

2 Plus 3



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Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 20-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

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I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but

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I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not

offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Domes as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). We usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very care who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

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I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



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It's about 5:00 on a Wednesday evening when my phone rings. Sophie, my live-in slave girl, usually has my phone. She's kind of like my handmaiden. Always close at my side, doing as much as she can for me. Including acting as my secretary. By now, she knows whose calls I will take, whose calls I might take, and whose calls I am never going to take. And she knows how to very politely and humbly brush off those I don't care to talk to.

I know I'm going to be taking the call. I have several ringtones on my phone (who doesn't?) that let me know what group the caller falls into. Friends, family, acquaintances, business interests, toys, the unknown, and those I am forever avoiding. The ringtone is the one for family and my three BFFs. Sophie, and my other live-in slave, Paige count as family. But that's it. And I'll always take a call from any of them, even in the middle of the night.

A minute later Sophie is bringing me the phone, very politely telling me my mom is calling and wishes to speak with me now, if possible. My mom is also a fellow Domme, so she well understands Sophie's role. I'm pretty sure she knows I'll always take her call, now, too. She's not the type to smother me with calls. And she knows, at least roughly, my schedule. She knows this is my first night of peace since Saturday night.

I greet her warmly, we chat for just a few seconds, and then mom gets right to it. She's over visiting one of her toys, a 48-year-old man named Jeff. He's been her toy for several years now, she tells me, and I've probably seen him before, long ago (almost three years now!!!) when I lived at home and he came to visit her. Maybe I have seen him, I think I saw all of her toys at one point or another, as they walked through the house to her "office" in the back. But I don't remember Jeff. Maybe I would if I saw him.

She tells me his story. He's a widower. He has one son, a 19-year-old boy named Quentin. Quentin lives with his dad but attends UNF in Pensacola. When Jeff found mom, he was in a relationship with a rather bossy, and bitchy, woman who didn't like the idea of sharing him with a

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mistress. He chose the mistress, opting to beg mom to have him and dump the girlfriend.

About a year later, mom introduced him to Kelly, another toy of hers. Kelly is 41, she tells me and has been her toy for several years as well. Long enough that I've likely seen her as well. When I do that, I usually just tell my toys that they're now a couple, and they will act like it. I know, it sounds demanding of me, but I'm a good matchmaker and it usually works out rather well.

But mom didn't do it like that. She just introduced them to each other and sent them out on a first date. She gave them rules for that date. She never said anything about a second date, but after a couple of weeks, Jeff begged her to allow him to ask Kelly out again. She let him, and Kelly quickly called mom to ask permission to go. She let them. And she set some strict rules for their relationship.

It's been two or three years now that they've been dating. Mom doesn't allow them to live together. They're allowed to spend all the time they want together, five days a week. Then other two days, Sunday and Thursday, they're not allowed to see or even speak to each other. Not so much as a single text or email. They're allowed two overnight visits each month, but those require her advance permission. As does any intimate contact between them. It's a permission that they don't always get, too.

They're a couple, but they're her toys first. She makes that clear to them, and both of them eagerly accept their place. They are her property. They serve her. Their relationship is secondary, and in the event, they ever dream of neglecting her, it will end. Naturally, whenever mom wishes one of them, she just summons her property, and whatever else they might have had planned goes on hold.

She tells me that she hasn't allowed them a joint session yet, and isn't going to "just quite yet." She does all of that to remind them both that they belong to her. Not as a couple, but as two separate toys, both of whom are hers to use as she wishes. Her toybox doesn't have the variety that mine does, but that hasn't stopped her from occasionally sending one out on a date with someone else. A date that sometimes,

but not always, had a “fun” ending. It’s just another way to remind them that they’re not a couple, they’re a couple of toys. I’d do the same thing. I’ve done the same thing with a married couple who were both my toys, just to remind them that I owned those bodies and would decide what happens with them. It’s even better, for me, to make one watch that ending with the other and his or her date. But not be allowed to join in. Just to watch.

I wonder why she’s telling me so much about these toys. Kind of wonder. I know she wants something, I just don’t know what. Of my Domme friends, mom is probably the one who shares the least. But she has been generous with me. When I was first starting my adult life, mom gave me a couple of her toys to start my toybox off. They’re still in my toybox. And they’re still fun to play with!

Then mom gets to the point of her call. Over the years she’s been careful that Quentin wasn’t around when she was playing with Jeff. Often she’d just summon Jeff to her. Or if she went to Jeff’s, she’d make sure Quentin was out, and going to be staying out. A few times she even summoned Jeff to Kelly’s apartment, after throwing Kelly out of her own house to use it!

Tonight Quentin had a date. He wasn't supposed to be home for quite a while, so mom went to Jeff for a "quick little reminder of his proper place – on his knees at her feet." But apparently, Quentin was trying to be sly. He didn't have a date. He just guessed that dad's friend might come over, since it had been a little while since he'd seen any signs that she was there, like her perfume lingering. So he made the date up and left. Then he returned hoping to interrupt something.

Fortunately, mom took her time getting to Jeff’s house. When Quentin barged in, she was just about to strip Jeff in the living room. Instead, she told him to sit on the sofa.

She tells me that the first words out of Quentin’s mouth were “wow, pops, she’s hot! No wonder you like... whatever with her. Much hotter than Kelly.”

Mom hates it when guys size her up like a piece of meat. I can’t say I blame her for it, either. It makes me want to get my whip out and

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teach them some manners. Mom scolded him as if he were a naughty little boy. I can only imagine how that went. Mom is very good at scolding. Trust me, I know first hand! She would have had him feeling lower than an ant in under a minute.

She tells me that Quentin just hung his head. When she was done, he said "I'm sorry" in the most hushed and mousy voice. That's when mom knew the truth. Quentin doesn't care what his dad is up to. He wanted to find out firsthand what submission is all about. Mom says she's sure Quentin has figured out what Jeff was into long ago. If nothing else, being a boy and thus nosy, he would have overheard something between Jeff and Kelly. Like Jeff begging mom for permission to touch Kelly. Or something one of them said, like "I can't stay past midnight or it will be Sunday, and Mistress doesn't allow us to be together on Sundays!" Something.

Mom ordered Quentin to sit beside his father. She scolded Jeff for not taking better care to keep his private life private. She scolded Quentin for sticking his nose into his father's business.

Then she called me. She lowers her voice, a sure sign that she doesn't want the two of them to hear what she's saying now. She asks me if I'm up for a little amusement tonight. Jeff just lives in Foley. It's in the next county, but that's only over the causeway. Foley isn't far from the causeway, and I'm only a mile or so from the tunnel at the end of it. She says she'll bring them right over if I'm up for it.

She wants to bring them because she doesn't usually take guys as young as Quentin. She prefers her toys in their 40's, as she is. Her age, plus or minus about a decade. She knows I like older toys, in their 30's, but I also have a decent stock of younger ones in my toy box, all the way down to 18. So she thought I might be interested in "helping out with this... menagerie of toys." If Quentin wants to hop into someone's toybox, that is. Mom doesn't have any parent-and-child subs in her toybox, either. As far as I can remember she never has. That tells me she doesn't want both Jeff and Quentin in her toybox. It must not interest her.

But she knows that I have a few such pairings in my toybox. She knows what interests me is variety. I look for toys that are somehow different or have different interests, from those I already have. Mom knows of all of my toys. She's one of the very few people with access to my ShameBook, where she can see what's in my toybox, and their latest adventures. She reminds me, unnecessarily, that I don't have a father-son pairing in my toybox. It's true. I have mother and son pairing, and few mothers who enjoy having their sons or daughters around while they learn their lessons, but not going any further with them, in my toybox. But for some reason, I have yet to find a father-son pairing. With or without a woman in the picture. I've always thought that was because so many fewer guys are willing to get over the "with another guy" taboo. Not to mention the incest taboo. It's like a double taboo.

And thus, my mind is already racing with the possibilities. It's different, and that's what I crave. I tell mom to bring them over, and we'll "teach Quentin some proper manners." Mom giggles. Then she tells me to check my email, she's sending me the file on Jeff and Kelly. So I'll know what they've been up to.

I keep "files" on my toys, too. I learned it from mom. They're fairly basic, just the things I need to know like when a woman's period is likely to be so I know not to summon her then. And their clothing sizes and such. Private notes on what excites them the most. What they've done. What other toys I've had them play with, and how they reacted to that toy. Things to remind me what I might want to do. Or which toy I might want to join them next.

I figure I have about twenty minutes. Maybe a little more if they hit traffic. I open the file. As I figured mom would, she's keeping track of what she's allowed them to do. And what she's denied them permission to do. I glance back about two months. It looks like mom has been rather strict with them. And I'm not criticizing. She's allowed them to have sex, but not so often. Making it more of a treat for them when they finally get it. And more of a tease when they have to sleep together and not have sex, despite both wanting to. I even see a note where, about six weeks ago, Jeff was "in trouble," and part of his

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punishment was that he wasn't allowed to see Kelly less than fully dressed for an entire week. Nor touch her at all. Not even to hold her hand.

There's a note of a horrible punishment for Kelly as well. One evening, she had to go to Jeff's immediately from work. As soon as she arrived, she had to strip in the garage. She wasn't allowed any clothes in the house, period. Her hands were bound behind her back. She was blindfolded and not allowed to speak even a single word. A chair was put along the wall of Jeff's bedroom. She was to sit in that chair. She wasn't allowed to get up unless Jeff had both of his hands on her body at all times. She was allowed up five times only. It was up to Jeff when to get her up, and what to do with her while he had her up. He was told that she was required to perform oral sex twice that night, but that she wasn't to be allowed an orgasm. She was to remain in that chair until thirty minutes before she was due at work. Then Jeff was to take her to the garage and allow her to dress and leave. Her work is about a twenty-five-minute drive from Jeff's, so she wouldn't have any time to spare. I do hope Jeff gave her a bath before work. That would only be one of her times out of the chair. I'm sure, I hope, that a couple of the others were bathroom breaks for her. I hope he fed her, too. The notes say Kelly hated it. She cried afterward. And she begged mom for permission to masturbate. Maybe she didn't really hate it so bad!

When mom knocks on the door about a half-hour later, I'm ready for them. I almost never dress up for my toys. I know some Dommies do, but I don't. I have a couple of nice leather dresses and such, but I don't wear them for sessions. I don't do theater, just reality. Mom doesn't do theater, either. I'm dressed for class today. I have jeans and a silky blouse on with sneakers. It makes me look like every other girl on campus, or at least the ones with some fashion sense. Like a college girl.

I have Sophie waiting in the living room, a few short steps from the door. I answer the door myself, something I don't often do. I do have a slave for things like that. Mom is standing there, smiling at me. She didn't dress up, either.

Mom is a bit taller than me. She's 5'7'. But she's lean, too. She has short, very blond hair that's bushy and wavy down to the tops of her shoulders. She's 43, but she could pass for her mid-to-late 30's. And she has a curvy figure that I know she's worked hard to hang onto.

Behind mom, on her right, stands a man who must be Jeff. He looks to be in his 40's, as she told me. But he's surprisingly well built for a man who is almost 50. The first thing I notice is that his shoulders look broad and strong. His arms aren't muscular, like a weightlifter's would be, but they still look like they're not scrawny either. He's wearing slacks and a pullover short-sleeve shirt. It's not tight on him, but I can tell that his stomach isn't going to be paunchy or flabby. I can't tell if it's going to be firm and hard or not. It's enough for me to know he's decently built. He's tall, at least by my standards. He's about a foot taller than me, so that makes him about 6'1" or 6'2". I'd guess he's going to be just under, or maybe at, 200 pounds. I can see why mom would want him in her toolbox.

Jeff has a slightly oval face with strong lines to it. He has very short hair, almost certainly cut with clippers instead of scissors. It's no more than an inch long. He also has a full beard and mustache. Both of them are just as neatly groomed. His hair is mostly black on his head, with a little gray thrown in, but his beard and mustache are almost solid silver-gray. He has a wide and long nose, but with slightly more gentle lines that it looks like his jaw has under that beard. He has brown eyes. His mouth is wide, but straight, framed with light pink lips that are more fine than plump.

Beside him stands a guy who must be Quentin. He looks to be somewhere around 19, as I was told he is. He looks like he'd fit right in on campus. He's a hair shorter than his father, maybe 5'11" or so. It looks to be two inches. Or so. He's a little wiry and lean, so I'd guess he's around 160 pounds, tops. Maybe only 150.

He has short black hair, but his is cut and styled, not buzzed like his father's. He has the same oval face with strong lines to it and a prominent chin. But he has blue eyes, which he must have gotten from

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his mother. He has the same nose, only with slightly softer lines. He has a wide mouth, but his is framed with plump light pink lips.

He is definitely not dressed for a date. Mom would have caught it immediately. Maybe that's how she knew his date was ruse when he barged in. He has a long-sleeved red t-shirt on over dark blue jeans. and black sneakers. It's everyday wear. At least if you're going for the frat boy look. I'd bet he is. I'd bet he is a frat boy, or at the very least, wants to pledge one of the frats on his campus.

Jeff keeps his eyes downcast at the floor, as befitting a slave. He keeps his mouth shut, too. Quentin doesn't. As soon as I open the door, he looks up to see what's waiting for him on the other side. I don't know what mom told them about where they were going, or why. But knowing her, she told them the same thing I would have. Nothing. Simply that they were to come with her.

Quentin's eyes quickly scan me over. I see a grin form on his face. I guess he likes what he sees. I'll bet he sees me as another of the cute girls abounding on campus. I decide to put him in his place now. If he wants to play, he'll have to learn to mind his place, and there's no time like the present.

I have my crop in my hand. It's my favorite one, the pastel green one with frilly lace trim on it. It's rather girly. And pastel green is my favorite color. It was a present from mom for my 18th birthday. Thankfully I haven't worn it out yet. I love it!

I just flick my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air as it rises up to waist level. It sends the tip arcing around. It lands the tip squarely on Quentin's denim-clad bottom. It lands with a loud snapping crack.

"OW!" Quentin blurts out. I can see the surprise on his face. The wide eyes. The little grimace. "That hurt!" His hand starts to reach around to his bottom as if he's going to rub his sore little behind.

His hand isn't as fast as the tip of my crop. Another flick of my wrist sends it snapping against his bottom again, leaving a fresh sting in that cheek. It gets another, slightly louder, yelp from Quentin. It gets a harder grimace on his face, too.

I see mom grinning, almost ready to laugh. I am pretty sure she told Quentin to behave when they got here. At least to stand quietly. I'm just as sure that Quentin didn't take her as seriously as he should have.

"I didn't say you could eye me like a piece of meat!" I scold him with a good amount of disapproval in my voice. "And I didn't give you permission to speak, let alone whine! Behave that naughty bottom of yours while you can still sit without crying like a baby!"

Quentin stands there for a second. "Yes, Ma'am," He says, his voice cowed but laced with a touch of anticipation. I guess mom did teach him some manners before she brought him over here. I hope it was a hard-learned lesson for him. He looks like he could use a few hard lessons.

I invite mom in, telling her "bring your trash with you if you want."

Mom turns to the men. She points to a spot just inside my door, along the wall. It's a place I purposely keep empty. It's not very big, but it's big enough. "Fuck doll, take your little boy and get over there on your knees like a good bitch, now."

"Yes, Mistress," Jeff answers. It's the first I've heard his husky voice. It has a cowed, humble tone to it now. Jeff immediately grabs Quentin's hand and leads him over to exactly where mom is pointing. Jeff drops to his knees. He spreads his knees wide, sitting his bottom back between the heels of his shoes. He sits up straight, pulling his hands behind his back. He keeps his eyes forward.

Besides Jeff, Quentin gets down to his knees and struggles to copy his father's posture. He doesn't do that good of a job of it. He gets everything in the right place, but he doesn't have the firm poise his dad does. His is more loose and casual. Definitely not the poise of a good slave before his Mistress.

Mom and I take seats on the sofa. I have Sophie fetch us a cup of coffee. Sophie is a very well-trained slave. She is completely humble. She fetches the coffee and goes right to mom. She knows I want my guests served first. Sophie drops to her knees, her posture firm and sure. She holds her hands out like a little tray, palms upturned and flush

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against each other, six inches out from her breasts. A cup of coffee, the cream and sugar already stirred in to mom's specifications, rests atop Sophie's hands. "Here is your coffee, Ma'am," Sophie politely offers it to mom. Then, once mom has tasted her coffee, approved of it, and dismissed Sophie, Sophie hurries over to serve me.

None of it should come as a surprise to Jeff. Mom, as well as all of my Domme friends, use the same commands and postures for our slaves. It makes it easier for us to share them. One of mom's slaves will know exactly what I want him to do when I tell him to kneel. As will one of mine should our friend Olive tell her to kneel. We all know what to expect the slaves to do. Although we don't share that much, it's nice when we do. Sophie's show should be nothing Jeff hasn't done countless times for mom. Maybe one of our Domme friends, too. I didn't see anything about her giving him to any of them, but I didn't look back too far over her notes, either. It's possible. I think both Olive and Colette would enjoy playing with Jeff.

Quentin, on the other hand, watches Sophie closely. He's clearly enthralled by her demureness. Just as his eyes are captivated by her body and the slutty dress I have her wearing. It's one of her usual "slave-dresses." This one is lavender, with white lace trim. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that starts at her breasts and hugs her shapely body down an inch below the bottom curve of her behind. The lace does nothing to actually hide anything. It just makes you look closer to see through the little holes. And Sophie doesn't have any underwear on under the dress. Just her bare body. She does have matching fingerless gloves on. And matching boots with stiff lace sides instead of leather. Boots with spiky heels that rise up to just below her knees. Sophie is a rather pretty young woman, and it's clearly not lost on Quentin. She's also a virgin, and that won't be lost to Quentin, or anyone else. Sophie's pussy is mine, and no man will be touching it. Just peeking at it, and maybe, when Sophie earns a great reward, tonguing it. But never penetrating it. I have Paige for that. Paige is both my house-slave and slave-whore. It Paige's pussy I use whenever I want to use a pussy.

While we sip our coffee, mom and I chat. We catch up on whatever news we might have missed. We talk about girl stuff. Anything but the two slaves kneeling along my wall. We pretend they aren't even there, utterly ignoring them. But both of us keep a corner of an eye on them to make sure they behave. And that means staying put, staying still, and keeping their mouths shut for now. They're just toys, waiting in the toolbox for their owner to get them and play with them.

I'm sure both are getting anxious as we waste a few minutes. I can see it on Quentin's face. He is not used to waiting. He's itching for us to get on with it. To do something more than make him kneel and wait quietly. Jeff, it seems, is used to waiting until his services are wanted. I do catch him stealing a few glances up as if he's trying to place me. Or maybe remembering me from mom's, years ago, and surprised to see that I've followed intimately in mom's footsteps.



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Finally, I get up and slowly walk over to the waiting men. Mom casually follows me. With my crop in hand, I pace back and forth in front of them. "I am Miss Rodgers. You are now in my Queendom. Here, all peasants, slaves, whores, and lower forms of life such as males, belong to me. I'm not sure you even count as males, but Ms. Rodgers assures me that at least one of you has a penis, so I'll just elevate you to the status of a turd lying in the gutter - or a male - it's the same thing.

"In case you are actually as stupid as you look, that means you will obey me. You will serve my fickle whims. You will worship me as befitting a Queen. I think I'll begin by casting you into my dungeon. You can learn what hideous fates await those who disappoint me."

I turn to mom. My voice turns from cold and harsh to sweet. "You don't mind if I toss these disgusting males into my dungeon for a bit, do you?"

"Why would I care about them?" Mom asks, feigning surprise that I would even ask her such a thing. She turns to the men, hardens her glare and voice. "If you're counting on me to save you, don't bother. You're in her Queendom now. I suggest you honor the Queen before she has you castrated just to make a point. She does like eunuchs in her Queendom."

"Yes, Mistress," Jeff answers very quickly. But his voice is starting to take on a slightly edgy note. As if he's never been shared before and is now wondering just what it's going to be like. Or maybe it's the idea of being given to someone so much younger. Maybe he thinks I just don't have the experience to be as good as mom.

Quentin hesitates. He waits for his father to answer. Then he repeats the answer exactly the same. As if he didn't know what to say, and decided to just copy dad.

I turn to Jeff and stare at him for a couple of seconds. "I guess I'd better see what filth Mistress Rodgers has dragged into my castle. On your feet, fuck doll." I know 'fuck doll' is the name mom made up for Jeff. It was in her notes. And I've heard her call him by it a few minutes ago. But it looks like Jeff is a little surprised to hear me use it. As if he didn't know I'd know anything about him.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jeff answers. He rises up to his feet.

"Undress. Let's see if you really do have a penis," I mockingly tell him.

Jeff answers "yes, Ma'am," again. He doesn't hesitate, nor does he look to mom. She told him to obey me, so that's what he's going to do. "Undress" is one of the commands we use to tell a toy not just to undress, but how we want those clothes to come off. It tells him to start at the top of his head and work down, taking off his clothes from top-down. It also tells him to fold each item up neatly, then hands it over to me politely.

Jeff isn't over-dressed. He starts with his pullover shirt, lifting it up and pulling it over his head. He holds it out in front of him and folds it up with neat lines to it. He turns his palms up, turning his hands into a little tray just as Sophie did earlier. He holds his shirt atop his hands. "Here is my shirt, my Queen," He humbly offers.

I snap my fingers. "slave, come get these filthy rags," I say sweetly.

Sophie hurries over and takes the shirt from Jeff's hands.

I use the time to get a look at Jeff's body as he bares it for me. I'm sure mom knows what he looks like. But I don't. I haven't seen him undressed before. Mom was always careful never to let me see anything before I was 18, and once I was, I moved out fairly quickly. And found Sophie, my favorite vibrator and slave-girl.

Jeff's chest still has a fairly good shape to it. His sides are straight. His stomach is almost flat. His skin has a touch of looseness to it as if it's lost some of its youthful tautness, but it's still moderately taut. There's no flab to be seen. His skin has a decent bronze tanning to it as if he spends a good deal of time outdoors. He has a light coating of hair on his chest, mostly still black with only tinges of silver to it. It's fairly sparse, but not overly so. It's enough to make his chest look manly without looking simian. I can see a pair of small, dark purple nipples on his chest as well, but no breasts. no man boobs. His chest is as flat as his stomach. And both have a moderate firmness to them. And he has a

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strong look to him. Now that I can see his broad shoulders, I decide they're as powerful-looking as I thought they'd be.

I know mom likes manly men. She likes strong men. Men who look, and come across, as if they'd be the type to dominate their women. She loves putting those hulking men on their knees and using them shamelessly. I can't say I blame her for it. Not one bit.

Jeff has to take his shoes off next. He has no chance of getting his slacks off over them, so it's allowed. He offers me his shoes, and with a nod from me, Sophie takes them.

Then it's time for those slacks to come off. Jeff doesn't hesitate. He just unfastens them and lets them slide down to his ankles. He steps out of them, squats down, and picks them up to fold them. It lets me see his lean legs. They look rather strong. I can see the outlines of defined muscles in them, especially his thighs. It tells me there's little if any, body fat there. Those thick, lean, legs are all muscle. They're lightly furred with an even coating of black hairs that are just a bit denser than the hairs on his chest. It also lets me see the snug-fitting pair of white cotton briefs that he's wearing. And a good-sized bulge in the front of them. A bulge that has a tubular shape to it.

I don't have to wait to see what's behind those briefs. They're the next highest thing on his body. As soon as Sophie takes his pants, his hands are moving for the waistband of those briefs.

Jeff surprises me a little by blushing slightly as his hands get to the waistband. They slow down, taking a tinge of reluctance to his movements. But he still pushes them down, exposing his manhood to us. I'm certain mom has seen it enough times before. It looks to me as if Jeff is slightly reluctant, maybe uncomfortable, and probably embarrassed to be exposing himself to me. Maybe it's because I'm so much younger.

There's not much question what mom sees here. Jeff's cock is standing straight out from his pubes. It's a fairly good-sized cock, too. I'd guess just under seven inches long, and about 1½" thick. It looks steely hard. I can see the medium-pink head atop his cock, too. I can even see the thick veins lining it through its skin. I can see a pair of large

balls hanging loosely in their sack beneath it. His cock stands up, letting me have a good view of those dangling balls, too. I can see the short, black curls of a moderately dense bush surrounding his cock, furring his sack, and covering his pubes, too. It's the densest hair I've seen on his body.

It leaves Jeff nothing to take off except for his socks, and those are quickly joining the pile in Sophie's hands. And that leaves him standing nude. "My Queen, I am fully nude for you, now, Ma'am," Jeff tells me. Now that he doesn't need them, he puts his hands behind his back. He stands with his feet just wide enough to allow his balls to dangle between the tops of his thighs without touching them. He faces me and waits for his next instruction.

I reach my hand out. Jeff may be pretending he's doing anything but. He's not fooling me. I know that he's sizing me up. I'm a pretty young blond woman. Men are constantly eyeing me. Jeff is just trying to make it look like he isn't wondering what I look like without my clothes.

I put my hand to his cock. I wrap my hand around it, giving it a very gentle little squeeze. It's enough for me to feel the steely hardness of the tube. And the light ridges on that tube under that skin. I stroke the tips of fingers along the length of his hardness, all the way up to the spongy soft head of his cock. It twitches lightly as I tease it.

I reach down under his cock and very gently cup his balls in my hand. I close my hand just enough to feel the size of the firm, but squishy, eggs in my hand. I stroke the front of his sack with my thumb.

I quickly squeeze his balls hard. Not hard enough to crush them, but hard enough for him to feel like I am. The suddenness of the unexpected move just adds to his discomfort.

"UH!" Jeff grunts out loudly, his voice taking just the faintest of squeal to it, as he feels my tight grip on his balls. He shudders. I'll bet it takes him some effort not to jump back and pull his balls from my hand. Not that he could. His face scrunches up and stays uncomfortably scrunched.

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I turn a cold, hard glare to Jeff, staring right into his eyes. "You naughty little pervert!" I scold him harshly, my voice full of disapproval. "You should know better than to allow this ridiculous cock to get stiff without permission! I ought to whip it for being so shameful!"

I turn to mom, "haven't you taught this worthless gutter filth anything at all?"

Mom sighs. "I try, but you know how slugs are. They just can't seem to think with the bigger head."

I crush his balls just a hair tighter, getting a fresh, and pained, grunt from Jeff. It about has tears in his eyes. It has his cock stiff and twitching as well. So, Jeff gets excited by a little pain. I twist my hand just a bit. not enough for it to change the pressure on his balls any. But it is enough to turn the inside of my wrist up. I lift my arm a hair until the spongy head of his cock is resting against the inside of my forearm.

I bring my crop up. I give his cock a very light tap in the center of his shaft. It's a very light stroke. Not that his cock is that sensitive, but against the hardness of it, it will feel worse than it would on his bottom. It barely even leaves a mark that I can see.

Jeff flinches hard, his body tensing up instantly as the crop lands. I'm sure little bolts of pain shoot through the length of his stiffness. he yelps, a fair hint of squeal in his voice now. His cock twitches hard, jumping up and coming back down, its head bumping against my arm. He starts panting a few strained breaths. His face scrunches up even more. And now I do see the tears well up in his eyes.

"Behave, fuck doll. I'll tell you when I want that little toy stiff." I start tapping my foot. Once. Twice. Three times. I tap his cock with the crop again. Jeff flinches hard. I'm sure if I didn't have a vise grip on his balls he'd have jumped back from the stroke. But I do. His body isn't going anywhere. His cock isn't either. It's going to stay there while I whip it into softness.

I start tapping my foot again, counting off three more taps before the next swat of my crop. I hear Jeff mumbling "go soft..." over and over again under his breath, clearly talking to himself and hoping we won't

notice. Trying to convince his cock to behave. It doesn't work. He gets another stroke of the crop on his shaft.

I keep giving him strokes every three taps of my foot. But I do move the tip of my crop along his length. By the time his cock loses its stiffness, his entire shaft is tanned to a very light pink from the strokes. I'll bet that stings nicely. It leaves his cock completely flaccid. Now it's only about three inches long, and not even an inch across. It hangs limply down in front of his balls. Almost to the bottom of his sack.

I release Jeff and order him to kneel. He quickly drops down. I remind him that I won't be tolerating any "stupid thoughts, or disgusting ideas, like those that might want his cock to get hard."

Now that Jeff is ready for his lesson here, I turn my attention to Quentin. As I'd suspected, he really doesn't know what he's getting himself into. From what mom told me, and what I've seen so far, I doubt that Quentin has ever seriously considered giving himself to a Domme before. I'm sure he only planned his little ruse out of curiosity. But then, when mom challenged him, he found himself submitting to her. As if that's what came naturally to him, and mom just knew how to bring it out in him. Offered the chance to come along for whatever surprise was in store for Jeff, he decided to come and "have some fun." He never even imagined what would be like.

He looks fairly nervous now as if he's already imagining his cock getting whipped by me. Imagining how badly that will hurt. Wondering how he will be able to take it. As if he's just starting to realize that he's gotten himself into something that he didn't understand. That might not be what he thought it would be.

I don't bother to teach him the commands. Not now. I haven't a clue if he'll want to play again. Or if I, or mom, might want him to. It would be a waste to teach him too much before I knew one of us might have a place for him in her toybox. And I'm pretty sure that it's my toybox mom has in mind. I doubt she'd want the pair of them.

"On your feet, daddy's boy," I tell him. He doesn't have a pet name yet. Maybe I'll think one up for him after I see him naked. Maybe not. Maybe I'll kick him out of my Queendom. I watch as Quentin

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hesitantly gets up to his feet. The edgy look on his face tells me that he expects the exact same thing that happened to his father to happen to him. It tells me that I'm going to find his cock hard, too.

"Take your shirt off, fold it up, and give it to me. Just as this fuck doll just did," I firmly tell Quentin. If there was any doubt in his mind that he was going to be stripping right next to his father, I hope that removes it for him. I'm not shy. I don't care if he's embarrassed to be naked with his dad, either. The only thing I care about is amusing myself with my toys, and making sure they feel as if they're just toys for me to play with.

Quentin begins taking his shirt off, lifting it up slightly hesitantly. It slowly bares his stomach to me, as if it's a sight I haven't seen countless times before. Maybe the college girls he's used to haven't, but I've lost count of how many naked men's chests I've seen. As if his might be something special!

It's not. But I do notice that his stomach and chest are hairless. There's just a thin wisp of hair rising from the waistband of his jeans up to his navel. That's it. The rest of his chest might as well be a girl's chest. There's nothing but a touch of fuzz on it. It looks more like a boy's chest than a man's. But I've seen plenty of hairless men's chests. I just don't particularly care for the sight of them.

He stutters slightly as he offers me his shirt. I have Sophie take it, mixing it in with his father's clothes as if their clothes are nothing more than trash to me. I thought Jeff had fairly small nipples, but his are even smaller. Just a bit smaller, though. They're just as dark of a shade of purplish, too. But they stand out more prominently against his milky white flesh. As if he spends his time indoors, in class, or at a frat party, not outdoors.

I can see that his build is a wiry as I thought it would be. He's lean. Not scrawny, but he doesn't have the broad shoulders or strong look that his father does. He does have taut flesh. And he has a hard stomach. He might not look it, but he does have some strength in his body.

And now, it's time for his shoes to come off. He doesn't seem to hesitate to take those off. But after that, when he gets to his pants, he starts hesitating badly again. He's not shy, like some ladies I've seen, whose hands tremble and fumble when they undress for the first time in front of someone new, but he does look a little uneasy.

His pants make it down. He steps out of them and starts folding them. And now I can see that his legs are lean and wiry, without the obvious musculature his father has. But those legs are far hairier than his dad's are. His are coated with a fairly dense black fur. It's not too dense, so as to make him look like an ape, but it's dense enough to give his legs a slight hairy look to them. It's a look that contrasts with the boyish look of his chest.

It also lets me see the pair of gray boxer-briefs that he's wearing. They're common as if they came from Wal-Mart or something. They're thin. And they show me the prominent bulge in the crotch of them. I'm sure he can feel that. That he knows his cock is hard, and that I'm about to see that for myself. And punish him for it.

He doesn't have a choice about what to take off next. I might be telling him what to take off, but I'm following the same order that Jeff used. The only difference is that Quentin is getting step-by-step instructions from me. I call for his underwear.

Quentin hesitates again, shirking back just slightly. He averts his eyes from me, shifting his glance to the side. It's no help. To my left is Sophie. To my right is mom. And both of them are also watching him. He shifts his eyes back forward and down. Then he blushes lightly and pushes his briefs down.

It shows me that he has a dense jungle of thick black curls around his cock. Unruly, untamed curls. But short curls. It's definitely the hairiest part of him. It also shows me his stiff cock. His isn't as generous as his father's. I'd guess Quentin's cock barely makes the five-inch mark. And it's slightly thin, maybe an inch across. It's not circumcised, either, leaving its foreskin to almost completely hide the head of his cock. But he does have large balls, dangling down in a loose sack. A furry sack. His cock stands out straight and stiff for me.

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I have Quentin give me socks. He takes his time, knowing that after that is when I "disciplined" his father for his stiff cock. A sin Quentin seems to have as well.

I put my hand to Quentin's cock. A little squeeze tells me that it's fully hard. Rock hard. I stroke my fingertips along its length, and see it twitch as well. It twitches a little more strongly than Jeff's did. Then I wrap my hand around the shaft again. I use it to pull his foreskin all the way back to expose the light purple head of his cock. It's spongy soft, but once freed of its sheath, it puffs up fully. Eagerly. I run the tip of a finger over the exposed head and feel the sharp twitch rack his cock.

I move my hand down to cup his balls. I give those only the gentlest of squeezes. I stroke my thumb over the front of his sack, feeling how loose the skin of it is. Then I see Quentin trying to steel himself up for the hard squeeze on his balls. I know what he's expecting, the same thing Jeff just got. I release his balls and see a surprised look on his face.

I put my hand back to his cock, wrapping my hand around the shaft and holding it comfortably snug. I very lightly stroke his cock, very slowly, with short little teasing motions. "Hmm... this tiny little cock is just so hard and eager...It's been a long time since this cock had a good orgasm..." I turn to mom and ask her what she thinks.

Mom casually reaches her hand out and takes his cock in it. She gives it a few more strokes, teasing him. "You're right, this cock is ready to explode... I'm not surprised, I wouldn't want a cock this tiny, so why would any other girl?"

"Don't look at me," I tell mom, "you know I like manly men. With real cocks!" Then I look Quentin in the eyes, my glare firm, and I ask him in just as firm of a voice how long it's been since anyone played with his toy cock. He tells me it's been a couple of months since his last girlfriend dumped him. I'm sure he's dated since then, just hasn't gotten close enough to a girl to be intimate with her.

"Well... I can't have a cock this badly neglected in my dungeon... It will have to be relieved before we cast this dirty little boy in the

dungeon... "I say it as if I'm pondering the idea. As if I'm pondering the possibilities.

"Don't you have a skanky whore around here somewhere?" Mom asks with a slight teasing note in her voice. She knows Paige, whom I gave the pet name "skanky whore" is almost certainly around here somewhere. Just as she knows that Paige is young and cute. And she's nude. Because Paige is always nude when she's in the apartment. I don't allow Paige to wear clothes in here. Ever.

"Skanky whore!" I call out.

Paige comes shuffling out of the kitchen. She'd run if she could. But she can't. Not with the police-issue leg irons locked around her ankles. Besides those, the only thing Paige is wearing is her hot pink collar. But she does have her hands behind her back, as she knows I expect of her. She hurries over to where I'm waiting, the chain of her cuffs rattling.

Paige is 19. But she looks a bit younger, maybe 16 or 17. She's fairly tall at 5'7", but stickish lean at only 119 pounds. It gives her a figure with almost straight sides. Sides with only the gentlest of a feminine curve to them. It's a girly look, just a look that shows how slender she is. She has a flat stomach and narrow, lithe legs. She has shaven pubes and a fairly puffy pussy mound swelling down between her thighs.

She has a decently oval face, framed with long honey-brown and wavy hair. She has green eyes. She has a wide mouth framed with plump, silky soft, pink lips. It's a young-looking, girly face.

She also has a pair of perky little breasts. B-cups. Breasts that are firm, rising straight off her chest and having a slightly pointy look to them. They're topped by wide, light pink nipples surrounded by wide rings of light pink. All of which is on full display to Quentin. And to Jeff kneeling beside Quentin.

Quentin's eyes light up when he sees Paige. HE clearly finds her attractive. And hearing what I just said about his cock needing to be tended to, I'll bet he's thinking just how lucky he is. That the pretty girl is going to "tend" his cock for him. His eyes immediately rove hungrily

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over Paige's body, taking in every bit of her nakedness. And enjoying the sight of it.

Mom knows me too well. She knows I have an evil streak in me. And she knows there's very little I won't do with toys. I won't break the law, but that's about where my limits are. What vanilla people call decency doesn't mean a thing to me. And she knows that it's been too easy. There is no way I would let Quentin start off with a woman he so clearly wants. That wouldn't teach him a thing about surrendering his choice to me. It would just teach him that if he plays along, he gets the pretty girl. That is so not the case.

But it doesn't mean I won't use Paige to tease him. I am. I'm having Paige hurry over here with her nakedness on full display. I'm letting the sight of her perky breasts excite him. I'm letting him dream. To work up some anticipation. Some expectations for me to crush.

Just to tease him a little more, I reach my hand up to Paige's chest and cup one of her breasts in my hand. I do it right in front of Quentin's eyes. I don't have to make him watch it. His eyes are fully captivated by the display. He watches as my small, feminine hand play with Paige's pert breast. He watches me tease her wide nipple as it stands out. It doesn't take but a few seconds of that show for me to see his cock twitch crisply.

I giggle, "see how tense that cock is?" I say to mom. I put my hand between Paige's thighs, letting Quentin see me stroke my finger over the silky smooth bare lips of Paige's pussy. I let him watch me tease Paige. His eyes lock on Paige's pussy and never even think about looking anywhere else.

"Oh, skanky, your pussy is just so skanky and wet now!" I purr out in a very honeyed voice. "It must really want a nice big cock to fill it up, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes, My Queen! This whore would love a gigantic cock to fuck my skanky pussy right now, Ma'am!" Paige answers rather eagerly. I doubt she's eager for the cock as much as she's eager to please me. Not that it matters, her enthusiasm shows. These guys won't have a clue what she's so eager to do. It means the smaller of their two brains will

convince them that she's eager for Quentin's cock. Men always think we girls find their cocks irresistible.

I tell Paige to kneel in front of Quentin. Paige hurries to get down. She smiles as she stares at this cock. It's about even with her eyes. Paige licks her lips as she stares at it. Quentin misses noting.

I look Quentin in his eyes. My glare is hard. My voice is icy firm. "Now are you going to be a good boy while I have that ache in your tiny penis relieved so you can bear your time in the dungeon?"

"Yes, my Queen," Quentin says, suddenly very firmly and eagerly. No doubt with Paige naked on her knees, her face a scant couple of inches from his cock, Quentin assumes that I'm going to have Paige suck it. After all, we've all referred to her as a skanky whore. That's what whores do, right?

"Promise me that you'll stay just like you are. Hands behind your back. Be still. Just let your cock release its tension. Say it, little boy."

"I promise to stand here with my hands behind my back and be still while you release the tension in my dick, my Queen." Quentin happily promises me.

"No matter what?" I ask him.

"No matter what, my Queen, I'll stand here while my dick is taken care of, My Queen." Quentin has no idea what he's saying. Or agreeing to. He's naive. And right now his little brain is doing the thinking, and it's thinking only of Paige naked in front of him, ready to give him a blow job."

"Skanky, see if that cock wants something as cheap as you are," I tell Paige.

Paige giggles her yes. She moves very slowly, teasing Quentin as much as she possibly can. Just as I've taught her to do. Paige stretches her mouth wide open. Far wider than needed to take his cock. Paige sticks her tongue out. Paige moves her mouth towards the sheathed head of his cock. She stops just before it enters her gaping mouth. Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the tiny speck of his cock head that's exposed at the tip. She strokes the tip of his cock with her tongue.

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As both Quentin and Jeff have their eyes on Paige's slow-moving show, I slowly inch back a little, putting myself closer to Jeff. I see Mom take a step back to give me some room. She might not know what I'm going to do, but I'll bet she can guess. Or at least guess that I'm up to something. I'm being far too nice, and she knows that's not me. I might let Quentin have the orgasm he's after, even this soon after arriving, but there is no way in G-d's creation that I'm going to let have it so sweetly. It would be humiliating and uncomfortable for him. And thus, amusing for me.

The instant Paige's tongue touches Quentin's cock, it twitches sharply, jumping up. It jumps so eagerly that it pulls away from Paige's hot tongue for just an instant.

"I guess that cock doesn't want something so skanky as this gutter whore. Look at how it jumps away from her filthy mouth!" I teasingly announce. "Oh, well, I tried to be nice."

I move like lightning. Before either of them thinks about what I'm doing. I grab Jeff's right arm, the one closest to me, and pull it up. I keep it moving, pushing it over so that his hand bumps against Quentin's hard cock. With my other hand, I grab Jeff's hand and close his fingers around Quentin's stiff shaft just in time for me to feel the tension erupting in Jeff's arm. The resistance as it finally dawns on what I'm putting in his hand.

Paige quickly scoots aside, seeing what I'm doing now. She doesn't really move, just scoots a bit to make a little room.

I take my crop and snap it firmly against Jeff's thigh. It rings out with a loud crack as it lands on his bare flesh. "Go on, fuck doll, help your little boy. Relieve that tension for him. Obviously that cock of his doesn't want a whore to take care of it, so you can."

I still have my grip on Jeff's hand. I start his hand moving, stroking it along Quentin's cock. That should leave him no doubt about what I expect him to do. I feel his arm resisting me, resisting the stroking on the shaft. I snap my crop right onto his kneecap. Jeff yelps. "What kind of a father are you, fuck doll! Would you condemn this near-virgin boy of yours to suffer in the dungeon with his cock so needy before he's

tortured? Now be a good father and give him some relief before I seriously whip some sense into you.” I give him another tap on his other kneecap. And that’s not a place you’d want to be whipped. It’s all bone under the skin. It hurts. He yelps out.

I also feel the resistance fade slowly from his arm. IN a few more seconds Jeff is stroking the cock without me forcing it. I scold for him to move around so he can see what he's doing. Tiny little taps of my crop urge him into position. On his knees. Close in front of Quentin's stiff cock, maybe with his face back about three inches so that cock and balls are about Jeff sees. Slowly, but steadily, Jeff's hand takes on a good rhythm, stroking the cock sweetly enough, and with a light-enough grip, that I can tell mom has used Jeff with a man before. This isn't Jeff's first cock. I'll bet Quentin doesn't know that.

It looks like Quentin isn't thinking about much. He's too busy cringing. He has the most disgusted look on his face. He has his eyes forward, and turned up a bit, to make sure that he doesn't see anything. It looks as if he's anxious to run away. Or puke. Or both. And Jeff doesn't look much more comfortable about what he's doing.

But Quentin’s cock hasn’t gotten any softer. It’s still standing out just as stiff as ever. It even looks like it’s twitching gently in Jeff’s hand. Quentin might hate it, but his cock doesn’t seem to mind either. Maybe it doesn’t notice, but I saw Jeff’s hands. They’re strong, manly, working hands. They have to feel manly on Quentin’s shaft.

It takes Jeff about a minute to fully ease into what I’m making him do. But he does. He gets past his anxiety. Slowly his hand fades into a smooth motion that has to feel sweet on Quentin’s stiff cock.

Quentin cringes constantly. But his cock doesn’t. It doesn’t last very long, either. Once Jeff has faded into his tender rhythm, Quentin doesn’t even last another minute. I hear him groaning “Ew...” as his body tenses up. A second later he grunts out a loud, and rather satisfied, “UH!”

His cock twitches sharply in Jeff's grip. Jeff keeps stroking it, knowing better than to stop before he's told to. Quentin's cock spurts a rather large stream cum. It shoots powerfully from the tip of his cock. It

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squirts quickly, almost instantly, across the short inches. It splats hard onto Jeff's face, hitting his nose. The gooey cream begins running slowly down the sides of his nose. Quentin's cock spurts again, this time shooting its cum onto Jeff's cheek. The cum running down Jeff's nose finally makes it into the hairs of his mustache. Jeff squeezes his mouth tightly shut. The third spurt barely misses his lips, landing in his mustache along with the cum that's still slowly seeping into it.

Quentin stands there, the look on his face telling me that he's utterly disgusted with himself for what he's doing. But the soft breathiness in his grunts telling me that his cock is happy with the relief it's gotten. I'll bet it's partially sated now. He cums several more spurts, all but the last one hitting Jeff on his face. The final spurt is more of a drip. And it's absolutely perfect. About three drops of Quentin's cum fall towards the floor. But instead of making it down, they land in the spongy head of Jeff's cock. Gooney, hot, and sticky, they cling to the head of his cock, almost as if it was Jeff's cum.

And for some reason, Jeff's cock rather quickly got hard while he was stroking his son's cock. As if he liked being forced to do it. I'm sure it was just the feeling of how easily I made him do something he'd never imagined would happen. Something rather repulsive to him, and simply by deciding he would do it, I got Jeff to do it.

"You little pervert!" I snap at Jeff, as much scorn as I can muster. "And a disobedient one as well. I warned you about letting your cock get so stiff without my permission! And while you were jerking your son off? That's so disgusting! Almost as disgusting as him liking it so much he came so quickly all over your face!"

I snap the tip of my crop firmly, but not very hard, against Jeff's bottom, "stop playing with his cock and get to your feet! Since you can't keep your cock under control, *both* of you will suffer longer in my dungeon! He can join you and suffer right beside you. Maybe when you hear his cries and moans you think about keeping your worthless cock under control!"

I grab Jeff's balls. I start walking quickly towards the playroom. Jeff quickly follows his balls.

2 Plus 3

“You too, little dick,” I hear mom telling Quentin, “You heard the Queen, you can be tortured right beside your father. Maybe you’ll be able to stop screaming long enough to thank him for earning you some extra time in the dungeon!”



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I lead Jeff back to the playroom. I'm not set up for these two. I didn't have enough notice that they were coming. I barely had time to see what mom knew about them. So I go with what I already have set up. It's from a quick session I had Sunday evening. I didn't have anything planned for tonight, so I haven't bothered to rearrange what I had set up. I was going to have Sophie set up for tomorrow evening's entertainment when she got back from school tomorrow.

Sunday night I had a toy of mine named Teresa chained to the wall for a few hours. A few hours that were as uncomfortable for her as they were sweetly satisfying. And even more amusing for me. She thrashes just so energetically! I still have the chains hanging on the wall, the heavy iron cuffs attached to them. But I only have the wall set up for one toy. And now I have two toys. Suddenly I wish I'd known what I might want to do with these two. Sophie could have set things up while I read mom's notes. Oh, well.

I lead Jeff over to the wall. Then I push him firmly back until his back is flush against the wall. I stand him off to one side on the space, to his left. It has him off-center of the dangling chains.

Mom sees what I'm doing with Jeff. She hesitates for a moment, unsure where I want Quentin. Or what I have in mind for these two. But there's one more thing mom likely doesn't know. I'm sure I've told her before. But it's not the kind of thing she'd remember. It's not important. Tonight is one of the nights that Elisha checks in at the apartment. Elisha is one of two girls that I'm minding while they're in Mobile for college. And while they're here, they belong to me.

Elisha is 18, almost 19. She's slightly plain-looking but definitely cute in that girl-next-door kind of way. She's a virgin, and I promised her father she'd stay that way. But I also warned him that Elisha was never going to learn to be a proper submissive woman, something Elisha is rather eager to learn, without doing some things with guys. And Elisha has been rather eager for a chance to practice her newly learned skills on an actual man.

I just sort of nod my head to mom. She gets the message. She leads Quentin to a similar place along the wall. Right beside Jeff. It has

Quentin over to the other side of the little space. It's big enough for the two of them, but not much bigger. It's set up for one person, but it's designed to have that person's arms and legs stretched wide apart. With two in here, I won't be splaying them out wide, but I will be able to chain them to the wall.

Sophie locks their clothes in one of the drawers of a file cabinet that I keep in here for just that. Normally each toy gets his or her own drawer, but since I had Sophie mix their clothes as they stripped, she tosses them in a single drawer. She pushes it closed. It locks. I have the only key to open it. Once she has that done, she brings me a step stool.

I start with Jeff. The look on his face tells me several things. First, he's been tied to a wall before. But I knew that. I think I was about 13 when I figured out what those screw eyes in the walls of mom's "office" were actually for. No way has Jeff been her property for so long and not been tied to those screw eyes. They're still there. It tells me he has a good idea of what's going to be done with him. Or at least that he's going to be tied to the wall. And it tells me that he appreciates the old-fashioned look of the shackles he's about to be wearing.

My shackles, at least the ones I have on the chains, are solid iron. They're about 2" wide and ¼" thick. They have a hinge on them. They close, with a hasp for a padlock to be fastened through to secure them. The locks are already hanging from the hasps. I left them there when I unlocked Teresa. Not only do they lock the cuffs shut, but they also attach the heavy log chains to the cuffs.

I start at the bottom. Jeff's left ankle. I put the heavy iron cuff around his leg, just above the bones of his ankle. I lock it around him, and then let go of it. It lets the heavy cuff, pulled down by the heavy chain, pull the cold hard iron against his ankle. I'm sure Jeff feels it. I climb up onto the stepstool. I'm short. I need it. I grip Jeff's left wrist and lift his hand up. I lock it into the cuff dangling down from the chain. While I'm up on the stool, I reach over and shorten the chain. The chain is held to the screw eye at the very top of the wall with a clip, not a lock. There's no need for a lock, it's out of Jeff's reach. But the chains were clipped in place for a single sub to be tied. Two subs are going to be

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wider. I want Jeff's arm pulled taut while he stands there. And I want his arm stretched up high enough that Jeff has to stand with his legs straight, not bending his knees. And without the room to move those legs around. I get down and shorten the chain on Jeff's leg, pulling his ankle almost all the way over to the screw eye. Jeff just steps over to his side a little, taking some of the tension off his limbs. And making it easier for me to get the chains to the right length. I'll bet he isn't thinking about that.

I move over to Quentin. By now he's seen me chain half of his father to the wall. He's looking rather nervous, or at least edgy. I'm sure he's expecting me to do the same to him. I wonder if he's imagining those heavy iron shackles on him. I'll bet he's wondering what I might do to him once I have the pair chained to my wall.

I start chaining Quentin's ankle. I'm going to chain him the same way I have his father chained. Only it's going to be Quentin's right side in the chains. His left side will be free for a moment and close beside his father's unbound right side.

There's a knock at the door. Mom asks me if I want her to get it, leaving Sophie free to continue fetching things for me. I quickly whisper to her "It should be the 'newbie bitch.' She gets the same treatment as 'skanky whore' does. I have... a use for her in mind..."

Now, mom is grinning. "I haven't met the newbie yet... I hope it knows how to behave..." She heads for the door, still grinning wide, and picking up her crop on the way out. It's a good thing for Elisha that she knows how to behave.

I don't let it distract me. It will take a few minutes to get Elisha back here. And I know Elisha is in good hands with mom. As long as Elisha minds her, that is. But she will. She won't know who mom is, but she's smart enough to realize that if I'm allowing mom to get her, then I mean for her to obey.

Once I have Quentin chained up, his limbs as taut as Jeff's, it's time to deal with their free sides. I tell Sophie to fetch me a long length of rope. She hurries back with a long piece of the ¾" thick hemp rope I

have in the cabinet. Hemp makes for a rather old-fashioned and rough rope. But also a strong rope.

I start with Quentin's left ankle. I had to pick one of them, and Quentin was closer so he's the winner. I wrap two coils of the rope, flush against each other, around his ankle and knot it off. I pull his foot along the floor, dragging it over close to the center of their space, and spreading his legs somewhat. I drag Jeff's right ankle over to Quentin's. I start winding snug coils of the rope, encircling both of their ankles and pulling their ankles flush against each other. I keep winding the coils up, pulling the rope taut.

I wind the tight coils all the way to the top of Quentin's thigh. His is a fraction of an inch lower than Jeff's. Only because Jeff has a couple of inches on him. It pulls their legs flush against each other, all the way from the ankle up to their hips. I tie the rope off, binding their legs together. It forces them to stand flush against each other. And it has their chained limbs stretching out taut. Not so wide, their arms stretching more up than out, but wide enough. It has their legs spread nicely, one stretching fully to the side, the other straight down. It looks slightly awkward and slightly uncomfortable.

It leaves me their free arms to deal with. No way would I leave them a free hand. Not that could reach those cocks. For their arms, I have Sophie fetch me two long cords. They're rough hemp as well, but much thinner. I think they're supposed to be ¼" thick, but I doubt it's actually that thick. It doesn't look like it. I tie three coils of it around Quentin's free left wrist, then knot it off. The three coils are enough to make a narrow cuff around his wrist, one he doesn't have a chance of getting out of. I stretch the length of rope around, behind Jeff's back. It brings Quentin's arm over, around Jeff's lower back, as if he were embracing a girlfriend. I keep the cord taut, not letting any slack get into it. I make sure there no slack in Quentin's arm, either. That stays snug against his father's body, just over Jeff's cheeks, and stretching out. I bring the cord around the outside of Jeff's hips, over the very top of Jeff's thigh. I bring it over to Jeff's loosely dangling balls. I wrap two tight coils of the cord around the top of Jeff's sack, just beneath his

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cock. It's all the room I have. It has his balls pushed down, slightly stretching against the bottom of his sack, pulling the skin taut. I pull the coils tight, almost cutting into the flesh of his sack. I tie the cord off. Now, whenever Quentin pulls his arm or moves it, it will pull against Jeff's balls. And his balls are already lightly squished down, leaving them nowhere to go when the cor tries to pull them down further. Instead, they'll squish tighter. And their size will keep the coils of the rope from slipping off Jeff's sack.

I bind Jeff's free wrist the same way, pulling his arm along Quentin's back and tying it off to Quentin's balls. Now, should either of them squirm too much, the other's balls will pay the price. It also has their sides flush against each other.

Mom opens the door. Elisha is standing there, demurely waiting. Seeing mom, a slight look of surprise comes over Elisha's face. She hasn't a clue who the 40-ish lithe blond woman answering my door is. Mom isn't dressed up. Instead, she looks like a middle-aged yuppie housewife. Elisha hasn't bothered to dress nicely for her visit either. She's wearing the same modest dress that she wore to her classes today.

"You must be the newbie bitch," Mom greets Elisha in a soft voice. "I am Ms. Rodgers. The Queen awaits you. She has something for you to do. Step in."

Mom and I look enough alike that it's obvious we're related. At least to those who see us side by side. Except that mom is taller. And I have bigger breasts. I guess it was a trade-off. I seem to have inherited my shape from her mom, not her. Grandma was just as tiny as I am. But it, along with the name, is enough for Elisha to figure it out. "Yes, Queen Mother," Elisha answers humbly. She's kind of into the Renaissance and would know that in those days, the Queen's mother was properly addressed as Queen Mother. To her, it would be the proper way to address mom.

Elisha steps in.

"Undress," Mom casually tells her.

"Yes, Queen Mother," Elisha politely answers. She starts slipping her dress off. Elisha is 5'7" tall. The same height as Paige, and within an inch of Mom's height. Elisha is quite as lithe as mom and Paige. She weighs 141 pounds. It gives her a slightly average figure. Like most of the girls running around campus.

Elisha has a rather girl-next-door kind of face, too. It's cute, but not like cheerleader cute. She has long brown, almost black, hair that hangs down to the bottom of her back. She has a rather curvy figure, with flowing curves to both her waist and hips. And she has a pair of perky, moderately pointy, C-cup breasts. Smoothly shave pubes atop an equally silky bare pussy mound that puffs down slightly with its long lips. She has a full, rounded bottom, too, just one that's not quite hard. It's far from loose, though.

Mom gets to see all of that. All of Elisha. Elisha stands, facing mom, and doesn't hesitate to strip fully naked with mom watching her. She blushes faintly, just because mom is seeing her nude body for the first time, and Elisha knows that mom will be sizing her body up. The only thing Elisha doesn't take off is the hot pink collar around her neck. She can't. I have it locked around her neck with a shiny padlock. And I have a cute dog tag on the collar that announces to the world that Elisha is my property, and offers a reward should she be found "straying." It has my phone number, too. It's my version of an "in case of emergency" note in her purse or on her phone.

Elisha hands her clothes over, and mom just sets them on a table near the door. Once Elisha is fully nude, mom pulls on a pair of latex gloves. Mom has slave-sat Paige enough times for me, such as when I've visited Russia, that mom knows the rules I have for Paige. I just told her that Elisha has the same rules here. And mom isn't shy about what she'll do to another woman. Elisha gets a full body search, including a cavity search, before she's allowed into the apartment. It's not because I think she'd hide something, it's just to let her feel that her body is being seen, and checked.

Elisha has gotten used to it by now. It's almost as if it's nothing for her to submit to it. Maybe mom notices how easily Elisha accepts it, even

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when mom, a woman Elisha's never laid eyes on before, is holding her pussy lips wide open and very thoroughly examining the depths of her pussy. Mom decides to be a little evil. She pauses with her finger fully inside Elisha's bottom. "Your bottom is as filthy as you are, newbie. Don't you bother to use a toilet before coming to see the Queen? Disgusting!" Mom tells her. "If your Queen wasn't waiting to use this repulsive body, I'd give you a good enema so you'd learn what clean meant." Mom takes her finger out rather roughly, letting Elisha feel her displeasure. It's enough to get a little grunt from Elisha.

Mom leads Elisha into the playroom just after I've finished binding Jeff and Quentin together. And to the wall. Both men have their arms stretched up high, and slightly out to the side. They each have a leg stretched wide. A single, joined, third leg stands straight down from their snugly-close hips. Their other arms are out of sight, behind their backs. It makes it look as if I have a three-legged man chained up to the walls. It doesn't leave them any room to move, either. It has them stretched taut along the wall, not quite hanging, but close enough.

And they look like a two-cocked man. Both of their cocks are standing out straight and hard. And they're close together, the men's hips flush against each other. Almost as if it's one wide hip.

Mom eyes the way I've bound their extra arms to the other's balls. She grins. "I found this newbie. You might want to know its bottom is utterly filthy."

I turn to Elisha. "You dare come to my Queendom with a filthy bottom? I know you're a filthy little slut, but have some decency! That filthy bottom will get your poop all over whatever I toy I feel like shoving up your butt today! I'll have to teach you to keep my body clean, bitch."

I loudly call out for Paige. She shuffles in. Now both of them are standing there, wearing matching collars and leg irons, and nothing else.

Mom led Elisha in by her breast, using it as a leash. Mom still has Elisha's wide nipple pinched firmly in her hand. Paige takes a place just beside Elisha. Two chained slaves, waiting for their instructions.

The men feast their eyes on the nude young women. Elisha's breasts are slightly larger than Paige's. They're full, firm, and decently rounded. But they have that pointiness that comes from the fullness, and from her nipples standing up hard atop her mounds. I can see the men's eyes roving over her body, taking in her breasts and her fully exposed pussy mound.

This is really the first time I've used Elisha with a man. I only promised that she wouldn't be penetrated by a man, not that she'd never see one. Or be used on one. I'm pretty sure her father understood that. I'm more sure that Elisha is eager to try a man, but also to remain a virgin. She'll love this.

I tell both women, "you disgusting whores will use your bodies to torture these utterly repulsive lowest forms of life, peasant boys! One on one. Trade places every... twenty. That way you may both skank them both up."

"Yes, my Queen," Both women say in unison. It's Elisha's first time with an actual male toy. She's had plenty of practice with women by now, and some with women wearing a strap-on. I'm confident Elisha knows what to do. But she's less confident in herself. She moves a little slower, letting Paige take the lead.

Paige goes to Jeff. It leaves Elisha in front of Quentin. She starts dancing, her body flowing sinuously before his eyes. IN a couple of seconds her body is flowing against his chest, her breasts stroking over his flesh. Elisha slowly slithers down to her knees, bringing her breasts down his body. She hesitates as his cock slips between her firm mounds. She rocks her shoulders, stroking the sides of his cock with her breasts, Then she resumes her trek down to her knees.

That puts Elisha's eyes even with Quentin's eager cock. She stretches her mouth wide open and sticks her tongue out. She puts the tip of her tongue to the very tip of his cock, using it to lick a single little swirl on the small slice of its pink head that's visible. Quentin's cock twitches sharply.

Elisha goes forward, slowly allowing the tip of his cock to slip between her plush lips. His cock glides along her tongue as it slips

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deeper and deeper into her mouth. She moves smoothly. Quentin wouldn't believe it was her first blow job, even if I told him it was. She leisurely allows his cock to slip into her mouth. She cranes her neck forward, angling her mouth, and keeps going, letting the cock slip into the narrowing funnel that leads to her throat.

I see a rather questioning look on Quentin's face. He has maybe an inch of cock left to slip into Elisha's mouth. It's the point where he feels the tip of his shaft pressing firmly against what feels like a wall of rubber. "UH!" Quentin grunts sweetly, his eyes popping wide, as suddenly his cock presses right into that rubbery wall. Now the rubbery tightness squeeze firmly around the head of his cock, and his shaft, as his cock keeps going, slipping into the narrow tube of Elisha's throat.

A second later, Elisha's lips are flush against Quentin's pubes. Every bit of his cock is down Elisha's throat. Quentin does the only thing the chains will let him do. He stares disbelievingly down, doubting what his eyes see. She's swallowed his entire cock. And she never once so much as gagged on it.

Elisha reverses her stroke. She rises all the way up until his cock slips from her lips. Quentin purrs out a frustrated sigh. And looks rather unhappy when sees that one stroke is all he's going to get like that. Instead, Elisha is slithering back up his body, teasing her stiff nipples over him. She rises all the way up, kissing his nipples on her way.

Elisha spins around. It puts her bottom against the stiff cock. She wiggles her bottom, nudging his cock into her crack. she shifts her bottom back a hair, then strokes it up and down along his trapped cock, caressing the stiffness with the inside edges of her cheeks.

Elisha quickly drops to her knees again, this time with her back still to Quentin. She leans back, opening her mouth wide and tilting her head back. She gets her gaping wide lips just under Quentin's balls. She raises her head just a bit, enough that his snugly bound balls are in her mouth. She closes her lips gently around his taut sack, the cord around the top of his sack against her lips. She puts the tip of her tongue to the underside of his balls. The cord has his balls pressed firmly against the inside of that same taut skin. She teases them with her tongue.

“UHHH!!!” Quentin purrs out sweetly.

Elisha releases his balls. She shifts her head forward just a bit, and licks her tongue along the underside of his cock, from its very root to its tip. Then she's back up on her feet, stroking Quentin's cock with the cheeks of her bottom.

Elisha turns to face Paige. Paige wraps her arms around Elisha and kisses her passionately. The men eagerly watch the two girls kissing. Paige lets her hand rove over Elisha's bottom as she's kissing her. “One...” Paige counts off. Both girls turn back to their guy and begin the very same tease over again.

After twenty of those teases, Paige will drop to her knees instead of kissing Elisha. Paige will put her tongue to Elisha's pussy, keeping her lips wide so the guys can see it all in vivid detail. Paige will lick Elisha's pussy for about ten seconds. Then both will rise to their feet and trade places. Elisha will drop to her knees and lick Paige's pussy for about ten seconds. then both will turn to the guys, Elisha now before Jeff. The teases start over.

And on they will go, endlessly teasing these men until I tell them to stop. Trading places and licking each other's pussy every twenty teases. It not going to make either of them cum. But it is definitely going to keep both of their cocks straining at full hardness forever.

The guys quickly figure it out. They're not going to get what they want. What they need. They're just going to be teased by the two young, pretty, firm-bodied girls. Endlessly. Mercilessly. It gets them trying to squirm around. That gets their chains rattling nicely for me. And now, they understand what I meant when I said they'd be tortured.

It might be the sweetest of torture, but it's going to be an agonizing torture for them. For their cocks. And there's absolutely nothing they can do but stand there, bound snugly together, feeling the other's masculine side pressed against theirs, and endure the torture.

I turn to mom with a wide grin on my face. “These two... disgusting males can just hang around the dungeon. Care to join me for supper? I have a wonderful grilled salmon with hollandaise. My slave will serve us.”

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"I'd never pass up one of your meals!" Mom tells me. She turns to the men. "Maybe a few hours of torture in her dungeon will teach you some manners. While you're hanging around, we ladies will decide what should be done with you... and those hideous little dicks that you can't seem to control."

Mom follows me to the table. Sophie hurries to the kitchen to begin serving us a leisurely supper. We won't need music in the background tonight. We already have the sweet sounds of the men's tormented groans to keep us entertained.

"Did you see the horrified look on Quentin's face when you put his dad's hand on his dick?" Mom asks me.

"Yeah, it was awesome! He hated it! But he sure stood there and let him jack his dick, didn't he? Jeff sure didn't seem to mind, either. At the end, it looked like he was actually getting into it. It's a shame that Quentin came so fast."

"All over his dad's face!" Mom adds.

"So? Guys always seem to want to do that to girls. I can't think of the last frat party I went to where some slut or another wasn't slinking out the back with her face covered. It's just so... deserved that Jeff got to experience that little humiliation from the girl's point of view!"

"You know, Pepper, I am not so into the family thing... I was kind of thinking you might want Quentin... Then I saw his dick."

"Yeah, he is so not hung like daddy, is he?" I laugh. "Honestly, mom, I don't see what Quentin has to offer me. Really, the only thing that sets him apart from the rest of the horny guys on campus is that family thing you aren't into."

"Do you think Quentin is going to want to come back?"

"Yeah, I do. He's got that poise... He seems to like being controlled. And obedient."

"I agree," mom says. "And I hate to just reject him. I doubt any of the girls will want him, either." She means the circle of Domme friends that we both share, us, Andrea, Colette, Janelle, and Olive. We both know a few others, both Doms and Dommies, that we don't consider

friends, or aren't both friends with. Like my Dom friend Nikolai. Mom's only met him once.

"So, I was thinking..." Mom coyly begins. "that you might be interested in the both of them..."

"You've had Jeff so long, do you really want to get rid of him?"

"Not really, but I have to think about him. I wasn't sure before, but once I saw him cringing while Quentin came on his face, I kind of knew. Jeff wants me to take care of Quentin, too, now that he knows Quentin wants a Domme in his life. I don't seem him being so happy as he's been if he knew Quentin was untended..."

"How about this, I'll take them for a while and we'll see how their dynamic develops. I actually have an idea where Quentin might be happy. And a few sluts he can service for me in the meantime. Once he learns so manners, that is! If it works out, it will have a place for Quentin to stay other than with Jeff. That will leave you free to play with Jeff again, and he'll know Quentin is serving humbly as well, just not at his side. Of course, that assumes that Jeff doesn't want Quentin at his side. Maybe he likes taking care of that little dick!"

Mom giggles. "I know, he looked a little surprised to see that Quentin isn't so big! If Jeff does want to serve... closely with his son, then I don't want him. I just can't... get into seeing father and son together. Two guys... you know I like that!"

"So do I! It's HOT!" I laugh.

"But that brings up the question of Kelly..."

"There's not much question there. Not really," mom says, "Kelly goes with Jeff. Or do you have something else in mind?"

"Well... I was thinking..." I tell mom in my evil-sweet voice. She knows it well. As does Sophie, who I notice grinning as she brings out the soup course of the supper. "Your notes make it clear that you've gone to lengths to remind both Jeff and Kelly that they're not a couple. They're just two slaves, yours, whom you are allowing to spend time together when it's convenient for you. And to only do what you wish them to do, even together and alone."

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"Wouldn't it so nicely reinforce that idea if Kelly was used a little more liberally? I was thinking, for a little while, that she could teach Quentin how to behave with a sub girlfriend..."

"By being that girlfriend, you mean?" Mom laughs hard. "I remember you telling me another story about you having a mother share a boyfriend with her daughter."

"Yeah, I was thinking something like that. Maybe the guys could compete to see who gets Kelly for the night, and the loser doesn't get to be involved with Kelly that night. Although, keeping two dicks happy will have Kelly getting worn out, so I'll bring in a few of my usual whores too..."

"They're yours. But I had better get a good story out of this! Deal. I'll write one about this evening. It's been a while since you've been in one of my stories. You are going to take them back in a month or three, aren't you?"

"I will gladly take Jeff and Kelly back, tomorrow or next year." I don't miss the fact that she left Quentin off the list. She doesn't want him in her toybox. But she is telling me to keep Jeff and Kelly as long as I want them. And for as long as Quentin is in the picture. "I don't see any reason to hurry. We can tell the boys that they're yours after supper."

"After dessert. Skanky made a very sweet vanilla cheesecake."

"I definitely am not going to miss that! Besides, it doesn't sound like the boys will mind waiting..." Quentin is groaning out loudly with abject frustration in his voice. It's a groan that loudly announces how agonizing he finds it to be teased by my cute girls. And chained up so that he can't touch them.



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After supper mom and I have returned to the playroom. It took me more than a couple of minutes to get the guys untied, too. By the time we returned to the playroom, it had been around two hours. Two very long hours for the guys. They spent every second of them chained to the wall, with Elisha and Paige shifting their teases back and forth between them.

Both of their cocks were rock-hard stiff. Both of them were jutting straight out from their pubes, eager for a little attention. Both had a sticky coat of tiny droplets of cum that leaked from their cocks sparkling on the tips of them. But Jeff's circumcised cock showed it much better. Both her groaning loud, very needy, and even more frustrated moans.

Now both are glad to be unchained. Being stretched out like that is rather hard on the muscles. It gets their arms and legs sore, at least the one arm and leg of each that was chained.

I have a short, rather basic wooden bench along one wall. It's three feet long. It's made of 2x10 with legs to support it. But it's plain wood. Sanded, but not stained or polished. And with the heads to the bolts that hold it together exposed. It lets the toys sitting on it feel the bare wood under their bare bottoms. Better, for this session, it's short enough to have Quentin and Jeff sitting close together.

I have them sitting in the center of it. With Jeff's broad frame, it doesn't leave that much room on either side of them. Just a few inches. I have them sitting with their sides flush against each other, mostly because I can see that Quentin is still uncomfortable being that close to his father, while both are nude.

I also have Quentin sitting with her right hand on Jeff's cock. It took me a minute to get Quentin to wrap his hand around Jeff's thick shaft. And naturally, Jeff is reaching his left hand over to hold Quentin's cock just the same way. I've given them an instruction. If either cock becomes even the slightest bit soft, the one with his hand on the cock will be whipped for it, and both of them will be chained to the wall for another torture session. And, if either cock cums, whoever's cock it is will be whipped mercilessly, and then both of them will enjoy another,

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longer, torture session. I've suggested that both pay attention to the cock in their hand, and stroke it only enough to keep it fully stiff. I doubt either wants to make it too difficult for the other not to cum. I know both want to cum, and neither wants to risk the consequences of it. I hope both would rather suffer the waiting a little longer.

I stand in front of them, mom next to me but off to one side just a little. Mom didn't allow either to bring anything with them over here. Just enough clothes so that they wouldn't get arrested on the way. So neither has a phone. I have Sophie fetch mom's purse for her. I'm pretty sure mom wouldn't Sophie, or anyone else, rooting through her purse. Most women wouldn't. I don't. Mom gets her phone out.

Mom dials Kelly's number. With the guys sitting there listening, Mom scolds Kelly for leaving Jeff's cock so poorly satisfied. Then she tells Kelly that she is texting her an address. Kelly is to come immediately and her misbehavior as a girlfriend will be "firmly discussed" with her bottom. Kelly has thirty minutes to get here. Mom hangs up and texts Kelly my address. From Kelly's place in Foley, it will take her at least 20 minutes to get here. Maybe a few more. She had better not waste much time.

I summon Sophie and hand her one of my extra crops. I tell her to "watch these disgusting little boys and make sure they behave, instead of being perverts like they want to be." I tell her, and them, that they are to sit on the bench and wait for Kelly to come to join them. They are to keep each other's cocks fully hard. They are not to speak. Or to move. Or to give the other a hint, like that someone feels his cock getting a little soft. Nor are they "to ogle my slave like the shameless filth boys are." They are to keep their eyes forward and open. I tell Sophie that any infraction will be sufficient for her to whip them wherever she can reach. But if she spots a soft cock, or either cock cums, she's to call me immediately. Sophie assures me she "will incredibly extra diligent in watching the repulsive *boys*." The way she says it probably makes the guys think she's a lesbian, which is about the polar opposite of the truth. I know Sophie would love to get her hands on Jeff's ample cock.

I have Elisha and Paige making out in front of the guys. It's a tease. When I'm done giving the boys their instructions, I look over and see Elisha with her mouth on Paige's breast and Paige's hands playing with Elisha's nice bottom. "And don't think these girls will help you behave," I tauntingly tell the guys. I send Paige to the kitchen. She has dishes to do, and she can have her supper while she's there. I tell Elisha to come along, she can serve mom and me as we wait for the naughty whore to arrive.

Mom and I sit on the sofa, catching up on some gossip while we wait. I learn that mom has found a new toy. A 45-year-old woman that mom describes as "bovine." The woman is not very pretty. And she weighs far too much. But she has a tight pussy that's always sloppy wet. Mom pushed her into a corner of her toy box for one reason. The woman likes being sold and given away shamelessly. So much so that the instant she gets the idea that mom might give her to someone, she can't keep her hands from her "plump pussy." But the reason mom likes her is eviler. She's the perfect woman to give to some of her naughtier toys. About the last woman that they'd like to have sex with. SO mom makes them. And they cum rather fully doing so. Mom tells me that she's loaned "her cow" to Colette once already, and would be glad to loan it to me should I have a toy that deserves an unattractive pussy. I just shake my head. I could think of a few guys who would deserve that fate.

Kelly knocks on my door 28 minutes after mom hung the phone up. I know because mom checks the time to make sure Kelly isn't late. I leave Elisha waiting on her knees, nude with the chains on her ankles, while I go to answer my door. Mom tags along, but she stands behind me, knowing that I'd prefer to take the lead now. Mom just wants to watch the show.

I haven't seen Kelly before. I haven't even seen a picture of her. So as I open the door, I have little idea what to expect. Other than the obvious. I know she's 42. I know she's going to have a decent body shape, or mom wouldn't have taken her. Even if her body had gone south since mom took her, mom would have warned me. She didn't say

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anything, so I assume that Kelly will look like a typical middle-aged woman.

I open the door. Kelly looks rather surprised. Only then do I notice that mom has shifted off to the side where she's out of sight. It denies Kelly the reassurance of seeing her Mistress. Someone who she is familiar with and has a pretty good idea of what she can expect to suffer through, with mom dishing it out. Instead, all Kelly sees is me. A rather petite, very young, woman with a girly crop in my hand. It tells her that she now hasn't a clue what she can expect to be done to her.

"Who are you?" Kelly asks. Her voice is as surprised as her face. But it's also laced with that bitchy tone. As if I shouldn't be answering the door.

Kelly stands about 5'5". She is fairly slim, too. I'd guess she's around 130 pounds. She's clearly come as she was, instead of dressing up for her Mistress, but that's because we didn't leave her the time to do more than grab her purse and run for the car. I love doing that. It's another of the things I learned from mom. Women love to be casual around the house. But they hate being seen by others in that "shape." And it shows when they see me looking them over. It gets them shirking back just slightly. At least most of the time.

It seems to have the opposite effect on Kelly. Or maybe this is just her natural demeanor. She stands there with an imposing posture, her hands on her hips, glaring at me. Clearly, it's time to show Kelly who's Queendom she's stepping into. It just takes a flick of my wrist. That sends the tip of my girly crop soaring through the air and arcing upward. another, much lighter flick of my wrist, at the very last instant, takes most of the power out of the swing. The tip lands squarely on the center of Kelly's cheek, searing a light, but stinging-painful, crop print onto her cheek. It lands with a decent crack, too. A crack that's loud enough for anyone in the hallway of my building to hear. Luckily there isn't anyone in the hall. There almost never is. My building is mostly corporate apartments, and the varying occupants of them are almost never actually in them. Especially at this time of night. My neighbors are either in by six, or out until midnight. I suspect, that in this little

alcove, only my neighbor Michael is possibly home. And he knows what I do. He's always asking me to loan him a toy for company. He wouldn't complain to the management. He'd just stand there and watch the show. So it's safe to play in the hall for a moment.

"OW!" Kelly screeches. Her hand flies up and starts rubbing the sting from her cheek. "What the fuck did you do that for?" Kelly's voice takes on a more acerbic, and shocked, tone. Her glare hardens as well.

"DUH," I mockingly, and harshly, scold Kelly. I flick my wrist again, delivering the same swat to her other cheek. "Naughty bitches get whipped, *bitch*." Kelly screeches another yelp, her other hand now flying up to rub the sting from her other cheek. Matching crop prints. I love it! But they're both light enough that they'll fade from sight in a few minutes. The sting will take a little longer.

Kelly is wearing a casual, cotton, blue sleeveless blouse with beige shorts and sandals. I reach out and grab her hair. I give it a little tug, yanking upward enough that I see a slight grimace on her face. And I hear her suck in a pained breath. I know something smart is going to come out of her mouth again. I don't give her a chance.

"I am she whose Queendom you are about to enter, *bitch*. Now I don't know who you think you are, other than some old, skanky bitch at my door. Nor do I care. You will learn some respect, *bitch*. Now if you want to enter this Queendom, you may do so as a filthy gutter whore, since that's how you're acting. Naked. And I wouldn't waste much time, there's only about a minute left." I slam the door on Kelly's face.

Mom giggles the instant the door is shut as if she'd been holding it in. She tells me that she "forgot" to warn me that Kelly has a bitchy attitude naturally. She works for some program that puts parolees to work. Now, mom tells me. I guess the bitchy attitude serves her well there. But not here.

Mom is smirking wide. And watching the time. It saves me the trouble of watching it! "Is it... safe for her to strip out there?"

I laugh "Mostly. The only one likely to catch her is Mike across the way, and he wouldn't dare say anything. I'd never loan him a companion again!"

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Now, mom laughs. "Let me guess, he's from out of town... way out of town, and no one back home will ever know if he has a little fun here. And he likes pretty girls."

"Duh. Duh. And duh," I tell her.

Then Kelly knocks again. "Twenty seconds to spare," mom tells me.

I open the door. Kelly is standing there, naked, clutching her clothes to her body to mostly hide herself in case anyone comes into the hall. And she's very nervously looking around as if she just knows that any second now, someone will.

"You know better than to bring anything with you, bitch!" I sternly scold Kelly. "Why would even think of knocking on my door with those rags in your hands! Your Mistress would whip you for it! There's a trash can at the end of the hall. That's where dirty rags belong." I slam the door in Kelly's face.

I turn to mom, giggling, "I don't think she's going to make it!"

"Not if you keep slamming the door in her face."

"It's not my fault! That bitch needs to learn her place!"

"Ah... She's going to hate you, and love you!"

Kelly knocks again. Now she's standing there naked, her clothes gone, but her hands modestly in front of her, trying to hide her body. And her eyes are just as nervously scanning the hall for anyone coming in.

"You really are a stupid bitch! I told you to come over here like a whore, bitch! A whore is on her knees. Properly." I scold Kelly, my tone one of my harshest, she starts getting down to her knees. "Don't bother, you already knocked like a prissy little cunt. On your feet, bitch! Now come like a whore..." I let a very evil grin sweep onto my face as an idea blooms in my mind. "A cheap, trashy, whore... In fact, don't knock on my door again. I'm tired of your stupidity wasting my time with this nonsense. Find someone else to knock on my door for you, after asking him or her to verify you're actually naked. And you had better be a good little whore this time!" A look of absolute horror floods over Kelly's face as she hears her instructions. As she thinks about having to ask some

stranger to knock for her. While she's naked. and her clothes are no in the trash. I slam the door in Kelly's face.

I watch out the peephole. I already know that the apartment beside me is empty this week. Mike is across from me. The apartment beside him is an executive who barely uses it, even if he is in town. He's going to be at some bar now. He won't be there either. So unless Kelly goes far down the hall, Mike is the only one who is going to answer a door for her.

I watch as Kelly blushes to a bright red. She very reluctantly, and nervously, starts looking around. There's nothing for her to see but closed doors and an empty hall. I see a tear roll down her cheek as she finally picks the door beside me. Maybe she thinks they're the ones most likely to know me, and know what goes on here, so the least likely to be offended if she asks them. No one answers. No one is going to for days.

Finally, Kelly must realize there's no one there, of if there is, they aren't going to open the door for her. She tries Mike's. Kelly stands beside the door, pressing her body firmly against the wall and leaving only her head sticking out in front of the door. She knocks very tentatively. But even through the peephole, I can see that Kelly has a cute little rounded bottom. That's about to be rather sore.

Mike takes a few seconds, but he opens his door to see a very humiliated Kelly trying to hide behind the wall beside his door. HE must see her bare shoulders and have some clue. It wouldn't take much for him to just look around and see that she's naked.

Kelly says a few words to him. A few fast, and rather embarrassing words by the way the grin seems to bloom on Mike's face. A minute or so later, I see Mike open his door. He must tell Kelly to come in because I see her step into his apartment. I know Mike well enough to know he won't abuse her. If I didn't, I wouldn't have done this to Kelly. But, of course, Kelly doesn't have a clue who Mike is.

A couple of minutes later I hear another knock on my door. This one isn't tentative. It's firm. I open the door. Mike is standing there. Kelly is behind him, on her knees with her hands behind her back. She's

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looking forward, still blushing from the experience. And cringing from the humiliation of it. "Hey, Blondie," Mike greets me smiling wide. "She knocked on my door and told me that she wasn't allowed to knock on yours again, so would I knock for her. Oh, and she's definitely naked. I checked. It seems she threw her clothes away..."

"Oh, thanks, Neighbor!" I warmly tell Mike. I give Mike a quick hug. "I'm sorry if this gutter whore interrupted your evening."

"It's fine..." He says it just a little too happily.

I turn my attention to Kelly. "You're late now, bitch. Six minutes. Come on in and get the whipping you deserve, bitch!"

Kelly rises to her feet and hurries into the apartment. She catches sight of mom standing there and looks slightly relieved to see her Mistress. The instant she's through the door, I grab her bare shoulder and push her to stand along the wall for a moment while I make a little small talk with Mike.

Kelly has a fairly oval face with a prominent, but soft feature chin and jawline. She has longish, jet black hair that hangs straight, flowing out to her sides, about midway down her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes and a smallish nose. She also has an exceptionally wide smile framed with a pair of plush, silky, pink-red lips.

She has a good figure, especially for a woman in her 40s. She's average height, but also a little on the lean side. She's lean enough that her body looks more straight than curvy, but she does have a gentle curve to her waist. A slightly gentler curve to her hips. Her hips look slightly bony from the leanness of her body. Her stomach is flat. It looks as if her skin has lost some of its elasticity, but it also shows the lines of toned muscles under the skin. And of the bones at her hips. It's the look of a woman in good shape, with almost no body fat on her. Just enough that I don't see the outlines of her ribs.

Kelly has small breasts. I recall seeing in mom's notes that Kelly is a 34-A. And she looks it. Her breasts look spongy, but not soft or loose. They look fairly well-rounded, too. They have just enough softness to look as if they're trying to hang down and lie against her chest, but not enough for them to have a crease under them. They still swell off her

chest, their undersides rounding down for the inch or two they have before they flowing up to mostly-rounded tips. Her milky white mounds are topped with a pair of wide, dark, pink-brown rings. Those go nicely with her half-marble nipples. They're the same shade, about as wide as marbles, and rise off the dark rings just like half marbles. They're also slightly offset in the rings, more toward the bottom than the center. It gives her breasts that imperfect cuteness to them. Her mounds are slightly to the outsides of her chest, leaving a wide, but shallow, V of cleavage between them

I can see her silky, smoothly-shaven pubes too. And the puffy mound of her pussy swelling prominently down between her narrow, lean thighs. I can see that she has long, narrow, and rather plump lips. Even from the front, I can see the tips of her very plump, brown-tinged purple inner folds rising into her wide gash, filling the space, and stand out a small fraction of an inch beyond the outside of her lips.

"Welcome to my Queendom, peasant whore," I greet Kelly in a rather hard and firm voice. "There are no second chances here. And don't look to your Mistress to save you. This is my Queendom. I have plenty of peasant whores in the gutters here, which makes you nothing, just one of many worthless whores littering up the land. I expect manners and obedience, nothing more from the likes of you. Now, you were late, thus you will suffer the consequences of displeasing me."

I move quickly to reach my hand to Kelly's pussy. I grip one of her plump lips in my fingers, pinching it rather firmly, and feeling the squishy softness of its plumpness. I pull hard. "Come get your spanking, bitch." I start walking over to a chair I keep in the living room.

Kelly, with me still holding the lip of her pussy, quickly follow along. A moment later I'm sitting in my chair with Kelly lying over my knees like a naughty little girl. I have her waist bent a full ninety degrees over my right thigh. I have my left thigh under her chest, the undersides of her small breasts flush against the outside of it. It leaves her knees just barely touching the floor. And her hands bracing against the floor.

I know exactly how mom spansks. Intimately. Mom always spansks bare bottoms, never through any clothes. Whether it's a naughty toy or

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a naughty child, it's getting its bare bottom spanked. And mom never uses her hand. She favors paddles, as do I, but for mom, a belt is good, and close second choice. And mom spansks hard. Always. She doesn't pull her strokes and spare anyone anything. And mom is quick to spank her toys. Far quicker than she is to spank a child. Thus, I am certain that Kelly has been over mom's knees countless times over the years. And thus, Kelly knows exactly what's expected of her. So I don't bother to tell her.

I send Elisha to fetch the belt from my desk. I keep one there for just such "emergencies." Like this. It's a leather man's belt. It's slightly stiff. It's long and about 2" wide. Elisha had tasted this same belt a few times. She doubles it over for me, brings it, and offers it to me politely. On her knees. I take the belt.

I lie the stiff leather against Kelly's firm and shapely cheeks. Cheeks that are now pulled taut over my lap. Ripe for a spanking. "This is what whores get when they're late for a summons here," I tell Kelly as I lift the belt off her cheeks. I raise the belt high. In snap it down hard, landing it across the center of her cheeks. It lands with a sharp, loud splitting crack. I've put almost all of the power I could muster into this stroke. A sub who has been serving as long as Kelly has needs a good spanking. A hard spanking. Especially now. I need to quickly teach Kelly that disobedience, even the slightest, isn't tolerated here. Otherwise, I'll be teaching for her for weeks as she tries me to see how much she can get away with.

"OW!" Kelly screams loudly as the belt snaps against her hard globes, searing a light red welt across them. Her body tenses up the instant she feels the sting slicing into her bottom. She tenses hard, her knees bumping against the legs of my chair. Her head snaps back, too. Kelly lets her head fall back down as she bursts into tears. She sobs, loudly, sniffing as she bawls.

"One, Ma'am, I'm so sorry for being tardy, Ma'am!" Kelly counts her stroke. "I deserve five more, Ma'am. Will you please spank my bottom again to teach me to be on time, Ma'am?" I see mom has taught her well.

I give her the five strokes she's due. She counts them, the pain in her sobs growing with each. As does the honesty in her apology. They leave her small cheeks tanned to a bright, angry, and fiery, stinging redness. They leave Kelly crying as badly as anyone has cried over my knees. And they leave a sticky wetness now covering the protruding edges of Kelly's inner folds that wasn't there before. I'd bet it's the firm way I disciplined her, proving to her that I can be hard and firm, just as mom can be, that excited her. Now she knows she's going to get to play with a new, fresh, Domme, and that I am not going to let her get away with anything.

I put Kelly on her knees. Still crying loudly, she offers me her humblest apology. "I am very sorry for disrespecting your Queendom, Ma'am," Kelly sobs out. "I know was late. I'm even more sorry for being so rude to you, Ma'am... I just was very surprised, Ma'am, I expected to be meeting Mistress Rodgers, and when I saw you... I didn't know what was going on, Ma'am... and I was so surprised! Thank you for spanking me to teach me to be polite and on time, Ma'am. May I please be forgiven now, Ma'am?" Kelly hangs her head slightly in shame.

"I am Miss Rodgers," I begin. It immediately dawns on Kelly that I am her Mistress's daughter. I'm sure she's already figured out that I can be quite stern. Like mother, like daughter! "You already know the rules here. They're the same as your Mistress's. There will be no second chances and no mercy here. Worthless gutter whores obey their Queen. You do not want to disappoint me again. You are forgiven, bitch. now stop crying like a baby and get to your feet. It's time that skanky butt of yours earned its keep in my dungeon."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Kelly says with a touch of excitement in her voice. She gets to her feet.

I pinch her pussy lip again and lead her into the playroom. She looks slightly surprised to see Jeff sitting on the bench. She looks shocked to see Quentin sitting beside him. More shocked to see both of them with raging hard cocks standing up. And utterly dumb-founded to see them with their hands on each other's cock. I feel her hesitating,

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freezing in her step. I don't let her. I keep pulling and her pussy gets her moving to follow me.

I lead her over to the wooden bench. I tell Quentin to scoot over and make room for "this sloppy old whore." I tell Jeff to scoot all the way to the edge of the bench, too. Even so, they only open about eight or ten inches of the bench up. I tell them to squeeze closer together. Then I have Kelly sit beside Quentin. It has the outside edge of Kelly's very sore bottom at the edge of the bench. And Jeff's the same.

I'm sure the boys hear the sucking, almost screeching, "MM-OW!" that Kelly blurts out as she sits on her freshly tanned bottom. The pain of sitting on the still burning, stinging flesh has her fidgeting nicely. I'm sure Quentin can feel her fidgeting next to him. Their sides are flush against each other.

Mom stands and faces all three of her toys. She stands close enough that it's as if she's standing over them. "Now that 'glory hole' is here," mom begins, using the nickname she gave Kelly. I'll have to ask mom how Kelly got that name. I'm sure it's going to be a rather slutty story.

"You should all know that we've decided that you all now belong to Miss Rodgers. It's obvious that you two filthy boys don't have even the tiniest shred of decency. I'm sure Miss Rodgers will teach you some. Quickly. And as for you, 'glory hole,' just the way you showed up here late and acting like such a bitch tells me that you definitely need stricter supervision. Miss Rodgers will teach you some real obedience." It's all mo has to say. She takes a step back.

"Yes, Mistress," Both Jeff and Kelly say in unison. I suspect both assume that mom will soon take them back, after a few lessons from me. Although, the look on Kelly's face tells me she's smart enough to be thinking of the real reason. That now that Quentin appears to be in the picture, it changes things. And thus, a change of Mistress. Quentin quickly copies their answer.



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Now it's me standing in front of the trio on the bench. I pace the single step back and forth for a second or two. "I am now your Queen," I begin my welcome to the dungeon speech. My voice isn't hard, but it is firm and all-business now. I'm telling them how their lives will be, and hopefully, they've learned by now that they will be as I say. Hopefully, Kelly's fiery red bottom told them that.

I glare at Kelly. "It's clear to me that you've forgotten your place, *bitch*. You are nothing but a glory hole. Just another filthy whore Ms. Rodgers scraped out of some dirty gutter and cleaned up enough to sell your butt. I will obviously have to remind you of your place.

"Starting now, fuck doll is no longer your boyfriend. It was silly of you two to run around playing like you were actual people anyone would want anyway. If you can't manage to behave and act like a good gutter whore for your Queen, then don't expect anything from me but long sentences in my dungeon.

"I understand that you work from nine to five. And thus leave your house at 8:30. Here will be your life, glory hole. Every morning, between 8:00 and 8:30, I will decide if you will have your boyfriend for the day, or not. If I decide to give you a male for you to pretend that he likes you, he will come to your house between 8:00 and 8:30. Whoever shows up, will be your boyfriend for the day. And let me be clear, you will treat him as if he were a long-time boyfriend that you love so very dearly. If no one shows up, then you have no boyfriend for the day.

"Your boyfriend will live with you for the day. In your apartment. You had better make him feel as if he actually lives there with you. He will leave at 8:00 the next morning, no earlier, and no later. Then you can wait for a half-hour and see if I've given you another boyfriend for the day.

"You may not call any of those I give you to. You may not call fuck doll here. Do not even think about meeting up with him, or anything else. It's time you started acting like a glory hole, glory hole."

Now I turn to the men, more Jeff than Quentin, but I look down on both of them. "You two will learn to mind your new Queen. Just forget about glory hole, neither of you is worthy of fucking even that

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fat, sloppy pussy. From now on, if you want some companionship for a day, you will earn it by impressing your Queen. Disappoint me, and you can expect to spend a lot of time hanging around my dungeon in agony.

"And just so you don't have any silly ideas, I don't care if you used to be father and son. What you are is two worthless pieces of dog filth Ms. Rodgers scraped out a gutter. Both of you are nothing more than peasant boys. And peasant boys *belong* to their Queen. You belong to me. I will do as I fancy with the two of you."

I ask them if they understand that much, and they all say they do. Although Kelly doesn't seem happy about not having her boyfriend anymore. Maybe she thinks she'll have him back in a few days when mom retakes them. Isn't that so silly? Or maybe it's just that stinging bottom.

"Now, we're going to have a little contest, almost like a joust, for the entertainment of your Queen. You two disgusting *males* will compete. The winner will be given a reward. The loser will be... encourage to try harder next time." I smirk very widely now. I think the guys, especially Jeff, understand that losing will not be a good thing. Maybe he's imagining spending the night on my wall with both of the whores teasing him?

I leave them sitting there for just a minute while I get ready for the contest I just dreamed up. It's going to be a surprise, even for mom. She's never seen me do this. I've only done it a couple of times, and I've yet to even gossip about it with the girls. It will be a much bigger surprise for the guys. I suspect a very unwelcome one. But entertaining for us. I usually just have Sophie bring me the stuff I want, but I can't do that now. She wouldn't know what to bring me. So I get it myself.

Once I have my tray set up, I cover it with a cloth so that guys won't see what's on it. There's no sense in letting them know what's coming. I find a place in the center of the room, a few feet in front of the bench, and roll my table over there. Then I rather slowly pull on a pair of latex gloves, taking my time as I do, exaggerating it as they guys watch me, their eyes growing warier by the second.

Now, which one of these guys to start with... I'm fairly sure mom hasn't done anything like this with Jeff before, so it's going to be a new experience for both of them. But Jeff is a far more experienced sub. He's learned to expect the unexpected by now. And he's learned the other important thing, to accept having his body poked, prodded, and invaded without anyone asking what he might want.

On the other hand, if I take Jeff first, it leaves Quentin to watch the entire thing as I begin with his father. It leaves him to see what's going to happen to him. His mind will make it out to be much worse than it will be for him. Ordinarily, that would be a plus for me. I love watching toys "sweat" about what's going to happen. But Quentin is so inexperienced that I'm worried it might be too much for him.

I have both of the men come up to where I'm standing. And I tell them not to let those cocks out of their hands as they come. It has them walking the two steps with their bodies snugly together, holding onto their cocks. I wish I had a picture of them moving together like that. I'll have to get one off the security cameras in here.

I tell them what I expect of them. To behave. To stand still until they're told otherwise. And to make sure those cocks stay nice and stiff for a couple of more minutes. I'm sure both of them would rather have their hands on the other's cock. Oh, well.

I take the cover off the table. It lets the guys see what I have on it, all of which look like evil implements of agonizing torture. They're really just medical implements that could be found in almost any doctor's office, but they look awful. The first thing I pick up is a urethral dilator. It's hard to describe. It has narrow, long, metal blades that close against each other and curve inward. They're about six inches long. And it has a handle. A squeeze of the handle will spread those long blades apart. But with them closed, they're not even as thick as a pencil. I put a little bit of lubricating gel on the tip of those blades.

Quentin has his hand close to the base of Jeff's thick cock. He's been fairly diligently avoiding touching the more sensitive head of it. And even more, diligently avoiding touching Jeff's dangling balls. I have no doubt that he doesn't want to be touching it at all. I put my hand to

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the front of Jeff's cock, wrapping my fingers around his hard shaft just behind the spongy soft head. I get a firm, but not painful, grip on it. I hold it firmly and steady.

I put the tips of the dilator's blades right to the tiny little hole at the tip of his cock. I've done this many times in my vanilla-life role as a student nurse. No one likes it. Jeff isn't going to either. I push. The metal blades push easily into the tip of his cock.

"UH!-OW!" Jeff blurts out, his voice as nervous as it is pained. I feel him tense up, his hips trying to pull back from me. To pull away from the cold steel blades still sliding steadily into his cock. I see his face scrunch up into a hard grimace, too.

It only lasts a second. I only pus the blades in about two inches. Maybe an inch past the soft head of his cock, into the hard shaft. Jeff quickly pants some relief as they stop sliding into his cock. I squeeze the handle, slowly, but steadily. The blades start to open, stretching his urethra around them. And pressing it hard into the hard-swollen tube stiffening his cock. Jeff grunts again as he feels that. I open his tube decently wide, but too much. Not nearly as wide as it will stretch.

Jeff again pants some relief as I stop opening his tube. It's not stretched any wider than a pencil, just enough for me to do what I want to do. And to see into his cock, to look right down his urethra. I don't bother looking. I don't need to.

I reach for the next thing I have on my table. It's the stiff, but somewhat flexible, tip of a catheter, with both ends cut off. It leaves me with just a moderately rigid tube with both ends wide open. I slip one end of the tube into Jeff's cock, sliding it along between the spread blades of the dilator. It still scrapes lightly against the inside of his urethra, where it's exposed between the blades, and that gets another hard grunt from Jeff. He should be glad that I'm not putting deeply into him. My tube is about six inches long. I barely put three of those into him. And that's about as deep as I have the dilator into him. It has the tip of the tube inside his urethra about an inch beyond the soft head of his cock. I can see it. It stretches his rubbery urethra to accommodate it.

His urethra is visible, stretching the skin at the bottom of his cock. It lets me see just where the tube is sitting inside his cock.

I hold the tube firmly in place. Then I release the blades of the spreader, letting them close slightly to lie against the tube. It just as slightly relaxes the pressure against the inside of his urethra. I pull them out, and Jeff grunts out another loud yelp as they pull from his cock. It leaves about three more inches of the stiff tub sticking out the tip of his cock.

I turn my attention to Quentin's cock now, first squeezing another little dollop of lubricant onto the tips of those blades. But I don't bother to wash or sterilize those blades. It would be a waste. I grip Quentin's cock high, close to the tip of it. I use my hand to push his foreskin back and expose the pink head of his cock. It gives me much better visibility to put the tips of the dilator flush against the tiny opening.

Quentin cringes hard. It looks to me as if he's about to cry. And he's nervous enough that I see a faint quivering flowing through his body. His eyes are locked on the tip of his cock, anxiously watching what I'm doing. As the tips of the steel blades near the tip of his cock, he shirks back even harder. Not that he's going anywhere with both me and Jeff still holding his cock. I push the blades into his cock, about the same three inches deep into his shorter cock. Quentin screeches a loud, slightly girly, "YEOW!" as they push into his cock. He starts panting very edgy breaths as they stop moving, leaving him to feel little but their not-uncomfortable presence. I spread his urethra just wide open.

And now, holding the tip of Quentin's cock stretched wide open. I use my hand around that cock to pull Quentin around to stand facing his father. Luckily for me, they're close to the same height, leaving their cocks at the same level. I pull Quentin around until the tip of his cock is pointing directly at the tip of Jeff's thicker shaft. I pull Quentin forward until the three inches of the catheter tube standing out from Jeff's cock is between the dilator's blades and flush with the tip of Quentin's cock.

I Keep pulling Quentin forward. I feel him stiffening up, resisting, firmly. I pull and squeeze, his cock a little harder, making my grip a little uncomfortable for him. It gets the cringing boy hesitantly moving again.

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That brings his cock forward, starting the stiff tube pushing its free end into his urethra. Quentin grunts out a pained yelp as he feels it entering him. It's far more of a yelp that is called for, too. I ignore it, bringing him forward until the spongy soft tip of his cock is only about an inch from his father's cock. Now I have no choice but to slip the spreader out, angling it down to that it slides under Jeff's cock.

That leaves their two cocks a mere inch or so apart. With the hot purple tube sticking out the tip of Jeff's cock and vanishing into the tip of Quentin's cock. I put my now free hand around the shaft of Jeff's cock, pressing a finger firmly against the rubbery tube at the underside of his cock. Now I bring Quentin the rest of the way forward, letting the tube force itself the rest of the way into his cock. I bring him all the way forward until the spongy heads of their cocks are pressing snugly against each other, squishing their heads slightly. The tube is no longer visible. But I can feel that about half of it is now inside each of their cocks. It essentially joins their urethras into a single, long, tube spanning both cocks.

I get a small length of cord. I tie a tight knot around the top of Quentin's sack, leaving his balls dangling under the loop. I pull the cord taut, stretching it over to Jeff's balls and tying another loop around the top of Jeff's sack. It has their balls angling forward just a bit as the taut cord spans the space between their sacks. And it will ensure that neither man backs up. That they will keep the heads of their cocks snugly against each other.

I quickly pull Quentin's hands behind his back and cuff them there. He looks rather relieved to have his hand off Jeff's cock. And even more nervous about what I could possibly be doing. Then I do the same to Jeff, leaving them both cuffed behind them. Despite the light pain of having the tube shoved into their cocks, both of those cocks are still as stiff as they've ever been.

"Come here, glory hole, I have something rather slutty you can do."

Kelly gets up and comes over to me. She doesn't hesitate. Maybe her stinging bottom has taught that wouldn't be a good idea. Or maybe

she just wants to get off that fiery bottom. I have Kelly stand beside the men. It has Quentin at her right and Jeff at her left. There are about 11 inches between the men's chests, the combined lengths of their cocks.

I tell Kelly to get on her knees. She does. It has the joined cocks right in front of her eyes. And her shoulders almost touching their thighs. I have her put her right hand at the base of Quentin's cock. I see only the slightest reluctance to touch him. It's as if she accepts that it's her place to do this, but is wondering what Quentin will think of her touching him this way. After all, he's only known Kelly as his father's girlfriend. And maybe wondering what Jeff is going to think of seeing her touching his son's cock. She light wraps her hand around Quentin's steely hard shaft at the very base of it.

I tell her to stroke "the cock." I tell her that I want her grip loose, her hand gliding light over the hard shaft. I don't want to see her pulling his skin, but rather her hand gliding sweetly over his skin. And I tell her that she's to go all the way to the base of Jeff's cock, making sure her hand is flush against Jeff's pubes before reversing her stroke and going back until her hand is flush against Quentin's pubes. And she's to keep tenderly stroking the cock until I tell her to stop.

Each stroke takes her a second or so. Eleven inches is a lot of cock to stroke with one hand, even if I did have to put two cocks together to make one this long. It takes about one stroke for me to hear the faint, light purring from both of the men. They must both like Kelly stroking their cock.

Now I tell the guys the rules of the contest. Their "devious Queen's" version of a joust. Both men are to stand there while Kelly strokes their cock. They are not to cum. Just to endure Kelly's very tender and affectionate stroking. They're both to keep their eyes not just open, but looking directly at the face of the man across. That shouldn't be too hard with their faces so close together anyway. I tell Kelly that it's her job to make her stroking so sweet and good for these "horny gutter peasant boys" that both of them cum, despite their best efforts not to. I make it sound as if it's a contest between Kelly on one side and father and son on the other. But I never actually say that. Oh,

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and the men are to stand still while their cock is stroked. Not to be wiggling around.

I step back. I ask mom if she'd care to help, and she says gladly. I get my crop and Mom gets hers. I pick Quentin, knowing that mom would prefer Jeff. I stand beside him, and gently tease his bottom with the tip of my crop as I warn him again to stay still. Mom does the same with Jeff. It leaves the guys no doubt what will happen if either moves.

And now, I watch the show. It's entertaining from the first stroke. After those cocks have been teased for so long, first by the pretty girls, and then by each other, I have little doubt that both are ready to cum now. Both men are quickly breathing out rather deep, throaty, manly sweet purrs that are as urgent as any I've heard. Both of their faces wrinkle up, even as their mouths start to hang open. Both of them tense up slightly. In a few more strokes I can see both of their cocks twitching lightly.

The real contest isn't if the guys can withstand Kelly's sweet stroking. The real contest is which of the men will outlast the other. I just don't tell them that. Will it be Quentin, younger and hornier? Or will it be Jeff? Quentin has one advantage, he came a few hours ago. Jeff was afforded that orgasm. But Jeff is older and more mature. Younger guys are always more ready to cum. Jeff has far more experience than Quentin, too.

Neither man really knows how badly the other is suffering. I'm sure they can see it on their faces. And hear it in the desperate, groaning moans each is making. But I'm just as sure that neither has seen the mask of "the ecstasy of sex" on the other's face before. Neither knows how close the other is to climax. How hard he's struggling to hold that orgasm back.

Not that it would make much of a difference. There's nothing either can do. They can't move. The cord between their balls, and our whips, ensure that they stand still and endure it. They can just stand there, purring out ever needier moans, and struggle not to cum.

Jeff's moans are a little deeper, and a little slower. But they're just as needy as Quentin's faster-paced grunting "UHMmm!s" It's only

been about half of a minute, and already I can see the erotic chills sweeping over both of them, shivering their bodies lightly.

I'm sure Kelly can see it, too. I know she can hear their moans. I know she's heard Jeff's deep moans countless times before, and can probably even guess how close he is to cumming by them. But she's never heard Quentin's, so she won't have any idea how close he is. Only that both of them are very close. They're purring too eagerly, with too much hunger in those moans, for them not to be. I'll bet Kelly can feel the twitches in their cocks, too. That she can feel those twitches growing steadily sharper as the cocks beg to cum.

It takes a minute, maybe a few seconds more. I see Jeff tensing up hard, his muscles straining for a brief moment. I see a couple of crisp twitches from his cock. Those are sharp enough that they have Quentin's cock, pulled along by the tube joining their cocks, jumping slightly with it. Then the tension explodes from Jeff's body as he cries out a very breathy and deep "UHM!" His cock twitches hard, almost jumping. It would jump around with those crisp twitches, but the tube and Kelly's hand won't let it. It snaps more against her hand than anything.

"Uh...MM-OW!" Quentin grunts out at the same time. His eyes instantly pop wide open. They forget their instructions in their shock and snap down to look at his cock. Quentin pants a few very nervous, very disgusted, and very weird breaths. Then he grunts another, lighter, "Uhm-OW!"

He's realizing what that tube is actually doing. Jeff is cumming. His cum is spurting powerfully from his prostate, his muscles trying to shoot it out the tip of his cock. Instead, it's shooting right through the catheter. It has nowhere else to go, and that's an unhindered path for it. It crosses the full length of the catheter tube. Then it has nowhere else to go. Except to shoot backward into Quentin's cock, spurting the wrong way through his urethra. And filling his urethra with his father's cum. Even with Quentin's shorter cock, there's plenty of room for Jeff's cum to pool inside Quentin's urethra. And to stay there. Filling it up. At

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the back, close to Quentin's prostate where his own cum is burning to spurt out.

Quentin grunts a few more times as he feels those spurts of cum shooting backward through his cock. Finally, Jeff's orgasm ebbs off. It leaves Jeff panting satisfied breaths. It leaves Quentin with a look of horrified disgust on his face and grunting very strained breaths. Moans that scream Quentin is about to cum, whether he wants to or not.

I tell Kelly to take her hand off the cock. Obviously these two "horny little boys" can't manage to behave for even that least-intense sweetness. She takes her hand off the cock.

I untie the cord from their balls. Then I get a good grip on the top of Quentin's hard shaft. It lets me feel the twitches racing through its steely hardness, the muscles around it, in his pubes, twitching it crisply. It lets me use my thumb to press firmly against the soft underside of his cock, atop the rubbery tube, and hold the catheter in place. I put a hand to Jeff's pubes and slightly roughly shove him back. Jeff cries out a pained yelp as I push him back. As he backs away, the tube pulls from the end of his cock.

The tube stays in Quentin's cock, now sticking about three inches out from the tip of it. The three inches that just came out of Jeff's cock. I glance down the length of the tube, seeing that there's only a tiny bit of Jeff's cum clinging to the inside of the tube. It tells me that all of Jeff's cum crossed through it and is now somewhere in the depths of Quentin's cock. It won't dry to stickiness there, at least no time soon. Quentin's body heat will keep it warm and creamy. The cum will still think it's in Jeff. I grip the end of the tube, and with a quick yank pull it out of Quentin's cock. It gets a nice yelp from him. It also lets his urethra close. His cock stays rock hard, despite whatever he's thinking. Jeff's cock starts to soften up a little after cumming.

I shove Jeff to stand beside Quentin. I face them both. "It seems that my new fuck toy... 'dickless,' wins the joust. He managed to behave and be a good boy for his Queen." I turn a cold glare to Jeff. "You, on the other hand, are a rather disgusting loser. You will be punished for your disobedience."

2 Plus 3

I turn back to Quentin. "You win the prize. Didn't I promise a nice prize to the winner?" I nonchalantly reach my hand down and run my fingers through Kelly's long hair as I'm talking. Then I quickly grab a handful of her hair and yank her up to her feet as I'm snapping the order for her to stand. She gets to her feet and puts her hands behind her back as she knows she's to do. "Here is your prize, dickless." I wave a hand over Kelly's nude body. "You may fuck this glory hole and cum, as we both know you're dying to do!"



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Quentin looks stunned as he hears that I'm giving Kelly, his father's girlfriend, to him as his prize. And that I'm expecting him to fuck her right here, in front of his father. But I can also see the eager twitching of his cock. A cock that's very anxious from relief. A cock that clearly hasn't had an actual pussy for while. And wants one.

It takes Quentin a second to get over the surprise. Then I see his eyes looking Kelly's body over with a far more appraising eye than he's done yet. As if he's sizing her up for the first time. I can almost see it on his face as each new thought races through his head. Kelly is far older than any of his lovers. She looks close enough to her age that she looks as if she could be his mom. Her body isn't firm as young girl's bodies are, like those he sees around campus all day. But it's not in bad shape, either. It's still shapely and lean. But it has a faint looseness to it, and it has that leanness to it that advertises just how much work Kelly is putting into keeping her body as firm as possible. I'm sure he notices the softness of her breast. And then he notices that they're still shapely. And he notices that her nipples are rock hard atop those small mounds. I see him take a long look down to her pussy mound. It's wet enough to be glistening, and there's no way he misses that. It's a sure sign that Kelly wants a cock as bad as he wants a pussy.

I snap my fingers and point to the massage table in the room. It's just behind where Kelly is standing, maybe three or four feet behind her. "glory hole, over that table and show him his prize, that glory hole!"

"Yes, my Queen," Kelly says in a slightly throaty, hungry, and very humble voice. She doesn't hesitate to turn her back to Quentin and the rest of us. She leans over, getting her back flat with the floor, and scooting up a bit so that she can rest just her shoulders on the edge of the table. She stretches her feet apart, spreading her legs wide.

It gives Quentin a rather good look at his prize. Kelly's pussy. It lets him see the long, rather narrow, and overly-plump lips of her pussy. It lets him see the wide gash of a slit between the edges of her thick lips. It lets him see the light pink, wide, ridgeline of her inner folds, knotted together, rising into the top of her gash, all the way down to her clit, and almost rising up enough to fill the chasm between her lips. It lets him

see the thick, wrinkly, loose folds of her purplish inner folds rising through her gash, folding together, from her clit all the back. It lets him see the hard knot of her clit, standing up hard. And it lets him see the heavy layer of her clear, creamy honey clinging to every bit of it.

Kelly waits just a few seconds. She reaches around the outside of her hips, putting her fingers to the edges of her thick lips. She pulls her lips wide open, baring all of those thick folds. It lets us all see just how thick and wrinkly they are. Then Kelly uses her fingers to push those loose folds aside and bare the narrow entrance of her tunnel.

And Kelly's tunnel is decently narrow. It's flushed fiery hot, almost looking red. I can see the first little bit of her spongy soft inner walls puffing inward, their edges lying against each other. And I can see the ocean of her creamy honey flooding her tunnel. I can see those plump folds opened around it, too. It looks inviting. And eager. If I didn't know that mom had allowed her and Jeff to have sex last night, I might think it had been a few days, or weeks, for her.

Quentin stares openly at the shameless display of Kelly's pussy. I'm sure he notices her taut globes, too. And maybe her short crack. It's stretching open a little now, her cheeks too firm for it to stay closed with her bending over and spreading. And it's baring the tiny, light pink, slightly puckered ring of her asshole to our eyes. Maybe he's looking at that, too. Maybe not. It looks to me like his eyes are staring at her pussy as if it's the Garden of Eden.

I give Quentin a light swat on his bottom, feeling his firm cheeks. "Go on, dickless, stick that toothpick of your in the glory hole and get your reward." I encourage him. The swat encourages him more than anything. It breaks his entranced glare at her pussy as it nudges him forward, his cock nearing her pussy.

Quentin moves tentatively. He casts more than a few nervous glances at his father. And at Kelly. Jeff just looks on, knowing he has to watch his son fuck his girlfriend. It's part of the price of losing. But he does have a forlorn look on his face as if he's utterly humiliated to have lost Kelly's body to his son, even if it is just for this once. Kelly just stands there, offering her pussy immodestly as told. He can't see her

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face, so he can't see any hints on it either. Whether she wants this or not. I can see the look on her face. It's a mixture of reluctance, and a touch of thrill. I'd bet she's very reluctant to let Quentin fuck her. That she's worried Jeff won't ever see her the same. That she's wondering how she'll compare to the younger girls he's used to having. That she's wondering if he even wants what she's displaying to him. He is taking a minute to enter her. And I'm pretty sure that Kelly is excited to be used by Quentin, even though she never thought of him that way before. As if the idea of the taboo is arousing her. As is the idea of being with a younger man.

Quentin, slightly nervously, puts the tip of his cock to the entrance of her tunnel. Kelly doesn't react to it. She just stands there, waiting for him to enter her. But Quentin must feel the burning heat in her pussy. And the creamy wetness of it. He slowly pushes his length into her tunnel. He has enough cock to be stretching her narrow tunnel, letting its spongy walls snuggle around the sides of his shaft. The more his cock inches into her pussy, feeling its tightness, its wetness, and its heat, the more eagerly he pushes into her. He buries all of his cock into her pussy.

Kelly releases her lips, letting her so-plump inner folds snuggle around the sides of his cock. He puts her hands on the edge of the table and grips it.

Quentin starts thrusting his cock. His first thrusts are gentle, stroking her lightly. The first stroke alone leaves his cock glistening with a thick coat of her musky honey clinging to it. Quentin grunts soft, but eager, and very sensual, moans. The first thrust, even as light as it is, gets a very throaty, deep, urgent, "UH!" from Kelly. There's no mistaking the desire in her grunt.

It encourages Quentin. He starts thrusting harder. Kelly grunts sharper, deeper, and hungrier "UH!s" with each more powerful thrust. It doesn't take long for me to see the tension blooming in her muscles. The tension as she tries to hold still instead of thrusting back against his thrusting cock as her instincts want her to do. Her hands grip the edge of the table hard. Her mouth gapes wide now. Quentin, even more,

encouraged, and even more hungry for an orgasm, thrusts harder. Kelly grunts more urgently, deeper, throatier. Kelly's hips start shivering lightly. I see goosebumps flowing off of her lips and into the creases of her thighs.

I see Kelly tense up hard, her muscle now steel. "Ummmm!" Kelly groans out loudly. Her hips shudder violently, crisply. "FUCK ME HARD! OH, SHIT I HAVE TO CUM! FUCK ME, HARD! GIVE ME THAT DICK!" Kelly screeches out loudly. Then she just screams, her body still tensed up, and now trembling so hard that she's vibrating.

Her cry encourages Quentin. He starts pounding her pussy hard, putting everything he has in to ramming his cock into her. Kelly's scream fades as her lungs run out of air. She sucks in a sharp, "UHHH!" then screams out "YES! FUCK ME HARD! FUCK ME LIKE THE WHORE I AM!" Her words fade into another long scream. Quentin keeps thrusting as hard as he can. As Kelly's lungs run out of air, she manages to cry out "OH, SHIT, HURRY UP, OR I'M GOING TO CUM AND GET WHIPPED FOR IT! FUCK ME!" Her words aren't so loud. She doesn't have the air in her lungs. They fade away, almost to nothing. Then she's sucking in another breath, her body trembling hard, and screaming out again.

Quentin cums. He cums with a rather loud grunt. As he does, Kelly gets the agonizing relief of his thrusts slowing down. It might make it easier for her not to cum, but it also reminds her that she doesn't get to cum. Just to be used as a hole to be fucked by Quentin. Kelly keeps on screaming and shuddering crisply. It's enough that even her small breasts, hanging down from her chest, start dancing around.

Quentin grunts as he cums, then grunts out a rather strange, tense, "AH-EE!" He keeps thrusting, just slowing down as his hard-twitching cock spurts cum, both his and the cum that Jeff spurted into his cock a few minutes, into Kelly's sloppy-wet pussy. It's a "double load" of cum. Jeff's fresh cum is still filling the back of Quentin's urethra. As Quentin's cum spurts, it has to push Jeff's cum out of its way. And there's only one place for it to go. Straight out the tip of Quentin's cock. It has Quentin shooting both of their cum into Kelly's pussy.

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It's more cum that Kelly's pussy can hold. By the second spurt, the mixed cums are running out of her pussy, flowing down over her aching clit, and starting to drip to the floor. That should make her truly feel like a whore! It leaves a good coat of the mixed cum, as well as Kelly's honey, clinging to Quentin's cock, too.

Quentin finishes cumming. He pulls his cock from Kelly's pussy. Her puffy mounds closes, hiding her tunnel. But that doesn't stop the cum from dripping from her mound. Nor does it stop Kelly from shivering crisply and mewling very strained, needy, frustrated "Ooh!s"

In point to Jeff. "On your knees, fuck doll. Since you can't behave, you can do the shores around here, like cleaning up." I have a grin on my face.

Jeff drops to his knees. I grab his head and push his face to Kelly's pussy, telling him "lick your cum out of my whore's pussy, fuck doll." It's half true. Half of the cum is his, even if he wasn't the one who got the pleasure of spurting it into her pussy. Jeff obediently puts his tongue to her pussy, slipping it into the familiar thick, loose folds. I'm sure his tongue has been there many times before. He starts smoothly licking his tongue along her folds, not yet entering her tunnel. Kelly starts screaming again, just as urgently as before.

Jeff keeps going, trying to ignore Kelly's screaming need. He licks the cum off her folds. By the time he's done, more has seeped from her pussy and onto them, making him lick them again. And again.

Finally, Jeff gets most of the cum off of her folds. He opens his mouth wide, putting his lips to Kelly's pinkness and surrounding the narrow entrance of her tunnel. He sucks lightly, sucking a good mouthful of cum out of her pussy. He puts his tongue into her tunnel, the ½" or so that he can stick his tongue out. He licks around the insides of her soft walls.

It takes Jeff a minute or so to suck and lick most of the cum from Kelly's pussy. Kelly spends every second of it screaming needy cries. And she shudders violently hard. Her pussy weeps more of its own honey, washing a little more of the cum out of her, but replacing it with

her sweet-tinged cream. Jeff has to lick that away, too. It reminds him of the sweet pussy he just lost to Quentin.

Finally, Jeff brings his lips back from Kelly's plump mound. "Your whore's pussy is licked clean now, my Queen," Jeff tells me in an embarrassed, muted voice.

I smack him on the back of the head. Just like Gibbs does on NCIS. A good little smack to make sure I have his attention. "You only licked away a third of the mess, you worthless *male!*" I say "male" as if I'm speaking of the most disgusting thing on Earth. I grab Jeff's head and shove it straight at Quentin's slightly hard cock. "Suck your cum off my dickless toy's... whatever that little thing is!" I shove a little harder, feeling the sudden hardening of Jeff's neck muscles as he resists. I win. Jeff's lips bump against the tip of Quentin's cock.

Jeff very reluctantly opens his mouth wide. Quentin doesn't move. He stands with his hands still locked behind him. He purrs a light, but thoroughly disgusted "Ew!" under his breath. I'll bet he's hoping that I don't hear it.

Jeff tentatively takes the very tip of Quentin's cock into his mouth. Now that Quentin's cock is mostly soft, it's only about three inches long. It doesn't take long for Jeff to draw the entire length of Quentin's shaft into his mouth. And with it floppy, it's easy for him to do. It doesn't even get near his throat. Jeff starts sucking hard, letting his tongue brush along the underside of the loose shaft as he draws his lips over it, squeegeeing the cums off of it.

Quentin mutters another "Ew..." Then he can't stop himself from purring a light "Mmm." His cock doesn't know who's sucking it clean. Nor does it care. A mouth is a mouth, at least up until Quentin feels the wiry hairs of Jeff's beard and mustache against his pubes. That's too masculine. There's no telling himself that it's not another man sucking him.

Jeff releases Quentin's cock. It still sparkles, but now only with a fine film of Jeff's saliva, not with any of the cum. "dickless's dick is completely clean, my Queen... I sucked all of my cum off of it." Jeff sounds utterly humiliated to announce that he's sucked a cock.

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I give him another swat on the back of his head. "You still have one mess to clean up, fuck doll." I shove his head down, pushing it towards the small puddle of cum that ran from Kelly's pussy. Jeff gets the hint. He leans over, almost falling without the use of his hands. He ends up putting his shoulders to the floor to brace himself. Then he licks my floor clean. He licks up all of the cum. His. Quentin's. Kelly's honey. Not that there's any way to separate them. HE rises back up to his knees and tells me he licked his cum off the floor.

I tell Kelly to stand up now, no one else wants that sloppy skank pit she's trying to pass off as a pussy. Kelly stands, putting her hands behind her back. I send her to stand beside Quentin.



Chapter 07: Last Place - The Booby/Booty Prize

"On your feet, fuck doll, it's time for your booby prize, loser!" I tell Jeff with a good amount of taunting amusement in my voice. It should be enough to tell him that it's not going to be a prize. It's going to be amusing for me. Not for him.

Jeff rises to his feet. His face tells me that he's caught the tone of my voice. He knows he's in for "it" now. Then again, any experienced sub would know it. He lost a contest for his Mistress. There are always "consequences" for the loser. Mistresses like winners.

I look Jeff in the eyes. "Did you like sucking your cum off of your son's cock?"

Jeff cringes. He blushes, just slightly, too. "Yes, my Queen... I was glad you allowed me to clean my mess off of it for him, Ma'am." I suspect he added the last more for Quentin than anything, hoping to ease the boy's mind that his father didn't actually like sucking his cock.

I'm tempted to ask Quentin if he liked having another man cum into his cock. I'm sure that was a first for him. It would be for most any man. It let him feel Jeff's hot cum shooting powerfully into a very sensitive part of his body. Just like a woman feels when a guy shoots his cum into her pussy. And he even got to feel the sticky warmth of it lingering inside him! If he ever thinks about it, he'll realize just how feminizing that was. A man just came into his genitals. But I won't ask him. At least not yet. I suddenly have a much better idea.

"Since you obviously can't be a *male*, let's see if you can manage to be something lower than a male. A hole in the wall." I tell Jeff. Then I tell him to bend over the table. His face falls. I'm sure he can guess, at least roughly, what's coming next. With that same reluctant look on his face, Jeff slowly leans over. He assumes the same position that Kelly was just in.

He might not have a pussy to display, but he does have a stiff cock jutting straight down between his wide-spread legs. And he has a decent-sized pair of balls dangling down loose in their sack behind it. Or in front of it from this view. They hang far enough down to cover about half of his shaft, maybe a little more. He has a pair of mercifully hairless cheeks. They're not especially firm. Nor are the too-well-rounded. They

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appear to have slightly straight sides to them. As if his hips have no curve to them. Then again, he is a man, so a feminine curve to hips would look a little... effeminate and gay. His cheeks have a bit of looseness to them, but not so much as to look flabby. Just enough to look well sat upon. It contrasts with the generally strong tone of the rest of his body.

Jeff also a slightly large asshole. His is pinkish, with a faint purple tinge to it. It funnels inward, very slightly. It has a decently dense line of hair running up his crack, along the inside edges of his cheeks, and parting around his ring. As he leans over, his cheeks are firm enough to part and allow his crack to open. To show off that asshole. To let me see the fair-sized swatch of pink flesh, and the countless wrinkles, neither faint nor too prominent, lining it, all of them flowing in towards a small, dark line. It lets me see that his asshole is cinched tight now.

I suspect mom and I are the only ones looking at it. I doubt Kelly cares much, I'm sure she's seen it a few times before. And I'm very sure that Quentin does not want to see his father's asshole. I'd bet, after fucking her, all Quentin wants to see is more of Kelly's naked body. But I have an idea for that, as well. Keep reading.

"Ooh... that's a big old anus!" I coo out tauntingly as I look closely at it. And I make sure that Jeff sees me looking closely at it. "slave, I believe this calls for a number 10 wide," I say overly-sweetly.

Sophie gasps as if horrified. "Yes, Mistress!" She quickly answers. She might be pretending to be horrified, but she's not. She knows this toy. I've used it on her tiny bottom a few times. It drove her to a very exhausting orgasm. She hurries over to the cabinet.

I've asked Sophie to bring me a strap-on dildo. This one, I call a number ten, because its shaft is ten inches long. It's made of stiff black latex. I'm pretty sure there's something inside it to keep it stiff. Like the hardest of cocks. It's black. It was the only color it came in. It's shaped like a realistic penis. It has a fat, bulbous head that slightly squishy atop the rigidly hard shaft. It even has fake veins lining it for texture. And it's rather wide. It's two inches across at its widest point, the ridge at the bottom of the fake head. Its shaft is just a little narrower.

Jeff obediently stares ahead at the wall. He can't see what I have Sophie bring me. But the others can. Kelly stares at it, her eyes telling me it would make her a little nervous to think it was going to be used on her. Especially in her bottom. But I've seen her asshole now, too. Hers is smaller and tighter. It's puckered outward slightly. Its flesh is light pink and especially wrinkly, but with faint, gentle wrinkles lines flowing over it. And I can see the lines of her ring of muscle, telling me that her muscle has some firmness to its tone. Quentin stares at the cock wide-eyed and horrified. As if he's actually afraid for what his father is obviously about to have to endure. After a second, I see some relief creep onto his face as he realizes just how close he came to losing the contest. And being the one about to get this toy.

I strap it on over my slacks. I never allow toys to see me undressed, except for the rare occasions where I use them to pleasure myself. And then I take great care not to let them see my breasts, my pubes, my pussy, or my bottom. Only Sophie, and rarely Paige, Elisha, or Dawn, get to see that. But there is something to be said for six or eight strong, manly hands gently kneading the soreness from my muscles. Luckily for me, I can trust Sophie to very closely watch those male hands and make sure they only do what I want them to do.

I have Sophie put a little smear of lubricating gel on the top half of the fake cock's fake head. Sophie is stingy with the lube. I guess she doesn't like losers either. I'm sure she just wants this to be as unpleasant as Jeff deserves for it to be. To Sophie, disappointing me is the worst thing that anyone could ever do. If I'd have left it up to Sophie, she would have picked the largest strap-on that I own.

I put the rounded tip of the fake cock flush against the ring of Jeff's asshole. It's huge by comparison. It covers his asshole completely. It covers all of the pink flesh around it, too. Looking into his crack now, it looks as if he doesn't even have an asshole in it. Just the valley of his crack with my toy pressing against it.

I start pushing, using a gentle pressure at first that I steadily increase. It gives Jeff a chance to relax and accept the inevitable. For the first instant, I feel nothing but the unyielding walls of firmness as

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Jeff resists the invasion. It will quickly yield, whether it wants to or not. As I increase the pressure a tiny bit, I feel Jeff pushing back against the shaft. That tells me he's forcing himself to relax. That mom has taught him to ease the entry. He pushes hard, with all the strength his muscles can manage. His asshole pushes onto the rounded, tapering tip of the cock. His asshole has nowhere to go. The cock isn't moving. It starts stretching wide, turning rubbery as it opens. The beveled head of the cock presses into the rubbery ring, stretching it even wider, allowing even more of the head to push forward. Soon the taut, and now wrinkle-free, pink flesh atop his ring is surrounding the expanding sides of the head.

"UGH-OWWW!" Jeff grunts loudly, his grunt quickly giving way to a slightly girly screech. It's the point where the dildo is stretching his asshole to the widest, and beginning to slip through his ring. Stretched to widest, his muscle has been pulled taut, and that has his ring thinned to almost nothing. Maybe half of its normal ¼" thickness.

The head of the cock slips through his asshole, and right into his bottom. Now it's stretching his rectum just as wide. That's not so uncomfortable for him. His rectum is nothing more than a paper-thin layer of smooth muscle that stretches fairly easily. It mostly makes him feel way-too-full as if he needs to run for a toilet. But it's not waste filling him. It's cock.

My dildo keeps slipping forward into his bottom. Jeff keeps grunting strained "UGH...OW!s" whiny groans as pushes deeper and deeper into his bottom. I ignore him. He disappointed me by losing. Now he's going to get his "reward" for losing.

I push all of the dildo into his bottom, stopping only when my slacks and hips are flush against his bare cheeks. Just as the tip of the dildo reaches its deepest point, I hear Jeff grunt out a loud, pained "OW!" And suck in a sharp breath. It tells me that the length is perfect. For a loser. The tip of it is pushing against the very back of his rectum, where it's unpleasant for him.

I reverse my stroke. Not out of mercy for him. Because it's time to reverse it. I pull the dildo slowly back out of his bottom, watching the

black shaft emerge from his pink ring, seeing it pulling the taut flesh out a bit as it slips out through the clenching ring of muscle. I back out until only the head of the cock remains in his bottom. But I leave that head fully inside him, past the ring of muscle. Then I reverse the stroke again, steadily pushing the dildo back into his bottom. All the way until I hear the pained grunt again, my hips bumping against his soft cheeks.

I start stroking him steadily. Not ramming it into his bottom, but using the same steady rhythm that I insist my slaves use for everything. A leisurely stroke. One that lets the other fully feel the stroke. The sensations of, in this case, the huge hard shaft pushing into the very depths of his bottom. And stroking his bottom. Fucking his bottom the same way men like to do to us girls.

I resist the urge to speed up and pound him like the loser he is. I want him to feel the sensations of being stroked. I want him to feel that cock fucking his bottom. To know that he's being fucked in his bottom. Not to just grunt from a hard pounding.

Jeff groans out a hard "UH!" as I push each stroke of the cock into his bottom. Then he grunts a very hard, "OW!" as it bumps the back of his rectum. That's followed by a relieved, but still uncomfortable, "UHM!" as the cock starts pulling from his bottom. With each thrust I see him bracing himself against the table, too. And gripping it hard as the cock reaches the depths of its stroke.

It doesn't take too long. No more than about half of a minute. His grunts are still hard. But a deep, throatiness starts creeping into them, especially the grunts as I thrust into his bottom and pull from it. Not so much the harder grunts as it hits its deepest. It's a deep throatiness. A manly one. But one that also has an unmistakable neediness to it.

At the shallowest point of my stroke, I glance down under the shaft. It lets me see his balls bouncing around from the firm thrusts. It also lets me see his cock. It's now fully stiff again, despite his having cum no more than half of an hour ago. It's twitching, but very lightly. It's bouncing as his balls bump against it, too.

I keep going, steadily stroking his bottom. Just as steadily, but a little slower, his grunts take on more and more of that throaty

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neediness. Soon it's clear to all that can hear them that Jeff is getting hotly aroused by the huge cock in his bottom.

Mom steps around to the other side of the table. She just glances at me, her eyebrow raised. It's her way of being polite. Now that she's formally given these toys to me, they're mine. It's now my choice what's done with them, not hers. She's asking if she may join in. I smile. It's my way of saying "they'll enjoy two mistresses twice as much as one."

Jeff has his head sort of up. He's obediently staring at the wall, as he knows he must. But he does have his chin resting on the table. Mom grabs Jeff's head and lifts it up. She leans over and stares right into Jeff's wide eyes. He grunts away. I keep right on going.

"I always knew you enjoyed being used for a whore!" Mom tells him in a rather mocking voice. "You really like being able to convince yourself that you're a higher life form, such as a whore, just because you have that huge dick fucking your butt, don't you fuck doll?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jeff answers.

"Too bad you didn't behave. You could have had the glory hole, instead of being the glory hole." Mom laughs. "You really want to cum now, don't you fuck doll?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jeff answers with a grunt.

Mom reaches under the table and uses the tips of her fingers to tease along the length of his dangling cock. It immediately starts twitching crisply, jumping around, against her fingers. "Oh, that little dildo is just so eager! Would you like one of these worthless playthings to help you out and give it just a tiny little stroke?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"I suppose you'd really like it if I had dickless stroke it for you. Would you like to feel your son's strong, manly, grip as his hand wraps around that throbbing hard cock and strokes it?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jeff grunts out hard, his voice strained from the thrusts, but even more, pleading with mom, and me, for that relief.

"I suppose that would be fair... Since you jerked his tiny dick earlier that we let him jerk your dick for you now. Do you really want dickless to stroke that cock in his hard, manly, strong grip, fuck doll?"

"Yes, Ma'am... Please Ma'am, may he please be allowed to jack my dick for me, Ma'am?" Jeff begs.

"Oh, but you always came so quickly, just like an eager little boy, when glory hole stroked your cock. Don't you want her light, delicate grip to wrap around your cock and stroke it softly?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jeff grunts out eagerly.

"Pick one, fuck doll. Do you want glory hole's soft feminine hand or dickless's strong masculine hand to rub that cock slowly, stroke it, and make it cum?" Mom asks him.

Jeff grunts hard. That's my doing. I put a little extra power into the stroke, at the end of it, thrusting the tip of the dildo a little harder against the back of his rectum. "I don't care, Ma'am!" Jeff cries out in the instant between his hard grunt and his sweeter sultry purr.

"No," Mom snaps firmly, "I said pick one, fuck doll."

Jeff grunts hard. I keep that little extra power in the end of my strokes. He must like it. He's grunting so uncomfortably for me! I'm already looking down, watching his bottom as my hips bump against his globes. Watching his cock and balls bouncing around.

"May dickless please jack my dick for me as I did his earlier, Ma'am?" Jeff very uncomfortably grunts out. He blushes deeply. His voice is slightly hushed, as much as it can hush with him grunting so hard. And it's utterly humiliated to have asked.

He must be more humiliated than he's been yet tonight. It shows. He's so humiliated that I see a tiny droplet of his cum drip from the tip of his cock and fall to my floor! He should know better. Cumming on my floor like some... filthy man!

"No." I firmly say. Instantly I see mom grin wide. I'll bet she wanted to be the one to tell him he wasn't going to get to cum. She didn't have to ask me. She knows I wouldn't let him cum like this. She's read too many of my private stories. She knows the most Jeff has to hope for is to be allowed to masturbate after I'm done with his butt. Or to fuck the hole in my wall if he's especially well behaved.

"What makes you think I'd allow a disgusting *male* to have the pleasure of another *male* masturbating his cock for him? Especially a

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male who is so disgusting as to let his cock drip his filthy cum all over my castle floor. What are you, some kind of a freaky pervert who gets just so excited at the thought of getting fucked in your butt by a huge cock while your *son* plays with your dick? You disgust me. You are by far the filthiest thing to ever litter up my dungeon! I have just the thing to teach you manners, fuck doll. Clearly, you haven't suffered enough. More torture it is!" I scold Jeff in a harsh, cold, stern voice.

I give his bottom one last thrust of the dildo. I guess five or six minutes of it is long enough. It's clearly about all Jeff can stand without cumming. I make this thrust hard, ramming the dildo hard for the last inch. Jeff grunts out with the pain. His cock twitches hard, tossing another droplet of cum onto my floor, too. I guess he likes it hard. I'll remember that.

I pull the dildo all the way out of his bottom. Jeff breathes out a deep, and frustrated, sigh as it pulls from his asshole. It leaves his asshole gaping wide as it slowly cinches back to closed.

I don't even wait for it to close up. I grab Jeff's shoulder and pull him up as I snap a crisp order for him to turn around and drop to his knees.

Jeff moves quickly, dropping to his knees in the most demure manner I've seen from him yet. He hangs his head slightly even before he's all the way down. He grunts slightly as sits back, letting me know that his asshole is a little sore after the huge shaft.

"Clean your filth off my cock, fuck doll," I snap in a steely hard voice that leaves no doubt that any hesitation will earn him agony.

"Yes, my Queen," Jeff answers in a throaty, but a very humbled voice. He stretches his mouth wide, his eyes nervously locked on the large shaft. He puts his lips to the tip of the dildo. HE starts slowly taking the cock into his mouth.

I can see the muscles straining hard, pulled overly-taut, at the corners of his jaw and down into his neck, from stretching his mouth this wide. I'd bet this is the biggest cock he's ever had in his mouth. Even counting fake ones, like this one.

Jeff steadily lets the cock push into his mouth. It doesn't take long. The head of it is barely into his mouth before I see him craning and stretch out his neck. It straightens out the bend at the back of his mouth, letting the cock push toward his throat in a straight line. It's the same trick sword swallows use.

A second later I see the sides of his neck, just below the bottom of his jaw, starting to push outward as the thick cock pushes into his throat and stretches it wider than ever. Steadily, more and more of his throat stretches so widely. It pushes out against his neck, the bulge working its way down his neck.

I feel the spasms of his choking racking his body. But Jeff works through it, keeping the cock pushing into his throat. And he keeps going. Steadily holding his choking in check as the cock stuffs his throat. He takes it all, his eyes wide, little tears in the corners of them, his lips flush against the leather support at the base of the strap-on. The leather that's directly atop my pubes.

Kelly doesn't look too surprised. I guess she's seen him suck a cock before. Or at least one of mom's dildos. I have no doubt he's sucked plenty of them. But Quentin looks astonished and disgusted, to see his father with such a huge cock in his mouth. Sucking it like a woman should be doing. Not a man. I'm going to have fun teaching Quentin a few things.

Jeff slowly releases the cock from his mouth. As it slips from his lips, he pants a few fast breaths to get air back into his lungs. Stuffing his throat that full cuts off his ability to breathe.

"You like that, don't you fuck doll? Sucking my huge cock, fresh from your filthy little butt! Could you taste your filthy butt on my cock, fuck doll?"

"Yes, my Queen," Jeff answers, his voice as throaty and needy as ever. And as humbled. His cock is still stiff and twitching, too.



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It took me several long minutes, and more than several light taps of my crop, to get Jeff's cock soft. It, and he, is just too excited for that. He is way too eager to cum.

But I needed it soft. It's the only way it will fit in the chastity tube. I'm using one of the harder-to-bear chastity tubes on Jeff. It's also one of the widest, to accommodate his thick cock. This type of tube is just a simple, and thin-walled, piece of clear plastic rigid pipe. It's curved, holding his cock bent at a right angle. That's why I needed it soft, or at least floppy, to put it in the tube.

The tube has four thick, heavy plastic tie straps threaded through it. They're all neon pink, a color that wasn't easy to find them in! There's one at the top of the tube that's long enough to circle around his waist. There are two more at the bottom corners, one to loop around each thigh, riding right in the crease of it. The fourth strap is in the middle of the tube, along the bottom, and wraps around the top of his sack, holding his balls flush to the underside of the tube, in the bend of it. There's also a piece of fine wire mesh in the open end of it. That will allow him to pee, but not to get anything into the tube.

Mom doesn't use these tubes often. She prefers a more traditional chastity belt for her toys. But I'm eviler, so I tend to favor the tubes. The biggest, and best, part of the tubes for me is that they cradle his cock in that U-bend. It won't allow his cock to get hard. His cock will definitely try to get hard. But long before it gets there, no more than halfway to stiffness, as his cock tries to straighten out, the hard plastic won't allow it to. His swelling cock will just strain against the tube. It will throb uncomfortably for him. It would already be aching. It's aching now for its release. Eventually, the throbbing will make his cock lose interest in stiffening, and it will go soft again.

And then there's embarrassment he'll feel. The way it holds his cock, he'll have to sit down to pee. Only then will the tip of his cock be pointing downward. Sit to pee, as a girl does. Otherwise, if he stands, the tip of his cock is pointing more back, behind him, under his balls, than down. There's no peeing like that.

And there's no taking the tube off of his cock. To do so, he'd have to cut to the straps. He could, I'm sure he could find a knife. But he wouldn't get any more of those straps and I know what he'd done. He would pay so dearly for that. I would humiliate him to tears. Literally.

Naturally, there's no sex of any kind. That's kind of the idea of a chastity tube. There's also just no getting to his cock. Not only won't he be having any kind of sex, but he also won't be masturbating either. He isn't even able to move the tube over his cock and stroke himself with it. All he can do is let his cock lie untouched in the tube, regularly throbbing as it strains to get stiff and can't. He can't even get a finger, or anything else, in the tube to touch his cock.

There's nothing that anyone else can do for him, either. Nothing Kelly could do, no matter how much she wants to, to get to his cock, or stroke it with anything, to offer it a little relief.

I scold Jeff for his shameless, and rather disgusting, display of "obscene male pervert-hood." I remind him several times that he dripped cum on my floor, while I was using his bottom as if he were a girl. Or a sissy flaming faggot, words that I only use because they make him cringe. I am, after all, bisexual, so I have no room to judge others for their sexuality, do I? It doesn't stop me from using it to mock Jeff, though.

Then I tell him the rest of his punishment. He will be wearing that tube until Sunday at 9:00 am. That's when he will return here. Only I may remove that tube since I put it on. Until then, he'll just have to think about behaving. And he will be behaving since nothing can get to his cock to offer it any relief.

Jeff cringes hard when he hears his punishment. He looks horrified as well as if I've just condemned him to a fate worse than death. And he hasn't even heard the rest of it yet!

I tell them all that since "dickless" won the joust, dickless gets another prize. He gets Kelly for the next three days, starting right now. Kelly is to be his girlfriend. He is to be her boyfriend. They're to behave as a long-time couple would. Both are to be very good partners for the other. They're to be a real couple, not just pretend to be. They are to

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actually get to know each other as if they were a couple. They're to do things exactly as any married couple would.

There's more. Quentin will be staying at Kelly's house. Jeff is not allowed to go near Kelly's house. Nor is he allowed to call either of them. If he happens to see either of them on the street, or anywhere else, he must go the other way and not approach them. He must leave, not them. He's the one who couldn't behave. He's to leave "the happy couple" to be a happy couple.

Quentin will be leaving with Kelly, and they'll have a head start before Jeff heads home. Jeff will be leaving with mom, who will drive him back. They both rode here with her. By the time Jeff gets to the house, Quentin is to have gotten what he needs for the three days, and be gone. He's not to return. Or to call. Even when he knows Jeff won't be there.

I make up one more rule, mostly to keep any topics that I know will prove rather uncomfortable from coming up. None of them are allowed to discuss anything that happened here. Or happens here. Ever. Nor are they permitted to discuss anything that they do with each other, while "playing house." Jeff may not ask either about their time together, ever. And neither may bring anything up, about anything, from the time they play house. Not just now. Every time. No matter who is playing house with whom.

Since I know all of them have missed their supper by coming here, I tell Quentin that he can pretend to be a man. On the way home, after stopping for his things, he will take his girlfriend out for supper. He will pick the restaurant. He will order for her. She will eat what he buys her. He's not to ask her anything. Not where she'd like to go. Not even what likes. He's to make the choices for her. She's to accept whatever he decides. And like it.

They're to go to her house and stay there. Bedtime is 10:00 and it's getting close to that. They are to sleep together, naked, in the same bed, like lovers. Not on opposite sides of the bed. Cuddle close as lovers. There will plenty of touching and kissing, but that's all. NO sex tonight. Quentin has already had his sex for the night. No one cares if a

glory hole gets any pleasure or not, only that it provides a receptacle for cum.

In the morning, Kelly is to wake him with her very best blow job. She will swallow his cum. They will shower together. Sweetly. He will choose her clothes for her. She will wear whatever he likes to see her in. She will make him breakfast. He will eat it. Maybe by then, she'll know him well enough to guess what he likes. They will go to work and school.

Then they will come right home. Kelly is to make sure that Quentin has his own key, so he can come and go as he needs to. Kelly is to make them supper.

At 8:00 pm, they are to call me. They will tell me about their day, and answer whatever questions they're asked. When they call, both are to be fully nude, side by side, on their knees, on the living room floor. I will decide if I wish my glory hole used, and how I wish it used. Dickless will use it however I fancy. If I fancy.

Since they are boyfriend and girlfriend for these three days, they are free to call each other as often as they like. To see each other during the day, chastely. To text. Even to sext. But only while they are a couple.

I add one more rule. In this Queendom, couples share everything. Thus the two of them have no privacy from each other. Or me. There will be no secrets. No topics are off-limits, except those I've said are. They may ask each other whatever they wish, and an honest answer will be given. I don't care if it's invasive or embarrassing, or whatever. There are also to be no closed doors in her house. Only the front door, obviously. Every other door is to remain fully open at all times, no matter what's going on behind it. Even the bathroom door.

And while they're a couple, everything is both of theirs. It's not Kelly's apartment, it's theirs. It's not Kelly's TV, it's theirs. It's not even Kelly's vibrator hidden in her panty drawer. It's theirs. They're to share everything. Without any complaints. O allow only one exception, Kelly's cat. Sophie assures me that cats chose their humans, not the other way around, so the cat will choose it's human or humans. I'd never impose on

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a cat, even though I'm a dog person. Unlike Sophie who is an anything with fur person. Or feathers. Or scales.

I ask both if they understand the rules.

"Yes, my Queen," Kelly answers. Her voice tells me a lot. She doesn't like the rules. Mostly, I think, because it assures her another 24 hours before she gets her relief. But she's been naughty. Her glowing red bottom should still be reminding her of that. I remind her, too. Her voice tells me that she accepts her fate. And I hear just enough excitement in her voice to tell me that she's going to enjoy being my peasant bitch.

I'd bet she's always thought Quentin was handsome. At least in her cougar sort of way. But she's always seen him as Jeff's son, and thus off-limits. Besides, Mistress didn't allow her to flirt with him. Now, suddenly, she's being thrust into not just flirting with him, but she's suddenly his girlfriend. And he's going for it.

"Yes, my Queen," Quentin answers. His voice tells me that he is rather nervous about things. Not so much about playing house with Kelly, I think he's rather anxious to find out how good she is in bed. I know he was thrilled with her hot, very wet, pussy. I think he's more nervous that soon, like maybe Sunday, he's going to be doing more unusual things. Like letting his father cum inside his cock. Or suffering a very painfully red bottom as Kelly is now. But I can tell he's eager enough to play house with Kelly. So I won't have trouble out of him for the next few days.

I have Sophie fetch their clothes. I had Elisha slip out into the hall as soon as I sent her out of the playroom and retrieve Kelly's clothes from the trash. I give Kelly's clothes to Quentin and Quentin's clothes to Kelly. I tell them to dress each other.

Quentin goes first, dressing Kelly. She stands demurely still as he puts her clothes onto her body. HE lets his hands roam over her body, touching her. At first, it's little touches. Then, seeing that he isn't getting in trouble, he gets a few good feels in on her breasts and bottom.

Kelly is just as affectionate when she dresses Quentin. Her hands are all over his bottom. And his balls. His cock, too, but more his balls.

I have Sophie go in Kelly's purse and get her keys out. I give them to Quentin, telling him it's the man's place to drive, not the woman's. She might be old enough to be, but she's not his mom driving him around. I give them both a card with my contact information on it and tell them they're to call at eight tomorrow, no other time unless it's a real emergency. I don't remind them about being punctual. Kelly's bottom can remind them of that.

I have Sophie show them out.

Then I have Sophie fetch Jeff's clothes and give them to mom. Since she's taking him home, she'll decide when he gets to dress. I make sure he has a card with my contact info on it as well. And mom reminds him that he now belongs to me. There's no reason why he should ever think of calling her again. Unless I tell him to, that is.

I invite mom to join me for a cup of coffee. She accepts. It will give Quentin a few minutes of a head start to get home before she leaves here with Jeff. She leaves Jeff nude. Jeff serves her. Sophie serves me. Then she allows him to dress, making him wear his underwear on the outside of his pants just to remind him how naughty he's been today.

Mom comments to me that she's never seen anything like what Jeff did. She never thought about making one man cum inside another man's cock. But she liked the idea. She's going to tell our Domme friends about it. And she can already think of a toy who needs a good spurt of cum deep inside his cock, too.

"That got me so horny," Mom comments, almost to herself.

"You're welcome to borrow the newbie bitch. Her tongue is an excellent vibrator," I offer mom.

Mom pauses for a second. Then she turns her eyes to Elisha. Elisha is still nude, wearing nothing but her collar and ankle chains. Mom walks over to Elisha and tells her to open her mouth wide. Then she tells Elisha to show her what her tongue can do. Elisha sticks her tongue out,

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then begins slowly swirling it around an imaginary point. Rhythmically and tenderly.

Mom reaches out and puts her hands to Elisha's bare breast. She gives it a couple of firm, but gentle squeezes. She runs her finger over Elisha's hard nipple. Mom reaches down and does the same with Elisha's spongy bottom.

"It'll do, I guess. Does it have fresh batteries in it?" Mom coyly asks me.

"It does. Bunny Batteries. Just makes sure it gets to school by eight tomorrow."

"I guess I can be done by then..." Mom sighs out. She grabs Elisha's dress off the table where mom left it when she undressed Elisha. She tosses the dress to Elisha. "You won't need anything else, newbie."

"Yes, Queen Mother," Elisha answers and pulls the dress over her head.

Barefoot, in just the dress, without her purse or anything else, and still wearing the leg irons, Elisha shuffles out after mom. The chains rattle nicely.



Epilogue: The Three-Day Couple

Thursday night, Quentin and Kelly call me right on time. Almost to the second. I immediately have Kelly, the one with the phone in her hand, turn on the video call and show me that they're obediently nude, in her living room, and on their knees. They are. And to my delight, they're very close to each other.

Quentin tells me that he was very pleasantly surprised to discover that Kelly was easily able to swallow all of his cock, just as Jeff did with the dildo. He never expected to know a woman who could that. And he liked it. He says she woke before him and when he woke, his cock was down Kelly's throat. It was the "best wake-up ever."

I ask them each questions about the other. Things that a good partner should know, but that they otherwise wouldn't. Kelly seems to have gleaned a little more about Quentin than he has about her. I deem her the better behaved of the worthless peasants. Thus she gets the reward tonight. Quentin is to eat her pussy for at least fifteen minutes. Only then may she cum. In the morning, Kelly is to wake Quentin with her pussy, and I expect his cock to be fully inside her before he begins to wake.

Friday night they again call in on time. Kelly tells me that "lasting fifteen minutes with his tongue on her throbbing pussy" was next to impossible for her, but she managed. Quentin tells me he only worried that the neighbors would be calling the police. Kelly was screaming that loudly. And hotly. He found that very erotic and arousing. It "really bit" not to be able to cum. But he didn't. Kelly was "a vixen," and teased him shamelessly that night. She did everything imaginable to him, even licking his cock (which is allowed) but stopping short of suck it (which isn't allowed). She even rubbed the sloppy wet mound of her pussy over his cock. He ached badly when he finally fell asleep. But then she woke him in the morning with her pussy. When he woke, Kelly was straddling him and riding his cock hard. He tells me that it's a good thing he woke when he did because soon afterward, Kelly was screaming again. She obediently held her orgasm until he had his.

Epilogue: The Three-Day Couple

They've both tried hard to get to know each other well. and intimately well. I still think Kelly has gleaned a little more out of him than he has out of her, but it's close enough. I tell them that they may have sex tonight. They will do it with Kelly on her hands and knees. And Quentin had better last at least fifteen minutes before cumming so that Kelly can "wear her tonsils out screaming her enjoyment of it." If he lasts, Kelly will wake him with a blow job. If he doesn't, he will wake her with his tongue.

Saturday night, they're again on time calling in. They report that Quentin just barely managed to hold out for the fifteen minutes. He tells me it was next to impossible for him. But it was also rather good when he finally did cum. He didn't last nearly as long in the morning when Kelly woke him up again. He really likes that. I knew he did. I thought that might encourage him to last the full fifteen minutes.

And again, both have gotten to know each other fairly well by now. Quentin tells me that, for the first time, he accidentally walked in on Kelly while she was sitting on the toilet. He was embarrassed. She wasn't. She told him that he's her boyfriend. He's had her pussy. She's not embarrassed for him to see her pee. My "no shut doors" policy. She told him to stay while she finished up and "keep her company." they talked.

I decide to give them a treat. I tell Quentin that he's to take Kelly to bed right now. He's to carry her in there, like a man carrying his wife over the threshold. He's to lie her on the bed, on her side. He's to spoon behind her. He's to put his cock in her bottom. They're to have anal sex. Quentin is to make it last a full half-hour, no matter what he has to do to last that long. except of course stop. He's not to do that under any circumstances. And then, he is to cum into her bottom. They're to remain nude until it's time to come here for their Sunday session.

And after their anal sex, Kelly is to keep a very close eye on his cock. She's not to allow it to get hard. If it starts getting hard, she's to suck it immediately. She's to wake him with a blow job.

2 Plus 3

Just before they leave, Quentin is to eat Kelly's pussy for fifteen minutes, right at the door. Then Kelly may cum. If, when Kelly has finished cumming, Quentin's cock is hard, and she is the arbiter of hardness, not Quentin, she is to ask Quentin to fuck her. Standing up, with her back against the door. As soon as Quentin cums, they are to step out that door and not reenter the house. Quentin is to bring her here for the session.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Her Story: "Sophie's First Time."



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Her Story: "Paige: College Girl To Slave"



Whore"

Newbie Slut-Bitch ("Elisha")

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'7"	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38

Her Story: "Georgia Girl."



Mistress Diane ("Mom")

Age	Height	Weight
43	5'7"	
Hair	Eyes	
Blond	Green	