, along a sun-drenched beach that was sparsely populated. She was taking a photo of Mathieu, who was salaciously palming the left cheek of Devon's gorgeously proportioned butt. Mathieu's cock suddenly slid out, semi-hard, and he laughed from embarrassment, trying to put it back in. It was hopeless, so he positioned himself pointing up, so

that the bikini covered the base of his shaft, and left four or five inches sticking up and clearly visible. Devon saw that he was soon to experience the same fate, and he swallowed hard, looking nervous. Eventually, his garment gave way as he was turning to face the camera. She activated the shutter of the camera. Both boys were equally well-endowed, but Devon was even thicker. Mathieu finally slipped off his bikini, and they continued posing, now completely naked and fully hard. They were incredibly unselfconscious about the amazingly naked display they were making, and they took her direction to touch each other quite naturally.

The card on her camera was getting full, and she couldn't be more satisfied with the images she had gotten so far, so she asked Devon and Mathieu if they would be interested in doing another photo shoot later in the day. They both agreed, so she gave them back their clothes, and arranged to meet at the hotel in the afternoon.

Unbeknownst to Devon was the fact that Mathieu would be accompanying Jenny back to her room, where his tongue would be enlisted to alleviate the sexual tension the photo session had created. And Jenny suspected that the tension would not let up anytime soon.

They met again on the outdoor patio of the hotel. She bought them drinks, and they chatted a bit as they waited for golden hour, the time of day when the sun goes down and fills the sky with a golden-colored light.

Her company had reserved the outdoor pool for such an occasion, so she took them there, drinks in hand, for what she hoped would be a truly inspired photo shoot. She needn't have worried, as the two boys effortlessly slid their clothes off and were soon beside the pool, posing for her camera. They interacted beautifully, their bodies glistening in the golden sunlight, their cocks growing desperately hard. She could see how they were working to try to arouse her, and she could have told them they didn't have to try hard at all, but it

made for such incredibly erotic pictures, so she let them continue. She was unsure of how they would react, but when she directed Mathieu to get on his knees, and for Devon to stand in front of him, they seemed to have understood that it was a foregone conclusion that they would end up in this position. Mathieu placed his hand around Devon's massive cock and held it to his mouth. She could see how nervous he was, but she could also see how hard he was. Perhaps it was the newness, or the brazen sexuality, or the thrill of the bi-sexual naughtiness, but he was intensely hard as he played with the enormous cock just inches from his lips. She asked Mathieu to touch the tip of his tongue to Devon's cock, which he did, resulting in one of the sexiest photos so far that day.

And so it was, that when she coaxed Mathieu to take Devon's cock in his mouth, he complied. She photographed every inch of Devon's massive, uncircumcised cock as Mathieu endeavored to take it into his mouth, stretching the muscles in his jaw to do so. She trained her camera on Devon's face as his face radiated the pleasure he felt. His knees went soft, as though they might buckle, but he recovered himself, and regained his composure, facing Jenny and posing for the camera.

As the golden light faded from the sky, Jenny began to pack her camera equipment into its bag. Devon and Mathieu took this as their cue, and pulled on their shorts. She kept an eye on them, to read their mood, and was happy to see that they remained relaxed and comfortable with each other.

"Hey, you know, I have a hotel room, if the two of you might want to come up and hang out for a bit."

Devon and Mathieu signaled that they were open to the idea, so they followed her out of the pool area and headed up to the room.

Upon entering the hotel room, she turned the lock on the door, Jenny pushed Mathieu onto the bed and kissed him. Then she turned, and seeing that the moment was a bit awkward for Devon, she grabbed ahold of him and kissed him as well. She began pulling

his shorts off, and then pushed him onto the bed beside Mathieu. She pulled Mathieu's shorts off as well, and climbed onto the bed between them and took hold of their cocks in either hand. They took turns undressing her, and they began touching and kissing her naked body, their mouths on her massive breasts. She could feel their massive cocks pressed against either side of her, and it was a delicious feeling of power to take both of them in her hands at the same time. Mathieu slid down her body to lick her pussy while Devon kissed her breasts, licking and softly biting her nipples. She pulled Devon by the cock to her mouth, and began sucking it as Mathieu continued to lick her between her legs. She had the first of many orgasms, then had the two boys switch positions.

The Aftermath: Mel and Shawn

At Mel's direction, Shawn arrived at her workplace, where he was directed to the door of Mel's office by a woman named Rebecca. She gave him a knowing smile, which made Shawn curious. He had only a vague notion of what Mel did at her job, and had yet to fully understand that men were being shown to her office with some regularity. And he had no idea that they were generally required to strip off their clothes in addition to a variety of other revealing activities. He knocked softly on her door, and heard her voice, telling him to enter. He did, and saw her working at her desk. He closed the door behind him, then he crossed the room to stand before her, nervously awaiting her next instruction. She made him wait.

"Take off your clothes," Mel said at last, without looking up from her computer. He was still surprised by the nature of their relationship, that he was to be naked and submissive to her, obeying her every command. He didn't object, because it turned him on to be used by her, to be considered her property, but it did scare the hell out of him. He quickly removed his clothes and stood before her desk. She continued working, not paying any particular attention to him, or the fact that he was now standing before her completely unclothed.

"Place your balls in my hand," she said at last. Without raising her eyes, she extended her hand out to the side, palm open. He made his way around the desk, and lifted up on his toes to place his balls in her open hand. Without looking up at him, she closed her hand tightly around his balls and gripped them tightly. He moaned involuntarily at the sudden pressure she exerted upon him. She absent-mindedly massaged him, making him feel weak at the knees. He wanted to kneel for her, but he wasn't allowed to yet. Instead, he was to remain standing, and endure the kneading she delivered with her hand. He loved his new position as her possession, and had adjusted his every thought toward serving her every whim, but the punishment she wanted him to endure was still a surprise to him. He had never encountered a woman who wanted to whip him across the

balls before, and he was more than fully aroused by being her whipping boy. Finally, she turned away from her computer, and observed the look on his face as she squeezed his balls in her hand. Her eyes traveled down, and she noticed that his cock was satisfactorily hard. She pulled him closer to her, and leaned toward him, her lips wet and open, inches from the tip of his cock. She could feel the heat of his body, so naked and compliant to her, and she could sense his arousal as she brought her open mouth so close to him. She laughed, amused by his excitement, and the compromising position he was in. She held his cock to her open lips and for a moment, enjoying the scent, taste, and feel of his cock on her tongue. He moaned softly. The power she had over him, to make him do anything she wanted him to, satisfied her greatly. She squeezed his balls mercilessly, thinking of all that she might do to him. She had endless opportunity to humiliate him, and make him expose himself at her will, but for now she would enjoy his submission to her privately. He was hers to do with as she pleased, and she was going to put him through his paces. For now, she would put him in his place, which was on his knees.

Sometime between her first and second orgasm, she thought of the belt she was going to whip him with that evening, as his tongue worked tirelessly to satisfy her pussy. She placed her feet on his lower back, and pressed his face between her legs as she thought about what she was going to do with him. She observed him, naked, on his hands and knees, licking her pussy so devotedly, and she looked forward to hearing the sound he was going to make when she began teasing him between his legs with the smooth surface of the leather belt, and even better, the sound he would make when she brought that leather belt down hard across his balls. When she was done with him, she ordered him to get dressed, and show up at the house later that evening.

When Shawn arrived at the house later that evening, he was noticeably nervous.

“Don’t worry, we are the only ones here,” Mel said with a bemused smile.

“Okay,” Shawn replied, looking about warily. “It’s just that the last time I was here ...” Shawn trailed off and Mel laughed.

Mel sent him to her bedroom, and she used a length of nylon rope to tie around his balls, with enough of a lead to tie it off to the railing at the foot of the bed, then straddled his face. She positioned herself such that he had to stretch the rope rather tightly to reach her with his tongue, and she could hear the low, moaning sound that aroused her so. His tongue felt unreal as he pleased her, and it wasn’t long before her hips began to buck wildly as she had her first orgasm. He kissed the lips of her pussy softly as she recovered. She gradually began to slide her hips back and forth on his face, keeping one hand on the back of his head and at length, she came with an earth-shattering climax. She had him get on his hands and knees, and then she slid underneath him, and guided him into her fantastically aroused pussy. The rope drew tight as he slowly thrust forward. He strained against it, until he entered her fully. He fucked her slowly, the rope pulling tight with every thrust. When she was satisfied, Mel kissed him. Then she slid out from underneath him, leaving him tied to the foot of the bed.

“Now, spread your legs, Shawn.”

He looked at Mel, her slender, tan, naked body standing over him, holding a black, leather belt in one hand.

The Plan

The following weekend, in the afternoon, Ava, Mel, and Jenny sat out beside the pool, under an umbrella, eating bowls of fresh fruit.

Mel spoke up, saying, "We need to do something different for the next party. Something, you know, fucking extravagant. I want to make it bigger."

"Do you have something in mind?" asked Ava.

"Well, yes and no," Mel replied, pre-occupied with her own idea. "I think what we should do, is have a bit of a contest."

"But there are lots of contests throughout the night," observed Jenny. "Totally fun little contests," she chuckled, thinking back fondly on all the various events that had happened in an impromptu kind of way.

"No, that's not what I mean. I mean a contest between the three of us." The other two girls pricked up their ears. "I think we should have a contest between the three of us to create the most amazingly fun, objectification event for the boys to endure. And we should have all three of these events set up, and make as many of the boys complete them as possible. Maybe we can have a prize for everyone who completes all three."

Jenny pondered this for a moment, excited by the concept.

"Or maybe we only let them have their clothes back when they have done all three!" she laughed.

"So, do you mean, like what, an obstacle course?" asked Ava, unsure of what Mel was envisioning.

"Ha. That's an amusing idea. But I think that is all I should say about it," answered Mel. "I think it is entirely up to each of us to imagine, and execute our own vision of what would be the most fun for us to make the boys do, and watch them do it."

"Okay, I have an idea," Jenny piped up. "How about, over the next few weeks, we put on a little show, just for the three of us, with our new boy toys. That way, we can maybe draw some inspiration for what the girls might want to see at the party!"

“I love that,” Mel replied, impressed, thinking about how fun it would be to put on a show with Shawn as the performer.

“Yeah, like a salon,” offered Ava, similarly thinking about what she might do with James.

Jenny speared a chunk of watermelon with her fork. “This is delicious, where did we get this fruit?”

The CFNM Salon: Ava and James

Ava was the first to present for her housemates. In the living room, James was on his knees, with his forehead touching the floor, and his arms extended forward, his palms placed flat upon the floor. His position served to push his rear end up, making him as vulnerable as possible to her. He had been ordered to assume this position, completely naked, an hour earlier. Then, the three girls had a couple of glasses of wine, as Ava explained that waiting in position allowed his anticipation to build for what would be an intensely satisfying ass-fucking. Mel held up her glass.

“To ass-fucking!” she declared.

“Ass-fucking!” Ava and Jenny replied, clinking their wine glasses.

“And what a gorgeous ass it is,” Mel commented, making Jenny laugh in agreement.

Ava then stepped away for a moment, explaining that she had a bit of a transformation to undergo.

When she returned to the living room, she was wearing a short, black silk robe, left open in front, exposing a black bra, and her massive strap-on dildo. She had a riding crop in hand.

Mel and Jenny applauded the sight, cheering as Ava posed for them with her big dick in her hand. She approached James’ naked body with a confident stride, placing the toe of her boot directly below his lips, and ordered him to kiss her boot. He did so, reverently, and she was amused by the humiliation of it as she brought the whip down swiftly across his upturned rear end.

“I am going to do something nice for James. I am going to give him a present.,” she cooed as she knelt down in front of him. “I am going to train him to deep-throat my cock. That will be really satisfying for me to watch, and my satisfaction is your reward, James.” She combed her fingers through his hair, then gathered it up in a fist.

“Now open your mouth.” He had just parted his lips when he felt the tip of her strap-on push forward, opening his mouth for him as it thrust forward. He could only take about one-third of it in his mouth before it was pressed against the back of his throat and he could swallow it no further.

“Deeper!” Jenny called out in encouragement.

Ava smiled as she observed how hard he tried to do as she had commanded. She admired his effort, but punished him for his failure to take every inch of it with a hard stroke of the riding crop across his naked butt. She relaxed into a rhythm of thrusting into his mouth, and whipping him.

At last, she ordered him to turn around. He did so, presenting his well-whipped ass for her to do with as she pleased. She placed her hands on his narrow hips, and paused before penetrating him, then thrust the length of the strap-on cock into him. Mel and Jenny watched the look on his face as she drove every last inch of the dildo into him. It was priceless. They could see simultaneously the look of surprise and the look of desire on his face as he submitted to her complete and total domination over him. She withdrew, and was thrilled by the sight of how enormous the dildo looked as she repeated the violation of his whip-reddened naked ass. Because he wasn't expecting it, she gave him a hard slap on his balls with her bare hand. Then she placed a hand on his hip and the other on the back of his neck and began fucking him.

“Tell everyone that you love it, James.”

“I love being fucked in the ass.”

And when, at last, Ava made James cum, without so much as touching his cock, Mel and Jenny applauded, with a newfound admiration and respect for their housemate.

The CFNM Salon: Mel and Shawn

The next to present was Mel, who told Shawn to arrive at the house for a little show that she was putting on. She didn't bother telling him that he was going to be the show. Shawn arrived at the house, and noticed that Ava and Jenny were there, along with another woman he recognized from Mel's office.

Her name was Rebecca, and she replied, "Absolutely," when Mel invited her, explaining what was going to be on offer at her house that evening.

Mel brought Shawn to the center of the living room, and gave him the instruction that he was to take off his clothes and get on his knees on a small coffee table, which had been placed in the middle of the room. He hesitated, as this scenario felt somehow more intimidating by nature of it being more intimate. Apparently, it was easier to be naked and objectified at a party with forty or more women than it was to be in a living room with four.

"Shawn." Mel crossed her arms.

Shawn looked sheepish, then began to remove his clothing. When he slipped off the last piece of clothing, he sank to his knees on the low table.

"Now make your little penis hard, while I go and get the belt." Mel went to her bedroom and retrieved a long, thick, black leather belt from her closet. She returned to the living room, stood beside him and grabbed a handful of his hair with her left hand, and held the leather belt against his chest. She stood over him and she felt, rightly so, that she could do anything she wanted to him. Her eyes scanned his naked body, from his upturned face, down to his erection. She observed the belt that she held against him and was thrilled with how vulnerable he was to it.

Mel drew a deep breath, and luxuriated in the feeling.

"Now," she growled, drunk on her own power, "I am going to teach you a fucking lesson."

She drew the belt back, and examined the look on his face as she waited, allowing his anticipation to grow, then whipped him hard across his dick. He gasped, surprised by the strength in her arm.

“And you can’t imagine how delighted I am, that you want nothing more than to kneel before me, completely naked, and do anything I tell you to.” She drew the belt back, and whipped him again. She was still watching his face, and found his reaction to her whip to be deeply satisfying.

She drew the belt back again.

“Let me hear you say “Please, Melissa, please whip me harder.”“

Shawn trembled with fear but submitted to her demand, saying “Please, Melissa, please whip me harder.”

She laughed at the humiliation of it, then complied with his expressed wish, and whipped him, significantly harder. His reaction was a delight for her to witness. She tightened her grip on the handful of hair by which she was holding him in place, then whipped him again. She was having difficulty determining just what his facial expression was, so she whipped his cock several times in quick succession, examining his reaction. It was definitely pain, she thought, but it was more than that. Something far more satisfying to watch. She took into account how hard he was for her as she repeatedly struck him across his dick. The look on his face was arousal, lustful, but again, something deeper than that.

“Tell me, tell *everyone* that you love being whipped.”

He took a deep breath, then replied “I love being whipped.”

“Say that you love being whipped by me.”

“I love being whipped by you.”

She laughed at the fun she was having with her little game.

“Say that you love having your penis whipped by me.”

He responded, punctuated by short pauses whenever her whip made contact, “ I love . . . having my . . . penis... whipped by . . . you.”

“Very nice. Say it again.”

“I . . . love having my . . . penis whipped . . . by you,” he replied.

“Hmmm,” she murmured. “Again.”

“ . . . I . . . love . . . having . . . my . . . penis... whipped . . . by . . . you,” he replied.

She had a wicked smile as she began whipping his balls. First one, then the other, then both at the same time. She could see and hear how intense this was for him. With every stroke of the leather belt he made a sound that would be difficult to describe. It was partly pain, partly arousal, partly fear, and partly gratitude. She could see that it hurt, every single time she struck his balls. His legs would even involuntarily draw closer together, as if to protect himself, which she immediately corrected with a few very hard smacks along his inner thigh.

“Keep your legs spread for me,” she admonished him. “I am aware that I am whipping your balls rather hard, but that gives you no right to move out of position.”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized in earnest, keeping his knees spread wide.

“Ha,” she laughed, “I will make you sorry.” She continued whipping his erect penis and his swollen balls, enjoying his renewed commitment to remain rigidly at attention for the punishment she was delivering.

“Open your mouth,” she demanded. He did, and she placed the belt between his teeth and had him hold it there for her. She retrieved a long, wooden paddle, feeling the weight of it in her hand as she returned to his kneeling, compliant body. She stood before him, observing his posture, his attitude, his desire to serve her in whatever capacity she determined. She wanted to think of him in precisely this way: his nudity, his obedience, his erection, and the marks she made across his body. She slid down to the floor, extending the paddle between his legs, bringing it up until it was pressed firmly against his balls. She savored the moment, gently stroking him with the smooth, flat surface of the paddle.

“When you think about me, this is what I want you to think about,” she commanded, teasing him in this most vulnerable of places. “I want you to think about kneeling in front of me, completely naked. And so obviously aroused,” she continued with a gentle laugh. “And I want you think about me holding a thick, heavy, wooden paddle

against your so very, very sensitive balls. And then, how you so politely, respectfully, asked me to give you ten hard smacks with the paddle. Will you be thinking about that?"

"Yes," he replied, quite honestly.

"Good," she assessed, sounding pleased. "Now feel free to ask, but only when you have thought very carefully about it, and have decided that you truly do want to offer yourself up for the punishment I mentioned." She waited patiently for a moment as he thought about it, still gently stroking him with the paddle. She was delighted with how intensely hard his cock was at this moment.

"Please," he begged, "please may I have ten strokes of the paddle?"

"Hmmm," she murmured in mock disappointment. "Only ten?" she asked, teasing him. "At least a dozen, I would think. Maybe more?"

"As," he stammered, "as many . . . as you would like." She smiled broadly.

"That's the right attitude." She was pleased with her dominance over him. She slid forward and wrapped her hand tightly around his balls and pulled them toward her, pressing them against the paddle.

"Count for me. And thank me," she commanded. She brought the paddle back, paused, watching his face, then spanked him.

"One," he counted off dutifully. "Thank you."

"Two." His voice revealed his desperation and arousal. "Thank you."

"Three." She was fascinated by his obedience. "Thank you."

"Four," he continued, and she thought about him licking her pussy. "Thank you."

"Five." She tightened her grip. "Thank you."

"Six," he counted, and she thought about fucking him. "Thank you."

"Seven." His voice was strained. "Thank you."

"Eight," he whispered.

"Louder," she commanded. "Let's do that one again."

"Eight," he counted, his voice loud and clear. "Thank you."

"Nine." His cock was throbbing. "Thank you."

“T-Ten,” he stammered, as she really let him have it with that one.
“Thank you.”

She released his balls from her grip and wrapped her hand tightly around the base of his cock. She then gave him a few smacks with the paddle across the head of his erect penis. Then she sat back and ordered him onto his hands and knees. She slammed the paddle repeatedly against his upturned ass, which was already marked by her whip, and was now turning a bright red. At last she dropped the paddle and sat back, exhausted. Ava, Jenny, and Rebecca applauded, deeply impressed.

The CFNM Salon: Jenny and Mathieu and Devon

Jenny was the last to schedule a performance, and though she didn't think it through particularly well, that actually made it better. Jenny didn't like things to be complicated. Except when it came to her, of course, as Mathieu had discovered. He was seen everywhere at once, doing Jenny's bidding. Ava almost felt sorry for him, but she didn't. He got to serve Jenny, and that was reward enough for his troubles. She wasn't quite sure what Devon's role was yet, but she had seen him around a lot.

In essence, Jenny had Mathieu and Devon put on a show for the house, which included Ava and Mel of course, and Rebecca, who had been so entertained the week before, she told Mel that she simply had to come back. Jenny began by having the two boys serve wine, while wearing white tube socks over their enormous equipment. Or as Jenny referred to them, "cock socks." Then a game of "flag football," where the boys competed to see who could get the other's sock off first. The game did not last long, and it also ended in a draw. Then, she had the two stand next to each other and stroke each other's cocks. Again, it was a competition, so the last one to get hard was the first one to get on his knees and suck the other's cock. Although the performance that Jenny had arranged was pretty sloppy, the girls needed up drunk and laughing so hard that it didn't matter. Everyone applauded Mathieu and Devon's performance, and everyone enjoyed themselves, and Jenny felt proud of her boys.

The Second CFNM Party

It was a month to the day from the last CFNM party. The house had been turned over in preparation for the event. There were half-naked boys everywhere, cleaning, dusting, vacuuming, and scrubbing on their hands and knees. Ava found herself in an entirely different mood this time, as she could anticipate what was to come. She was looking forward to seeing how her and her housemates' "events" would turn out. They had kept them as a surprise from each other, until the day of the party, when it became pretty obvious what was intended by the delivery and installation of a few unusual items.

When the delivery man appeared that day, he smiled in recognition of Mel, and the remarkably large order.

"Having another party, I see?"

"No, it's all just for me," Mel dead-panned.

"You, uh, have a big appetite for such a small girl," he responded with a laugh.

Mel watched as he wheeled the cases through the door, heading for the back patio. He was wearing shorts, as all delivery men apparently do, and she glanced at his butt as he passed by her. The muscles in his legs were well-defined, and she thought he was cute, so when he had completed delivering all of the items in the order, Mel stopped him in the entryway.

"Would you mind taking off your clothes for me?" Mel asked, as nonchalantly as possible. She had found that being incredibly, disarmingly forward was effective in getting what she wanted.

"Excuse me?" he asked, appearing quite taken aback.

"Take off your clothes," she repeated. "I am not trying to have sex with you, I just want to have a look at your body, and I want to see how big you are."

"Um." He looked about nervously, an incredulous look on his face. Jenny was upstairs, getting ready, and Ava was out buying a few things for the party with James, and "the boys" were out back working in the pool area, so they were alone in the living room. He

looked at Mel, sitting on the couch, one leg tucked up under her. She said nothing, and had an expectant look on her face.

He looked around the room for a second time, then mumbled, "What the hell," and started unbuttoning his shirt. When he had removed the last of his clothing, he returned his attention to Mel. He noticed that she was looking directly at his cock, which was surprisingly large, and to Mel's amusement, starting to grow hard.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"David," he replied, feeling intimidated by Mel, and her directness.

"David, I would like to invite you to a party tonight."

The sexual tension of the event had descended upon the house. Within a few hours, over forty women showed up, chatting, pouring drinks, everyone feeling the charged atmosphere of the event, but no one specifically addressing the obvious, that soon the place would be full of naked men to be observed, ogled, groped, and otherwise enjoyed. Ava moved about, checking to see that there wasn't anything left unattended to. Mel was pretty much on top of everything, so there was little to do. She had wanted James to be with her prior to the party, and Jenny had voiced the same interest, but Mel had reminded them how awkward that would be. And she reminded them how fun it was for all of the women to be in place before any of the men showed up. Reluctantly, Ava and Jenny admitted this to be true, and while they each spared their own boys from having to show up first, they warned them not to be late.

As it turned out, Mel had arranged for Shawn to arrive first. She was overseeing the collection of clothing, as she had done previously, and before she sent him into the party, she took ahold of his dick and made him hard.

"Good boy, Shawn," she commended him. "Now go show everyone your erection."

Shawn entered the party, to the now expected eruption of applause from the women gathered, but it was the second male to arrive that surprised everyone, including Mel. It was David, the

delivery driver, and Mel tried not to laugh when she realized what was going to happen.

“Thank you for coming, David. I hope that you have a good time.”

“Wish me luck!” he replied, looking a little wary.

“You won’t need it.”

David entered the party, and there was the usual levity, but it was notably subdued due to the fact that a number of the women simply gasped at the sight of his enormous, twelve-inch cock.

Over the next fifteen minutes, another twenty men arrived, a few who had been previously, but many who had not, so as to preserve the genuine reaction of appearing nude in public for the first time. And of course, James, Mathieu and Devon showed up on cue. As Ava was taking stock of the party, still open to whatever the night might’ve in store, a woman who was walking by stopped, and commented on how impressed she was by James’ physical development.

“Is he yours?” she asked, and was informed that indeed, he was. She smiled a broad smile at him and offered, “I hope that you enter him into one of the contests this evening. I would be curious to see how well he performs.” She then made her departure, looking to assault the next available male.

“I am curious to see how well you perform as well,” Ava purred into his ear.

Ava led James as they wandered down the hallway off of the main living room. The first door was opened to a darkened room. A single ceiling-mounted light was illuminating a man who had been tied by his hands and feet into a standing position, his arms and legs spread widely apart. He was blindfolded. Two women sat on a couch in the darkened corner of the room, casually observing him, but mostly having a private conversation. She entered the room, and noticed that a number of implements had been placed upon a table beside the bound, naked man. There was a birch rod, a flogger, a riding crop, and a paddle. She picked up the riding crop, and though she preferred her own, she found it acceptable. She looked the captive

male up and down, then slowly circled his naked form, taking in the various attributes he possessed, which were all on full display. She paused, thinking, then motioned for her cock ring-wearing companion to approach. He did, and she handed him the riding crop.

Gesturing to the blindfolded male in bondage, she said, "I want to watch you whip him."

The two women seated on the couch took notice and sat up, watching with keen anticipation. It turned out that they were responsible for tying him up, for the purpose of observing what might be done to him by anyone who happened upon him. They seemed to be particularly interested in the fact that they were going to watch another male consigned to whip him.

He stood beside the captive male, and brought the riding crop up and placed it across his butt. All three of the women in the room waited, breathlessly, allowing the anticipation to build. They watched, mesmerized as the whipping commenced, seeing the effect the whip had on both of the men. It seemed that both of the men were trying to impress the women in the room, each in their own way. The intensity of the whipping increased, and their glistening bodies and tremendously hard cocks showed their commitment to entertaining the females present. The girls continued looking back and forth, thrilled by the severity of the whipping the male in bondage was being forced to endure, and sensing the jealousy of the male holding the whip. That they were both intensely hard did not escape notice. Having reddened the skin of the majority of the blindfolded boy's body, the riding crop ultimately began a thorough whipping of his magnificently sized cock.

Upon the conclusion of the whipping, all three women were smiling, voicing their approval, and were frankly impressed by the display. Both of the men were out of breath, and they stood there, chests heaving, humbly accepting the accolades for their performance. James' cock ring couldn't have appeared any tighter.

As Ava departed, James in tow, the two women on the couch remained, though one of the women approached the newly whipped male and knelt, slowly teasing his cock with her lips.

In the hallway, Ava turned to James, and pushed him up against the wall.

“Watching you whip that guy really made me want to whip you. Remind me to do that later, okay?”

“Okay,” he responded, “I will remind you.”

She moved in closer, wrapping her hand around his tied-up balls. “Really?” she insisted. “You won’t forget? You won’t forget to remind me to whip you?” He was still breathing hard, and his jaw clenched from the pressure she was applying on his balls.

“No,” he gasped, his body pressed against the wall, “I promise. I won’t forget.”

She pulled downward, and gripped him more tightly. He made a desperate sound of submission to her, and she held him there for a moment longer.

“Good.” She smiled sweetly, then released him.

They passed by an open door, to the spare bedroom that was open to the party, and noticed Rebecca, from Mel’s company, and a blond boy Ava didn’t recognize. Which was due almost entirely to the fact that his lips and tongue were pressed against the soft, round, cheeks of her rear end, and he was kissing and licking her with a reverence and devotion that was remarkable. His hands were upon her hips, and he made long, slow strokes with his tongue between her legs. She had her legs spread enough to allow him access to her asshole, which he kissed and licked repeatedly. He did so with slavish attention, and his tongue entered her until his lips were pressed against her, which he repeated endlessly until she was satisfied.

In the living room, Ava noticed that a woman she recognized was sitting on the couch in the living room with David, who she only knew

as “the guy with the footlong,” the nickname he had been given by some women at the party.

“That’s Vista, the woman I told you about,” she whispered to James. “I met her at the last party, and she is, um, *unique*.”

Ava wondered if she should feel sorry for Mr. Footlong. His hands were dutifully placed behind his back. His position forced his hips forward, and his knees apart, exposing him completely to whatever she might do to him. Vista played with his enormous dick, teasing him, amazed at the incredible size of it. He was throbbing, enormous, and ridiculously hard. She could barely fit her hand around it. She stroked the length of it, then wrapped her hand around his balls. She used both hands, finding that not only had the size of him dramatically increased, so did the sensitivity. It took very little effort on her part before he was making sounds like he was ready to cum. Then she turned aside, retrieving something from her purse, and he involuntarily groaned when he saw the cock harness in her hands. He knew there was no possible way that the harness would fit. Nonetheless, she tried, pulling as hard as she could on the leather straps. At last she gave up, leaving him panting as she again searched through her handbag. At last, she pulled out several copper bracelets. She squirted some lubricant in her hand, then took the first bracelet and had to force it to go over the thick, bulbous head of his gigantic cock. She slid the first bracelet down the length of him, with some effort on her part. She continued, with several more bracelets that she placed a few inches apart. She watched him pulsing, throbbing against his restraints, and was amused as she stroked his massive erection with her fingertip, that he grew impossibly harder. She slid her fingertip up and over the length of him, gently teasing him. She placed one hand on the back of his head, and pulled his mouth the rather short distance to the tip of his cock. She stroked him in one hand, held his mouth to it with the other, and told him to use his tongue. He began licking the smooth, tight, pink skin of the tip of his cock, which she followed by wrapping a leather collar around his neck, pulling him down, forcing his own cock farther into his mouth as she secured the chain to the bracelet at the base of his cock. With the chain attached to his leash, he was

unable to pull back far enough to release the cock from his mouth. Then, she instructed him to suck his cock until he made himself cum. More than a few people found the performance endlessly entertaining, and the show lasted over half an hour before its climax. Finally, she could tell that he was about to cum, so she pulled his head down, pushing the enormous cock into his mouth. She held him in place, watching him cum, and for a moment, she wondered if he was going to stop.

Across from the bar, outside on the patio, a length of thick rope was pulled tight from the support beam of the roof overhang to a pair of wrist cuffs. A guest from the last party, whose name was Jack, was standing, his arms extended upward, bound in place. His head was erect, his eyes blindfolded, and his back had a slight arch. He was standing on his toes, and his feet were set three feet apart. Everyone had spectacularly unrestricted access to his bare butt, his erect cock and the rest of his body. His lips were slightly parted, and he was breathing hard from the exertion of maintaining his position. He looked unbelievably naked. Women would drag their nails down his back, causing him to gasp, arching his back and thrusting his hips forward in an inadvertently sexual display. Some gave him a slap on the butt, while others simply stood, sipping their drinks, observing the captive prey.

A raucous sound erupted from the other side of the backyard. Jenny's idea for the party was that two guys would wrestle each other, oiled up and naked. She had "the boys," as everyone called them, set up a large inflatable pool outside on the back lawn that afternoon, and empty a five-gallon jug of canola oil into it. It was a pretty simple design, but then, Jenny was of the opinion that there was no sense in making things overly complicated. Jenny had gotten Mathieu and Devon to volunteer to wrestle each other, and they were fairly evenly matched, but they also understood that a bit of showmanship was required, as it was more of an exhibition than a competition.

Mel's idea involved two of the sturdy upright wooden support beams for the extended shade roof off one side of the house. The beams were twelve feet apart, and each had been fitted with a bungee cord that extended significantly less than half that distance. Two males would be situated on their hands and knees, and the bungee cord would be tied around their balls. Then, the two boys would be slapped across the butt, signaling that it was time to begin crawling toward one another. Once they reached the middle, and the bungee cords were pulled tight, each would need to reach their tongue to touch the tip of the other's cock. Since it was a cooperative game, each of the two would try as hard as possible to help the other, knowing that they had to repeat the action themselves. Therefore, one of the two would get up on his knees, with his balls pulled as tightly as possible, and stroke his cock, trying to make it as hard as he could, so that it might as close as possible to the other's tongue, while the other would do his best to lean forward, his own bungee cord pulled tight, and try to touch his tongue to the cock that was before him.

Mel rescued Shawn from the groping he was having to endure as the first man to arrive, and also as the guy with the cute little dick, that everyone wanted to give a pinch, or a flick, or a tease. She now had Shawn on his knees on the flagstone surface of the outdoor patio. Mel was wearing a little black dress that was a bit see-through, so she was wearing panties underneath it, and a pair of knee-high black leather boots. The platform heel made her a little bit taller, but she was still remarkably petite. His massively built, well-muscled body was illuminated by the festively colored party lights strung along the back of the house. She was certain that it was difficult for him to kneel on such a hard surface, but she enjoyed that fact. He had his arms crossed behind his back, his knees were set at a wide angle, and his back was straight. She said nothing for several minutes, not wishing to disturb the moment. He was waiting patiently for her next order. She was surprised by how quickly the transition had been made, from him being a man that she had recently met, to this new reality, in which she felt so assured that there was

absolutely nothing that she could say that he would not immediately do, without question. He had accepted her dominance completely, and she knew that should he fail in any regard, he would willingly assume the position for punishment. She also knew that he would assume the position for punishment absent of any failure, but solely for her entertainment. She was unconcerned about the likelihood that a few of the people at the party were observing from a distance, since she felt it unlikely that they were staring at her, and more likely that they were wondering what was going to happen to the man on his knees before her. She appreciated the attitude he was displaying, as his position was one that most people would find deeply humiliating, but he seemed to show a certain pride in the fact that he was on his knees for her. As it was, he was as shy as anyone else about being naked in front of others, but he didn't mind as long as it was what she wanted. Which was exactly what she wanted.

"I like the fact that you are on display for me," Mel stated at last, breaking her silence. She began slowly making a circuitous route around his kneeling form. "I like the fact that everyone can see everything." She saw him blush, turning a bright red. She continued, "But I want them to be able to see much more than that."

She was behind him now, and she stepped toward him and grabbed a handful of hair and pulled his head back. At the same time, she positioned her foot between his legs and lifted it until the toe of her boot was pressed firmly against his balls. His mouth opened and he inhaled sharply. "I want them to see that you will do anything I want you to. You are going to do that for me, aren't you?"

"Yes," Shawn responded. "I will do anything..." he trailed off. Mel smiled warmly.

"That's right," she replied, appreciatively. She released him, and as she continued to circle around to face him, she ordered him to lean back, placing his hands on the ground behind him, and spread his legs further apart. He did as she had instructed. She placed one foot against his outer thigh, and the other between his legs. She looked down, and had to suppress a laugh that he was now almost

fully hard. She brought her foot upward, and again pressed his balls against the toe of her boot.

“Mmmm,” she purred, “so obedient.” She rolled her foot back and forth, then took a step back. “Spread your legs a bit further apart,” she told him. She watched him comply, and she could see how nervous he was. It felt delicious to see the fear in his eyes, coupled with his arousal, as his cock was now completely hard. She took a quick step forward, bringing her foot up between his legs, then stopped short of making contact. He flinched, which made her giggle. She brought her foot back again, and observed him.

“Arch your back a little more, but keep your eyes on me. Watch my boot, and don’t take your eyes off of it.” She brought her leg forward again, slowly this time, until she just brushed against his extremely vulnerable private parts. She stepped back, and placed her hands on her hips. She watched the expression on his face, then scanned slowly down his body until she was looking at his dick. He was so hard that it was embarrassing. She turned her attention back to his face, then told him to stick out his tongue.

She stood there, watching him for a moment, then commented, “It’s a rather talented tongue you have there. I have to admit that I have really enjoyed the many uses that I have for your tongue. Do please think of it as my possession, along with the rest of your body. I am sure that there are uses for your tongue that I haven’t thought of yet, and I intend to explore them all. I definitely appreciate the length of your tongue, and I have enjoyed your use of its full length.” She observed the effect that her words had upon him. She then continued, “Now put it away, and tell me that you promise to use your lips, and your tongue as well as you are able to later tonight when I have you lick my pussy again.”

“I promise to use my lips and tongue as well as I am able to . . .” he managed to say before she suddenly stepped forward and kicked him swiftly in the balls. His body jerked tight, as from an electric shock, and she watched the expression of pain on his face. She couldn’t help but laugh. She watched him fight to remain in position, not wanting to disobey her. His cock was still bouncing from the

impact, which made her laugh harder. She crossed her arms and stood watching him recover.

“You were saying?” she asked.

In a strained voice, he replied, “I promise to use my lips and tongue as well as I am able to when I lick your pussy again.”

“That’s right. Now thank me for giving you a much-deserved kick in the balls.”

He was still breathing hard as he responded, “Thank you . . . for giving me a kick in the balls.”

“Much deserved!” she cried out. “You forgot to say much deserved. And that, Dick, has earned you another one. By the way, I am going to start calling you Dick. Now arch your back a little more, and spread your knees a little further apart. I want you looking as attractive as possible when I give you the next one.”

There was something so deliciously pleasurable about being a dominant female at a clothed female, naked male party, Mel thought to herself. Even more pleasurable was having Shawn, or Dick, kneeling before her, and enjoying the power to do anything she wanted to his naked body.

“I know that you wanted that.” She smiled, watching him hold himself in the position she chose for him. “So I would like to hear a ‘Thank you.’”

“Thank you,” he stammered.

“Thank you for what?” she asked, looking at how hard his dick was.

“Thank you,” he replied, swallowing hard, “for kicking me in the balls.” She laughed at how humiliating this was for him, and then she kicked him in the balls again. Then told him to stand up. He was slow to obey. When at last, he was able to get to his feet, she stepped close to him and took his now very sensitive balls in her hand. He jumped at the sensation of her hand gripping him tightly, but he didn’t try to turn away.

“You’re welcome,” she whispered in his ear, and continued squeezing him tightly.

Then she pulled back, stood up, and said, "On your feet, pretty boy. There's more fun to be had."

Inspired by a cartoon drawing she had seen online, Ava's idea for the party involved two long benches, each fitted with dildos, which the men would be compelled to "ride," in competition with each other. She had James oversee the project, working with the boys, to safely install each of the dildos that Ava had picked out. She wanted a progression in size, but she also wanted each to be an entirely different experience, and a different challenge, so there was variation in the shape of them. On each bench, an identical array was installed. They were each set two feet apart, beginning with a five-inch dildo, followed by seven inches, nine inches, eleven, and finally, a monstrous thirteen-inch dildo.

Ava had looked over the completed project that afternoon, and was impressed. The first dildo was cute, the second was handsomely shaped, the third was impressive, the fourth was intimidating, and the fifth was absolutely terrifying. She was satisfied with the formidable challenge it provided. She had arranged for it to be sanitized and lubricated between each use, and she looked forward to witnessing the pairs of boys who dared to step up. And though she badly wanted James to try it out, she wanted him to compete as well, and she thought it would give him an unfair advantage.

Now, James stood on the patio, naked except for the cock ring, as a majority of the party gathered in a large circle around the two long, sturdy, wooden benches. Ava studied his face to gauge his reaction to the challenge before him. She spoke up, and began laying down the rules, practically yelling to be heard over the noise of the boisterous crowd that had assembled. She explained that each of the two males selected were to begin at the end of their bench, straddle it, then lower themselves onto the first of the five lubricated dildos mounted to the seat of the bench, which were placed at two-foot intervals. They were required to take the full length of each of

the dildos, until their butts were pressed against the surface of the bench, then ride it up and down until they had taken each one ten times. The first was small, measuring five inches, and they increased in size such that the second was seven inches, the third was nine inches, the fourth was eleven inches and the final one was an incredibly monstrous thirteen inches long, and very thick. Whoever reached the end first would be declared the winner, and the loser would have to take a whipping in front of the crowd.

Ava watched James, and wondered how well he would do in the competition. She couldn't decide if she wanted him to win or lose, and she smiled at the thought that he was going to get a whipping either way. She wanted to whip him so badly, her pussy ached at the thought. Come tomorrow, she thought to herself, he will be so sore he'll be unable to sit down. She was going to make certain of that. Ava maneuvered around to stand behind James, and she whispered in his ear as she played with his cock, feeling the tight little cock ring she had placed upon him.

"Aren't you glad that I have been making you practice taking my dildo in your ass?" she asked. He nodded, admitting to her that he was grateful for that, but she could tell that he was very nervous.

"I hope that I am able to impress you."

She smiled. "I am certain that you will. But I don't mind if you lose," she purred, stroking his cock. "I would be just as happy seeing you take a whipping in front of this crowd."

James turned to kiss her.

"Wish me luck."

"Luck."

The crack of a whip signaled the start of the competition. The party erupted in cheers as the two naked men moved forward, each straddling his bench and lowering himself onto the first dildo. As it was small, both of the boys took it without any trouble. Some of the women were counting off the required ten thrusts as the two contestants raised their butts, then sat back down until their cheeks pressed against the thick, smooth, wooden bench. They were

virtually tied as they completed the first dildo and moved forward to the next, considerably larger one. As the two boys were riding the second, seven-inch dildo, she noticed that the conversations taking place all around her had reached an obscene level of objectification. The women were comparing the two men, and discussing their various physical attributes. There was a discussion about which of the two were more attractive, the blond or the dark-haired one. They both had blue eyes, but the one with brown hair had a stronger jawline while the blond had fuller lips. The dark one was slender, while the light-colored one was a bit more muscular. They noticed the upward curve of the blond boy's hard-on, versus the thick, straight erection of the other one. And there was much discussion and appreciation of the fact that the dark-haired one was wearing a tight little cock ring. She even heard one of the girls comparing the size of their balls, and the way they bounced as the boys rode up and down. While some of the women preferred to watch the guys from the front, to see the looks on their faces as they took each of the progressively larger dildos, or watch their naked cocks bob up and down, another group of women wanted to view the competition from behind, so they could see the naked boy's butts and witness the act of penetration.

The game became a little more interesting as the blond male took bit of a lead. He had taken the full nine inches of the third one before the dark-haired male had finished the second. There was a bit of panic in his eyes as he contemplated being whipped before the crowd, and he displayed a concerted effort in increasing the tempo. The fourth one was difficult, and the two boys were beginning to struggle with the assignment. Many found the look of anguish on their faces to be quite endearing. The fifth looked to be impossible, and it was only through dedication and perseverance that the two men found themselves neck and neck at the end of the competition. At last, they both stood up at the same time, their legs shaking from the exertion. A call had to be made, so the woman that had announced the rules at the beginning of the competition determined that, since neither of the two men had been a clear winner, they

would share the whipping reserved for the loser. The boys were lined up against the wall, and everyone watched as ten strokes of the whip were delivered across their naked rear ends.

Ava approached James, and told him to turn so that she could take a look at the ten pink welts across his backside. He turned, and she made a contented sound as she passed her hand over the warmed skin.

“I am sure that you will do much better,” James commented. She looked at him, quizzically.

“What do you mean?” she asked, dragging her fingernails over the marks on his skin, which caused him to catch his breath.

“I am supposed to remind you to whip me,” he replied. She smiled, pinching his bare cheeks.

She slid in behind him and whispered in his ear, “Perhaps I will whip you everywhere except right here,” she said, grabbing his butt with both hands. “Before I am done you will be begging me to whip you across your ass. Which,” she laughed, “is a sound I am simply dying to hear.”

The rest of the evening was like a slowly crashing kaleidoscope of colors and sounds, and sexually charged hallucinogenic imagery. For some reason, it seemed like half of the women all had lollipops in their mouths at one point. Mel didn’t remember ordering any lollipops for the party, so she was curious about this. Until she asked Jenny, who clarified, “Yeah, when you placed the order, I noticed that you didn’t get any lollipops at all. So I got a lot of them.”

There were empty glasses, half-empty glasses, sideways glasses in a puddle of multi-colored liquid, condoms, cock rings, empty plates, half-empty plates, cans, bottles, a chair floating in the pool, a shrimp plate bubbling about in the jacuzzi, black markers, several pairs of panties, a large wooden paddle, a large wooden paddle with shot glasses lined up on it, and what would ultimately result in six hours of the “the boys” cleaning up throughout the house and the backyard.

In the morning, Mel, Jenny, and Ava slept in, then slowly waking up to play with their boys. The college students that Mel had arranged to clean the house before the party were conscripted to put the house back in order. By the time that the three girls found themselves together again, drawn there by Jenny's promise of Bloody Marys, the house was more-or-less back to normal. The three girls sat at the island in the middle of the kitchen, while James, Shawn, Mathieu and Devon lay about on the couches in the living room. No one said anything. Finally, Mel broke the silence. She started chuckling softly to herself, which gained volume and intensity until she was laughing out loud, a boisterous, victorious laugh. Jenny and Ava found her laughter infectious, and soon all three girls were laughing uncontrollably. When Mel regained her composure, she sat quiet for a moment, then said, "Let's do it again."