

A woman with blonde hair, seen from the back, is wearing a black, short-sleeved, form-fitting dress. She is holding a black cat against her back. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The title 'The Stray' is written in a large, white, elegant cursive font across the middle of the image.

The Stray

Ann's New Pet Has Claws...

Bruce Cambell

The Stray

by Bruce Cambell

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Chapter 1

Ann left her afternoon meeting and walked as quickly as she could back to her office. She closed the door, locked it, and screamed.

The hospital executives had just informed her that ten nurses would have to be laid off due to budget shortcomings. As the Director of Nursing, it would be up to her to select and notify them. She was furious, surely there was waste elsewhere in the organization that could have been cut.

She sat at her desk and kicked off her shoes, opened up her laptop, and began looking at personnel files. All of the nurses under her charge were good, hardworking people; she had fired the ones that were not. None of the departments were overstaffed. No one was due to retire soon. After much deliberation she decided that the best option available was to lay off the ten nurses who had worked at the hospital for the shortest amount of time.

She was not happy, after all, it had been her who had hired these very people, and many of them were new graduates. She compiled her list and picked up the phone; she was not one to procrastinate. One by one she began notifying the nurses of their fate.

By the time 5:00 rolled around she had only one nurse left to let go. She was anxious to get it over with, it had been a long day. There was a knock at her door. Ann sighed.

"Come in, Piper." Ann said.

Piper entered the office and stood before Ann's desk. Her makeup was smudged and her eyes were red.

"Oh, sweetheart. Are you okay?" Ann asked. It was obvious that she had been crying.

Piper burst into tears. "No, I'm not okay. Am I being fired?"

"No dear, you are being laid off." Ann said, realizing how ridiculous her words sounded. "I am so sorry Piper. It's strictly a 'by the numbers' decision. You're a great nurse with a bright future."

Piper was still sobbing. "What a messed up day I'm having. First my boyfriend kicks me out of my apartment, then I lose my job. I just started here a month ago, I don't even have any money saved up. I don't know what to do."

Ann passed her a box of tissues. "Do you have anywhere to go?" she asked.

"Not really. My mom left the state earlier this year when she and my step dad got divorced. I can't stay with him, he's an abusive pig." she said.

"Well, I want you to know that I am really sorry to have to do this. The word came from the executives, it wasn't my choice." Ann said, as she handed Piper her last paycheck.

Piper took her paycheck and left the office. Ann felt terrible. She shut the door and locked it; she needed a moment to shake her feelings of guilt. It had been an emotionally draining day, and she still had paperwork to process and deliver to the human resources department.

Ann was glad to be done for the day when she finished her work an hour later. It was Friday and she was to attend a horse auction the following morning. She texted her husband to let him know that she was on her way so he could have a drink waiting for her when she got home. As she walked across the parking lot she noticed Piper sitting in her car.

Ann hesitated for a moment, but she couldn't help herself. She still felt guilty. She walked up to the car and tapped the window, startling Piper.

"Holy shit! You scared me!" Piper screamed.

"I'm sorry, dear." Ann said. She could tell that Piper was still in a very fragile state of mind. "Are you going to be okay?"

Piper said, "I have nowhere to go, no one to turn to for help, and my battery is dead. I couldn't even make it to the bank to cash my check, so I am broke. The good news is that since I got kicked out of my apartment I have all my belongings here in the car. I guess I'll just call this parking lot home."

Of all of the nurses Ann had laid off, she was most upset about Piper. She could vividly remember interviewing her. She liked her. Without thinking, Ann asked, "Why don't you come stay with me for the night?"

"I couldn't." Piper replied.

"Nonsense. My husband and I have a huge old farmhouse with plenty of room. I will not be able to sleep tonight thinking of you sitting here in your car. So please, I insist. In the morning I'll give you a lift back into town and we'll get your battery fixed." Ann said.

Piper thought for a moment. "Okay. Thank you Mrs. Burke, you're the best."

"It's my pleasure, I'm glad to help. But please, call me Ann." She said, smiling.

"Okay, Ann." Piper said.

Ann helped her with her things and paused to text her husband once more before starting her car, "Change of plans, have two drinks ready. Bringing friend home."

Chapter 2

Patrick had started a fire in the fireplace and was now making up drinks for his wife and her guest. Dinner was in the oven, and he had turned on the radio. His wife worked long hours and she deserved to come home to a clean and relaxing house. Patrick walked to the front room and stared out the window; his wife would be home at any moment.

Soon headlights appeared in the distance. Patrick put on his coat and boots and went outside to greet his wife and park her car in the garage. When she pulled up he opened the door for her and smiled.

"Hello, Pet." Ann said. "Please bring in Piper's bags, she will be spending the night with us."

Patrick nodded and watched as Kate's guest walked around the car and extended her hand. "I'm Piper, it's nice to meet you. she said warmly.

"I'm Patrick. Good to meet you, too." he responded.

Patrick got into the car and drove toward the garage as the two women walked into the house. Ann had never mentioned anyone named Piper to him before, but then again she hadn't ever been one to bring her work concerns home with her. He grabbed the bags from the back seat and walked toward the house.

Ann and Piper were seated on the sofa sipping their drinks and enjoying the warmth of the fire. Patrick placed Piper's bags in the guest bedroom and joined the women in the living room. He sat on the ground at his wife's feet, removed her boots, and began massaging her feet.

"Oh, thank you, Pet. Today has been a nightmare. I had to let Piper go." Ann said.

"Maybe it is for the best." Piper said. "I could use some time off. I went straight from working full time to put myself through nursing school to working full time at the hospital. I haven't had a break in years."

"What kind of work did you do while you were in school?" Ann asked.

"I was a dancer, well, a stripper." Piper answered.

"Oh. Wow, you were the stereotypical woman stripping to put herself through school. Good for you." Ann said.

"Yes." Piper replied as she watched Patrick switch to Ann's other foot. "That looks relaxing."

"It is." Ann said with a smile. "I've got him trained pretty well. I've always loved massages, so I was sure to marry a man who had strong hands."

Piper finished her drink. Patrick looked up at his wife. Ann smiled and nodded. "Be a good Pet and refresh our drinks." she said.

Patrick did as he was told. After handing the women their drinks he tossed another log into the fireplace.

"Would you like a foot massage, Piper?" Ann asked with a smile.

"Um, sure. That would be nice." Piper said as she kicked off her clogs.

Patrick knelt before Piper and slowly pulled the sock off her foot. Her feet were smaller than his wife's; she herself couldn't have been an inch over five feet tall. Bright red toenail polish, though chipped and coming off, adorned her toes. Piper let out a moan as Patrick began rubbing her foot.

Ann held her foot straight out in front of herself and examined her toes. "I like the color of your toenail polish, Piper. Perhaps I will have Patrick paint my nails, I think I have a color close to that upstairs." she said.

Patrick removed Piper's other sock, and started rubbing.

"You've got yourself a good man, Ann." Piper said with a smile.

"Yes, I guess I do. He didn't come this way from the factory, but I've been able to train him." Ann said with a laugh.

Patrick's cock was swelling in his chastity cage, and the small padlock on the device was digging into his thigh. Patrick continued to rub Piper's foot despite the pain; he was used to it.

Ann placed one of her feet on his thigh. "Patrick, perhaps you should go and check on dinner." she said.

Patrick stood up and left the room without a word.

"That was nice." Piper said. "Ann, I want to thank you for taking me in for the night. If it wasn't for you I would be sleeping in my car."

"I am happy to help, Piper." Ann said with a smile. "I think I will go freshen up and get out of these clothes. Would you like to get changed? You are still wearing your scrubs."

"Yes. That sounds good." Piper replied.

Ann showed Piper to her room. "Let me know if you need anything." Ann said.

"Well, now that you mention it do you think I could use your washing machine? I need to do some laundry." Piper asked.

"Of course." Ann replied. "I'll have Patrick do it, he's quite good at it."

"Are you sure Ann? I could do it myself, I don't want to be any trouble." Piper said as she rummaged through one of her bags looking for something clean to wear.

"It is no trouble, really." Ann said warmly as she put her hand on Piper's shoulder. "Do you need something to wear, dear?"

Piper smiled. "Yes."

"Follow me." Ann said with a laugh as she led Piper into her bedroom.

"You have a lovely home, Ann." Piper said as she began stripping out of her scrubs.

"Thank you. It was built 150 years ago, I fell in love with it the second I saw it." Ann said as she rummaged through a drawer. She handed Piper a t-shirt. "Here." Ann watched as Piper removed her bra and put on the shirt, admiring her small perky tits. She certainly had the toned body necessary to be a stripper.

The t-shirt was long, as she was quite petite. It fit her like a short night gown. "This will be fine, thank you Ann." Piper said.

Ann smiled as she unzipped her skirt, letting it drop to the floor. Piper glanced around the room as Ann unbuttoned her blouse and threw it on the bed.

On the nightstand next to the bed Piper noticed a large strap-on cock and a bottle of lubricant. "Kinky." Piper said, joking.

"Oh my!" Ann said. "Patrick should have put that away after he washed it last night. How embarrassing." Ann walked over and placed the strap-on in the nightstand drawer.

"Don't be embarrassed, Ann. When I used to strip for a living I saw all kinds of kinky shit. You'd be surprised how frisky the gals would get back in the dressing room." Piper said, smiling.

Ann put on a long black robe and laughed. "I may have to spank my husband. He needs to be taught a lesson."

"Can I watch?" Piper giggled.

Ann's pussy began to get wet. "Perhaps." she replied. "If you are a good girl."

The two women left the bedroom laughing. Piper stopped outside her room and pulled her panties off. "I might as well get all of my laundry washed." she said as she tossed them onto the bed.

"Patrick, please refresh our drinks and wash Piper's clothes. She hasn't a thing to wear." Ann said as she walked down the stairs with Piper behind her.

Patrick emerged from the living room and passed Ann and Piper on the stairs as he rushed upstairs. "Yes, Goddess." he said. He turned around to check Piper out. Her makeshift nightgown concealed most of her body, but she had strong, beautiful legs.

Ann turned around just in time to catch Patrick looking. "Laundry, Pet." she sternly said.

"You have an, um, interesting marriage, Ann." Piper commented.

"Yes, I do. Let's have a drink and I'll tell you all about it." Ann said with a smile.

Chapter 3

Patrick could hear his wife and Piper talking and laughing as he started sorting Piper's laundry into separate piles of colors, whites, and delicates.

"Do you mind if I get some more ice?" Piper asked Ann.

"No, not at all, the kitchen is just through there, help yourself to anything."
Ann replied.

As Piper passed by the laundry room she paused to watch Patrick as he sorted her laundry. She was just about to thank him when she saw him take a pair of her panties and press it to his nose. She gasped. Patrick turned around, panties still in hand and said, "Oh, I was just checking to see if these were dirty."

"Yeah, sure you were." Piper replied. She gave him a wink and continued on to the kitchen.

On her way back to the living room she again looked into the laundry room. Patrick was washing her bras by hand in the sink. "Thank you for doing this." she said before walking away.

Patrick was mortified. He prayed that Piper wouldn't reveal to his wife what she had seen.

"Did you find everything you needed?" Ann asked.

"I did. Say, does your husband always hand wash your bras?" Piper asked as she sat down next to Ann.

"Of course he does." Ann replied. "He does all of the cooking, cleaning, and yard work."

"How did you manage that?" Piper asked.

"Well, Piper, I keep him in chastity." Ann calmly said.

"What do you mean?" Piper asked.

"I can't believe I'm telling you this. I locked up his cock. He wears a chastity cage, and I hold the key to it. It's really that simple." Ann replied.

"I can't believe a man would let his wife do that to him. So he never gets to have an orgasm?" Piper asked.

"Not unless I allow it." Ann replied. "It seems that the less often I let him have an orgasm the more loving and obedient he becomes. As of today he's been locked up for well over a month."

"Wow." Piper said, shaking her head.

Patrick walked into the room and tended to the fire.

"Ann, could I see the device? I've never seen one before." Piper asked.

She looked so cute and innocent sitting there in her t-shirt that Ann couldn't say no. Besides, Ann was proud of her accomplishments with Patrick.

"Sure, Piper. Just call him over, refer to him as 'Pet' or 'Slave'."

"Slave, oh my, I like the sound of that." Piper said. She watched as Patrick poked and prodded the fire for a moment before calling out to him, "Slave, I'd like to see your cock cage."

Patrick was still horny from sniffing her panties just moments before. The prospect of showing her his cock made it strain within its steel cage. He quickly walked over to Piper, unzipped his fly, and pulled out his caged cock.

Piper's eyes widened as she inspected the device from every angle. Ann watched as Patrick stood motionless.

"Can I touch it?" Piper asked. She could feel her pussy getting wet.

"Yes, you may." Ann replied. She too was getting turned on. Moreover, she knew that this was driving her husband mad. She could see the tip of his cock glistening with pre cum.

Piper held out her hand and grabbed the cage. She wiggled it around and squeezed it, staring at it like it was the greatest thing she had ever seen. "It's heavier than I expected." she said after some time. "I like it, I like it a lot."

Ann smiled. "So do I. I would never go back to the way things were before. Either would he, right, Pet?"

"No, Goddess." Patrick replied.

Piper had finished touching the cage and looked at Ann. "You're a badass! I would have never imagined." Piper said.

"Zip it up, Pet." Ann said as she smiled at Piper. "Then, run upstairs and get your pedicure kit, I want you to paint my toenails tonight."

Patrick stuffed his caged cock back in his pants and ran up the stairs.

"Wow Ann, when you say 'run' he runs. I'm impressed." Piper said.

"Yes, he does."

Chapter 4

Patrick quickly fetched everything he needed to paint Ann's toe nails. When she was ready Patrick took her foot in his hand and carefully began painting each nail.

Piper was staring at Patrick. She was mesmerized with how diligently he focused on his wife's foot.

"So Piper, if you don't mind me asking, what happened with you and your boyfriend?" Ann asked.

"Oh, we'd been having trouble for some time. He was always suspecting me of cheating on him. Whenever I had to work late at the hospital he was

convinced that I was fucking some doctor." Piper said. "He was a jerk, I was sick of it. I was only upset at work today because I had nowhere to go."

"Well Piper, we've got plenty of room here, you are welcome to stay with us until you get back on your feet." Ann said with a kind smile as she squeezed Piper's thigh.

Patrick gently placed Ann's left foot on the ground and started on her other foot.

"Really Ann, are you sure? I won't be any trouble. Next week I'll start looking for a new job. Hopefully I can find something in nursing. I really don't want to go back to stripping." Piper said excitedly.

"You can use me as a reference. I will give you an excellent referral." Ann said.

"There, Goddess. Your feet look beautiful." Patrick said as he finished painting Ann's nails.

"Pet, why don't you paint Piper's nails, too. Would you like that, Piper?" Ann asked her.

"Sure, why not. I'm having fun with all this girl talk, I might as well get my toe nails painted." Piper replied.

"I'm having fun too. It's nice to have another woman in the house to talk with. I'm going to go and grab us some snacks while Patrick starts on your feet." Ann said as she walked toward the kitchen.

Patrick scooted across the floor and held out his hand. Piper lifted her leg and placed her foot in it.

Patrick began painting her nails. He glanced up and his eyes met Piper's. She was staring at him. Piper spread her legs as they looked at each other

for a moment. Patrick could see her pussy under the t-shirt she was wearing. He quickly returned his attention to her toe nails.

"Is everything alright, slave?" Piper asked coyly.

Patrick nodded his head, and continued painting her toenails. Piper reached out and brushed his cheek with her hand.

"You are good at that." She said as she admired her newly painted toenails. "I wonder what else you are good at?"

Patrick's cock filled its cage, and was once again dripping pre cum from the tip.

"I bet you are good at eating pussy, or do you prefer licking assholes?" Piper asked. She could tell she was making him horny. Her experience as a stripper had made her an expert in the art of seduction.

Patrick quickly finished painting her nails. Ann entered the room carrying a tray of fresh fruits, cheeses, and crackers. She handed Piper a drink, and took a seat next to her.

Patrick, why don't you turn up the radio, and then go check on the laundry. I think the load in the dryer is done. Patrick did as he was told and left the room.

"Everything looks wonderful, Ann." Piper said as she ate a grape.

Piper picked up her drink and walked over to the fireplace. "Oh, I like this song!" she said loudly as she began dancing. "This used to be one of my regular songs that I would dance to at the club. Want to see my routine?"

Ann took a drink and said, "Sure, Piper. Show me your moves."

Ann watched as Piper danced in front of the fire. She was petite, but muscular. Ann couldn't take her eyes off of Piper as she gyrated her hips

and shook her breasts. Ann smiled as Piper approached her and dropped to the floor. Piper rocked her hips up and down as if she was fucking some invisible lover. As she did so, her pussy came into plain view, but she didn't seem to care. Ann found herself biting her lip. Piper stood up and began rubbing Ann's shoulders and running her fingers through her hair as she continued to dance.

Ann found herself getting turned on by the scene unfolding before her. Piper stood before Ann, spread her legs and began grinding her ass over her lap. Unable to hold back, Ann grabbed Piper's hips and held them as she continued to dance on her lap.

Piper turned around and looked at Ann. Ann's expression was one of pure lust by now. Piper smiled at her, and continued shaking her ass until the song ended.

"That'll be twenty five dollars." Piper said, laughing.

"Perhaps it should be you paying me." Ann said as she continued holding Piper by the hips before giving her a slap on the ass.

Piper stood up and laughed. "Oh, that was fun. After the day I had today I needed a night like this."

"Me too." Ann said.

Chapter 5

Patrick carefully folded Piper's clothes and laid them out in neat piles on her bed. When he was done Ann and Piper appeared at the doorway.

"Pet, you can go ahead and put Piper's clothes away in the dresser. She will be staying with us for a while until she finds her own place." Ann said.

"And a job." Piper added.

The two women laughed. "I'll be right back." Ann said as she walked down the hall and into her bedroom.

Piper stood at the doorway, watching as Patrick put her clothes away. It was clear that he was avoiding eye contact with her. "I hope you washed those in hot water." she said as Patrick grabbed a stack of her underwear. He had folded them neatly and placed them in nice little stacks.

"Did you hear me, slave?" Piper asked a second time.

"Yes. I heard you. I can assure you that all of your clothes are clean and wrinkle free." Patrick said as he closed the drawer.

"Thank you." Piper said. She walked over to the bed and laid down across it.

Patrick pretended not to notice. He put away the last of her clothes and started toward the door. As he walked by the bed Piper reached out and grabbed his chastity cage.

Patrick froze.

"I don't bite." Piper said quietly.

Patrick brushed her hand away, and hurried out of the room. Piper got up off of the bed and watched as Patrick hurried down the stairs and into the kitchen. The house was quiet except for the crackling of the fire downstairs. Piper walked down the hallway and peered into Ann's bedroom. Ann was laying on the bed with her eyes closed. Piper gave a light tap on the doorway and said, "Knock Knock."

Ann opened her eyes. "Oh, hello. I was just resting for a moment." she said.

Piper walked into the room and laid beside Ann on the bed. "I'm still curious about the relationship you have with your husband. I don't think I

could ever pull that off.”

“Oh, you’d be surprised.” Ann said with her eyes closed. “Men are actually quite easily to manipulate. In Patrick’s case it was just a matter of me correcting his bad habits and refocusing his attention to me. What person would choose masturbating to pornography over being an active participant in something kinky, something real.”

Piper watched Ann’s face as she spoke. She found her attractive, having discovered her bisexual tendencies while working at the strip club. She reached over and ran her fingers through Ann’s hair. “I’d love to know what it feels like, psychologically speaking, to dominate a man.” she said.

“It feels pretty empowering.” Ann said. “What I like best is how submissive he has become. He’ll do anything for me. He worships me.”

“Like a Goddess.” Piper said.

“Yes, like a Goddess.” Ann replied.

Piper continued running her fingers through Ann’s hair. She could tell by Ann’s breathing that she was enjoying the scalp massage. She looked around the room. The strap-on cock was still sitting on the nightstand behind Ann. “Ann, I’m curious about that sex toy there. Does Patrick use that on you since his cock is locked up?” she asked.

Ann moaned. “No, I use it on him. He’s come to enjoy it, so it’s a good way to keep him in a state of submissive bliss while at the same time imposing my dominance.”

“That’s hot, Ann.” Piper said as she moved her leg to the side, pressing her thigh against Ann’s. “Have you ever used it on another woman?” Piper asked innocently.

Kate pressed her thigh against Piper’s. “Most of the women I associate with wouldn’t be into that. For the most part they are all dominant types

like me.” Ann’s pussy was getting wet, as was Piper’s.

Piper reached over with her other hand and placed it on her thigh. “Your toy looks pretty stout, I don’t think I’ve ever taken a cock that big.” she said with a moan. Piper slowly rubbed her thigh, working her hand over bit by bit until she was touching Ann’s thigh as well. She watched as Ann slid her own hand underneath her robe.

Ann began rubbing her pussy as Piper cuddled up next to her. Her mind raced. Before she knew it Piper was softly nibbling on her ear and rubbing her nipples through her robe. Ann reached over, grabbed Piper’s hand, and said, “Be a good girl and rub my clit, and maybe I’ll stretch out you cunt with that strap-on cock.”

“Are you sure your husband won’t mind?” Piper whispered as she continued nibbling Ann’s ear.

“He’s my pet first, and my husband second. Now, be a good girl and get your hand down my panties.” Ann moaned as she guided Piper’s hand between her legs.

Piper began rubbing Ann’s pussy slowly, working her entire hand between Ann’s wet lips. She brought her hand to her mouth and filled it with spit, returning the wet load to between Ann’s legs. Ann moaned in delight; Piper was quite good at pussy rubbing. “Oh, sweetie, that feels so good.” Ann said as she pulled her robe to the side. Piper was breathing heavily into Ann’s ear and was grinding her hips against her body.

Without saying a word Ann placed her hand on the top of Piper’s head and began pressing it downward. Piper didn’t resist. She ran her tongue down Ann’s body as her head was maneuvered into position. She began eagerly licking Ann’s cunt with her skilled tongue. “Oh, Ann, your pussy is bald, just the way I like it.” Piper muttered as she feverishly licked her pussy.

“Yes, be a good girl, lick me.” Ann moaned as she grabbed handfuls of Piper’s hair. She began forcing Piper’s head into her pussy, getting the

exact pressure and contact that she wanted. Piper licked harder, and faster as the rhythm of the act increased. They were both sweating and squirming when Ann started moaning louder. Piper kept up her intense pussy eating as Ann pulled her hair even harder.

Ann began to scream as she was overtaken with wave after wave of pleasure. Piper kept licking until her head was pulled away by her hair. She collapsed to the side of Ann's limp body, and opened her eyes. Patrick was standing in the doorway, rubbing his balls. He had watched the entire scene unfold. Piper smiled at him as he quickly darted from view.

Ann laid silent for a moment as her breathing slowed. "You are a good little cunt licker, aren't you?" she asked.

"I've been with a woman or two in my day." Piper replied. "Your pussy is sweet, Goddess."

Ann fell silent. Piper had called her 'Goddess'. She reached over and rubbed her hand over Piper's smooth, sweaty body. It made her pussy tingle, despite the fact that she had just had an orgasm. "Be a good girl and get on your hands and knees, Piper. I'm going to show you what it feels like to get fucked by a Goddess." Ann said, as she reached over and grabbed the strap on cock.

She knelt behind Piper as she prepared herself. Ann admired Piper's pussy for a moment. It was shaved, but covered with stubble. It was dripping wet, but Ann leaned in and spat on it anyway. She began rubbing Piper's wet mess with her hand before placing the tip of the rubber cock against Piper's pussy lips. "We may need to get your pussy shaved tomorrow, I prefer a nice smooth, slick pussy - or asshole - for that matter." Ann said.

Piper let out a loud moan as the tip of the strap on cock slid inside her. Ann grabbed her by the hips, and began slowly thrusting. With each thrust she went deeper and deeper. Piper was now groaning with delight as Ann fucked her. "Oh, Goddess, that feels so good, please don't stop."

Ann slapped her ass and said, "I've only just begun my dear. Now, tell me what a dirty little slut you are."

Piper gasped as the strap on relentlessly spread her pussy lips.

"Are you a slut? Ann asked. "Are you a whore?"

"Yes, Goddess, I'm a slut and a whore." Piper said, panting.

"Do you like my girl cock?" Ann asked.

"Oh, yes!" Piper screamed as she arched her back and shoved herself onto Ann.

Out of the corner of her eye, Ann saw Patrick in the doorway. "Get your ass in here Pet, and join us. Come watch me fuck this little tramp's cunt."

Piper was now staring into space with the blank expression of someone being filled with pleasure. She reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit.

Ann quickly shoved her hand away. "What's the rush? You leave the pleasure to me. Tonight you are going to come from my cock, and my cock alone."

Patrick knelt on the bed next to Ann. "Rest your head on her ass, Pet. I want you to have a good view of how to fuck a woman the right way." she said as she pressed Patrick's head against Piper's ass. "Now, lick it as you watch. Lick her asshole!" Ann was in a frenzy of lust.

Piper was now moaning more or less continuously as Ann pounded her pussy and Patrick rimmed her.

"Who's your Goddess?" Ann asked.

"I am." Patrick and Piper both answered in unison.

Ann smiled. "I've always wanted another fuck toy around here. Sometimes I fuck Pet here so hard that I fear I'll break him."

Piper's moans were getting louder and faster. She was panting heavily, trying desperately to catch her breath. Patrick's cock had filled its steel cage long ago, and a steady stream of pre cum was oozing from its tip as he licked Piper's asshole and watched her pussy being furiously fucked.

"Come on, whore. Fuck me. Ram your pussy onto this cock and finish yourself off!" Ann screamed.

Piper's moans now erupted into wailing as orgasmic shock waves rippled from her pussy. Patrick continued licking her asshole as it quivered. Ann grabbed him by the head and looked him in the eyes. She looked as though she was a woman possessed. When at last Piper's moans of ecstasy subsided, Ann pulled her girl cock out and thrust it into Patrick's mouth.

"Lick it, bitch. Clean Piper's cunt juice off this cock." Ann said.

Patrick wrapped his lips around the strap on cock and began licking Piper's sweet juices off it. A puddle of pre-cum had formed under his chastity cage.

Piper's body collapsed onto the bed. She looked like a fuck doll that had been ridden too hard by too many people. Ann shoved Patrick down to the bed as she withdrew the strap on from his mouth. She looked down at the two bodies before her, and smiled. She removed the rubber cock from the strap on harness and tossed it to Patrick. "If you think you can get yourself off with this, go for it. Now get out of here, Piper will be joining me in our bed tonight. You can sleep on the couch."

Chapter 6

Ann awoke in the middle of the night with Piper's warm body spooning her. She rolled over and looked at her as she slept. She had long been curious what it would be like to have another submissive around the house

to serve her, and now it looked as though she was on her way to finding out. She feared that the balance of the house might be upset, though. Drama was one thing Ann had no use for. She rose from the bed and walked quietly from the room.

Patrick was asleep on the couch. Ann approached him and slid her hand under the blanket, and began to gently rub his balls. She leaned in, and kissed him on the mouth. Patrick moaned softly.

“Are you awake, Pet?” Ann asked.

“I am now, Goddess.” Patrick said, his eyes still closed.

Ann lifted the blanket off him, and started to fondle his chastity cage. Again, Patrick moaned. “Pet, I want to tell you something. I’ve decided to keep Piper around for a bit. She’s a nice person, and she needs our help.” Ann said. Before Patrick could respond Ann began licking the tip of his cock through the chastity cage. Patrick moaned and said, “Okay, Goddess.”

Ann continued licking his caged cock, breathing hot breaths onto it as she said, “You’ll need to be nice to her, and you two can decide how to split up the chores. Okay?”

Again, Patrick said, “Okay, Goddess.”

“Oh, Pet. I’m so happy. You are a good husband, you really know how to give your wife pleasure. I might even consider letting you stick your cock in Piper’s mouth. Would you like that?” Ann asked.

“Goddess, if it would make you happy then it would make me happy.” Patrick answered.

“Good. Now get some rest, we have a big day ahead of us tomorrow.” Ann said as she covered him with the blanket.

Chapter 7

Ann awoke early the next morning to find that Piper had already gotten up. She could smell coffee brewing in the kitchen. She stumbled to the shower, got in, and turned on the water. Thoughts of the previous night filled her mind. She wasn't yet sure if Piper would want to stay with them after all that had happened. Patrick seemed to be on board with the idea, he would certainly enjoy the company and the help with the household chores. Ann wondered if perhaps she had tried to move things along too quickly.

She rinsed her hair and shut off the water. When she opened the glass shower door Piper was standing before her, holding a towel.

“Can I dry you off, Goddess?” Piper asked.

“Well aren't you up bright and early. Yes, dry me.” Ann said. She stepped out of the shower and Piper began patting her dry. She was much more gentle than Patrick was, and thorough. Piper toweled off every inch of Ann's body, including her pussy and her ass.

“So, what do you have planned for today, Goddess?” Piper asked as she stood.

“A friend of mine and I are going to a horse auction in the next county over.” Ann Said. “I will be back later this afternoon, though. When I get back, I think we should talk. I want to be sure that everything is good between us.”

“Everything is fine, Goddess. I've made you some coffee and a light breakfast. Would you like me to do your hair for you?” Piper asked, smiling.

“My, aren't you a help. I haven't had my hair done for me in a very, very long time. I certainly wouldn't trust Patrick with that task.” Ann said as she set before her vanity.

“Let me fetch your coffee, Goddess, and then I will do your hair and help you get dressed.” Piper said as she hurried to the kitchen.

Ann felt relaxed. She hadn't realized how worried she had been regarding Piper's reaction to the previous night. Everything seemed to be just fine.

“Where is Patrick?” Ann asked upon Piper's return.

“He is asleep on the couch.” Piper answered as she set down Ann's coffee.

“That's not like him to sleep in.” Ann said.

“Shall I wake him, Goddess?” Piper asked.

“No, let him sleep, and get started on my hair. I need to leave soon.” Ann replied.

Piper picked up a hairbrush and began running it through Ann's hair.

“This is nice, Piper. Thank you for the coffee.” Ann replied with a smile. She decided right then and there that she liked her new submissive house guest, and she wanted to keep her for good.

“Goddess, can I tell you something?” Piper said, as she styled Ann's hair.

“Yes, Piper.” Ann replied.

“You were good last night in bed. I don't think I've ever been fucked that hard in my life. You really fucked me into oblivion, I couldn't see straight by the time you were done. I'm actually a bit sore today.” Piper said.

Ann smiled. “You're pretty good with that wicked little tongue of yours, my darling. If you aren't careful I'll keep you here forever, so you can lick me like that every night.”

“I'd like that.” Piper replied. “I think I need a break from dating.”

“Of course, I’d expect you to help Patrick with the household chores. And, it is my house, my rules. I am the one who brings home the money and I am the one who pays the bills.” Ann said a bit sternly.

“I understand.” Piper said. She started blow drying Ann’s hair. Ann couldn’t deny that she was good at styling hair.

When she was finished Piper helped her pick out her clothes and get dressed. Ann couldn’t help but love the feeling of Piper’s smooth hands on her body. Piper seemed determined to impress Ann with her attention, and Ann liked it. She liked being waited on by a woman.

Ann walked downstairs and found Patrick still sleeping in the living room on the couch. She shook him by the shoulders. “Pet, it is time to wake up.” she said.

Patrick mumbled as he opened his eyes and sat up.

“It’s a good thing Piper was here to make my coffee and help me get ready, or I would have been late for the horse auction. You clearly need to be punished. I do not have time to do it now, or I would. Perhaps I need to teach Piper how to whip you.” Ann said.

“I’m sorry, Goddess. I don’t know why I slept so late.” Patrick said, apologetically. He pulled his pants up and went outside to get Ann’s car.

Piper came down the stairs. “Is everything okay, Goddess?” she asked.

“Yes, everything is fine. Patrick just needs to have his attitude adjusted. If he seems a bit moody today don’t let it get to you. And don’t take any shit from him, you aren’t here to be his personal slave.” Ann said as she walked out the door.

Patrick came back into the house to find Piper sipping coffee in the kitchen. “Good morning!” she said, enthusiastically.

Patrick grumbled, and poured himself a cup of coffee. “Good morning.” he answered. “Get yourself dressed and I’ll show you all the things that need to be done today.” he said.

“Sounds good, I can’t wait to get started.” Piper replied. She set her coffee cup down and took off the t-shirt she was wearing, dropping it onto the floor. “Oh, and thanks for the rim job last night, you are pretty handy with your tongue.”

Patrick stood speechless as he stared at Piper’s naked body. She bent over, and picked up the t-shirt off the floor, fully exposing her tight ass and her pussy as she did so.

“I think we are going to enjoy working together.” She said as she walked upstairs.

Chapter 8

Patrick went about his day as he normally did. His chores were the same every day. As he mopped the kitchen floor it occurred to him that Piper had been nowhere to be seen for the past hour or so. He felt aggravated by the fact that Ann had slept with her last night, but that wasn’t necessarily Piper’s fault. She did, however make him uneasy with her flirtatious nature. On the other hand, he could not deny that she was beautiful with her fit little body and her full, perky tits. He had enjoyed watching Piper eat his wife’s pussy the night before and could recall in vivid detail how her ass shook as Ann fucked her.

“Piper!” he yelled. There was no response. “Piper!” Again, there was no response. He stood silently at the bottom of the staircase and could hear noises coming from upstairs. He quietly walked up the stairs. The door to the guest room was ajar, so he peaked in. It was empty. He walked as silently as he could down the hall and peered into the bedroom he and Ann shared. Piper was lying on their bed, completely naked and rubbing her pussy. Patrick watched as her fingertips quickly moved back and forth

across her clit. She had just about finished pleasuring herself and had started to moan when she opened her eyes and saw Patrick watching her.

Patrick could see in Piper's eyes a hunger. His presence in the doorway didn't inhibit her impending orgasm, to the contrary, it seemed to heighten it. She moaned loudly as her hips began to buck. Patrick's caged cock strained in its cage. He reached down his pants and grabbed his balls, squeezing them as he watched Piper climax.

Piper lifted her hand from her pussy and signaled Patrick to come closer. He took a few steps into the room and then stopped. Piper frowned. "Look at my pussy. Wouldn't you like to fuck me, Patrick?" she asked.

Patrick took a step closer. Piper rolled over onto her belly and arched her back, sticking her ass up into the air. With her hands she spread her ass cheeks revealing her asshole. "you licked this last night, Patrick. Wouldn't you like to fuck it? Wouldn't you like to bury your cock deep in my tight asshole?"

Patrick's facial expression betrayed his silence. Piper could tell that he wanted her. She rolled back onto her back and turned around so that her head was now hanging from the end of the bed. "Come on, Patrick. Put your cock into my mouth, I don't care if you are wearing that chastity cage, it'll still feel good. Let me lick the dripping tip of your cock and massage your balls with my mouth."

Patrick's knees grew weak. He was momentarily conflicted, but in the end his libido won. After all, Ann had fucked Piper the night before and involved him in the act; why shouldn't he enjoy Piper's body as well? He unzipped his fly and dropped his pants. The next thing he knew Piper was sucking his cock, cage and all. The inside of her mouth was hot as she pressed the tip of her tongue onto the tip of his caged cock. Patrick moaned deeply.

"Get on the bed, lay yourself down." Piper said.

Patrick fell onto the bed. Piper quickly removed his pants and began licking his shaved balls as she continued rubbing the tip of his cock with her fingertip. Her other hand had found its way to his asshole, which she was now rubbing as well.

“I want to make you cum, Patrick. I want to see you shoot your load right out of this steel cage and onto my face.” Piper said as she pleased every part of his body.

Patrick’s eyes were closed and he was moaning. “Fuck me.” he said. “Please.”

Piper began fingering his asshole as she continued teasing his balls and the tip of his cock. Before long she was thrusting her fingers in and out of his body. Patrick was now groaning in ecstasy, he reached down and grabbed Piper’s head, guiding her mouth onto his caged cock. “That’s it, you little slut. Suck my cock.” he said as he began to feel the pressure in his balls start to release.

Piper said nothing, she surrendered herself to his hands and his body as Patrick moaned loudly. Piper could feel her mouth being filled with his hot load. She continued fucking his asshole with her fingers until he was wailing, and his balls were empty.

“You’re a good little whore, Piper. Look at me, let me see my cum dripping from your lips.” Patrick said as he lifted her chin with his hand.

Suddenly, Piper rolled herself off the bed and bolted from the room, screaming. Patrick was baffled and confused. He got dressed and knocked on the door to the guest room. “Piper, are you okay, did I do something wrong?” he asked.

“Go away.” Piper cried back.

Patrick stood outside the door for several minutes before knocking again. “Are you okay?” he asked for a second time.

“No, I’m not okay. You just forced me to suck your cock, you bastard. Wait until I tell Ann!” Piper screamed.

Patrick was in shock. “What are you talking about, Piper?”

“You know damn well. Now go away.”

Patrick was now feeling angry and scared. He raced down the stairs, and looked at the clock. He had less than two hours to try and figure out what had just happened before Ann returned.

Chapter 9

Patrick could hear Piper upstairs, sobbing in her room. He had tried to reason with her, but she had refused to talk to him. He tried to keep himself busy to distract himself from the situation, but it weighed heavily on his mind. He found himself watching the clock; Ann would be home any minute. He heard Piper’s door open, and raced to the bottom of the staircase.

“Piper, are you okay? What happened?” he asked.

“Come here, Pet. Let me explain.” Piper responded coldly.

Patrick raced up the staircase. Piper held out her phone so that Patrick could see the screen. He watched in horror as a short video clip played. It showed him forcing Piper’s head down onto his caged cock before squirting his load into her mouth. He could hear himself calling her a whore and talking dirty to her. The video clip ended with her running from the room, screaming. He stood motionless.

“Would you like to see it again?” Piper said.

“I’d like to see the rest of it, I’d like to see you begging for me to have sex with you. I’d like to see you licking my balls and fingering my asshole!”

Patrick said loudly.

“Oh, I’m afraid those scenes didn’t make the cut. All I have is the part where you forced my mouth onto your caged cock, which, by the way sucked because you nearly chipped my teeth with that thing.” Piper said.

“Ann can’t see this, Piper. Please, be reasonable. What do you want?” Patrick pleaded.

Piper smiled. “When your wife isn’t around, you are going to be my bitch. If you get out of line, I *will* show your wife this clip and you will have a major problem on your hands.”

“I’ll tell her it’s not true. I’ll tell her that you are a liar.” Patrick said.

“That’s fine. I suppose she may take your word as truth over my word *and* my evidence. That’s a risk you will have to take. She’ll probably punish you either way.” Piper said.

Patrick stood silently as he and Piper stared at each other. Suddenly, he lunged toward her, knocking the phone from her hands. He scrambled to the floor and picked it up. “There, I’m going to delete this you crazy bitch, and then I’m going to do everything I can to get your cute little ass thrown out onto the streets where you belong.” Patrick said.

“Smash my phone, asshole. Guess what? It is 2016. I’ve got that video stored on the cloud, so if you think my phone matters you are wrong. It would probably be even more damning if you smashed my phone and your wife watched it on her laptop, anyway. Now give me back my phone, bitch!” Piper said.

Patrick realized that he had been completely manipulated. His blood boiled as he handed Piper’s phone back to her. “I’ll get you back.” he said.

“Perhaps. But until that day you are my bitch, and that is what I shall call you. Now, get on your knees, bitch.” Piper said with an evil grin.

Patrick remained standing.

“Perhaps you need a little help.” Piper said as she reached up and put her hand on his shoulder. Patrick was a foot taller than her, and weighed twice as much as she did, but her hand was firm. “Bitch, on your knees.” she repeated.

The two of them stood staring at each other for what seemed like minutes before Patrick at last surrendered and dropped to his knees.

“That’s right, bitch. As far as I’m concerned, you are mine, now. Ann owns me, and I own you. Watch your step, bitch. Do you understand?” Piper asked as she looked down at Patrick.

“Yes.” he mumbled.

“I couldn’t hear you.” Piper said as she lifted his chin with her fingertips.

Patrick looked up. “Yes.” he said. He was fucked, and he knew it.

Chapter 10

Piper had spent the rest of the day sitting on the couch playing with her phone while Patrick did all of the household chores and waited on her. When the house phone rang, Piper quickly answered it. It was Ann. Patrick stood in the doorway, listening to Piper speak with his wife. Her tone was bubbly, flirtatious, and friendly. He could tell by the side of the conversation that he heard that his wife wouldn’t be coming home anytime soon. In fact, it sounded as if she might not be home at all tonight. Patrick cringed every time Piper referred to his wife as “Goddess”.

Piper hung the phone up and turned to Patrick. “It seems as if Ann won’t be coming home tonight. She’s with some woman named Kate, and they have decided to stay in a hotel so they can attend day two of the horse show. She’ll be back tomorrow by dinner time.”

Patrick sighed, and turned to leave the room.

“Slave.” Piper said.

Patrick stopped and stood with his back to her.

“Slave, draw me a bath. Ann commented that my pussy needed shaving. I want it to be nice and smooth when she gets home tomorrow. You are, I trust, good at shaving pussies?” she said with a giggle.

“Yes.” Patrick said as he walked toward the stairs.

“*Yes Princess.*” Piper said. “You are to refer to me as ‘Princess’ from now on. Now, answer me again.”

Patrick rolled his eyes. “Yes, Princess. Do you like your bath water hot, Princess?” he asked.

“Yes, slave. The hotter the better.” she answered.

Patrick walked up the stairs with Piper close behind him. He began drawing her bath as she sat on the toilet and watched his every move. “Slave, take off your clothes. You won’t be needing them tonight.”

Patrick undressed. He was now naked except for his chastity cage.

“I am guessing that you have a collar somewhere, don’t you? Where do you and Ann keep your naughty toys, slave?” she asked.

Patrick pointed to the bureau in the bedroom.

“Let’s have a look. You need to dress the part of a slave if you are going to be one.” Piper said as she stood up.

Patrick opened the bottom drawer of the bureau revealing all of Ann's sex toys. They were hers, as he was only allowed to use them when she allowed him to do so.

Piper reached into the drawer and selected a thick leather collar and a leash. She handed them to Patrick. An anal plug caught her eye and she picked it up. "Slave, I want you to wear this, too. Bend over." she said as she spat onto the butt plug.

Patrick had decided that he must go along with her every command until he could figure out a way to get back at her, or to destroy her video. He bent over and spread his ass cheeks. Piper spat on his asshole and quickly forced the plug inside of Patrick.

"Now, get your collar on, and your leash." Piper said as she began looking through the other drawers.

Patrick put the collar around his neck, and attached the leash to it.

Piper squealed with glee. "Oh, slave, wear these too!" she said as she handed Patrick a pair of pink lace panties.

"Really?" Patrick answered before thinking.

"Yes. Really." Piper replied as she secured his collar. She then watched as he pulled the panties up his legs and over his caged cock. "You look pretty, slave. Now, go get me a drink while I get into the tub. And hurry."

Patrick did as he was told. When he returned to the bathroom Piper was waiting in the bathtub. She was holding Ann's riding crop in her hand, playfully smacking her thigh with it. He handed her the drink he had prepared, and knelt beside the tub. He lathered up some shaving cream in his hands and started spreading it over Piper's pussy. Piper watched as Patrick drew the blade across her pussy, it was turning her on. She had never had a man submit to her will before and was quickly discovering that she liked it.

“Don’t cut me, slave, or I’ll have no choice but to punish you.” she said.

Patrick carefully shaved her until her pussy was completely hairless. Despite his ill feelings toward Piper, his cock had grown hard. His own biology was betraying him. He stood up, satisfied that he had completed his work.

Piper rolled over in the tub with a splash, and stuck her ass into the air. “My ass, too slave. I want my entire body to be smooth and hairless when Ann gets home tomorrow.” Piper said.

Patrick returned to his knees and lathered up Piper’s ass from her cheeks to her asshole, and began shaving her. His cock strained in its cage and dripped from its tip. Piper held perfectly still.

“Is my ass pretty, slave? Would you like another taste of it, like last night?” Piper said.

Patrick stared at her pink asshole. He thought Piper to be a little bitch, but he couldn’t resist the urge to shove his tongue against her tight little fuckhole. He splashed some water over her and began licking her. Piper moaned with delight. “That’s it, slave. Be a good boy, and your princess will reward you. Do you like rewards?” Piper said as she moaned.

“Yes, Princess.” Patrick said as he tongued her ass.

Piper gyrated her hips, smearing herself all over Patrick’s face. “Oh, slave, you’re making me wet. Dry me off so you can lick my pussy, too.” Piper said. She stood up and began rubbing her pussy as Patrick patted her dry with a towel.

Piper grabbed the wet riding crop and led Patrick by his leash into the bedroom and shoved him onto the bed. She quickly straddled his face and began rubbing herself just inches from his eyes. “Look at my pussy, slave. Do you like it?” she asked.

Patrick said nothing as he realized that he hadn't licked another woman's pussy since he got married.

Piper reached behind herself and grabbed his cock cage. She could feel the wet tip of his cock bulging through the cage's steel rings. "I think you do, your cock is hard and wet." she said. "I'll ask you again, slave. Do you like my pussy?"

Patrick stuck out his tongue, wiggling it into the air mere millimeters from her cunt.

"I'll take that as a yes." Piper said as she thrust her dripping pussy onto his mouth. She grabbed his balls with one hand, squeezing them firmly. She placed her other hand on his forehead, pinning him to the bed.

Patrick was overcome with lust. He forced his tongue against her crotch, shoving and smearing it across as much of her pussy as he could. Her smooth, swollen pussy lips engulfed his entire mouth. Soon Patrick was breathing heavily through his nose, as his mouth was much too busy pleasuring Piper to be used for anything else.

Piper forced herself onto his face, rocking her hips back and forth as she fucked his face. For the moment he had ceased to be a man to her; he was but a masturbation aid for her to get off on.

As Piper used his face, Patrick turned his thoughts to his throbbing cock. Every time Piper squeezed his balls he could feel himself tense up and he could feel the presence of the plug she had shoved up his ass. Had he not had an orgasm earlier that day he felt sure he could have one now. He tried to relax.

"Am I losing you, slave?" Piper said as she gave his balls a tug. "Lick harder, shove your tongue inside of me!"

Patrick's nose was now rubbing against Piper's clit. Harder, and harder she pressed herself onto his face as she began to approach climax.

She came with a rage. She had called him “slave” so many times in the last hour that she was quickly starting to believe it, and she treated him accordingly. She was now pulling his hair upward and bouncing on his face as she screamed. When she was done she collapsed to his side in a heap. They both laid there, panting for some time.

When at last Piper had caught her breath, she said, “Slave, go get my drink and a bottle of lube. I’m not done with you, yet.”

Patrick was beginning to feel guilty. What would his wife think if she could see him now, being used by another woman for her pleasure and entertainment. He really did not know. His relationship with his wife was at times strained, and he couldn’t help but wonder if his wife and her friend Kate weren’t fucking at this very moment in their hotel room.

“Less thinking, more doing, bitch.” Piper said.

Patrick fetched her drink and the lubricant and returned to the bedroom. Piper was now standing at the foot of the bed with the riding crop in her hand. He handed her the drink and dropped the bottle of lubricant onto the bed.

“Bend over the bed, bitch.” Piper said.

Patrick did as he was told. He closed his eyes and tried to prepare himself for whatever was to come next. Piper lightly slapped his ass with the riding crop a few times.

“I’ve never used one of these before. I will assume from your silence that those slaps were not very hard.” she said. She took a step back, and swung the crop harder, smacking his ass with a loud crack.

Patrick remained silent. His wife had used the crop heavily during his training, and continued to use it on him regularly.

Piper hit him again, even harder. Patrick did not wince. In fact, he chuckled.

“Is this funny, bitch?” Piper asked angrily.

“No, Princess, it is not.” he answered.

Piper grabbed his caged cock and balls and pulled them out from under his body and backward so they were now exposed. Without flinching she hit his balls with the riding crop as hard as she could. Patrick let out a scream. Before he could move, she hit him again. Patrick quickly rolled into a ball and fell off the bed.

“Who’s laughing now, bitch?” she said. Piper set the riding crop down and grabbed the bottle of lubricant, dropping it onto Patrick’s chest. “Oil yourself up good, bitch. I’m going to fuck you now, and I’m going to fuck you hard. That’s what you want, right?”

Patrick nodded. He had come to associate pain with pleasure. He watched Piper as she adjusted the straps of the harness that held his wife’s assortment of rubber cocks, or, as she called them, her “girl cocks”. Patrick began squirting the lubricant over himself, rubbing it around his asshole as he tugged at the anal plug still inside of himself. He looked up to see that Piper had selected the biggest girl cock she could find. She secured it into the harness and stood over Patrick.

She could tell by the look in his eyes that he wanted it, and he could tell by the look in her eyes that she wanted to break him. She walked around him and knelt down. With a quick motion she pulled the panties he was wearing to the side and plucked the plug from his ass. “Now is your chance, bitch. If you want to smear some lube on this girl cock you had better do it now, because you are in for one hell of a ride.”

Patrick quickly sat up and slathered lube up and down the length of the enormous toy dangling from Piper’s crotch. His heart raced.

“That is enough.” Piper said, shoving him back onto the floor. She grabbed a pillow from the bed and propped it under his ass. “Get your legs back, bitch.”

Patrick pulled his legs apart and laid back. He closed his eyes, and tried to relax.

Piper knelt before him, pulled his panties to the side, and began rubbing the head of the rubber cock around his asshole. She pressed harder and harder until Patrick’s body surrendered to the pressure. Piper watched as Patrick’s mouth opened slightly; she watched his chest rise and fall with each breath. “Look at you, in your pretty pink panties taking a monstrous cock up your ass. You’re a slutty bitch, aren’t you?” Piper asked.

“Yes, Princess.” Patrick answered.

Piper pushed his legs back with her hands as she leaned into him, forcing the girl cock deeper and deeper up his ass. She watched his expression closely, watching his face twitch and his head move to the side as his ass stretched to accommodate her.

Suddenly, Piper stopped. “Perhaps I shouldn’t fuck you today. Should I stop, bitch?”

Patrick moaned, “No, Princess. Don’t stop. Fuck me. Please, fuck me.”

“Good bitch. Now shut your mouth.” Piper said. She reached for a pair of underwear lying on the floor and stuffed it into his mouth.

Patrick relaxed himself as best he could as Piper sat over him, motionless, with the strap on cock buried halfway inside of him. He could feel himself stretching as he laid there. It was a tight fit, but it felt incredible. It was like scratching an itch.

Piper grabbed his legs, and started thrusting the cock back and forth, in and out of Patrick’s ass. With each push she came closer to burying the entire

thing inside of him. Patrick was now moaning, rhythmically with each thrust of the cock. Piper became excited by the sound, she had never heard a man moan so loudly.

Patrick's legs were now up and over his head as Piper relentlessly fucked him. She couldn't tell if the sounds coming from his mouth were sounds of pleasure or pain, or some combination of the two. "Do you like that, my little bitch? Do you like my cock deep inside of you?" she asked.

An indistinguishable sound escaped his gagged mouth, but she was pretty sure by the look in his now open eyes that he was enjoying himself. She watched as his caged cock bounced around in circles, its padlock rhythmically clinking against the cage. Harder, and harder she fucked him until at last her hips began slapping against his ass. Her pussy tingled; she wanted to rub it.

Patrick's face was now devoid of any expression. He had been overtaken with pleasure. His eyes stared into empty space and his mouth was hanging open. With each thrust Piper watched his limp head bobbing on the floor. She continued fucking him, and with each thrust the harness slammed against her clit. She wanted more.

Piper slapped his ass and yelled, "Roll over, bitch. On your hands and knees."

While she had enjoyed the view of his face as she fucked him, she now wanted to grab him by the hips and annihilate him, and herself in the process. "Time to finish you off, you filthy fucking whore. Shove your ass onto my cock, you silly bitch!" she said.

Ann had fucked Patrick up the ass many, many times, but not like this. Piper's years of dancing and exercising to keep herself fit had turned her into a fucking machine. She was tireless, determined to bring herself to orgasm or fuck him until he was literally begging for her to stop. Patrick was panting heavily, now, having pushed the panties from his mouth. He arched his back and shoved his ass against Piper's body as she

guided him with her hands. He felt as though his heart might burst due to the pace of the fucking. He stared into nothingness as Piper fucked him into oblivion. By the time she started moaning with ecstasy he was a drooling mess. His cock was oozing, but he hadn't had an orgasm.

Piper finished him off with several dozen hard thrusts before pulling out her girl cock and shoving him to the floor. "Maybe you are good for something, after all, you fucking bitch." she said as she collapsed onto the bed.

Chapter 11

Patrick laid on the floor, motionless. He went into the bathroom, took off the pink panties Piper had made him wear, and stepped into the shower. As he scrubbed his body his thought turned to his wife. It was early evening, and she would no doubt be calling to check in with him. He never liked it when she went out of town with her friend Kate, as the two of them tended to party when they were together. He was never sure if she would be ridiculously silly or easily angered when she called. She would no doubt ask about Piper, and he wasn't sure what he would tell her.

He stepped out of the shower and dried himself off. He poked his head into the bedroom and saw Piper sprawled out on the bed asleep. Quietly, he walked into the bedroom and grabbed a pair of underwear, pants, and a shirt. Just as he reached the doorway Piper rose from the bed.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm getting dressed, and then I am going to finish up my chores downstairs and watch some television." Patrick answered.

Piper laughed. "First of all, you need to address me as 'Princess'. Second of all, in my presence you will be wearing panties like the little bitch you are. And finally, you won't be watching television tonight, you'll be entertaining me. Is that clear?"

Patrick fumed. “I’m not sure who you think you are, but you’ve had your fun. This isn’t a joke, Piper. This is our life, and I want you out of it.”

Piper stood up, and walked toward Patrick. “Don’t fuck with me, bitch. If you think I won’t show your wife the video of your caged cock cumming in my mouth you are sadly mistaken. Trust me, I have all kinds of details to throw into the story. And, if you think I’ve had my fun, you are wrong about that as well. I’ve just started.” she said as she opened up Ann’s panty drawer. She picked out the frilliest pair of panties she could find, and handed them to Patrick. “Now, shut your mouth, put these on, and cook me some dinner. Do you understand?”

Patrick glared at her. For a moment they were like two children having a staring contest.

“Bitch, put your panties on and get to work. Do I need to call your wife?” she asked.

Patrick didn’t want that to happen, of that he was sure. Ann would be very upset if she had to come home from her trip early, and he hadn’t figured out how to handle the situation anyway. “Can’t you just go, Piper?” he pleaded.

“No.” she quickly said.

Patrick slid the panties up over his legs. “What would you like for dinner, Princess?” he asked.

“Pizza. I want you to order us a Pizza.” Piper replied, smiling. “And, order from from Village Pizza, I know the delivery driver.”

Chapter 12

Patrick stood next to Piper as she sipped red wine and ate her pizza.

“Oh, quit being such a wet blanket.” Piper said. “Look at it this way, at least the delivery driver was a woman.”

“Was it really necessary to make me answer the door wearing nothing but these panties?” Patrick asked. He was clearly aggravated.

“Yes, bitch. It was. If you are going to be my sissy bitch then you are going to have to get used to doing whatever I say.” Piper answered.

“Can I at least have a slice of pizza, Princess?” Patrick asked.

“You can eat when I am done. Now shut your mouth, stand there, and look pretty.” Piper replied.

Piper’s phone rang. Patrick glanced at the screen, it was Ann calling. Piper had already programmed Ann’s number into her phone; on the screen was a single word: Goddess.

“Hello, Goddess.” Piper said cheerfully.

“Hello, Piper, how is everything going?” Ann asked.

“Things are going well, we are just having some dinner after a hard day’s work.” Piper said.

Patrick turned his head and smirked.

“I hope Patrick has been nice to you, did you both do your chores together?” Ann asked.

“Yup, It’s a lot of work keeping your house in good order, but we got everything done.” Piper said as she poked Patrick playfully with her fork.

“I’m glad to hear that. Put me on speakerphone, Piper.” Ann said. “Pet, can you hear me?”

“Yes Goddess.” Patrick answered.

“Good. I want you to drop to your knees, now.” Ann said.

Patrick got down on his knees. He could hear Kate giggling in the background, and he suspected they had been drinking.

“Is he on his knees, Piper?” Ann asked.

“He is, Goddess.” Piper answered.

“Good. Piper, what are you wearing right now?” Ann asked.

“I’m wearing a short skirt with a tight little top and a thong, Goddess.” Piper answered.

“Oh, good. That is perfect. First, let me say that I am sorry to interrupt your dinner, but this is important. I want you to stand in front of Patrick with your ass to his face.” Ann said, giggling.

Piper did as she was instructed.

“Now, Patrick. I want you to lift up Piper’s skirt, pull her thong to the side, and lick her asshole.” Ann said. Kate was laughing in the background.

Without saying a word Patrick did as his wife had told him to do. He spread Piper’s ass cheeks and began licking her tight little hole.

Piper moaned. “This feels good, Goddess. Thank you.”

“Pet, does her asshole taste good, are you licking it good and hard with that strong tongue of yours?” Ann asked.

Patrick answered with a muffled “Yes, Goddess.”

“Good. Keep licking.” Ann said.

Patrick could hear Ann and Kate talking and laughing in the background. Piper balanced herself with the chair as she continued moaning with delight.

After several minutes, Ann asked, “You two haven’t been drinking, have you?”

Patrick quickly answered before Piper had a chance to respond. “She has, Goddess. Piper is drinking your wine.” He smiled.

“Oh, Piper. Piper, Piper, Piper.” Ann said. “You are not to drink any alcohol without my permission, sweetie. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Goddess, I’m sorry, Patrick didn’t tell me the rules.” Piper said.

“Well, that is no excuse. You should have known better. Now, I need to punish you, which really breaks my heart because I can’t be there to do it.” Ann said. “Whatever shall we do?”

Patrick and Piper could hear Ann and Kate talking about something and laughing, but they couldn’t make out the details. Piper had stopped moaning despite the fact that Patrick continued to lick her asshole.

“Patrick, this is Kate. Is Piper’s asshole good and wet?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress Kate, it is.” Patrick answered.

“Good.” Kate said.

Ann then said, “Piper, I’m sorry sweetie, but you need to be punished. I want you to put the wine bottle on the floor and I want you to sit on it. Pet, I want you to get your phone, and I want you to send Kate and I a picture of Piper when she has the neck of the bottle shoved up her asshole.”

Piper’s eyes grew wide as she stood up and looked at Patrick. Patrick grinned at her, nodding his head in mockery. “Yes, Goddess, I will send

you the picture as soon as she complies with your wishes.”

Piper picked up the half empty bottle of wine and looked at it. “Goddess, my asshole is much too tight for this, I’m sure. Isn’t there anything else I can do to make things better between us?”

“No.” Ann quickly replied. Now, you’ve got one minute to sit on the bottle, or you can pack your bags and get out of my house. If you’re fast you might even have time to run upstairs and grab a bottle of lube.”

“Fuck.” Piper cried. “Fine.”

Patrick laughed as Piper quickly ran upstairs to get herself some lubricant.

“Patrick, this isn’t funny. You shouldn’t have allowed her to drink. You are in trouble, too.” Ann said, sternly.

“Yeah, Patrick, you are in trouble too!” Kate added as she laughed.

Piper returned with the lubricant and quickly covered the neck of the bottle with it.

“You are almost out of time, Piper. Now, tell me that you want to sit on the bottle of wine to atone for your bad behavior. Beg me for forgiveness.” Ann said, sternly.

Piper paused for a moment. “Goddess, please let me prove to you how sorry I am by sitting on this bottle of wine.”

“Okay, Piper. I will accept your apology if you can make it the entire hour.” Ann replied.

Piper set the bottle on the ground, and squatted over it. She slowly lowered herself onto the neck of the bottle. She let out a moan as she guided it into her ass. Ann and Kate could hear the clicking sound as Patrick took the picture with his phone. He immediately sent it to Kate.

“We are waiting, Patrick.” Ann said. “Oh, wait, here it is. That’s good, Piper. Now, I want you to remember this next time you are tempted to drink my wine. Okay?”

“Yes, Goddess.” Piper answered. She felt utterly humiliated as Patrick grinned at her.

“Okay. Now, I want you to stay like that for one hour. You just keep squatting on the bottle, and keep your phone on so we can keep you company. Can you do that for me?” Ann asked in a comforting tone of voice.

“Yes, Goddess. I’ll do it. Thank you for forgiving me.” Piper said.

Kate poured Ann another drink as she sat on the bed next to her. “You aren’t really going to make that poor girl sit on a wine bottle for an hour, are you Ann?”

“I absolutely am, Kate. Drinking without permission will not be tolerated.” Ann answered as she picked up her phone. “Piper, are you still there? how are you holding up, dear?”

“I’m fine, Goddess.” Piper said as her asshole stretched to accomm the bottle.

“Try and relax, ok. It’s probably for the best, anyway, as I have been thinking about fucking you in the ass all day. Let’s plan on that for tomorrow, okay sweetie?” Ann said.

“Can I come, too?” asked Kate.

“Of course, Kate. You are always welcome in my home, and you are always welcome to use my pets, you know that.” Ann said as she rubbed Kate’s thigh.

“Goddess, I don’t know if I can make it for the entire hour.” Piper said.

“Piper, that is fine. If you can’t make it the entire hour than you can stand up at anytime, but I expect you to be gone by the time I get home tomorrow.” Ann said. “Hey, Pet, take another picture of her, please, but this time take it from the front, I want to see her face.”

Patrick felt vindicated and said, “Smile, Piper!” as stood before her.

Piper managed a smile and lifted her skirt as Patrick took the picture and sent it to his wife. Kate’s phone vibrated as the photo arrived.

“Oh, Ann. She is just as pretty as you described her, I can’t wait to meet your new plaything.” Kate said.

Ann looked at the photo on Kate’s phone. “Oh, Piper, you look so beautiful. I love your skirt. Why don’t you wear that tomorrow. I like the idea of lifting it up as I fuck you from behind.”

“Maybe we can both fuck her at the same time Ann.” Kate said.

“Oh, Kate, I don’t think Piper could manage two girl cocks being shoved into her asshole at the same time.” Ann said.

Piper squirmed as she listened to Ann and Kate on the phone.

“No, silly. I was thinking I could fuck her pussy while you fucked her up the ass. You know, a double penetration. Get it?” Kate laughed.

“Well see, Kate. I don’t want to break my new playtoy. Not just yet, anyway.” Ann said as she sipped her drink. “Pet, what do you think, do you think she could handle taking Kate and I at the same time?”

“Well, Goddess, I suppose it would depend on the size of the girl cocks you used, but yes, I think she would eagerly take two at once. Maybe I could join in, too?” Patrick asked.

“Oh, Pet. Don’t be silly. You don’t get to stick your dick inside of women anymore.” Ann said with a chuckle. “Then again, you do have a birthday coming up in a month or so. Let’s leave it at maybe for now.”

Patrick smiled at Piper. All of the aggravation he had felt during the day seemed to melt away as he listened to his wife’s voice on the phone.

“Hey, Pet. You are in trouble, too. Don’t forget, you failed to inform Piper of the rules.” Kate said.

“That is true.” Ann said. “Pet, I will probably let Kate punish you tomorrow while I punish Piper.”

Patrick stopped smiling. “Yes. Goddess.” he said. Patrick knew that Kate would be much harder on him than his wife.

“I wonder if your husband could take two girls cocks up his ass at once?” Kate asked.

“I don’t know, but it’s worth a try, Kate.” Ann replied. “I’m getting wet just thinking about all the things I want to do to my pets tomorrow.”

Kate reached her hand between Ann’s legs to check for herself. “You are getting wet. Patrick, did you hear that, your Goddess’ pussy is dripping wet. Don’t you wish you were here to take care of it?”

Patrick squeezed his balls and started rubbing the wet tip of his caged cock.

“Don’t worry, Patrick. I will take care of her for you. True, we did just finish going down on each other just before calling you, but she is clearly ready for round two.” Kate said. “Maybe I’ll hold the phone down there as I eat her so you can listen.”

Piper was getting wet now, too. She had relaxed her asshole enough that the neck of the bottle was completely inside of her as she began rubbing her pussy.

“Goddess, Piper is masturbating.” Patrick blurted out.

“So is he! Patrick is rubbing the tip of his caged cock!” Piper retorted.

“Whatever, you too. It’s been a long night. Patrick, you make sure Piper finishes her punishment. I am going to bed, well, Kate and I are going to fuck eachother first, but then we are going to bed.” Ann said. “Goodnight.”

Patrick sat rubbing what little of his caged cock he could reach as he watched Piper rubbing her clit. “See, Piper. It isn’t all fun and games around here. When Goddess gets home tomorrow you will have hell to pay.”

“Whatever, bitch. I can take it, and if you think any of this changes our arrangement you are wrong.” Piper said.

“You’ve still got ten minutes to go, Piper.” Patrick said.

“Yeah, right.” Piper said as she lifted herself off the bottle. “What are you going to do, tell on me? Let’s not forget about that little video I shot earlier.”

“I’m going to bed.” Patrick said.

“Yes, you are.” Piper said as she followed him up the stairs and into his room.

Patrick laid down on his bed and pulled the covers over his head.

“I don’t think so.” Piper said. She pulled the covers off Patrick and shoved him onto the floor. “There, you sleep next to me, but on the floor like a good little bitch.”

Patrick was tired of dealing with Piper. He fell asleep thinking of how his wife would punish her in the morning, and he tried to avoid thinking of

what Kate would do to him. He was now his wife's pet, Kate's slave, and for the time being, Piper's bitch.

Despite all rationality it made him happy.

And it made his dick hard.