

# *Home Invasion*



## Short Story #1

I know very little about Christy and her husband Brad. I know that they are playtoys of my friend Olive, and have been for a few years now. I know that they've only been married for about two years now, and their playtime with Olive predates their wedding. I know that Brad has a 19-year-old son name Kyle who lives with them. He's a Sophomore at Bishop State College where my live-in slave-girl Sophie is a freshman. She doesn't know him, at least not by name; but that's a small community college so she's confident she's at least passed him somewhere, sometime. I'm confident he's heard of her, though. Sophie, the girl who wears her collar to classes, is the subject of plenty of talk on the campus.

I know that their "thing" is put on little slutty shows for Olive. That they prefer that Olive makes them push the boundaries of their comfort zone during those shows. That acts which most would consider uncomfortable or humiliating get them especially excited. Acts they'd never do if left on their own. But will do once Olive pushes them with her firm discipline. They don't seem to exactly mind that discipline either.

And I know that for a couple of months now Kyle has been trying to get Olive to accept him as her playtoy, too. Olive described him as rather wiry and bookish, somewhat introverted, and without a serious girlfriend or even a "hot and heavy" date during the time she's known them.

Olive is 38, which makes her technically old enough to be Kyle's mother. But she looks pretty good for her age, too. I'd say she could pass for somewhere in her early 30s. Physically she's about average in every dimension, her face slightly cuter than average, with bright green eyes and light brown hair. What I wondered when Olive approached me about doing her this little favor, was why Kyle wanted to be toyed with by an older woman. If that might be part of his thing. Or if, as I think more likely, he sees her a realistic chance to get what the cute young girls haven't been giving him. If so, then he doesn't understand what he's getting into. Olive isn't going to sleep with him, or any of her toys. She might use them, she'll certainly amuse herself with them, but she's not going to screw one of them.

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Olive told me that after his persistently asking her for some playtime, she finally relented, although she wasn't sure what to do with him. She did have a few ideas, all of which were some form of using him along with another of her toys. She has a couple of single women and several couples that would all love an extra thrown in.

She left him with a few simple instructions. He was to call her twice a day. And he was not, under any circumstances to masturbate, something he admitted to her that he usually did about five times a week. Now he was going to go a full week without a single stroke on his cock, to "make sure it's ready" for her. She told him in front of his father and step-mother. It was her reminder to him that her toys don't get privacy.

That was yesterday. He managed not to masturbate last night, but when he called Olive this morning he admitted that it was very difficult for him not to. He even confessed that he had an almost-painfully-hard cock just from hearing her voice. Tonight, when he called her, he confessed to failure. He told her how he couldn't get the thoughts of what happens when she finally "saw" him out of his mind, and didn't even realize that he was touching himself until it started to get really good. By then, he couldn't stop, so he finished it. Olive left him with a warning that "now you've been a very naughty boy, and naughty little boys have to be punished." She told him they'd discuss it further in the morning, he was confined to his bed until he called her in the morning, and had most definitely better not touch that cock again.

That's when Olive called me. She's one of the five ladies that my BFFs call my "kinky club," but it's really just six girls who all enjoy D/s and get together to gossip about our exploits. And we do each other favors from time to time. And if we run into a playtoy that we're not interested in, we let the others know it's looking for a toybox to call home. Three of us live in Mobile County, three of us In Baldwin County next door. Olive is in Baldwin, on the other side of Mobile Bay. I'm in Mobile, as are the toys. Plus I'm always up for a little kinky amusement, and the idea of a "one-off" with them doesn't bother me. As long as I get to humiliate them for my amusement, it's fine with me.

Plus I'm readily available. Colette has a family at home and doesn't

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play as much as the rest of us. Andrea, the other one who lives in Mobile, is a flight attendant, and you never know if she's Mobile or Timbuktu, or wherever. So when a friend in Mobile is needed, I'm usually the first call.

As always, Olive wouldn't dream of telling me what to do with them. She knows I'd hang up on her if she did. I never follow a script. I just go with the flow of things, making sure my subs are excited by what's happening, and that I'm fully amusing myself. Instead, she just tells me what they enjoy having done, what she knows doesn't excite them, and a general direction she'd like it to take. If "the naughty little shaft-stroker needs to learn to keeps his hand of his cock when I tell him to," counts as direction.

Like all of us do with the toys in our toyboxes, Olive keeps a key to their house. They know she has it. She's made sure they fully understand that since they belong to her, she's free to come and go as she pleases. Whether they are home or not. And to use their house, their things, however, she fancies. Even kicking them out of it if she wants. And she's told them that she might just loan their house, their things, even them, to her friends should that tickle her fancy. I know she's "invaded" their house a few times before, and I know that she's had Colette visit them twice before. But I doubt they've ever seen anything like I have in mind for them. Butting subs off balance and at great unease seems to have become my specialty. I excel at it.

It's 2:00 am when I pull into their driveway. Sophie hurries to get the toy bag from my little trunk, and totes it as she follows me up to the door. I turn to her and hold one finger to my lips, reminding her again that she's to be very quiet for now. She nods. I unlock the door and gently ease it open.

Sophie follows me into the quiet and dark house, easing the door shut behind her. I know that the master bedroom is somewhere to my left, Olive told me that, but who knows what's between me and that door. So I use a little penlight to peek and pick my way around the furniture to their door.

Idly I wonder if Christy and Brad are sound sleepers or not. I hope

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they are, as I ease their door open. There's just enough moonlight coming in through the curtains for me to see the outlines of their bodies in the bed. It looks like Brad is on the far side from me, lying on his back, and Christy is lying on her side, facing me, which puts her back to Brad.

I grab a corner of the sheet that covers them, careful not to let it move. Then I nod to Sophie. She flips the lights on and I yank the cover hard, snapping it off of them. Eyes snap open as they scurry.

"STOP!" I snap very firmly. They both freeze, staring at me. I know I'm not anything like they've ever known before. I'm young, far younger than Olive, at 18. And I'm tiny, all of 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. The only thing big about me is my boobs, which are an exceptionally pert 32-D. I have long, somewhat curly, blond hair. But I look like what I am, a college girl. But now I'm holding my uber-girly riding crop. It's soft leather, as they all are, but it's pastel green and fringed with frilly white lace. I love it. Subs, not so much, at least not after they feel its sting.

But my demeanor and the sight of the crop are enough that the pair obey me and stop where they are. I watch as their eyes blink, adjusting to the sudden light as they're still trying to push the sleepy fog out of their minds. "Your Mistress sent me. I am Miss Rodgers. You two naughty little pets will sit on the edge of that bed. Do not keep me waiting."

I'm pretty sure they have no idea who I am. We don't usually talk to our toys, let alone tell them about our friends. I'd be very surprised if Olive has ever mentioned me to them. But they've certainly heard that line before, "your Mistress sent me." Colette would have told them the same thing when she showed up for Olive. And they've always known that Olive might share them with her friends.

They hurry to sit up on the edge of their bed, Christy crossing her legs as she knows Olive would demand. Neither looks to be awake. I watch as Brad's cock stiffens up. Christy's nipples are already hard, which is about the only sign I can see with her sitting like this.

"Slave, stay. Make sure these two naughty ones wait patiently for their punishments."

"Yes, Sweet Mistress," Sophie answers in a honeyed voice. She turns and glares at the naked middle-aged couple, folding her arms over

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her chest and putting a very stern look on her face. I know she's serious, too. Sophie hates nothing worse than disappointing me, and she knows that if these two misbehave, I will not be pleased. Should they so much as think about blinking, Sophie will deal with them harsher than I would. Anything to ensure her mistress is pleased with her.

I head for Kyle's room. He doesn't stir either as I ease his door open. I flip the lights on, and he mumbles "it can't be morning..." He pulls a pillow over his head.

"It's punishment time, you naughty little pecker player! On your feet, now." I say firmly, a moderately harsh tone to my voice.

He hears me and quickly pushes the pillow off his head as his eyes are opening. He moves slower to get to his feet. But I do notice the faint grin on his face when he sees me standing there instead of Olive. Even though he can't know who I am, at least not yet.

"Boxers!" I balk loudly. "Really? Boxers?" I reach out to their waistband and jerk them down hard, letting them lie around his ankles. "I'm sure your mommy's and daddy's mistress told you that big boys sleep naked."

He is definitely wiry. I'd put him about 5'7, maybe 150 pounds, and that's giving him a few extra just for being a boy. He's lean. He has short, light brown hair and brown eyes. But he has a huge cock, I'd guess 8", maybe even a 1/4 inch or so more, and it's thick at around 1 1/2" across. And circumcised, which I prefer. I love seeing that fat purple head. And I prefer not to feel the foreskin moving inside me. Too bad that cock isn't on a more manly-looking man, or I'd be riding that one myself.

I grab that sheaf tin my hand, squeezing just a little more than is comfortable for him. Hard might be an understatement, it's like steel in my hand. And it's been jacked just a few hours ago. I glance at his loose-hanging, balls, which are also nicely sized. "I am Miss Rodgers," I start telling him as I use his cock for a leash to lead him out of the room. And watch as he stumbles out of those awful boxers. "Their Mistress sent me to discuss your naughtiness with you. Come along, you bad little boy."

I lead him right into his parent's bedroom and put him on the edge

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of the bed sitting next to his step-mother. There's plenty of room on the edge of the bed, but I tap some thighs with my crop as I tell them to tighten it up. I have them sitting with their sides touching as I tell Kyle what's expected of him when he's told to sit.

I can see it in his eyes that he recognizes Sophie, and thus has figured out that I am her Mistress. And he's heard a lot of talk about me, I'm sure. Sophie never lies, and she answers every question she's asked. Although sometimes her answer is that she's not allowed to discuss what her Mistress does. So there has to be plenty of gossip around that campus, the local blabber-girls filling in the blanks with their imaginations.

If it weren't for the similarities in their faces, I'd wonder if these two guys were really father and son. Brad isn't wiry; he's on the stocky side of average. Nor does he have a monster cock, it looks to me to be on the wrong side of a mere five inches, but average in thickness at about an inch. And Brad is hairy where Kyle barely has any hair on his chest.

I stand in front of them, relieving Sophie of her spot. "Kyle, you were told not to play with your dick. You didn't even manage to behave for 48 hours! You will be punished for that. Brad, Christy, you two were told that Kyle was not allowed to play with himself like some naughty little 12-year-old. You are his mommy and daddy. It's your job to help him behave! I think they call that parenting! Since he was bad, you so obviously didn't do your jobs. Which is, like duh, naughty! You will receive the same punishment the little peter player gets."

I send Sophie to fetch me a chair from the dining table. She hurries back with it and knowing what I want it for, sets it against the wall leaving me space on both sides of it. "I think... five strokes are fair for playing with that pecker. Sophie, go in this boy-toy's closet and find me a nice belt."

"Yes, My Beautiful Mistress." Sophie doesn't waste my time. But she does take enough time in their closet to look at every belt he has. In about a minute she's back with her selection. It's wide, and it's somewhat stiff but flexible. It's a basic man's belt, I'd guess in a size around 42. I double it over in my hand and swing it through the air. "This will do."

I sit in the chair. Then I have Kyle come and kneel at the foot of the

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bed, which gives him a good view of my side and will let him see everything. "You are going to watch your mommy and daddy get their spankings for being such awful parents to your naughty little butt. Keep your eyes open and on them. I'm pretty sure they don't want me to have to start over so you can watch them get an entire spanking!"

"Slave, bring me... naughty daddy first."

Sophie takes hold of Brad by his balls and walks him over to my side. She has him kneel down. I'm sure he knows what to do. I'm sure he's been over Olive's larger knees enough. Like me, she enjoys spanking her toys. I grab him by the shoulders and pull him over my knees, trapping his hard cock between his stomach and my thigh. Then I grab his hair and pull his head up so he's looking right at the naughty, naked, and kneeling Kyle.

I lightly lie the leather of the belt across his hairy cheeks. Then I bring it up and snap it down with most of my strength. It lands with a loud crack like lightning, searing a red welt of a line across those cheeks. Brad grunts hard, letting me know he definitely felt it.

"One, Ma'am." He obediently counts his stroke with a heavy pained strain in his voice. "I'm sorry for being a bad parent and letting my son play with himself when I knew he wasn't allowed to, Ma'am. Thank you for spanking me for being naughty, Ma'am."

The time it takes him to count his stroke is all the break he gets before a second stroke lands on those cheeks. He counts, and a third lands which finally gets a good little yelp from him. Her counts, and fourth lands. Then the final one, which he counts with a plainly heard sobbing to his voice.

I send him to kneel beside Kyle and tell Sophie to bring me the naughty mommy. Sophie leads her over by pinching a nipple hard for a leash. Christy follows her breast over and kneels down.

Over my knees, the first stroke gets a screeched yelp from her. The second has her crying. The last leaves her bawling so badly that I can barely make out her apology over her sobs. I send her to kneel beside her husband.

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I can see Christy crying hard. Even Brad is obviously weeping a little. Enough for me to know those spankings hurt. Which I meant them to. They are punishment. I'm sure Kyle saw the pain flood their faces with every stroke. It's why I had him kneel where I did. I have Sophie bring him over, and watch as I now see the nervousness in his steps. Not that Sophie's grip on his balls leaves any choice but to come right along and kneel down for me.

Once his thin body is over my knees, that huge cock trapped against my thigh, I tell him what's expected of him. Even though he just watched Christy and Brad get spanked, I don't leave him any room to say he didn't know what to do. He says he understands.

I swat the taut and small hairless cheeks of his bottom just as I did the other two. He grunts out, as his father did, but with far more discomfort evident in his voice. The third stroke has him sobbing. With every stroke, his voice breaks a little more and it's pitch rises a few octaves toward girly. The fifth leaves him crying, but not as badly as Christy was. It leaves an angry red line across his cheeks, too. After his spanking, I send him to kneel beside Christy.

I give them a minute to gather themselves up after that spanking. Then I send Sophie to fetch Kyle and bring him over to me. She puts him down on his knees, facing me while I sit comfortably. She pushes and pulls and kicks him into a proper kneeling pose. Then Sophie steps back to await my instructions.

I know those spankings hurt. But both guys still have rock-hard cocks after them. I'd kind of wondered about Kyle, if he was truly interested in serving, or if he was just after someone to pay attention to that cock of his. I guess some hard discipline isn't unwelcome.

I make him tell me what Olive already did. Exactly what he did, and why he couldn't manage to keep his hand off his cock. He tries to hang his head so he won't have to look at my eyes while he tells me, but a very light tap of the crop on his cock and a scolding puts an end to that idea. There was never any doubt in my mind what the reason would be, it's obvious: he was just too horny.

I ask him a few quick questions, all of which are humiliating for

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him to answer, none of which do anything to soften that cock up. I find out that he's never been laid, never had a blow job, only been kissed and gotten to feel a girl up through her clothes. He's never even gotten to see a naked woman, just little glimpses and then not of anything too intimate. Looking at him, I can see half the reason. The bigger half is the way he's quiet and shy, and I'd imagine it's not easy for him to talk to girls.

I ask him if he's horny right now, and he uncomfortably admits that he is. "Well, I'll just figure out why you're so horny of a little boy for myself. Stand." I talk him into the proper pose. Once he's there, hands behind his back, I have him stretch his feet wide apart.

I "examine" his cock first. My "examination" consisting of feeling every bit of that shaft, which is still as hard as steel. Then I hold it atop a flat palm and lightly run my fingertips down its length, which gets a few crisp twitches from it. Then I stroke it a couple of times, my grip loose and gentle as my hand glides along his length. All of which gets some sweet purrs from Kyle.

Then I do roughly the same "examination" of his balls. As I'm teasing those, I get a few more twitches out of his cock, so I'm pretty sure he likes that too. Then again, what boy wouldn't?

"Now I'll find out just how swollen that prostate is. Turn around and stand just like you are now. And don't waste my time getting there."

As he hears what's next I see that very edgy nervousness creep back onto his face. But he turns. I stay in my seat and have Sophie come over and pull a glove onto my hand, then lubricate the tip of my finger. Kyle can't help but hear the instructions Sophie is getting. Then I tell her to "help" him lean over. Sophie takes him by the shoulders and pulls him forward, steadying him as he leans forward without the use of his hands. She bends him over until his back is flat.

I spread his cheeks, baring his tiny, dark purple-brown asshole, which has only a few light stray hairs around it. It's clenched tight as he anticipates an unpleasant violation of it. I put fingertip against it, wiggling it slightly to smear the lube around his little ring. I press firmly, but it doesn't take that much pressure before his rung surrenders and

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stretches wide to let my finger slide through it. He grunts as it stretches the little bit, then squeals a low-pitched "Oooooooooooh!" the entire time it's slipping deeper into him. I feel him tensed up hard around my finger, but it does him no good. I slide easily in. I curl my finger up inside him. He squeals a slightly girly "Mmmmmph!" as it moves. Then I put the flats on the fingers of my other hand against the space between his balls and asshole, pushing lightly. I push back with the fingertip inside his butt, against the inside of his asshole and quickly find his hard gland. I massage that lightly with the tip of my finger, and this time he more purrs a little "Aaaaaaah!" as I rub over it tenderly. Bet he never knew he could like that. I slip my finger from him.

Sophie obediently helps him to rise up then back down to kneel before me. "No wonder you can't keep your hand off that cock!" I pronounce. "Your prostate is overfull of cum, your balls are swollen, and those nerves in that cock are way over-sensitive! I don't know what you've been doing with that thingie of yours, but you certainly haven't been masturbating it like a man. If you had been, you would have eased all that pressure! Didn't your parents over there ever have 'the talk' with you? Didn't they teach you how to take care of yourself? Let's see just how fumbling your efforts have been. Show me how you masturbate. NOW, pecker player." I add with some firmness.

Kyle turns white as a ghost, but puts his hand down to his cock and starts stroking it. It doesn't take long for his hand to pick up some speed. Or for me to see that his hand is focused on the more sensitive head of his cock and neglecting the rest of that long shaft. After about a minute, when I see the light strain creep onto his face that lets me know he's nearing climax, I make him stop, telling him I've seen enough of his childish efforts.

I have him return to the line and have Sophie bring Brad up to me. He gets the same "examination," including the intimate questions. Afterward, I pronounce that Christy has been a bad wife for him, since she's obviously leaving his tiny little cock not-fully-satisfied, too.

Then it's Christy's turn for her examination. She's about average in height, carrying no more than about ten extra pounds at her hips. She has

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dark-blond hair down just past her shoulders and green eyes. And a pair of boobs, somewhat spongy, sagging only the slightest bit against her chest, but topped with some wide light-pink nipples shaped like pencil erasers with a firm rim to them but wider, and sticking up at least a ¼" from her mounds. Below that, she has a neat triangle of a honey-blond bush. I know she's 46, but her body could pass for a decade younger. Only the wrinkle lines on her face show her true age.

Being a girl, she obviously gets a different examination. I start with her breasts, feeling them fully and teasing them just as completely. Then I examine her pussy, finding her folds to fairly smooth and sopping wet. I see her honey is a little thicker, like honey, but slippery. It clings to everything, even the meaty walls of her tunnel. And her clit sticks up nice and proud, swollen hard. With my finger in her pussy, I can feel her heat and a few little twitches in her walls as I move it. I go in her bottom, too, feeling the backside of her pussy from there. And I can tell she sweetly feels me doing it.

With Christy standing there, I have Sophie fetch two more chairs. Which I have the boys sit in once she's brought them. While I sit and watch, I have Sophie put wide tie-straps around their ankles and knees, binding both to the chair legs. Another tie strap around their wrists, binding those together behind the back of the chair and securing them there.

"Christy, it's high time you start taking care of your responsibilities as the... female thing in this house. A wife ensures that her man's cock is satisfied. If you didn't want to do that, you shouldn't have married him. Clearly, you haven't taken good enough care of it."

I take her by the bush and slowly turn her to the line. Just as slowly I lead her to the boys, sitting side by side, their legs touching. "but first, you're going to deal with your naughty little step-son. Clearly, he hasn't a clue what to do with that thing between his legs, so you are going to be a good mommy." I shove her down to her knees in front of him.

"Kyle, you will just sit there. That cock is far too neglected for far too long for a naive little child to manage to release it. Mommy is going to

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do it for you." I shove her head forward, putting her wide mouth to the tip of his cock. "Suck cock, bitch. I will *tell* you when to stop. And for God's sake, do it right, bitch." A nudge to the back of her head gets her started.

It takes her three warm-up strokes, her mouths stretched uncomfortably wide to accommodate that fat shaft before she finally gets it into her throat. As it slides further in, I can actually see it pushing out the sides of her throat at her neck. She has so got to feel that!

Kyle sits there for about half a stroke. Then he starts purring sweetly. As Christy continues her leisurely strokes, going from having just the top of its head in her lips to having her lips against his balls, Kyle's purr very quickly turns to sweet moans. And almost as quickly he starts fidgeting as his bottom squirms in the chair.

It takes him about a minute. OK, maybe a few seconds more, but not much longer before he cries out a primal moan and I see her hips thrash a little as he cums. Obediently, Christy keeps right on going, sucking all of the cum out of his cock.

His orgasm takes him about half a minute. I leave Christy to keep sucking him, even as his cock gets over-sensitive to her sweetness. His moans take on a girly strain to them for a minute or so, before he's back in his rhythm, squirming hard enough to test those tie straps and moaning with all the breath his lungs can suck in.

It takes him about five minutes to cum again, surprisingly quick for a man. When he does, his cry is very girly-high-pitched and his thrashes turn near wild.

Christy keeps on going, waiting to be told she may stop. I don't stop her. Instead, I watch as Kyle's squirms turn to more plain struggles to get free of those bonds and this time his moans keep their girlishness.

It's longer, but not that much, maybe seven or eight minutes before he cums a third time. Christy's long strokes allow me to keep an eye on his cock, which I can see is still stiff in her mouth. He cums with a cry this time that betrays that this is far more than he's prepared to suffer through. His thrashes sharpen into crisp movements. And his voice stays girly. Then his teeth start chattering while his head rolls all around on his

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shoulders.

I reach up under Christy's head and put my hand to his balls. They feel the same, just like balls. "Oh, no... these balls still have plenty of cum in them!" I say teasingly as I leave Christy sucking his huge cock. "Mommy is going to drain it completely for you!"

He cums a fourth time, his cry a true cry that broadcasts the fact that it might be a very pleasurable agony, but it's still a torment for him to sit there and suffer yet another consecutive blow job when his cock is begging for a rest. He puts everything he has into his futile struggle to free himself from the chair. This time I can see that his cock has lost just a little of its hardness.

Then he cums a fifth time, and this time it looks bad as if it's truly just too intense for him to handle. But he does handle it, just not visibly well. As this one ebbs, I can see that his cock is getting fairly soft. So I finally have Christy stop.

As her head rises up, she pants hard to get her breath back after working that shaft for so long.

I slap Kyle's face lightly, enough to get his attention and tell him that he's being rude.

"Thank you for taking care of me, mommy." Kyle obediently tells Christy, looking very shamefully into her eyes, "I appreciate you releasing the tension in my cock, mommy. I'm sorry I'm such a little boy I can't take care of my own cock, mommy."

I move Christy over to kneel in front of Brad. "After sucking a cock, that tiny little toy between his legs should be like candy for you!" I have her drain him, too, even though he only manages to last three orgasms, and even then, by the third climax his cock is more soft than hard in her mouth. Not that it matters much, even hard he doesn't have enough to get down her throat.

When Christy finishes with Brad's cock, I leave her kneeling in front of the boys, her nude body on display to them. Both of their cocks are soft. Soft Brad still has around three inches. Kyle closer to five.

I send Sophie to take Christy and teach her how to make me a cup

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of coffee. When Christy returns to serve it to me, I see a few spatula marks on her bottom, which tells me two things: one, she didn't measure up to Sophie's sky-high standards, and two, the source of those yelps I'd heard. She serves it properly.

I can see enough honey clinging to the tops of her thighs to know that she's not unhappy with the cock service I had her provide. And that some pussy service is called for. That's going to have to wait for now, this is a lesson in cock stroking, not pussy diddling, although if that pussy doesn't get some service, pussy diddling might well be their next lesson.

I sip my coffee leisurely. What I'm really doing is giving those cocks a rest to see if they'll "recharge" or not. I've seen cocks fully sated before. To where they refuse to get hard, and when they cum while soft, not even a drop of cream comes out. But getting one that empty takes a lot of work. A lot of work that's increasing too-pleasant of an agony for the cock's attached male. But, suffering that too-goodness is going to make for a powerful lesson in obedience to their mistress.

Both of them sit still, definitely spent and exhausted, but satisfied.

I give them a half-hour after Christy finished with brad's cock. Then I take her by her hair and have her knee-walk over to Kyle. Seeing her again on her knees in front of him, this time Kyle looks down with some apprehension on his face. His cock stays soft. "now you be a good little boy, Kyle. Let me see if that cock has any more cum backed up in there."

"Christy, tease it." Christy obediently leans forward and starts licking its head with the tip of her tongue. I plan to give it three minutes, after which, if it's not hard, it's not going to be. It only takes one for it to spring back to 95% of its previous hardness. "Uh-oh, looks like that cock isn't finished yet. Christy, suck cock."

She doesn't hesitate to start sucking it again, swallowing all of it. Kyle takes about two seconds to start moaning loudly, his moans starting with that girlishness in them this time. And he's just as quick to start squirming around in that chair. He takes at least ten minutes to cum this time, and afterward, his cock softens to about 75% of it's hardest. I leave Christy to keep sucking it while he keeps struggling and screeching those

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tormented moans. He takes at least as long to cum a second time. This time his cock goes fully soft while it's still twitching with his orgasm. I have her stop, and Kyle obediently thanks her again.

Then I have her return to Brad's cock, which manages only one more orgasm before it shrinks down to about 2 ½ inches of floppy softness. Christy gets to serve me another cup of coffee.

By the time I finish that cup, it's getting past 5:00 am. I don't see any reason to rush, but it is getting to be morning, and I know both Christy and Brad have to be at work by eight. I'm not sure when Kyle's first class is, but I have an idea for that. I have Sophie use the belt, Brad's belt from their spanking, for a leash around Christy's neck. Sophie takes her into the bathroom to draw a nice warm tub of water.

When she's done, I have Sophie go free Kyle from the chair and walk him into the bathroom, where I'm waiting. It's slightly crowded with the four of us in there, but that's just what I want. Sophie sits him on the toilet, and I tell him it's now or never. He pees, and it's a good one. After he's done, I have Christy wipe the head of his cock off with a wet wipe to get it pee-free.

Then he goes into the bathtub. I have Sophie hold both of his hands to ensure he doesn't think of using them, which necessitates her standing on the rim of the tub and squatting down to do and stay out of the way. Sophie seldom gets panties, and this morning is no exception. I've dressed her in a baby-blue stretchy dress that covers her from boobs to mid-thigh. I'd prefer shorter, but this is as short as the college's dress code will allow. She doesn't have a bra on either, it's straps would make her look too cheap on her bared shoulders. But squatting up there like that, it puts her bare pussy right over Kyle's face. Well beyond his reach, but not out of his sight. He stares at it. Can't blame him, Sophie has a very pretty and well-groomed pussy.

Christy gets to give him a bath just like he was two-years-old again. And even to shampoo his hair for him. She does it very tenderly for him. I remind her to wash his asshole well, to make sure that all that nasty lube is off of it. And of course, she gets to wash his cock, using her bare soapy

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hands and spending far longer than necessary to lather that up. I wouldn't her spit left on it! After he's washed, she dries him off. Then Sophie takes him back to his chair and straps his hands only in place. Just enough to make sure he stays and behaves.

Brad gets the same treatment, Sophie holding his hands the entire time as well. And gets the same view of her pussy, which interests him just as much. Then he's back in his chair, too.

Now it's Christy's turn for a bath. I have her put in my chair while Sophie frees the two boys, the Sophie brings her in for the same treatment. Except both boys have to wash her, sharing the duties. They each get one of her spongy-soft boobs to clean. Kyle gets her pussy to "wash out," which I instruct him how to do for a girl. Well, for a slut anyway. His washing, which includes a lot of time with a finger inside her, and more with his fingers on her clit and folds, get Christy purring sweet moans. Brad gets to wash her asshole. But they each get a cheek to clean.

Now that all three are clean, I have them stand together, Kyle in the middle, their sides firmly touching, and facing a blank spot on the wall. I watch them to ensure they behave while Sophie goes through all of the things and picks appropriate outfits for all of them. I end up with three neat piles on clothes on the bed.

The boys sit silently at the table, their hands atop the table where I can see them, while an equally naked Christy cooks them breakfast. And serves us all, including Sophie.

By then it's around 6:30, so I have time for the final lesson. While the boys stand against the counter and watch, I have Christy bend over in front of each and show them her pussy. Despite her bath, which didn't let her get off, her pussy is already sopping wet again.

Then I have her kneel on the tile floor in front of Kyle and tell her to tease his cock and "let's see if you've managed to get all the cum out of that huge cock!" It takes her a good long minute, maybe more like four, but I watch it slowly stiffen back up to at least 90% of its hardness. Then instead of having her suck it again, I have her repeat with Brad. She can't get him hard, so pronounce his cock to be finally satisfied.

I take all three of them to the bedroom again, this time having them

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walk in a line with Christy in front, and Brad in the rear. Order of horniness, I proclaim it. Naturally, it's a very tight line, with Kyle's hands wrapped tightly around Christy's stomach just under her soft boobs and his cock pressed snugly against her cheeks. Unfortunately for Kyle, that puts Brad's soft cock right against the crack of Kyle's bottom. Kyle gets to lie on the bed, the side that doesn't have stacks of clothes on it. I strap his ankles together and have Sophie sit above his head, cradling his head on her lap and holding both of his hands.

A swift crop stroke his bottom is all the motivation Brad needs to take Christy by her hand and walk her over to Kyle. He helps her up and watches as she straddles him, putting the flat mound of her furry pussy snug atop the almost-rock-hard cock lying on his stomach. "Kyle..." Brad begins, obediently telling Kyle what I told him to say, "I'm sorry I didn't teach you how to be a man. This is going to feel wonderful. Mommy is going to teach you what it's like to be a woman. You're going to love her sopping wet pussy. It's going to be so tight on that huge cock of yours, especially since it's used to my tiny little one."

I have Christy rise up. Once she's up enough, Brad gets to open her lips and guide Kyle's cock into his wife's pussy. Then I have him stand off to the side and watch everything closely. Christy starts riding his cock.

Kyle starts moaning loud girly moans as she does. She doesn't even have enough pussy to take all of his length. But I can see that his thickness has her stretched fairly taut. It doesn't take but a few more seconds for Christy to be shivering hard and moaning desperately herself. Like the obedient toy she is, she just holds her orgasm in check and keeps pumping away leisurely at that cock. He cums twice before his cock is too soft to even stay in her pussy.

Christy gets to lick the mixed-sex cream off his cock and balls. Then I have her get on all fours on the bed while Brad licks them from her pussy, which has her shrieking truly-needy sweet moans.

None of it gets Brad cock stiff again. Now I'm confident both of those boys aren't going to get stiff for several hours, maybe not even for the rest of the day. So I have them all sit on the edge of the bed.

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"Kyle, their Mistress told you that you are not allowed to play with your pecker for a full week. Your week starts over right now. Your very sweet mommy has drained all of the cum from that cock, so maybe you could behave."

While I'm talking to them I shoot Olive a quick text: *Do you want Kyle, or shall I see to his training for the next two weeks? I'd have to borrow Christy and Brad.* It's not even a minute before I get my answer from Olive: *You can have him. I was only taking pity on the poor boy. Borrow away, just let me know what you tell them. Oh, and I want details!* She means the gossipy details.

"Kyle, forget about their Mistress for now. You will always have your phone on you. I will call you when I deign to check up on you. And I will expect you to have been a good boy.

"Brad, Christy, Since you don't know me, I'll warn you now: for second offenses, the punishment is doubled. Tripled for third violations. Quadrupled for fourths. I'm sure you're getting the picture. It is your duty as parents to see that your little boy here behaves his naughty bottom until he learns how to be a man. You will ensure that he doesn't masturbate again. You will do whatever it takes to be certain. Kyle, you will accept whatever mommy and daddy say to ensure you don't, politely and respectfully. You had your chance to behave and misbehaved. Now mommy and daddy will ensure you're a good little boy.

"Brad, Christy, I shouldn't have to tell you that your butts belong to your Mistress. You won't do anything without her telling you to. I'll talk to her and let her know how bad of a wife you've been for Brad. She'll teach you to be a better wife for him. Now you can dress your little boy."

I have her take Kyle by his hand and walk him around to the other side of the bed. Once she has him there, I hand her a male chastity belt. I bought it online for just such torments as this. It's pretty much an athletic supporter with the hard cup, but minus the butt-covering fabric. It has a hard plastic tube that even his cock will fit. The tube is curved, which will prevent his cock from getting hard no matter how badly it strains to. It'll just get increasingly uncomfortable for him until his body gives up and it softens again. I have her put that on Kyle, tenderly feeding his cock into

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the tube. It also has a lock and key, and she obediently locks it on him.

"Kyle, my sweet little boy..." Christy tells him as she was instructed to, "that's going to keep that delicious huge cock of yours from getting hard and keep you from touching it. I'm sorry you have to wear it, but you really need to learn to obey Mistress. You can pee with it on, just sit down. I'll take it off of you, clean it, and wash that wonderful cock myself every night for you. That way you'll behave for Miss Rodgers." Then she dresses him for class, minus the boxer shorts. Sophie knew not to bring any of those, and apparently, that's all he owns. Too bad for him.

"Kyle, you are to stay dressed," I tell him. "Mommy or daddy will undress you when it's time, and then dress you in the morning. Until I say otherwise. Since you want to play with yourself like a little boy, mommy can take care of you like that little boy."

Then I have her dress Brad as well, except he doesn't get the chastity belt. Which I'm certain comes as a relief to him.

Now it's Christy's turn. I have the boys sitting on the edge of the bed, and tell her to stand in front of them and face them. She spreads her feet wide very quickly when she's told to. I tell her to masturbate and to do like a lady, not a gutter skank. She knows what I mean. She starts rubbing her clit with slow little circles.

Both of the boys eagerly watch her diddle herself.

I stand beside her with my crop in hand. It takes about half a minute for her to moan, which earns her a swift stroke of the crop that gets a loud screech from her as I scold her to act like a lady. She gets four more strokes, three for letting her hips squirm and another for moaning before she's lasted the five minutes I want her to.

"Christy, climax now." She screams out the loudest and most passionately-tortured moan. Her hips snap into overdrive, thrashing hard in every direction. Her pussy spasms hard, squirting dollops of her honey down to the floor. And she shudders just as hard. Her orgasm goes on for well over a full minute before I can see it ebbing and finally tell her to stop playing with herself. Which she does, staying on her feet, but going loose and limp and spent. She sucks hard fast breaths.

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Once she's caught her breath, I have her apologize to each of the boys individually for "acting like a complete gutter slut while she climaxed for their viewing pleasure." Each apology includes a deep, long and hotly passionate kiss. Even Kyle's. He kisses her back, too.

Then I allow her to dress herself in the very sexy undies Sophie chose for her. Then her clothes. While she stands in front of the boys letting them watch that, too.

I have Sophie fetch their things, his keys and wallet and phone, her purse and stuff. Then once the pair is ready, I walk both to the front door. I warn them they are not to call each other at all today. Then I send Brad out since he has the longer drive. Once he's driven away, I wait another minute before sending Christy off to work.

I ask Kyle when his first class is. He says 9:00, which happens to be the same time as Sophie's class. I have her fetch his things. Then I take them both to school, and tell him after his classes he's to meet Sophie on a bench and wait with her until I pick him up. And that he's to mind her and most definitely not flirt with her. She's mine, and a girl like her would never be interested in a "mommy's boy" like him.