



Making The Odd Threesome
Mistress Pepper's Way

Making The Odd Threesome

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I. Meeting New Toys

My live-in slave-girl Sophie is a Freshman at Bishop State College, a moderately-sized-at-best community college here in Mobile for those whose grades are just shy of getting into the far more popular and prestigious USA. Or for those returning to school after an absence. Any number of things. It's a fairly typical community college by Alabama standards, which is to say that about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the student body is enrolled with a declared major of GED. What can I say, with the exception of our state universities, Alabama isn't known for education. Or much else.

Sophie is a true slave. Which means that she isn't really able to think of herself, but is laser-focused on pleasing her Mistress: me. I don't make any secret of my lifestyle. I don't hide anything, although I generally don't flaunt anything either. But I do send Sophie to school with her collar on. It's adorable. It's pastel green, soft leather, and has a very frilly white lace trim to it. And fair-sized padlock securing it to her neck. Oh, and the shiny dog tag that marks her as "Property of Miss Rodgers," as well as offering a reward if she's found.

Her first day at school and everyone knew about that collar. The boys loved it, and she still gets asked out almost daily, even though she tells them all that she's not allowed to accept, they have to ask me. Most of the girls think it's rather trashy of her. But everyone knows exactly how she lives her life. It doesn't help her popularity with the girls any that she gets near-perfect marks on everything, which she eagerly admits is the result of "my Mistress' strict nightly study sessions," where anything less than a perfect answer earns her bottom a tap from my crop.

There are always a few on-campus who keep pestering her for an introduction to me. Sometimes it's guys who want to take her out, not that there's that great of a chance I'd let them. A date would be a reward Sophie would have to be exceptionally good for me to even consider. But there are a few others whose reasons for wanting to meet me are less clear. And that's not counting the many who really just want invitations to one of my rather mythical parties. Mythical because, according to campus

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lore, everyone knows how wild they are, but no one can actually name anyone they know who has been to one.

The constant asking, I knew, was getting annoying for Sophie. It seemed like every day there was at least one person who wanted to talk to me. But so far, none of her teachers. I really wish community college had a parent-teacher night. Or rather a Mistress-teacher night. I would so be there.

Instead of letting Sophie get bombarded with requests, I told her to tell everyone who wanted to speak to me to write me a note. One sheet of paper only. Handwritten and very neat. Those I have to strain to read will be tossed. And if it doesn't have a name, phone number, and email address, it's guaranteed to feed my shredder. Which told me who they were, why they wanted to talk to me, and why whatever they had to offer might interest me. I tell her to let them know I will only answer the precious few that actually interest me.

She brings me several each week. Three in one day once, but lately it's about three a week. Then again, they tend to come in waves. I skim the ones that meet my criteria. The rest, feed the shredder without a glance from me. And lately, Sophie hasn't even accepted a few that so obviously wouldn't be read. If they can't follow a few simple rules, then they're not going to thrive under strict discipline.

Today's note is the second one I've gotten from the same girl, a 19-year-old named Morgan. It pretty much says the same thing as her first note did, so I give her a few points for her persistence.

Her story is pretty straight forward. She lives with her mom, the two of them have been alone together for as long as she can remember. Morgan has never had a boyfriend and only been out on a few dates. That's kind of surprising since Sophie assures me that she's a cute girl. Then again, she tells me that her mom hasn't had a date in a very long time either.

Her note catches my attention for one reason. It's as poorly written as it is well written. Morgan has perfect spelling, punctuation, and grammar. Her penmanship, while decidedly girly, is very neat. She

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wrote a full-page, front and back. But she says almost nothing about herself. Sure, she describes herself, which isn't necessary since Sophie could do that for me, and I don't much care about physical appearance as long as the sub is healthy-looking.

Reading it, I get the impression that she doesn't really know what she wants. Usually, that's when I stop reading and toss the letter. But as I read it, I get the idea that she doesn't know what she wants because she doesn't know much about any kind of intimate relationship.

She's never dared to talk directly to Sophie about Sophie's lifestyle, but Sophie has noticed her lurking a lot whenever someone else asked her about it. But in her letter, she makes several references to Sophie. Mostly to her idea of Sophie not have to think about making her partner happy, instead just being directly told what to do. It's a rather naive idea of a slave's life, at least to me. Sure, Sophie obeys me without question. But she thinks far more. The main difference between her and a "vanilla" partner being that Sophie never thinks of herself. She only thinks of me, and what I might want. I doubt she's actually capable of thinking much of herself. Because that's not what makes her happy. She's happy when she can see that she's making me very happy. What she has to do to make me so happy isn't important. Just that she makes me so happy.

Sophie tells me that Morgan is a very timid girl. She keeps to herself and studies hard. But she never participates in group discussions. Just listens to everyone and takes pages of notes. Whenever one of the boys tries to approach her, she gets even quieter. Polite, but either unwilling or unable to talk about herself. The conversation usually sticks to school work, which seems to be the one thing she can talk about.

I notice is that she keeps talking about her mother. It's that she makes any hint of a desire towards her, but more just the way she compares herself to her mom, whom she says she's very close to and doesn't want to end up like her mom, who has been alone for as long as Morgan can remember. In her words, her mom is just an older version of what Morgan is now.

Reading the letter I'm confident that Morgan isn't going to leave

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her mom all alone. Maybe I could nudge her to, maybe not. But I see a chance to raise the myth of Sophie's reputation. A chance for the word to spread even more about my cute slave girl. And despite the slutty factor to the reputation, I know Sophie loves it. So I do something I don't usually do. I email Morgan and offer her a chance to meet me. Like all such offers, it's non-negotiable, not reschedulable, and will never be re-offered. It's come or never come. And I add one condition, that she's to have her mother bring her. I include my address, but use a disappearing email account so she can't write back. She'll have to either show up or not.

She comes. She's right on time, arriving at 8:00 pm. And her mother is standing right beside her when I open the door. I invite both in and point them to a seat on the sofa, then I take my place on a love seat across from the pair.

I have no reason to tap dance around anything. My toybox is well enough stocked that I don't need any additions to it, although there is room for more toys in it. And Morgan is a very cute girl, so I can already think of many ways to amuse myself with her. Keeping my voice sweet, but now adding a little firmness to it, I instruct them to sit like ladies, not petulant teenagers when they're in my home. Without waiting for any response, I start telling them just how I want them to sit. As I'm giving directions, I watch as both hurry to follow them. In well under a minute I have both sitting fairly closely beside each other, sitting up straight, sitting with their legs crosses right over left, and sitting with their hands neatly folded in their laps, palms up.

"Slave, fetch me coffee." I don't offer either woman any. I wait in silence for the minute or so it takes for Sophie to sprint to the kitchen and come back. Now at home, I have Sophie dressed in one of her slave-maid uniforms. This one is baby blue. It's an all lace stretchy dress that barely runs from her boobs to an inch below the cheeks of her butt. Its lace does nothing to hide anything. There's a white lace apron so small it barely covers her pubes. There's a matching horseshoe clip to hold her long honey-blond hair back, fingerless gloves, and high-heeled boots made

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from stiff lace instead of leather. All of trimmed with frilly white lace. She looks exceptionally adorably cute in it and equally slutty. She kneels down beside me and offers me a fine china teacup of steaming hot coffee atop her upturned palms. I take it, and Sophie just stays there waiting for her next instruction.

The pair are both watching everything, but neither says a word. Nor does either look offended by it, as I've seen some people are. Those I never allow back over. Usually, it's the women's lib crowd, who can't seem to understand that Sophie is choosing to be on her knees. If she's truly equal and free and all that, shouldn't it be her choice to kneel if that's what she wants?

It takes me two questions to figure out that neither of these women is exactly a social butterfly. So I shift and ask questions that are very direct. The kind that can be answered "yes, Ma'am," or "no, Ma'am," a lot of the time. Both seem to have no problem answering those. Until I start creeping into more personal areas. They still easily find answers, but I can hear the embarrassed reluctance in their voices grow in direct proportion to the invasiveness of my questions. But even when I ask both when the last time they masturbated was, both give me a real answer. It's the same day, too: the night I'd emailed Morgan and she'd told her mom that I'd agreed to a meeting.

I ask Morgan first when was the last time she'd seen her mom in less than her bra and panties, and she doesn't remember it's been so long. Her mom guesses it's been a few years since she's had even a glimpse of Morgan's body. Both readily admit that they've never talked about sex or serious relationships, the closest they've come is Morgan relaying the gossip about Sophie and adding that she might "like" to meet me.

I tell both to stand without even a hint of why, and both get up, then follow my instructions to straighten up and get their hands behind them, then to wait silently and still until I tell them to do something. Neither hesitates to follow my instructions.

"Morgan, I want to see what Nancy has to offer me. Undress her and give her clothes to my slave." I tell her how I want Nancy undressed,

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then add instructions for Nancy to just stand still and allow Morgan to do everything. To neither help her nor resist her. With just a little wave, Sophie kneels beside Morgan with her hands ready for the pile of Nancy's clothes.

Morgan shirks hard. So hard I see a tremble come over her body for an instant. But she starts taking Nancy's blouse off. Nancy stands there for that. But when Morgan moves next to Nancy's bra, Nancy almost cries while she blushes so beet red and cringes. But she doesn't resist either, and soon Morgan is moving on. It takes her three or four minutes to get everything off of Nancy, folded up neat and piled on Sophie's waiting hands. With another wave from me, Sophie scurries off to put all of Nancy's things away in my file cabinet. I keep its drawers empty for just that purpose. What it does is leave Nancy with absolutely nothing. Not even the mere knowledge of where her panties are or how to get them back.

Then I tell Nancy to undress Morgan for me just the same way and sit there sipping my coffee while I watch Morgan's young body slowly bared for my eyes. It doesn't take Nancy any longer than it took Morgan, and soon Morgan's things are shut away as well, leaving both with nothing.

Nancy is larger than Morgan. She's around 5'6" and I'd guess around 150, 155 pounds. Far from fat, but definitely a "mom body" to her. One that has some wear on it from not taking great care of herself. A figure like a woman would have who's never set foot in a gym. Just enough extra pounds to give her pretty much straight sides, instead of curvy ones and a small paunch around her waist. She has light brown hair, straight and free down to her shoulders, with green eyes and a narrow mouth framed by light pink lips. She has some large boobs, I'd guess she's a 38-DD, but they're loose and droop down against her chest. They're topped with wide rings of light pink with wide, but short and well-rounded nipples at their centers. Beneath that is an unruly dark brown bush covering a pair of wide, flat, and short pussy lips. I know she's 45, but she could pass for 40, especially with her clothes on.

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Morgan is maybe 5'3" or 5'4" and I'd bet not more than 100 pounds. Maybe a few less. She's thin and lean. She has her mother's hair, worn just a few inches longer and pulled back and to the sides with a pair of rubber bands, and her mom's green eyes. But she has a wider mouth with the same lips. Her breasts are much smaller, I'd guess a 34-A, but they're exceptionally well rounded and pert. Her nipples, a hair narrower than Nancy's stick up a bit farther. She has a very lean hourglass figure over shaven pubes that show off a flat pussy mound with long, wide lips. And she has an equally hard rounded bottom, as opposed to Nancy's looser, flatter-looking cheeks that hang down around a half-inch. But it's obvious, just from looking at them, they're related.

I have both women sit again. I don't need to tell them again how to sit. Both quickly get into place just as they were, even though I imagine they're a little uneasy sitting with their naked bodies touching each other. While they sit there I tell them both the rules for my playtoys, which is essentially that I own them and can do whatever with them, whenever, wherever, with whomever, and not to think about getting anything like a reason. Just plain instructions what they are going to do. Which they will then do, or be disciplined and then do.

Neither objects. Or even looks too bothered by it. So I ask them a few more invasive questions, such as how they think it would feel to have their pussies rubbed by a woman. Mostly I just want to keep them uneasy, talking about stuff they don't want to talk about. But both admit that the idea of a woman's touch doesn't arouse them, but that it would likely feel very good and make them climax.

I give them both a homework assignment. If they desire to see me again, I offer them a *single* session which maybe a minute, or a year, long. After that, should they sufficiently amuse me and be useful little pets for me, I *may* allow them more. During their session, I will absolutely own them, their bodies, and everything else. I will do as I fancy with all of it, and I won't care what embarrasses or is uncomfortable for them. My only concern will be for my amusement, not them. I will not abide by any restrictions or limits, I will do whatever, and they will not only suffer it

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but eagerly allow it. If they wish to accept my offer, both girls will write me a separate letter – same rules – asking me to “accept their bodies for my use to amuse myself,” and acknowledging they understand that means absolutely anything can be done to them, and they’ll have no say in anything. Those letters are to be sealed in an envelope with a full set of keys to their house, and given to my slave by Friday. Other than handing that envelope to Sophie, they will never mention me again. Not even to ask Sophie if I’ve gotten their letters. Nothing at all. Pretend as if I don’t exist. When it suits me to further explore the skankiness of those homely bodies, there will be a session. They will not know when I finally get my schedule empty enough to make them a non-repulsive option. And until they see me, they are not permitted to look at any kind of porn, read erotic stories, surf adult sites, or even watch R-rated movies with nudity in them. And most definitely no masturbating or touching anyone else. No dates either. Just wait together and alone until I fancy toying with them. If their envelope isn’t in Sophie’s hands Friday, then truly forget about me. After that, I won’t see them, and Sophie will pass no more messages to me for them. Take it or leave it.

Without allowing them to answer, I have Sophie return their clothes, minus their panties and allow them both to dress. Then Sophie ushers them out. Their panties end up in labeled zip-lock bags tucked in a drawer for now. I don't collect them. I don't really care about them at all. But I'm certain the girls are thinking about going home without their panties the entire way.

Sophie brings me the letters the next day, a full day before their deadline. Both letters say what they’re supposed to, but neither is what I’d deem open about anything else. They just say what they need to say and sign them. Although Morgan takes far more words to say it. Words that add nothing. And there are keys in the envelope.

I kind of have a plan in mind for those two that will definitely amuse me. It involves Kyle, a 19-year-old boy I’ve been toying with for five weeks now. His father and new step-mother have been playtoys of my friend Olive for years. One night she asked me to do her a favor,

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which is when I met then and Kyle. Kyle had been asking her to "see" him as well as his parents; after putting him off for a few months, Olive finally left him with a single instruction: to not masturbate for a full week. He made it one day, the second he failed and Olive asked me to go visit and address that for her. It was a rather interesting session, more so because Kyle had never thought of her as his step-mom; she didn't live with them until after he was 18.

That night I used her to get every bit of cum out of him, a butt-squirming uncomfortable long series of sex acts that his father got to watch. Since then, he's been my toy while his parents remain Olive's, an arrangement everyone seems to like. Especially since both Olive and I have continued to use Christy's body to release that cock. Which makes his step-mom, or really is dad's latest wife, his only sex partner ever.

They have been five very uncomfortable weeks for Kyle. I've made him wear a male chastity belt that's like an athletic supported without the fabric to cover his bottom. But with a hard cup in front that has an equally rigid curved tube for his cock to lie in. Curved like it is, there's no way his cock can get hard in it; instead, it just strains against the tube, getting more and more uncomfortable for him, until his body gives up and it goes soft again. And it locks so he can't get it off. But he can pee with it on, the tube directing his flow downwards, which just means he has to sit like a girl to pee. Once per day Christy is allowed to remove the belt, wash the tube and his cock, then put it back on him. So long as his cock stays in either her or her husband's hand the entire time it's out of its "anti-hard-on tube."

Kyle has been suffering. After four days in that belt, he was crying when I called him. He told me just how badly he needed to masturbate, how his cock ached for a touch. But how he just couldn't get to it. I had no mercy. I've allowed him a single weekly release. The first time, as punishment for whining about the lesson I'm teaching him, his release came by Olive supervising his masturbation while his parents watched it closely. He never whined about it again, but I can tell it's killing him more and more by the day. Since he hasn't whined, Christy has been used

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to relieve him, which he definitely likes.

He's also a student a Bishop, and he's 19, just like Morgan. I wouldn't be surprised if they'd met. He's lean and wiry, with a moderately nerdy look to him, and like her, he's fairly quiet. He also has a cock that's at least eight full inches long and two inches thick. Too bad that cock couldn't be on a football player, or I'd be after it!

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00. The First Night

I wait until the following Friday. Then as soon as Kyle's final class lets out, I call him and tell him to go wait for Sophie. Which he does. She has him follow her back to my apartment since there's no room for him on Sophie's pastel pink moped. I'm sure no boy minds not having to be seen riding on that.

As soon as he gets here, I have Sophie stop him just inside the door and collect all of his things. Which leaves him in only the belt, since Sophie doesn't have the key to remove it. I do, but I don't take it off of him yet. I just take him to the playroom and cram him in my smaller dog kennel, locking him in it. Then I put a video on for him to watch of Christy swallowing his cock and sucking it dry. He hadn't a clue I'd recorded it. Two minutes of watching that, which he can't help but do crammed in that kennel, and he's crying as his cock strains hard against the tube to get stiff. I leave him there.

Nancy gets off work at five and should get home around half past if traffic is normal. It should take me about 20 minutes to drive to her house since I'm closer to the interstate than she is. She's stuck with little option but airport road, which is how Mobile defines traffic nightmare. At five I let Kyle Kyle out of his cage. After freeing his cock from the belt, I give him a pair of jeans, a button-down shirt, socks and shoes to wear and watch as he puts them on. Then I put shackles on his ankles, cuff his hands behind him and lock an iron collar around his neck. I attach a chain leash to that collar, then put a black bag over his head so he can't see anything.

Once Sophie has the car by the elevator doors and assures me the hall is clear, which is almost always is. I walk my leashed boy down to the car. My car is a Mazda Miata convertible that's been rebuilt. It has only two seats. Kyle doesn't know what I drive. I put him in the trunk and have Sophie stuff our baggage around him. Hopefully, he gets the message that he's not a person, just another toy in my luggage.

I make it to Nancy's about twenty till six, which is right when I

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wanted to get there, just a minute or two after she did. I park in the driveway and while Sophie unloads the luggage, I check to make sure there's no one watching. Then I get Kyle out of the trunk and lead him up to the door, where I let myself in with my keys.

Inside I see both girls immediately. Morgan is sitting on the sofa studying while music videos play on the TV. Nancy is in the kitchen, sitting down for a quick breather after her day. Both heads snap to me as I walk in. after a fraction of a second, eyes grow wide as they realize it's now training session time. If they had any other ideas, I'm sure the leashed boy behind me dispels them. I order both "bitches, come sit on this filthy sofa for a minute." I turn the TV off as both scurry to the sofa and sit as I've taught them to. I grin when I see they've learned what's expected and apparently are eager enough to please me.

I find a chair and sit Kyle in it. Then I have the women stand and undress, picking Morgan to go put their clothes in the hamper. "Nancy. This house is pitiful." I begin scolding her once Morgan is back sitting beside her, only naked now. In reality, the house isn't that bad, a little cluttered, but not too dirty. But it makes a good excuse for what I have in mind. "

I have Sophie undress, Kyle, unlocking only one shackle at a time to get his clothes off, then re-locking it before moving along. The bag stays over his head. Both girls, I see, notice his huge, rock-hard, and now bare cock. I sit him back down.

"You two bitches are going to learn to serve a woman like the humble, respectful, and utterly worthless little bitches you are. I'm sure you think your people or something like that. You're not. You're nothing. Nothing but a couple of pussies for me to play with. Which I imagine is the part of those bodies that have been doing all the thinking lately. I'll find out for myself.

"Slave, take... Morgan to the kitchen and start supper."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie hurries over and takes Morgan's hand. "come along, bitch." There's no malice, but no warmth either in Sophie's voice. Just business. "You'll make a wonderful supper for my Mistress!

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Your bottom depends upon it!"

It does. I'd spank her for a disappointing meal. But long before I knew the meal would be bad, Sophie would have a spatula to her bottom trying to get her making it right. Sophie isn't going to let one these girls disappoint me. Which makes her an excellent slave girl for me.

I have Nancy stand up. "stand still, bitch, I'll just check that flabby body out myself. That way you won't lie to me and try to make it sound like it's not fat!"

I wouldn't call it fat. More average for a woman her age. I don't play with fat toys, and neither does any of my friends. I start with her big boobs, hefting one up in my hand and feeling its weight. Several pounds. Which isn't a surprise for ones as big as these. I stroke it lightly, teasing it. I very tenderly tease her almost-flat nipple with my fingers to see if it will swell up more. It doesn't, but I can feel that it's as hard as a rock, just not sticking out from mound much. "What size are these flabby boobs, bitch?"

"I wear..." Nancy shyly stutters, her voice muted, "a size 38 double D bra, Ma'am." Just as I'd guessed. Then again, I've had a lot of breasts in my hands. More than most girls who don't have M.D. after their name.

I switch to checking her other breast. "Useless." I proclaim them. "These don't even have enough nipple to tease anyone!"

"This bush..." I run my fingers through her dense fur of wiry hairs. "Looks like an untamed jungle. I'll fix that. Make at least that look like a lady. Now show me your pussy, bitch." I keep talking, instructing her to turn her back to me, spread her feet wide and bend all the way over before reaching around her thighs and pulling her lips fully open.

It takes her a minute to get in place and very quietly, with a tremble to her voice, tell me "Here is my pussy, Ma'am."

The pose affords me an excellent view of her pussy. Of every bit of her pinkness, the same shade as her lips, and the sticky white-tinged honey clinging to it. Of her folds, long and narrow, more wrinkled than most with edges that aren't perfectly straight. Of her clit, swollen up a good ¾" from the knot of those folds, almost like a little cock head, but far

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narrower. There's no mistaking just how stiff that is. And I even get an excellent view of her pussy, slightly narrow compared to the rest of her body, its walls jutting a millimeter or two out past the rest of her pinkness, showing me their sticky-wet meatiness. It looks like a pussy that hasn't had much use.

I pinch her clit very lightly between a thumb and forefinger. "OOH!" Nancy squeals, her voice a couple of octaves higher, with the slightest of touch. "OH! God, OH!" she squeals out as I pinch. I rub it gently, keeping it pinched. Nancy shudders hard, goosebumps springing up on her lips and squeals "AH! OH! OH! AH!" as I tease it. I keep teasing it for a moment, and she keeps squealing.

Releasing her clit, I slip a gloved finger very slowly into her pussy. She squeals the entire time it's inching into her, her hips shuddering more with a fresh shiver. I feel her heat, which is definitely on the hot side of "on fire." And I feel her wetness, her honey being thick enough that I can feel it as my finger pushes it around. Normally I don't like thick honey, but hers is slippery enough that it will well lubricate her. I've some honey that's more sticky and wouldn't lubricate Teflon! I can smell her pussy, too. Her scent is heavy musk, with a light tinge of sweat to it. No perfume. Not bad, but a shower is so in her future. I inch my finger back out, then take my time stroking it over the insides of her lips.

"Now show me your butt, bitch." I wait impatiently while she reaches up and pulls her cheeks wide apart to reveal a small, tight ring of very wrinkly light-pink flesh. Her bush comes almost all the way back to it before quickly thinning, but still leaving a few hairs on the insides of her crack near it. Ugly! I touch the tip of a greased finger to her asshole and feel her ring almost snap to full tightness. I ignore that and spread the lube over her hole before firmly pressing the tip of my finger against it. It only takes a second for her to grunt "OW!" when her hole loosens its struggle and my very small finger stretches it wide enough to slip through. Nancy squeals "OH!-OOH!-OW!-OW!" as my finger inches into her bottom. I put all of my finger into her butt. Nancy lasts about a second, a single little poke of my finger against her insides before she

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squeals "EE-OW! Please hurry up, Ma'am!"

I swat her butt cheek hard, leaving a pink handprint. "I told you not to speak, bitch. Now I am definitely taking my time. Shut up while I poke around up your behind." And I do just that, poking everywhere at least twice, maybe three times, while Nancy stands there grunting unhappily. When I get to pushing down, against the backside of her pussy, I see those goosebumps quickly erupt on her lips with a renewed vigor despite her squealed protests. It's maybe two minutes before I ease my finger out the asshole that's clenching tightly around it. Nancy breathes a sigh of relief when it slips from her.

I have her stand up and face me. "I'm sure it's been ages since any man dared to touch that skanky body. Just how long has it been since that pussy has seen a cock?"

"Maybe ten years, Ma'am..." She answers so quietly I can barely hear her.

"Not surprising. I can't believe any man would want it." I call out for Sophie to come "swap me bitches." She hurries back, leading Morgan along by her hand, and stands her close beside Nancy. Then she takes Nancy's hand and tells her "come along, bitch, before my Mistress' chicken burns!" She doesn't waste any time getting Nancy back to the kitchen.

I look over Morgan's body the same way. And I quickly notice the pink spots on her bottom, the exact size, and the shape of a wooden spoon. I guess she needed some encouragement to get my supper tasty.

Morgan's smaller and far more youthful breasts are firm in my hand. And her nipples poke out three times as much as Nancy's do.

Morgan's clit doesn't poke up nearly as far from the wrinkly folds of her fine lips, more like half a marble above them. But it's just as rock-hard. She shrieks "OH!-OH!-MY!-GOD!" when I touch it. She shivers crisp and hard and keeps shivering away. I hold it in my gentle pinch and ask her "has *anyone* ever touched this clit before?"

"J-Just M-Me M-Ma'am," she says with a squeaky stutter hard in her voice. She screeches just as eagerly when I slip my finger into her pussy, and tells me that even she has gone "so deep" into that. Her

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shrieks quickly take on a decidedly moaning note to them before I ease my finger back out.

She displays a slight darker-shaded asshole for me. Unlike Nancy's, I can see the little ring of muscle around the pinpoint where her wrinkles disappear inside. Almost like it was puckered out, but not puckered. Just lean enough of a body that the ring of that firm muscle is defined around her tiny hole. I love the way she screeches a panicked gasp at just my touch, and keep screeching, a definite nervous tone to her voice, as I spread the lube around. Then cries out a half-pained half-scared "OHMYGOD-EE-OW!" as I press into her bottom. And unlike Nancy she behaves while I feel around her insides, so hers goes much quicker. And she breathes much less of a relief as I slip from her.

With her facing me I tell her that her pussy is "obscenely" wet, which it is, with her syrupy, slippery, and sweetly-musky honey. Which I tell her, is rather skanky.

By the time I'm finished checking Morgan out, Sophie has supper almost ready. I have Morgan set the table for five and make a pitcher of fresh tea for us. Then it's time to get to the table. I get Kyle first, walking to his seat and sitting him down, still cuffed and shackled. I roll the bag up just enough to expose his mouth, and duct tape it in place. It's not enough for anyone to recognize him, and not enough for him to see who is here. Or even where he is. I have Morgan sit on one side of him, then I sit on her other side. Sophie gets my right side, her favorite place to be. Nancy gets Kyle's other side. I have every get seated.

"Morgan, Sophie will teach you to make our plates and serve them. Since Dick here can't seem to take care of himself, both you worthless bitches will be responsible for feeding him. He knows better than to speak, so don't expect him to tell you what to do. Surely you've both feed a baby or something at some point in those wastes of lives of yours."

Slave gets Morgan and soon Morgan is bringing plates to us. Me first. This is a test for these two. I've put Kyle at their mercy and told them what I expected of them, with enough detail that a squirrel would know what I want. But I also didn't give them any specific details.

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No one touches her plate before I do. I take one bite and say "good girl, slave! You made me a great meal with even these skanky bitches for kitchen gophers!" Sophie beams and starts eating her plate. "Bitches, I expect to see all their plates fully cleaned. No talking at my table." then I eat my supper leisurely.

Morgan immediately turns to her side and cuts a small piece of chicken. She puts it to Kyle's lips and he opens, letting her feed it to him. While he chews, she gets herself a bite. Then Nancy does the same, feeding Kyle a bite while Morgan gets a second bite of her supper. Then Morgan, using her fork, not his, gets him a big fork full of vegetables. And so they go, pausing their own meals to make sure Kyle eats his without having to wait.

After the meal, I teach the girls to serve coffee, as they'd seen Sophie do, with Nancy serving me and Morgan serving Sophie one. Sophie deserves little treats whenever they don't interfere with her pleasing me. Like now.

After supper, I march both girls to the bathroom where I decide Nancy can have the first shower. I cuff her hands to the showerhead and stand there while Morgan follows my very detailed running instructions to shave, shampoo, and scrub every bit of Nancy's body. Even her pussy and asshole. Once the water is turned off, I leave Nancy standing there while Morgan dries her off then blow-dries and brushes her hair. Then I unlock Nancy and when she comes out, lock Morgan to the showerhead and watch while Nancy gives her just as thorough of a shower.

And then I have Sophie bring the shackled boy in. He doesn't get unlocked for this. Sophie just hands him over to me and I have the girls sit him on the toilet and allow Nancy to tell him that he's on the toilet and may use it now. He does. He's done it before with an audience, so it's not new to him. And by now he's wise enough to figure out that he shouldn't count on another trip anytime soon. So he does both while he has the chance. That necessitates a good butt wiping, which is done with him standing up and Nancy holding his cheeks wide apart while Morgan gets the dirty job. Then he goes in the shower, the bag still over his head, and

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gets his hands locked up to the showerhead. I assign Morgan to wash his front and Nancy his backside. It goes fine until Morgan gets to his cock, now fairly soft and starts to hesitate, looking at me with nervousness on her face.

"Have you even ever touched a cock before?"

"No, Ma'am..."

"You won't hurt it, just be gentle. And be sweet. Get those hands really soapy... now wrap them around that fat thing and slowly stroke over all of it lathering it up. I'll tell you when it's fully lathered." I watch as Morgan's hands tentatively start. And his cock very quickly stiffens up. "See, it likes you." Once his shaft is covered in a thick lather, I have gently pull back his foreskin and wash under it before rinsing him off. I warn her that balls are very sensitive so she should be extremely gentle soaping those up. She barely touches them. And gets a good purr from Kyle.

After he's dried off, I take the three of them to the bedroom, Kyle's hands again locked behind him. The bag stays over his head, as it has always been. So far, neither of the girls has been able to see who Kyle is. Just his body, which neither has seen before and won't recognize. I back Kyle up to Nancy's bed and unlock his hands. Kyle waits obediently as I lock his wrists to the footboard, stretching his arms out.

"Nancy, on your knees." I teach her that means for her to kneel down with her knees and feet spread wide, sitting back on her heels, hands behind her. Once she's down, I cuff those hands so she can't use them. Despite her obvious limited sexual experience, Nancy is 46, and she does have a child, so I'm sure she has a good idea of why She's kneeling with a hard cock a few inches from her face. It's fairly obvious.

"Nancy, show Morgan how to suck a cock. That one will do." I swat the back of her head.

I'm sure she's done this before. I guess it's possible that she hasn't, but I figure at some point she must have had some kind of a lasting relationship that resulted in Morgan, so likely she at least tried to do this. She leans her mouth forward, stretching it wide, and barely gets his thickness between her lips. She moves her head clumsily, her lips not

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making it much further down the cock than its head.

I give her half a minute or so, giving her a chance to get some kind of a rhythm established. It's a waste. Nancy doesn't do any better than a teenage girl would her first time, which makes me wonder just how much she's done this. Not much. And I doubt she's sucked so much of a cock before.

There are a few ways to teach a woman to give a very good and even more slutty blow job. The most effective, and therefore my favorite, is to simply force her to do it. It's by far the worst – or at least the most unpleasant – way for her to learn. But I'm not here to make her comfortable, just to teach her. A bitch who can't suck a cock isn't a very useful slut.

I grab her head, one hand under her jaw to pinch it and force it to open to its widest., the other on the top and back of her head to control it. As she tries to reverse her stroke, I overpower her neck and force her to keep going, taking another inch or so of that cock until she gags hard. Then I let her reverse, keeping her head moving with a leisurely fluid motion over his shaft. With her next stroke, I force her to take a few more millimeters, maybe around five more, of cock into her mouth. She gags harder. I make her keep going, taking a little more of the cock with every stroke.

The way I'm holding her head, Nancy has no chance of resisting anything. Not of stopping, or shortening the strokes, not even of biting down. Her captive head just keeps going up and down that shaft. With each stroke, she gags hard, then soon starts to choke on it. With just under half of the cock in her mouth, I feel the fat shaft pushing hard against the equally hard-resisting tight entrance of her throat. She tries to get her hands up but hasn't a prayer of that with them secured by regulation police handcuffs.

I keep making her take more and more, and three strokes later, it's enough cock that her throat can't fight it. The shaft forces her throat to stretch wide and slips into it. Nancy heaves this time, her bottom snapping up with it. It does nothing, the cock cramming her throat has it

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fully blocked. So full that she can't even breathe with it in there. I ignore that and keep right on going.

Beside me, a kneeling Morgan watches everything with a look of absolute fear and horror on her face. I'm sure she's imagining her turn coming next. It takes me a couple more minutes to get all of the cock into her mouth with my steadily increasing strokes. When I do, her lips finally touch his pubes and balls, all eight inches of that fat shaft down her throat. By then she's no longer heaving or choking, but still gagging a little as it pushes into the tightness of her throat.

I hold her head there, leaving her air blocked off by the cock. "See Nancy, you can suck a cock like a gutter whore! Men like that. Dirty little boy-toys like this one love it." I tell her to suck lightly and wait until I see her cheeks pull in a little from the suction. Then I get her going with proper strokes. Strokes that are steady, far from rushed, and go the full length of that cock, from her lips touching his balls and no cock visible outside her lips, to where just the tip of its head is left in her lips.

That takes another minute. By then she's barely gagging on it, even though I can see the thick shaft pushing her neck out as it slides up and down her throat. Once she has a good rhythm going, I relax my grip and warn her that she's to continue sucking it my way.

Obediently she does, showing just a little difficulty at first. And a lot more nervousness. Kyle stands there, locked to the bed, and soon makes some very hot, and equally needy moans. I've taught him that he's not allowed to climax without permission, but he's still learning to control himself fully, so accidental orgasms are a real possibility, despite the spanking, it will get him. I make Nancy suck his cock for a full five minutes, which a squirming and moaning Kyle barely lasts through.

Then I have the girls trade places, and a trembling-scared Morgan takes her place in front of the cock. Never having tried it before, Morgan is lost from the start. She stretches her mouth wide, but not wide enough to get more than ½" of the cock into her. Just the narrower tip. I see little tears at the corner of her eyes as she tries to do it, and Kyle shows no reaction.

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I take her head. She trembles almost violently hard at my touch, assuming what's coming for her. I force her jaw to stretch even wider. It takes enough pressure that I'd bet she feels a little burn to her jaw muscles. I don't take it easy on her. She's way too scared for that. Better to just get it over with and get her used to sucking a cock. That's a skill any woman should have if she wants to keep a man happy. So I force her head to keep going, pushing the cock steadily and slowly into her mouth. She gags. I keep going. She chokes. I keep going. She heaves badly, her bottom snapping up and her shoulders struggling to back up, her hands fighting hard to get free of the cuffs. I keep going. The entire stroke takes about seven or eight seconds. Then her lips are against his balls. I hold her there, waiting about ten seconds until she finally still her struggles enough that she'll hear me. "See, Morgan? You can be a woman! Time to learn how to suck cock!" I have her start sucking lightly. Then I start her head moving with the same steady, but casual, rhythm and full-length strokes. She fights me hard on the first few, then slowly her discomfort ebbs until I can see that it's little enough she'll keep going. I turn her head loose and tell her to keep right on going and "suck the boy toy's cock like it was attached to an actual man!"

She does, and Kyle's moans grow steadily more urgent. As do the squirms in hips. I order him to resist his climax as long as he possibly can. That's maybe two minutes of Morgan's blow job. I didn't think he'd last this one. Maybe because she's a smaller and narrower girl, or maybe because she's younger, or maybe it's just chance, but I could feel that Morgan's throat is noticeably tighter than Nancy's. Tight enough that this cock is pushing the limits of what she could get into it. Kyle cums with a few sharp thrusts of his hips and a long high-pitched moan.

It happens when his cock is in her throat most of the way. At first, Morgan doesn't know what happened, just felt the cock try to thrust deeper into her mouth, and it's crisp twitches. But as she moves her head back on the "out stroke" she finally gets a taste of his hot, sticky and salty cum. She must guess what it is. I see her eyes about pop out of her head. I lean over and give her bottom a very light swat, telling her that her

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"cocksucker training lesson isn't over just because the cock came in her mouth. I'll tell her when she's had enough practice for lesson one." she keeps going.

Kyle keeps moaning high-pitched and almost girly screeches. And wiggling those hips more desperately. "Oh... my little boy-toy!" I tease him. "That cock liked Morgan's mouth, didn't it? Well while you stand there and provide the cock for the cocksucker lessons, feel free to cum all you want. You can think about Morgan. Maybe wonder if she's pretty. All I'll tell you is that she's 19 with 34-A boobs. They're firm and pert, just small. Be a good cock and I might let you play with them!"

He cums a second time as Morgan is finishing her lesson. Once I allow her to stop and let the cock out of her mouth, I tell her to "be a skanky-slutty slut now and swallow that cum!" She does. I see her swallow several times before she realizes that swallowing it doesn't get the taste of it out of her mouth.

I scold Nancy for being such a lousy cocksucker. She didn't make him cum. Morgan got two from him. I don't mention that's because Kyle obediently resisted cumming on her first attempt. I just make her think the cock prefers her daughter to her, even not knowing who is suck it. Then I have her repeat, this time a ten-minute blow job, with me only starting her by forcing her to take the cock once. She manages to get one load of cum from him, which I make her swallow too. Then Morgan gets a ten-minute lesson and a load of cum from him. I have them repeat, another ten-minute lesson for each, this time without me touching them. Both make it, and both get small loads of cum from his cock.

That's the lesson for tonight, cock sucking 101. It's now bedtime for them, which necessitates some changes to their usual arrangements. It's only a two-bedroom house. Obviously, if I'm staying here, Nancy's master bedroom is now mine. Which leaves them Morgan's room. I leave Kyle cuffed to the bed and walk both girls to Morgan's room, taking a good look around it. "slave, fix this room," I tell Sophie. Very quickly Sophie gets everything off the nightstands beside the bed and unplugs everything with a plug. A few things, like an alarm clock, with batteries

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she takes out of the room while the pair waits naked and cuffed, their bottoms up against the side of Morgan's twin bed.

"Don't worry, bitches. You won't suffer all night." I tell them tauntingly. I have Nancy step forward and stretch her feet wide apart. Then I unlock Morgan's hands. I push her reluctant, and slightly resisting body up close beside Nancy. Silently I take her hand and put two fingers to Nancy's prominent slit. I start them rubbing it in slow, steady circles.

Nancy lasts all of two seconds before she squeals out some loud "OH-OH-OOH!s" over and over again. "Morgan, Nancy is obviously far too unskilled to properly masturbate her own pussy, so you will do it for her. Keep doing it exactly like you are now until I say to stop. Nancy quit being such a gutter skank! That's your daughter diddling you for God's sake! Just stand there. Be still. Be quiet and let her release that ache for you like a good daughter."

Nancy tries to hold her moans in and fails miserably. She doesn't manage to keep her hips still either. Both of which get her countless swats of my crop to her loose bottom, each getting a pained yelp before the moans immediately resume. I warn Nancy that she's not allowed to climax unless and until I tell her to. By the three minute mark, she's crying and squirming and moaning so badly I know she's not going to be able to resist her urge any longer, so I tell her to "climax right this second."

Nancy cums with a loud sweet scream, her hips shifting into a wild overdrive. Morgan obediently keeps rubbing Nancy's clit for her. It takes a good two minutes for that orgasm to start ebbing. "Now maybe you aren't so horny that you can manage to last while she masturbates that skank pit. We'll just keep going until you manage to behave."

Nancy resists. At the five minute mark, she's crying again, squirming hard and moaning like a squeaky porn star. Her bottom is a bright and sore red from my crop, too. She cums even harder this time, almost falling to the floor. Once Morgan has pushed her through the full orgasm I allow her to stop. She quickly pulls back a hand covered in a clingy layer of Nancy's thick honey.

Then I lock her hands and release Nancy's. They trade rolls, Nancy

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now masturbating Morgan. Morgan manages to last about two seconds as well before her hips wiggle and she gets a swat from the crop, which gets a screeched cry from her lips. But it effectively stills those hips for a good few seconds. She moans loud and girly, as she tries to behave and not climax. In about two minutes she's shivering hard, her body trembling. Her thinner syrupy honey even drips from her pussy. And my crop no longer does anything to still her, just gets that yelp of pain and leaves its stripe across her bottom. But she lasts the five minutes before I tell her to climax and she does, her knees instantly buckling even before she cries out a very satisfied screech and trembles. I hold her up while Nancy keeps rubbing her and pushes her through the shuddering hard orgasm.

Then I cuff Nancy again and put both women in the snugly tight bed and cover them up. I tell them the rule: they're to stay in bed until I return for them, and they are not to make a sound. I have them kiss goodnight, a lover's kiss not a parental peck. Then I turn their lights off and leave them.

I move Kyle to a hall closet where he spends the night on the floor, naked without a cover and fully shackled.

I spend the night in Nancy's bed where Sophie massages me twice, releasing my tension between. Sophie spends her night in her place, on the floor at the foot of my bed, in case I should have some whim for her to cater to.

When I wake Saturday morning, Sophie and I clean up and get ourselves ready before doing anything else. I like to keep my slave girl clean. Myself even more so. For today and tomorrow, I intend to start to teach these girls a scheduled routine. They're just not going to know it yet.

Their first lesson begins when I wake them up at 6:00 am. Immediately they both go to the bathroom, where I pick Morgan to be first and put her on the toilet. Then I cuff her to the showerhead while Nancy fully washes her again. Then they trade places.

After which, Sophie takes Morgan to the kitchen to prepare breakfast while I take Nancy to get Kyle. She walks him to the bathroom,

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puts him on the toilet and washes him before taking him to the table to feed him his breakfast. I'm sure she notices that despite its several orgasms last night, his cock is at full hardness when she wakes him. Both girls don't hesitate the least to feed him this time either.

Morgan gets breakfast clean up while Sophie serves me coffee in the living room. After breakfast, the girls have their morning class, "slutty massage 101." Kyle gets to be the practice dummy. Sophie gets to be their final exam. Morgan gets lunch cooking duty, and clean up. Both share the chore of feeding him, and neither seems to mind doing it too much. Kyle spends his afternoon in a chair with a little music on. Nancy gets to do housework.

Morgan gets to join Sophie for a supervised study session. For that, I put both Sophie and Morgan on their knees in front of the coffee table, fully naked. I start with Morgan, having her tell me where her school books are and getting them myself. I go through her backpack, getting everything out and I go through her books and notes class by class. She has to tell me what lessons they worked on this week, what lessons are next week, what assignments she has due when, and what exams might be coming up. I take notes as she does. Then I pick a class, "college algebra" for Morgan. It got picked because its notebook was the closest to my hand. She gets her textbook and her notes from the class, along with a mechanical pencil. I have her reread the lesson, then do every one of the practice problems. While she does that, Sophie gets the same questioning, and I set her to work on her biology class studies.

While Morgan is finishing her problems, I google the lesson she's working on and find an online version of the teachers' textbook. I find a site with plenty of teacher's resources as well, including a very nice worksheet that requires Morgan to not only show her work but explain why she took each step along the way. Once she's finished, I make her do that, and then I grade it. She only gets one problem wrong. Her punishment is ten more problems to solve. She gets those perfectly.

Then she gets her test on the material, an oral exam administered by me. She stands for it, her feet together and her hands at her sides. I

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make it clear to her that she's not allowed to move, no matter what happens. Then I let her see my paddle: it's an old-fashioned wooden one like some teacher used to use on Moses – well, maybe not quite that far back, but probably. I see her cringe and tremble a little as she sees it. I get my tablet and the first of her five problems appears on it. I ask her what the first step is, and she tells me to rearrange the problem so that the variable is on one side by itself. I have her recite the new equation and scribble it on the touchscreen. Then she has to explain to me why we did that, and what it accomplished towards solving the problem. In the second step, she gets a bit of her explanation wrong, which gets her a good swat to her bottom with the paddle. And gets me a very pained yelp from her. After her test, since she didn't get a perfect score, she gets another worksheet, which she does get a perfect score on. Then another test, which she gets a 100 on as well.

She gets to move on to the next class. By the time she's made it all through her five classes, she has a nice red bottom and five perfect oral exams. While Sophie only got her bottom swatted once, which was plenty to make her cry, but cry because she disappointed me not because her bottom hurt that much.

Then it's time for Morgan's "cumulative exam. While the girls were working, I've made it up myself. It's in two parts. The first part is 25 questions, five from each of her classes that cover material she should already know. Then part two is 25 more questions, five from each of this week's studies. She gets a B, missing four of the earlier and one of the later questions. A B, she then learns, earns her a trip over my knees for three swats of the paddle, which leave her sobbing lightly and teary-eyed. It also earns her a full re-studying and another worksheet for every lesson she missed a single question about. Then a second test. She only misses one question in the first section, that's slightly different from the first group of questions. That spares her a spanking, but get her another lesson in that area. Then another test, and this time I cheat and give her review questions that are different from the ones she's been getting. She misses three, the most she could miss and get an A. Spared a spanking, she still

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has to repeat those lessons. It's two more exams before she gets all her questions right and I put her books up. By then Sophie is long done and serving me coffee. Nancy spends the session in her kitchen, in leg irons, on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor as well as the rest of that kitchen. I like things clean.

Her lesson finished, there's no reason Morgan can't help Nancy with the housework. I shackle her ankles and send her to scrub the bathroom.

Nancy gets supper duty. After which Morgan gets the task of taking Kyle for his potty break and evening washing.

Saturday night's lesson for these girls I call "slutting101." Tonight Morgan gets to go first since Nancy did last night. I have her bend over the kitchen table while Kyle fucks her. Morgan screeches hot moans and squirms hard as that huge cock fills her and takes her virginity. But obediently she manages to take the full five minutes of it without cumming. Then Nancy, who squirms harder, squeals louder, and just barely lasts. Then they have a ten minute fucking, which both girls get two swats of my paddle for cumming during. Not that it stops their fucking. I have them start over, a five, then two ten minute fucks during which they're not allowed to climax. Kyle does, leaving three loads in Nancy and two in Morgan. Which leaves them sloppy and dripping both of their fluids. As an additional tease for the girls, Kyle gets to kneel down and clean his cum from their pussies with his mouth.

Then it's bedtime, Nancy masturbating Morgan first, then the girls trading roles before being tucked in for the night.

Sunday is a virtual repeat of Saturday. Except that their morning lesson is pussy eating 101, Morgan going first to efficiently eat Nancy's pussy while Nancy lies on the floor, squirming every-which-way as she shrieks and tries not to cum. When it's Nancy's turn, Morgan shrieks even louder with a lot more urgency in her voice. But both behave.

Their Sunday study session is a review of their entire classes to date. Their exams include not just the material from their current classes but a smaller review section on stuff they should have learned in high school.

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Every required class in high school. It's a bunch of worksheets and a 100 question test. Morgan gets a B on her first and second tests, getting herself two spankings before she starts getting A's and finally passes her sixth exam.

Sunday night's lesson the girls don't see coming. They should, there are only three holes on those bodies and three nights. Tonight is "butt slut 101," also known as anal sex. And just for fun, I pick Morgan to be first again. One of them has to go first twice!

I have her lean over the table and reach behind herself to pull her small rounded cheeks wide apart and fully bare her tiny asshole. Kyle gets five strokes in her sopping wet pussy to get a good coating of her honey on his shaft before I put the tip of his cock to her hole. Naturally, it completely covers the wrinkly hole and a decent amount of skin around it.

Morgan cries as soon as she feels the thick shaft against her butt. I decide to be nice to her, so I lightly stroke her hair and tell her how to force her asshole to relax and accept that cock into her butt. "It's going to be like blow job lessons were. The first one is going to be hard, but you'll learn and it won't bother you. Trust me. Relax that butt hole, and if you can keep it completely relaxed, it won't hurt you." Then I put some pressure against her asshole and start spanking her taut cheek as I tell her to relax that asshole. Obediently she tries. It takes her a half minute or so of trying before she finally opens it far enough that the cock stretches it the rest of the way as it pushes into her. She cries out, about as bad as she would for a spanking. I stop him and tell her that she's tensed back up, that's why it hurt, and give her a few seconds to relax. A moment later Morgan stands there with eight inches of fat cock buried in her bottom. She fidgets and grunts some uncomfortable "Mm!-Ow!s" but doesn't show any real pain. She makes it through her first butt-fucking, a five-minute session, without screaming again. Then it's Nancy's turn, and she doesn't listen quite as well to my advice, so she ends up grunting her way through it with teeth clenched and eyes squished shut. Afterward, for her suffering, she gets four strokes with my paddle for not doing as she was told.

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Then comes their second lesson a ten minute one. Morgan takes it in a little easier, and by the end of that lesson, she's no longer whining. She fidgets, her bottom wiggling, but now her bottom wants to wiggle back and forth, onto the cock not off of it. Nancy gets it much better this time, decided that following my advice is better than suffering through it and getting spanked for her trouble.

Morgan's third session has her breathing out hot moans after the first minute. By the end, she screeching those moans and her bottom is bucking back hard on his cock while honey drips from her pussy. "There! Now that you're learning, it's not so bad, is it? Your pussy certainly does think so!" Nancy's final lesson doesn't get her moaning desperately like Morgan was, but it does have her not showing any actual discomfort from it. And she is breathing light moans, so it's obviously doing something for her. Probably just not as much as it did for Morgan.

Neither girl climaxes, both remembering they're not allowed to. Kyle cums four times in Morgan's bottom, and twice in Nancy's. Cum I make him clean out of those butts with his mouth again. Which makes both girls stiffen into steel and shriek out sultry cries the entire time.

I take them to bed, Nancy masturbating Morgan first.

Monday morning starts the same, Nancy having Kyle duty while Morgan cooks. I go through both girls' things, and get five outfits out for each girl, making five neat stacks. Each stack gets labeled with a day of the week, and the stacks set atop Morgan's dresser. I move the basics of Nancy's make up to the bathroom next to Morgan's room. Then I change the lock on her bedroom door to one that takes a key.

After breakfast, I have both girls naked on their knees in the living room while I tell them what I expect of them. They will both devote two hours a day to cleaning this house. To full hours of hard continuous work. And they say a prayer that when I return, it's clean enough for me. I have left a daily schedule on their table, which they will follow. Nancy's room is off-limits. They will sleep in Morgan's bed. They will not masturbate themselves or each other since there's no one to supervise them so they don't act like gutter sluts. Sophie has also left them a menu.

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The food will be delivered today at 4:30, by which time Morgan will be home to accept it. Naturally, they are to wear the clothes I've selected for them, and nothing but. And the biggest rule: they are not mention anything about this weekend to anyone, and make no effort to figure out who "Dick" is. "Oh, and Morgan, if you want to be *sitting* in your classes next week, I'd study far harder this week."

Then I take Kyle back to my apartment where after putting his chastity belt back on him, I have him dress and follow Sophie back to school with one warning. If he tries to figure out who he was fucking, I will whip his cock for thinking for him!

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000. Lesson No. Two

The following weekend I arrive at the same time, with Kyle in tow again. Except for this time, once he's inside I take the bag off his head and let him see the women. I can tell that he definitely appreciates Morgan's nude body. Less so Nancy's, but Morgan is definitely prettier and younger.

I explain to them that they are not allowed to speak to "Dick." They will spend their weekend taking care of him since he is providing the dick for their lessons. Kyle will stay shackled the entire weekend.

This weekend we repeat all of the lessons they learned last weekend, with a few additions. First, they get to kiss Kyle like lovers. Second, both girls get to spend a half-hour each morning and evening entertaining Kyle by dancing for him. Slutty lap dances.

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IV. Lesson No. Three

The following weekend they get another lesson. A new lesson. To start with, I unshackle Kyle the minute we arrive. And they're allowed to talk to him, but only about themselves. Their personal and private thoughts, not the mundane stuff. Nothing simple, like their names, ages, birthdays, classes, jobs, friends, or anything like that. Just deeply personal stuff. But not about sex or domination either. To get them used to it, I set the topic for Friday night: their fantasy life, in full vivid detail.

They repeat all of their sex lessons this weekend since they pretty much cover the basics of sex. Especially now that the girls have learned their role during any kind of sex isn't to enjoy it. They are merely cum dumpsters there for the pleasure of their partner. Their body is there for him to enjoy. Only complete gutter whores enjoy it themselves. At least in their new life.

Friday night, when it's bedtime, they get their first treat, a change in the routine. Kyle is now responsible for seeing that their pussies are well cared for, and both girls are to eagerly obey his instructions while he does that. Bedtime starts with Kyle taking each girl by the hand and lying her in the bed. Then he picks one, Morgan his first choice, and has her spread her legs wide and raise her knees up into a missionary position. He opens her lips to "inspect her pussy for excessive "slutty wetness" or a hard clit. Finding both, he's to service that pussy for her with his mouth. A full ten minutes, during which Morgan is not allowed to climax. As he's eating her, Nancy is to roll onto her side where she can both hold Morgan and caress her while Morgan suffers through her tongue lashing.

At the end of her tongue lashing, Morgan is shivering and trembling hard, flushed pink and sweating, moaning loudly while her pussy runs with honey. Her toes are curled, her hands gripping the mattress hard. Kyle stops when the timer goes off raises his head up and starts counting "three chimpanzees." after that, he tells Morgan to climax, and she does. Immediately and graphically, thrashing hard all over the mattress and crying out as urgently as if he were working on her.

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Then it's Nancy's turn, and the girls reverse their roles. After her session, Nancy is visibly just as eager as Morgan, squealing slightly more desperate cries. When he tells her to climax he counts another "chimpanzee," then says "NO. Do not!" I scold Nancy for her disobedience and tell her that she will be spanked for it.

Already crying, Nancy rolls over onto her stomach as instructed, putting her soft bottom up. I have Sophie fetch a man's belt from my bag and give it to Morgan. She takes it reluctantly, holding it unwillingly and looking at it as if it were venomous. I tell her that disobedience isn't permitted. Good bitches obey their betters. Nancy disobeyed her instruction to climax, and thus was naughty. She needs to be spanked so she'll learn that she has to mind. Since Morgan obviously loves Nancy so much, she'll want to spank Nancy to help Nancy learn to be a better bitch for me. I have her give Nancy the five strokes disobedience merits, telling her that she's expected to make them her best strokes. After all, they are for Nancy, Morgan wouldn't want to cheat her out of her lesson. That wouldn't be right. And then Nancy would just end up getting herself spanked even more because she didn't learn her lesson!

I needn't worry. Morgan gives Nancy five good hard strokes. Each stroke gets tears from both of their eyes, and a good scream from Nancy. Afterward, Nancy promptly thanks Morgan for spanking her for being a naughty bitch, then apologizes to me and dick for disobeying. I make her repeat the lesson, this time suffering fifteen minutes of good pussy licking. When told to cum, she cums instantly, her body spasming so hard her bottom snaps up off the mattress.

Kyle waits as the girls kiss each other goodnight, then tucks them in with a goodnight kiss to each.

This weekend, while entertaining him with their slutty dancing, Kyle is allowed to touch them wherever he wants, and kiss them wherever he wants, as long as he doesn't pass through their pussy lips or asshole. Needless to say he wants to, especially with Morgan, but also affectionately enough with Nancy. And just as naturally, everyone is nicely horny after those dances.

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And he joins Morgan for her supervised study session.

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V. Lesson No. Four

The following weekend is a repeat of the previous with one exception. Each woman gets a “date” with Kyle. Nancy Saturday, Morgan Sunday. For lunch. This “Training date” as I call it is in their kitchen, with Kyle and Nancy sitting side by side at the table, allowed to touch each other, and allowed to talk, just not about the mundane. While they have their date, Morgan gets a tiny apron to wear, and nothing else, and plays waitress for them.

V0. Lesson Number Five:

The Shared Boyfriend

The following weekend begins a modified schedule. There are no more practice sessions. Both girls seem to have gotten good enough and sucking cock, eating pussy, giving hot massages and taking that dick. So it's time they learned more. I start by having both of the girls sitting naked on the sofa as soon as I arrive. Kyle gets to sit, still dressed and shackled, in a chair off to the side where he can see them, but if they're good and keep their eyes forward, they won't see him.

"Nancy, do you want to have a boyfriend?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Morgan, do you want to have a boyfriend?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Morgan, you won't mind sharing a boyfriend with Nancy, do you, since it's obvious that Nancy has neither the personality nor the butt to get her own?"

"No, Ma'am. I'll share with her, Ma'am."

Nancy agrees to share a boyfriend with Morgan, too.

"Good. Dick is named Kyle. He is now both of your boyfriends. I am going to teach you to be good girlfriends for him. Maybe between the two of you Morgan can make up for Nancy's ugliness, and Nancy can make up for Morgan's naivety, and together you might almost make a girlfriend! Luckily Kyle isn't much of a boyfriend, so you don't have even any moderate expectations to live up. Perfect for two worthless bitches like you."

"Girlfriend rule number one: Kyle is never to have a stiff cock. As his girlfriend, it is your duty to ensure that his huge cock is well cared for. Whichever of you finds it hard shall immediately satisfy it until it's soft again. You may suck it, ride it, or take it in your bottom, whichever you chose unless he says he'd prefer another way, then he gets it his way."

"Girlfriend rule number two: Your pussies belong to me. He will

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service them for me. Whenever he tells you to show it to him, you will immediately do so. He will decide how it is excited before you're allowed to climax. And when. You will never climax unless told to, and never with anyone, or anything touching you for three seconds beforehand."

"Girlfriend rule number three: You will take care of your boy. He is never to shower. You will shower him sweetly. He will get frequent massages from you. You will hold his hand. You will cuddle with him. You will entertain him. If you haven't noticed, so far one of you has been doing housework while one of you wasn't. Whichever of you isn't is free to be with your shared boyfriend. And you will happily wait on him. He will not do any housework. The two of you are plenty of bitch to do the bitch-work! You will both sleep in bed with him. If he wishes to see a dyke-show, you will put one on for him, and do your dangest to make it especially slutty and entertaining.

"Until further notice, clothing is not permitted in this house. See that tiled area by the front door, no clothes anywhere else. You will dress there and immediately leave. When you return you will immediately undress there. Except for Kyle. One of you will dress and undress him. He isn't to do anything, not even tie a shoe, himself. I don't care if there are guests in the house. You can be naked with guests. I'm not shy!

"Whenever Kyle leaves this house, one of you will go with him unless impossible, and stay with him. Obviously, that's not always possible since you're not in the same classes, but to the extent it is possible, one of you must be with him. While with him, you will do everything you can imagine to do for him. And even out of the house, keep a watch on that cock. If it gets stiff, then you'll have to find a little corner or a bathroom, or somewhere to release that tension for your boy! Immediately, unless impossible."

Everyone tells me they understand the new expectations of them, so I pretty much sit back and watch them. They both go right to Kyle. Morgan greets him with a big kiss, as both girls start to undress him. As soon as his pants are down an inch, Morgan notices that his cock is stiff. She lightly kisses the tip of it, and asks "Honey, may I please ride that

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huge cock for you, Sir?"

He accepts, and she rides it until he cums in her. As she raises up, Nancy leans down and sucks it clean for him. It softens, but after five days, I know it's not going to stay that way long. As Nancy heads for the kitchen to start their supper, I quietly remind Kyle that he's to pay equal attention to both of my bitches, or I'll replace him with a boy who can behave himself. Permanently replace him. He is nothing more than a dick attached to a life support system in my world, and I have several of those available.

They do well, no one getting more than two trips over my knees for being a bad boy/girlfriend.

Monday morning, I tell them I hope they enjoyed their boyfriend. For the school week, Kyle does not exist. Even in Morgan should literally bump into him in a hall, they do not know him, and he does not know them. I will be watching it. Behave and we'll see if they deserve another weekend with a boyfriend.

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V00 : Lesson No. Six :

A Live-In Boyfriend

The following weekend is a repeat of the previous.

There's one big difference, When I leave Monday morning, I leave them, Kyle. I tell them that I will be keeping an eye on them, and they are to very slutty girlfriends for him. At home, on the street, in school, in a restaurant, wherever. Don't neglect him, or you might lose him, and if I take him away I'll give him to some bitches who can take care of a little boy.

They assure me they'll be good girlfriends and fully share him without competing for his attention.

I have a number of ways to watch them. I have my infamous spyware on all three of their phones. It lets me track them. It uploads copies of everything, even recordings of their calls, to a server in Russia, where they can't delete anything. They can't even tell the apps are there. And they let me turn on the phone's cameras and mics as I wish. I also have some hidden cameras installed throughout the house. Enough that I can see everywhere and hear everything. I have Sophie who will see them around campus, more so if I have her look for them. And then I have my keys, which allow me to slip in unnoticed whenever I wish.

I have Sophie watch them on campus, not constantly, but enough to see how they're acting. Monday evening she tells me that she saw them three times, and Morgan always had her arm around Kyle, Kyle's books over her shoulder, and a huge smile on her face. Kyle did, too. I'd figured they would, both really did want a real boy or girlfriend, and being assigned one is just fine for them.

Tuesday, Sophie tells me that she saw Kyle taking Morgan to lunch in the student dining room. Something both Kyle and Morgan's nightly emails to me report. Even that both really loved their date. Which I guessed since Sophie reported that they were making out at the table. And the blow job Kyle got in the bathroom after Morgan's kisses got him

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stiff.

Wednesday he evens it up, taking Nancy for supper at a cafe near their house. I see it on my app and turn on the cameras on both of their phones. The mics too. They seem to be acting just as sweet with each other as he did with Morgan, and I get a few glimpses of some kissing in that booth. They both report that on their emails, too. And that he fucked her in the bathroom before dessert when she found his cock hard. Good enough for me.

The only trouble either gets into is Nancy again, after her date with Kyle. It must have really excited her. She failed to behave herself while Kyle “serviced” her pussy with his cock again for the required ten minutes, cumming in three when he did the first time. He stopped. Morgan who had been lying beside Nancy and cuddling her while he serviced her, gave her the five strokes she earned, and included a picture of Nancy’s very red and obviously bruised-sore bottom with her email. And Kyle made her start over and behave herself.

I continue to pay them regular visits, occasionally turning them over my knees for their misbehaviors. But mostly marveling at the odd, but happy, little threesome of a family I’ve created. And how they follow all of my rules, including the one that has them occasionally masturbating and eating each other’s pussies.

Four weeks into it, Kyle asks me if he's allowed to have both women at once. Such a boy!!! I tell him yes, as long as the rules are still followed. That night I watch as he gets a two girl blow job from them. The following night, he starts with Nancy, fucking her from behind while Morgan eats her pussy for the ten minutes of Nancy's pussy service. Afterward, Nancy cums exceptionally hard, and he has to give her a few minutes to get back to her senses before the girls trade places for Morgan's equally intense pussy servicing.