

# Date Night



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ISBN: (Paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number:

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author’s imagination.

Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2021.

Proofreading By: My friend, Ken

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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 complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.**

**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!**

**Session Date:**

**10. April 2021**

**This Story Released:**

**16. April 2021**

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### *Introduction:*

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

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place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

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.

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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 I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18<sup>th</sup> 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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,



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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 Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). 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

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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.

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.



# *Chapter One - All Dressed Up*

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Here it is, my birthday, and I'm out doing a favor for my friend Colette. Then again, the favor involves one of her toys, and I always enjoy playing with new toys. Plus, Colette did give me an adorable book bag, something every college student gets plenty of use out of, for my birthday. It's a very soft leather. And it's the prettiest shade of pastel green, with a girly white lace trim! I absolutely love it! It even has my initials embroidered on it.

Colette's a soccer mom, and full-time housewife, so she doesn't have so much time to play. She met me for lunch Thursday and surprised me with my present a few days earlier. Then she called me this morning and asked what I was planning to do for my birthday. I told her I hadn't planned anything. I'm sure there's a party or five around campus tonight, it is a Saturday and that's plenty enough of an excuse for a party on campus. I know I'd be welcome at any party, too. I kind of have a reputation for partying rarely, but very heartily. And for bringing amusing party favors with me. Usually on a leash.

Colette told me about Jerry, a 39-year-old married man who is one of her toys. A very naughty toy, too! Colette made time for him last weekend. Like the naughty boy that he is, he got himself in trouble.

Jerry's wife, Claire, likes to watch his sessions with Colette. Since Colette always keeps her clothes on, like me, she doesn't mind if a wife watches everything. The wife isn't going to see anything more than her husband's humiliation. He might be deeply embarrassed and ashamed by that. But Colette won't be. So Colette doesn't mind.

I didn't get all of the details, but I got enough of them. Colette had him sitting in a chair with his knees spread wide and his hands resting palms up on his mid-thighs. Oh, and with a vibrator in his bottom, vibrating away eagerly. She was scolding him for being too horny. Since a scolding is a light punishment, he was required to keep his cock from getting hard during the scolding. He

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managed to behave for about two minutes. After that, his cock was sticking up rock hard.

His punishment was something that I would have handed down. Until his next session with Colette, every night he was required to masturbate for a full fifteen minutes. Without cumming. He was to invite his wife to watch him play with himself. Then, if Claire wished to, she could text Colette and ask for him if he could have permission to cum. She didn't tell them, but I'm sure they knew anyway, that permission would rarely be granted.

Claire wasn't required to watch him, but he was required to invite her to watch. Nor was she required to masturbate his cock for him. He wasn't allowed to ask her for that, either. Not even a hint. But she was allowed to masturbate him, instead of making him do it himself, no more often than every other time. And then, only if she first tied his hands behind his back. It was her choice. If he so much as dropped a single hint that he preferred her to do it for him, from then on he would be doing it himself.

Colette didn't want to leave Claire untended for the duration of his punishment, so she also decreed that Claire was allowed full use of his mouth. Whenever, and for however long, she wished. She attached only one condition. After using her husband, Claire was to ensure that Jerry didn't touch his cock for a full hour after his erection faded. And if he got hard again during that hour, the time started over once he was soft again. And Colette explained that she was very strict in her definition of "touch." any kind of contact at all counted. Even just an accidental brushing. Anything. Absolutely no touching his cock at all. Not with his hands or anything else. But he is allowed to dress. As long as he dressed without touching his cock.

He managed to last all the way until Thursday. In those short few days, Colette hadn't yet felt that he deserved release. Duh! I mean, it was only a few days, and he was so naughty! What was he thinking? He

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begged her for relief. He even begged until he cried. Even after Colette said no! He cried about how horny he was and how badly he needed relief. See what a bad boy he was?

Colette was planning to visit him again soon and administer a special punishment for his misbehavior. But one of her kids isn't feeling well. She has four kids, so there's usually something distracting her from her amusements.

She doesn't think Jerry will behave much longer. He's been crying and pleading for his relief too... obnoxiously. He needs a reminder of his place. Sooner, not later.

Colette tells me a little about Jerry. He joined the Navy right out of high school, serving his country for eight years and deferring college. But then he graduated with his BS at 30. He finished law school at 34. He passed the bar. Then he went to work for District Attorney's office. Where he was assigned to prosecute Juveniles. His caseload is mostly 16 to 18 year-olds charged with what Colette calls "felony stupidity." She means things like joyriding and smoking a little weed in public, or selling the occasional joint to a friend. In other words, not exactly the next Al Capone.

He and his wife Claire have two small kids. She's 35. They met in law school, where she was two years ahead of him. Now she's in private practice.

I can't help but laugh hard when Colette names the firm she's with. Naturally, Colette has to ask me what's so funny about it, they have a reputation for high-quality work and are definitely not the ambulance chasers you see on TV. So I tell Colette. I have a toy named Roxanne who is an attorney from California. Roxanne's firm does only one thing, class-action suits, the bigger the better. They have one that's working its way through the courts here in Mobile. Courts that feature juries that are notoriously anti-big-business, and thus award much larger verdicts than average. I'm sure Roxanne and company took that into account when they picked where they filed the suit. Since

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Roxanne, and everyone else in her firm, isn't an attorney in Alabama, they needed "local counsel" to put his name on the papers. And provide local office space on the infrequent occasions that it was needed. Claire doesn't have anything to do with that case. But one of the partners in her firm does. I don't know if Claire has met Roxanne or not, but I know Roxanne has spent a number of days working out of the same offices. Given the limited number of female attorneys in that firm, or most firms, I'd bet they've talked a few times. Then again, maybe not. Roxanne is a gigantic bitch. The kind of bitch most people avoid rather than get their head snapped off by her. Then kind that I get unbearably hot by humbling and putting on her knees. Whether Claire has spoken to Roxanne or not, I know that Roxanne is never going to mention anything about her time with me.

Colette thought that I would be perfect to fill in for her and administer Jerry's punishment. And to teach him a lesson he'd never forget. She thought it would not be lost on Jerry how young I am. I'm 21, as of today. I look like a college girl. Or one of the girls who Jerry usually prosecutes. Or hires to babysit the kids. Like me, Colette loves role reversals of any kind.

I ask Colette what she has in mind for him. She tells me that she doesn't care. She trusts me. And she knows that whatever punishment I come up for him, it's going to make an amusing story. Whether I write the story, or just tell her, it's going to be amusing.

I ask if there are any limits. There often are with married couples, especially couples where only one of them plays. It's like they've made a compromise. He can play, but he can only go so far. Colette tells me that there aren't. Claire knew that he was a submissive and needed his play when they started seeing each other. She accepted that it would be a part of their life.

Colette tells me that Claire always wants to watch. In Claire's words, she wants to "share the experience" with



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her husband. She's been perfectly willing to join in as long as nothing was done to her. She hasn't minded taking instructions, such as to stroke Jerry's cock slowly, from Colette, either.

Colette tells me that Claire is very outgoing. Until her clothes come off. Then Claire is very shy. She hates taking her clothes off in front of anyone. Maybe even her husband. She's just that shy about her body. So far, she's been willing to wear a robe and flash her body to Jerry, but Claire has always tried to make sure Colette didn't see much if anything. She doesn't mind being touched, though. As long as her clothes are still on. Nor does she care about giving Jerry a blow job in front of Colette, as long as Claire keeps her clothes on. She'll even talk about sex openly with Colette.

Colette also tells me that Saturdays are their "date night." they hire a sitter to take the kids out somewhere from five to nine. That way, the kids can have fun, and they can, too. Without worrying about the kids interrupting. Their usual routine is dinner out, maybe a restaurant or a club with some music, then home early for a little private time before the sitter returns the kids.

It gives me a four-hour window. Colette assures me that they won't mind if I take over their date night. And that's exactly what I decide to do. I bring Sophie, my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl with me. We park down the street, like little spies, and just watch the house. According to Colette, they both drive Mercedes. Thus, I assume, the Ford minivan, a somewhat older model, in their driveway isn't theirs. And thus it's the sitter's. In about ten minutes, my assumptions are proven true. I see the sitter, a 20-something woman, leading the kids out and helping the little guys up into the van. I watch her back out and pull away.

I pull into the driveway, taking the place the sitter just vacated. I walk up to the door, Sophie following behind me. Sophie carries the duffle bag with my toys in it. She carries my purse as well. She carries everything

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except my favorite crop, and I'm only holding that because I suspect I might need it almost as soon as the door opens. That means that Sophie has my phone as well so that she can answer it for me if anyone calls. I prefer not to be interrupted during my fun unless it's important. So, as we're walking to Jerry's door, Sophie is sending Colette a text for me. It tells Colette that I am ready to begin.

I knock on the door. As I expected, it's Claire who answers the door. I see a rather surprised-looking Jerry on the phone, coming up quickly behind Claire. I know that he's talking to Colette. The text was Colette's signal. She called Jerry and right now she's telling him what a naughty boy he's been. And she's telling him that she is sending someone to "remind him what obedience is" for her since it's inconvenient for her to do so personally. He is to obey me.

I hear Jerry saying a very fast, and polite, "yes, Mistress," a couple of times as he's hurrying to the door. Then, the phone still in his hand, he freezes when he sees me. Claire was just asking if she could help me. As I'd hoped, I didn't have time to answer her. Instead, I just say, "go on, fuck stick, tell your wife what you were just told. Now."

Claire looks very surprised. She glares at me, an edgy look on her face, for a half of a second, then turns to Jerry. And glares at him. He tells her. "Uh... this must be Miss Rodgers... Mistress sent her because I've been such a bad boy... I have to mind her as if she were Mistress." His voice is slightly hushed and very tentative. His eyes are wide. But his face says he thinks he should be the one deciding my fate, not the other way around. Claire finally turns back to me.

I put my hand to Claire's chest, keeping it above the line of her breasts. I push gently until she takes a step back, giving me room to step in. "I know you don't belong to Mistress, bitch, but understand this, you *will* be obeying me while I'm here, as well. I won't speak for your Mistress,

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but if you are going to be here, you are going to mind. Is that clear, bitch?"

"I... Don't---" Claire begins.

I slap her face. It's a moderately hard slap, enough to leave a little handprint on her cheek that will spend the next few minutes stinging her cheek as it fades away. "I said, is that clear, bitch?"

Claire's eyes go wide in shock. And in horror. She stands stunned for a long second. Then, with a slight, but plain, tremble in her voice, she very quietly answers "Yes, Miss Rodgers."

"Good girl," I tell her. Sophie follows me in, closing the door behind us.

I turn my attention to Jerry. After all, he's the bad boy tonight. I'm sure both expect me to play with Jerry. I can see some relief on Claire's face as my attention shifts to Jerry. And off of her. I'll bet she's thinking I am going to be a total bitch. That Colette never makes her be humble and polite. Colette is only demanding with Jerry. Colette treats Claire like a person, not a toy. I'm sure she expects that I know how far Claire will go, what she'll do and won't do in their sessions with Colette, and assumes that I will mind those limits. But apparently, I am also going to make her show some proper humility, as she knows I will demand of Jerry.

"Give me your phone, fuck stick," I tell him firmly.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jerry says very quickly, his eyes still darting back and forth from me, and my smirking, smiling face, to the stunned look on Claire's face. He holds his phone out to me.

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop sailing through the air, and snapping hard against the side of his knee. "You disrespectful little bitch!" I scold him in most disapproving, sternest, voice. "How dare you offer me anything so rudely! What do you think you are, a person or something?" Another flick of my wrist has the crop snapping just as harshly against his other knee. "On your knees, like a proper little bitch, fuck stick."

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Jerry yelps with each swat of my crop. The knee is mostly bone, and thus not a fun place to be whipped. It hurts more than most places. But it is those knees he's not down on, as he should know that he should be. I know Colette's style. It's not much different than mine. We use the same commands for our toys, too. It makes it easier to share our toys. The toys already know what's expected of them, regardless of whom shows up to teach them their lesson.

Jerry very quickly drops to his knees. He sits back, letting his bottom hang between the tops of his heels. He keeps his back up straight. He holds his hands out six inches in front of his nipples, his palms upturned and made into a little serving tray. His phone now rests atop his hands. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," Jerry apologizes very sheepishly. "Here is my phone, Ma'am."

His eyes are now locked on me. I think those little swats taught him that I'm not some silly young girl here to play around. I'm going to be just as firm as his Mistress is. And thus, he'd better be on his best behavior. I can see that Claire's eyes are on me now, watching me, sizing me up, and ignoring Jerry. But I'm sure she's seen Jerry on his knees plenty of times. This isn't new for either one of them.

I take the phone. I took over in the middle of the call, with it still connected. The instant he told Claire what Mistress was doing to him. "Hey girl!" I greet Colette. I hear her giggling. "I'll just assume fuck stick got the message and is on his knees now since I don't hear him crying from any more whippings!"

I ignore the pair of them for a moment, chatting with Colette as if we are the closest of friends. I want them to hear it. I want them to hear how Colette and I see each other as equals. And how I see both of them as far less important than I see Colette. I don't want either of them confused about how far down the totem pole their place is.

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So far down that you'd have to dig around the totem pole to find their place on it.

Then I end the call and hand Jerry's phone to Sophie. I look Jerry in the eyes and ask him the name of their babysitter. He tells me that her name is Kathy. I ask if Kathy is in his contacts. He says yes. I tell Sophie that she's to answer Jerry's phone if Kathy calls, but everyone else goes to voicemail. I'm pretty sure that if there's an emergency, Kathy will try both of their phones until someone answers. I know I would. And so would any of the babysitters I use. Although, if my sitters knew that I was playing with the couple while they were sitting, they'd start by calling me. It would be much faster. But Kathy is their sitter, not mine, and I'm fairly certain she doesn't know Colette or I exist. I didn't recognize her as anyone I know.

I stand over Jerry. It seems as if he and Claire have dressed up for their night out. I wonder where they were going. There really aren't that many restaurants that even have dine-in anymore. The finer ones do, though. They've taken about half of their tables out, too. Welcome to the post-COVID world, now featuring masked waiters. And here I prefer naked waiters!

Jerry is wearing a nice suit. Something probably nicer than he'd wear to court. He has on dark gray slacks with a very light baby blue shirt and a blue tie. They must have been planning to leave as soon as the kids were gone. He has his coat on. A pair of nicely polished black loafers, too, which are probably going to need their toes polished now.

Jerry looked to be about 6'1", maybe 6'2" on his feet. And I'd guess that he's close to 200 pounds. He has fairly broad shoulders, and a decent, definitely lean, build. At least as far as I can tell with his clothes on. Nice suits aren't exactly the snuggest of attire.

Jerry has an interesting, and rather handsome, face. It's only slightly oval. It has some fairly strong lines to it. But it also has just the hint of fullness to it, softening up his

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features a little. He has short, dark brown, wavy hair. It's fairly bushy and full. He has green eyes. He has a slightly wide and short nose. He has fine, light pink lips framing a wide mouth and a bright smile. All of that above a slightly sharp, and strong-looking, jawline.

Too bad that's all of him I can see. For now. "On your feet, naughty little boy!" I snap suddenly, and sternly, without raising my voice.

Jerry almost jumps to his feet. I'm sure he's very eager to show me what a good boy he is. He has to know he's already in trouble. Colette has been telling him that for two days now. Obviously, he knows that a punishment is coming. Colette isn't any more likely to let a toy get away with misbehavior than I am. He must think that if he behaves now it will lessen his punishment. I know that wouldn't work with Colette. It's not going to work with me, either. He'll learn. In just a few minutes!

I reach out, rather quickly, my hand almost darting to the crotch of his pants. I grab hold with a firm grip. I squeeze just lightly, feeling his stiff, rock-hard shaft and rubbery-hard balls in my hand. Business suits, and their slacks, aren't so thick. They cushion my feel, but not too much. I'm sure he feels my grip, too. I want him to.

"Oh, you filthy pervert!" I scold him harshly, my voice as disgusted as it is disapproving. "You're in trouble for being such a horny little toad, and here you are greeting me with a stiff penis? *You're in trouble!* Have you no shame? You're being punished! Punishment shouldn't be arousing you! That is, like so creepy-weird!"

I pull hard. I don't warn Jerry. I just pull. He quickly stumbles a step forward. I keep pulling, leading him over to the front door. "Get your disgusting little bottom in the corner until you're ready to behave like a pig instead of a pervert!" I release his cock, shoving him toward the corner where the front door's hinges are. It's a corner with nothing in it. The closest one I can see from here. I give

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him a little swat on his bottom to encourage him to get in the corner.

Jerry very quickly gets in the proper posture. I know Colette has made him stand in the corner before. It's a degrading punishment. It's rather infantile for a grown man, or woman, to be sent to a corner like a toddler. Naturally, I like sending them!

He stands with his toes touching the baseboards and no more of his body. He puts his hands behind the small of his back and keeps them there. He stares into the empty corner. He knows Colette's rules, and I hope he assumes mine are the same. He did pass the bar exam, so I assume he's smart enough to guess that Colette wouldn't have sent someone who didn't know what Jerry knew. So Jerry should know that he's not allowed to move. Not even to scratch an itch. Nor is he allowed to close his eyes. And he is definitely not allowed to make a sound. He's not allowed to do anything but to stand there. And wait. Until I tell him that he's allowed out of the corner.

I don't know what Colette's done while he was in the corner before. I'm known to sit back and sip coffee. I'm sure Colette passes her time in some similar way.

But that's not what I have in mind now. Claire is here. And Claire needs to be clear on what I expect of her, too. I just hate misunderstandings! And at this moment, Claire is just glaring at me. I'm sure she's wondering what I'm going to be like. If I'm going to be as strict as Colette, or not. Or maybe if I'm going to worse than Colette. I know that Colette is the only Domme Claire's ever met. She can't know if we're all the same or have different styles. I'm sure Jerry has told her that styles vary, but we're all strict. It wouldn't be very domineering if we were softies, would it?

Claire, too, has a slightly oval face. Only there isn't a sharp or strong line to her face, giving her a rather feminine look. She has long, straight brown hair that hangs down just enough to cover her shoulders. It looks to be rather fine and soft. She has brown eyes. But she has a

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small, narrow nose. She does have a wide mouth, framed with medium pink lips that are neither fine nor plump, but somewhere in between. It's also a rather straight mouth, even when she smiles. She has a soft, well-rounded jawline that's full. And she has a few wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes, and along that line beside her mouth, running up towards her nose. Those make her look her age, or maybe even a year or three older. But still, I wouldn't think she was 40 yet. Age guessing can be such an inexact science. Still, I'd put her in the late half of her 30s.

For her date tonight, Claire is wearing a slightly snug-fitting black dress. On top, it covers her almost all the way up to her neck, with only a shallow neckline. But there's a decent V of lace there, turning the dress from modest to sexy. And lace doesn't hide the skin under it very well, so it could have a deeper neckline. It covers her almost perfectly down to her knees. From there, I can see a pair of black stockings. And a pair of black leather shoes, open-toed, with spiky heels. She also has a red, and decently snug-fitting, red blazer on with it. It's a small blazer, one that's a pure accessory, not functional. It has sleeves that come just past her elbows. Below that, her arms are bare, letting me know that the dress's sleeves are no longer than her elbows. If it even has sleeves. Most sexy dresses don't. The blazer does cover her back fully, so I can't tell if the dress is sexy and backless or not. I'd guess it's one of the cuter dresses she owns. It is date night. And nothing says sexy like black stockings. She clearly has some ideas of what they would do after supper to pass the rest of their date night. Well, what was going to be their date night? I hope they don't have reservations or anything! They so won't be making them.

I treat Claire the same way that I just treated Jerry. I reach out to her suddenly, grabbing hold of her longish hair and getting a tight grip on it. I yank, but lightly, just enough to snap her hair taut and really get her attention.



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"Don't think you're blameless, *bitch*," I begin telling Claire in a rather stern, slightly mocking, and very taunting voice. A voice that just dares her to contradict me. "I don't know what's wrong with you, if that pussy between those legs of yours is just too skanky to properly satisfy this little boy's penis, or if you just haven't a clue what to do with your pussy. But I am definitely going to find out. Now."

As I'm mocking her, Claire doesn't say anything. But I see her eyes going wide. And I see a nervous look blooming on her face. Right up until I say now. Then that nervous look erupts.

I don't give her a chance to do or say anything. There's a little table with some odds and ends on it beside her. It's not something I'd expect to see in a kid-friendly house. It's tall and fairly small. I doubt its square top even measures 18" across. Thus, easily knocked over. And thus, not for a kid-filled house. But it is rather elegant and decorative. I assume that they had it before they had kids, and it's somehow survived this long.

I snap Claire's hair again, bringing my hand up to her shoulder as I do. I use that hand to push Claire forward a little. I use her hair to hold her in place as she starts leaning over. I take my other hand from her shoulder and grab one of her wrists. I bring her hand up, bending her elbow and putting her elbow on the table, her forearm resting flat on it. I quickly do the same with her other hand. Then a little tug of her hair gets her to lean the rest of the way over until her arms are supporting a bit of her weight. A slightly firmer pull on her hair keeps her there.

Already her hips are squirming and wiggling. And her feet are fidgeting. I can't see her face anymore, but she looked rather nervous, almost afraid, as I bent her over. I can see the quivering starting and it's her entire body that's quivering. This is going to be such fun!

"Stay!" I firmly command Claire. I'm sure she's seen Jerry given that command enough to have a pretty good

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idea of what it means. To stay put. I keep the tension on her hair just to remind her.

I reach for the bottom hem of Claire's dress. I pull it up, quickly and slightly roughly. I'm sure she feels as if I'm yanking it up hard. Immediately I can see that Claire has gone for a strong, and sexy, look. Her stockings come up only to her mid-thighs. And she's wearing them without a garter belt. She's also wearing a pair of skimpy, and sexy, panties. Those are low cut on her hips. And they're mostly see-through. There's only a sharp V of black silk in the back to cover her crack. The rest, all the way around her hips, is just see-through mesh. And even that's narrow.

With Claire leaning over, I can see that the swath of black silk runs down, between her legs, and rises up the front, presumably to cover her pubes. It lets me see the mound of her pussy, puffing down enough that it's stretching the sheer fabric of the panties out just a bit.

I snap my fingers and wave for Sophie to go around to Claire's front. It's where I want Sophie now. Sophie does as she knows I want her to do. She puts her hands to Claire's head. She grips it tightly as I let Claire go. Sophie turns Claire's head, making Claire look right into Sophie's eyes. And Sophie puts her elbows atop Claire's wrists, somewhat pinning Claire's wrists down.

Now I have both hands. I quickly use them to pull Claire's panties down.

"NO!" Claire squeals. It's a squeal of pure nervousness. And it's full of embarrassment. Her bottom wiggles hard, trying to stop me from baring it. It does her little good. In about two seconds Claire's bare bottom is staring me in the face. As is the mound of Claire's pussy. "I don't play!" Claire blurts out, her voice almost panicked. "I don't want to do this! STOP!"

I just ignore Claire. Despite Sophie's grip on her, Claire could get up. It would take her a little strength, but Sophie has instructions not to make it that hard for Claire.

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Just hard enough that Claire will have to really work to get up.

"Shut up, *bitch*, I didn't say you could speak. I said I was going to thoroughly check your pussy, inside and out, to see if it's too skanky to satisfy a penis. You are going to stand there while I do. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

"NO! I don't belong to Mistress! I don't want to play! I don't want you seeing my privates! STOP!" Claire's voice is pure panic and laced with a very urgent, and humiliated plea. Claire tries closing her legs, squeezing her thighs together to stop me from getting to her pussy. And to hide it from my eyes.

But that still leaves me a nice view of Claire's bottom. It lets me see that her cheeks aren't hard. They're slightly, very slightly, loose. They're still nicely rounded, with a little curve at their bottom edges. But just loose enough to have a slight flatness to the front of them. And to have that soft look to them, instead of looking like hard globes. Hers look more like doughy globes. It also lets me see a fully closed crack, the inside edges of her cheeks flush against each other, but that's all. Not squished against each other, just enough to close her crack off and block my sight.

Isn't that so naughty? It doesn't take me but an instant to slip on a pair of latex gloves and squeeze a little drop of lubricating gel atop my first finger. I don't bother spreading Claire's cheeks. I opt for speed. I just aim and casually push my finger into her crack. My finger pushes her soft globes apart, letting me feel that there are decent muscles just under the soft flesh.

In less than a second, I can feel the tightly clenched ring of her asshole under my finger. And it's already clenching tighter! I can feel the trembling quiver flowing through her body, too. Her globes quivering against my finger. I can feel that her ring is tight and small. I can feel that her muscle is firm and strong. I can feel the very slight funneling guiding my finger to the center of her ring, too.

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I don't ease up. I just push, casually, as if I'm sticking my finger into a hole in the wall of something. As if it's not a very private part of another person's body. Just some inanimate object I'm penetrating, neither caring for its comfort nor trying to be rough with it. I keep the pressure gentle, but steady. It's my professional, detached, nurse's touch. The one I save for annoying patients, not those I like, and thus try to be very gentle with.

It doesn't take any time for me to feel her ring give. It was always going to. The funneling surrounds the very tip of my finger. Then I feel the rubberiness of her muscle squeezing snugly around the side of my finger, my finger slipping further through the stiff muscle.

"OW!" Claire screeches. She shudders hard, too. She tries pulling her hips forward as if trying to move her bottom away from me. There's really nowhere for her to go. Especially not with Sophie holding her head. "OUT! GET IT OUT! NOW!" Claire shrieks out, her voice panicked, nervous, and squeaky.

I ignore Claire. She might as well learn now that I don't care what she says. Or what she claims to want. Colette wouldn't, either. I just keep pushing, letting my finger steadily slip deeper into Claire's bottom, her firm, rubbery muscle squeezing around the side of my finger.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Jerry flinch hard when Claire squeals out. He definitely never expected me to touch Claire. He must have assumed that Colette told me that Claire was off-limits. But he stays in the corner, leaving Claire to fight her own battle. It beats incurring my wrath for moving. And it's not like Claire is being murdered or anything. Plus, I'm sure he knows, she's capable of offering far more resistance than just screeching at me.

"I SAID NO! I DON'T PLAY. NOW GET IT OUT OF MY ASS!" Claire shrieks out, both firmly, and rather nervously. Her bottom keeps going forward, trying to pull off my finger. It does nothing. I keep going.

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Soon the webbing of my finger is flush against the outside of her asshole. And now, my hand is holding her crack spread a bit over her tight ring.

I can feel the filmy, loose walls of her rectum around the tip of my finger. I can feel a little waste inside her, but not much. It's a fairly empty rectum.

I press downward, very gently and softly. At first, I just feel the paper-thin wall of her bowel. It's so thin that it does nothing to cushion my feel of what's beyond. It's like the thinnest of latex gloves between my glove and what's beyond her rectum. Where I'm pressing, beyond her rectum are the walls of her pussy.

It lets me feel the firmness of the muscles and their sponginess. Hers are decently firm, especially considering that she's had two kids fairly close together. It feels like a firm, almost hard, wet sponge to press on. They're also beyond hot, burning with fire. And I can feel faint twitches in her walls. They're like hot sparks, snapping randomly around those walls, then shooting out with crisp, sudden, and hard, little snap. That all tells me that Claire's pussy is very eager. And if she was hating this, hating me, it wouldn't be arousing her. That tells me the truth. Her pussy likes it. Loves it. She just desperately doesn't want it to.

I start wiggling the tip of my finger. Tiny little wiggles, with only the faintest of pressure behind them. Wiggles that barely move my finger. Light enough that my finger moves the wall of her rectum instead of stroking over it. But enough that my finger is massaging over the backside of her pussy. And the backside of a pussy is laced with the very same nerves that the front side is.

"UH!" Claire half grunts, half moans out. Her hips shudder hard, still trying to squirm away from me.

I keep my finger moving, teasing her just the same, ignoring everything Claire says and does.

It takes about five seconds for Claire to calm down and stop grunting. Then I feel her asshole loosen up slightly around my finger. And I watch as goosebumps

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start rising out of her crack and sweeping over her globes. More goosebumps now seem to cover the lips of her pussy, too.

In a couple of more seconds, I hear Claire's breathing start to deepen. I can feel the twitching in her pussy slowly, but steadily, growing more powerful, too.

I count off a few more seconds. "Well, this pussy is just being such the slut tonight, isn't it, *bitch*?"

"Please, get it out of my ass, Miss Rodgers! PLEASE!" Claire sobs out, her voice now very hushed, very demure, and pleading. Very desperately begging as well.

I use my free hand to firmly, but not very hard, spank one of Claire's cheeks. Claire yelps a very light "ow." But the effect of it is lost with her breathy voice. "Bad bitch!" I scold her sternly, my voice hard and cold. "I thought you would have learned when I slapped your face, bitch. I asked you a question. You will answer humbly and politely. And that is *all* you may do, *bitch*."

"Now," I switch back to a more taunting, teasing voice. "Is this pussy being a total gutter slut tonight, *bitch*?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Claire answers. Now her voice is breathy and deep. But it still has its high girly pitch. And it's hushed to the point I can barely hear it. It's also very humiliated.

"See, that wasn't so hard. You just might learn to behave before you end up over my knees." I warn her. Colette never tried Claire, so Colette told me she didn't know how far Claire would go. But I was welcome to find out if I wanted to know.

I already know the answer. Claire is standing still now, frozen in place and quivering lightly. She's not actively fighting me. She's just whining about it, although she can do that rather firm and demanding. Then again, she is a lawyer. And I can feel the one thing that can't lie to me. Her pussy. Those twitches, the ones that announce a building orgasm, are growing steadily. Claire might lie

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and try to convince me this is horrible for her, but her pussy won't lie. Her pussy likes this. A lot.

I keep massaging the backside of her pussy. It keeps her fully distracted. "You belong to me now, bitch," I tell Claire, my voice firm and certain, but not cold. Actually a little warm. "Beginning now, if you do anything other than behave like a good bitch, you will be punished for it. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Claire's voice is growing deeper, and breathier, as we go on. She's hushing it more and more, too.

"When is the last time you used that worthless mouth of Mistress's fuck stick, there?"

"The night before last, Miss Rodgers."

"Did you cum then?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers,"

"Have you cum since?"

"No, Miss Rodgers."

"But you are about to."

"YES! Miss Rogers." Claire sobs again as she confesses.

"Well, it's clear that fuck stick hasn't been taking care of this pussy at all. I think I have a lot of work ahead of me tonight, bitch. You are going to thank me for sticking my finger up your butt and showing you how slutty that pussy is. Now, bitch."

"Thank you for sticking your finger up my ass and showing me just how slutty my pussy is, Miss Rodgers." I love the tone of Claire's voice. It's as if she'd rather do anything than say those words. As if it's utterly humiliating to her to admit that she's allowing this. As if she hates herself for it. But with all the deep throatiness that screams how close to a climax she is.

"Promise me you will be a good bitch tonight, bitch."

"I promise, Miss Rodgers! I'll be a good bitch tonight..." there's just a little more shame in her voice.

"UH!...NO!" Claire cries out as I pull my finger from her bottom just as casually as I pressed it in. "PLEASE,

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MISS RODGERS, JUST ANOTHER MINUTE!" Claire's voice pleads even as it rings with shame. "OH, PLEASE JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS!"

I could feel the twitches. I knew how close she was to climax. Apparently, she does, too. I'm sure she's feeling the pounding throb in her pussy now. The unbearable ache of being stopped just before she got to fall over the edge. Right where I want her.

I have Claire's panties down to her thighs, around them maybe an inch below the bottom curve of her behind. I leave them there. But I pull her dress down. Then I reach up and grab Claire's hair. Sophie releases Claire. I pull Claire back to her feet.

It lets me see the agonized look on her face. And the little tears rolling from the corners of her eyes. I give her a minute to come to accept her new place. I spin her to face the wall and push her up to it. I tell her to stand there and stay, or she can stand there and stay with a sore bottom. She seems to stay.





*Chapter Two - A Very Naughty  
Boy Begins His Lesson*

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I step over to the corner where Jerry is waiting. I step up close behind him. I'd like to lean close to his ear, but he has got to be a full foot taller than I am. The top of my head is barely up to his shoulder. By weight, I'll bet I'm half the girl that he is – literally. I weigh 91 pounds, and I'd bet Jerry easily makes 182. I'd bet he just tops 200 pounds. But, at least from what I can see with that annoying suit on him, not a single ounce of that is flab. This is going to be fun!

"Is that penis ready to behave, naughty boy?" I ask him in a rather teasing voice.

"No, Ma'am..." Jerry answers. He knows what I'm asking. I told him to stand there until his cock wasn't hard. Obviously, he's telling me that his hard-on is still raging. Duh. I didn't think he'd have much of a chance. I could see the little tremors flowing over his body. I could see his ears straining to hear just a little more as I teased Claire.

I'm pretty sure that he found it as arousing as he found it unexpected. Especially since he couldn't see anything but a small slice of blank wall. He had to stand there and listen to his wife being teased, and submitting to it, but not see any of it. I hope my words to Claire were enough to give him a good mental image. I wanted him to stand there thinking about what was happening literally just behind his back. His wife standing there, bent over, her bare bottom exposed and my finger in it. And Claire obviously liking whatever I was doing to her bottom. I'll bet he would have killed to see it. I know it ensured his cock was not even thinking about softening up.

"Oh well, I guess I'll just have to teach you to behave!" I say. I put my hands to his shoulder and turn him around in place. "Show me that naughty penis, fuck stick."

Jerry definitely knew that was coming. He doesn't look the least bit surprised. In fact, he looks excited, as if he was hoping that I'd want to see his cock. As if he ever had any chance of keeping his clothes on. So... NOT. Colette wouldn't let him, either.

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Jerry immediately reaches to his waist. He unfastens his belt. He unbuttons and unzips his pants. He pushes his slacks down, exposing a pair of silky, baby blue boxer shorts. I never did like boxer shorts. Or silky underwear on men. He pushes those down, too. His pants and undershorts fall to his ankles.

Now only the hanging tails of his shirt hide his cock. I can see the shaft of it poking the fabric out, but it's still invisible behind the loose flaps. Jerry lifts the tails up high, leaving everything from his waistline down bared.

It lets me see the thick jungle of dense black curls covering his pubes. They creep out, into the creases of his thighs as well. But from what I can see, neither his stomach nor his thighs are especially hairy. It gives his bush defined edges to it. Just not edges that are sharp or straight. It definitely looks manly. But I've always thought guys look better with hair around their cock. As long as the hair isn't on their cock. That's so gross.

Jerry's cock is standing up nicely. Rock hard. It stands almost perfectly straight out from his pubes. At best, it's a rather average cock. I'd guess it's about five inches long, which (according to the nursing textbooks) is the average mark. His shaft is about an inch across, maybe just a hair thicker. That's also about average. To me, that's nothing. I like thick cocks. But this is a toy, not a boyfriend, so it really doesn't matter to me. At least it's circumcised, showing me its light purple head.

Jerry also has a comparatively huge pair of balls hanging down just under that average shaft. They're not the biggest I've seen, but they might be proportionally the biggest, compared to his average cock. His sack is only lightly furred with some silky-fine hairs. It makes his balls and sack stand out that much more.

It also lets me see a pair of lean legs. Narrow legs. They're not especially muscular. Not like they would be if he worked out a lot. But there isn't a drop of fat on them. Nor is there any looseness to them. They look nicely toned,

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just without any visible lines from his muscles. Then again, he's a lawyer, not a running back. I'll bet he spends more time on his bottom than on his legs. Still, those legs tell me that I'm right about his body. It's going to manly, with a bit of a strong look to it.

"slave, hand me something to encourage this naughty little boy and his tiny penis to behave," I sweetly say to Sophie. The teasing tone in my voice should be enough for Jerry to realize he's not going to like this. Then again, he is being so naughty.

Sophie reaches into the duffle bag and pulls out the item I asked for. She knew what I meant. I call it the "penile encourager." In reality, it's the clamp off a pair of jumper cables. Although it's never actually been on a pair of jumper cables. I just bought a set of replacement clamps. This one is shiny! And it's big. With nice, sharp, pointy teeth on its jaws.

Jerry stares at it, his eyes suddenly wide and nervous.

I squeeze its jaws wide open. Moving slowly, I put the clamp over his cock with its jaws running along the length of his shaft. Or at least the top half of it. It has the spongy head of his cock in the hinge of it. And it has the tender underside of his cock lying atop the two rows of pointy teeth. With two more rows of sharp points hanging above his hardness, ready to close and squeeze into his shaft. I hold the jaws open, giving Jerry a moment to feel those sharp teeth.

Then I start letting them close slowly. I watch as the teeth close down along his length. I watch Jerry watching it as well, the nervous look on his face growing to near panic. It only takes a couple of seconds for the tips of those teeth to touch his cock and start biting hard into it. Jumper cables have clamps with really strong springs in them. Now that spring is squeezing those teeth against his shaft.

"UMMMM!!!!" Jerry grunts out hard through clenched teeth as those teeth start biting into the countless nerves along his cock. I have no mercy. I let the clamp finish

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closing until every bit of its strength is squeezing those points into his steely shaft. Jerry's face scrunches up hard. He groans a little louder.

"There!" I squeal with excitement in my voice. I take my hand off the clamp, leaving Jerry no doubt that he's feeling all of its bite now. His stiff shaft still stands straight out from his pubes. Only now with the shiny clamp on it. And nice red handles on the clamp. "That should help you be a good fuck stick!" I bat my eyes.

Jerry groans. I'm pretty sure that I can see little tears welling up in the corners of his eyes, too. I'll bet that clamp hurts!

It doesn't take too long. I just wait and watch. In about fifteen seconds, I start to see the clamp drooping down. That's a sure sign that his cock is softening up and no longer able to hold the weight of the clamp up high. In another fifteen seconds or so, the clamp is lying against his dangling balls.

His cock looks soft. But it hasn't shrunk much. It can't. The teeth biting into its flesh aren't going to move. As his cock softened, it made his flesh pull against those teeth as his cock tried to shrink. But the teeth held firm, holding his flesh stretched even as it softened. Now it's half flat in the jaws.

"Are you ready to be a good boy now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Jerry grunts out very urgently. His strained voice pleads for me to get the clamp off his cock.

I put the tip of a finger to the underside of his dangling balls. "Prove it, fuck stick. Behave." I use my finger, with its soft and feminine skin to lightly stroke the underside of those hanging orbs. It's a soft and tender touch. A very erotic touch.

It's a touch that quickly gets goosebumps erupting all over his sack. It has his sack shriveling up. I keep teasing my finger over his balls, now stroking atop those firm orbs.

It also gets Jerry's cock twitching and that has the clamp seeming to jump around. It has his cock wanting to

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stiffen up. But the clamp keeps it soft no matter what it wants. It also makes Jerry grunt harder, and with more strain in his voice, as his cock tries to stiffen up.

I tease him for about half of a minute. Then I finally stop. I know his cock isn't going to get hard while it's in that clamp. I just want him to suffer for a minute. "That's a good boy!" I tell him. "See that, fuck stick? You can make that useless penis behave!

"Now remember to be a good boy," I add with a taunt in my voice. And then, much to Jerry's relief, I slowly take the clamp off. Jerry sighs heavily with a lot of relief in his voice as I do. He stares down at his now-limp cock, too. He grimaces hard when sees the little dimples of teeth prints, like white specks that quickly turn red, lining the top half of his cock.

His cock hangs limp. I doubt it's going to stay that way for too long. His eyes mostly watch me, an edgy look on his face as he wonders what I'm going to do with him next. But they also dart over a few times to Claire. He sees her standing there, facing the wall, fidgeting very anxiously, and waiting just as he had to do in the corner. But with her dress down, he can only imagine her panties still hanging around her thighs.

"I know your Mistress rather well, fuck stick. I know that She would never allow that useless limp penis to get hard and eager without Her permission. So don't think I am going to. I will tell you when I wish it hard. Otherwise, I expect it to remain limp and useless, just like you," I tell Jerry in my firm voice. "Now, give all of your clothes to my slave. And I mean everything."

I stare at Jerry, steadily taping my foot to encourage him not to waste time stripping off his clothes. He starts with his shoes and socks. Then his pants and underwear, but those are already hanging around his ankles anyway. I think he looks cute in his coat and tie, with his limp cock peeking out from between his shirttails and his naked legs.

It doesn't take him long. Then it's his coat coming off. His tie follows. Then his shirt. And finally, a white

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undershirt comes off. It leaves Jerry completely naked. Still facing me, after I watched him closely as he undressed, he tells me that he's ready. "Miss Rodgers, I am fully naked now, Ma'am."

And his cock is still mostly soft. But I can tell it wants to stiffen up already. I'll bet he's telling himself that he can't get hard. That he's trying to think of anti-arousing things. Anything to encourage his cock to behave. Those tend to have a mind of their own.

I have Sophie give me a training collar. This one is baby blue. It's just a plain, ordinary dog collar that I bought online at a pet supply site. I have to reach up to loop it around his neck. Then I thread a small padlock through its buckle and an unused hole, locking the collar around his neck.

Now I can see all of Jerry's body. He definitely has a nice chest. He has broad shoulders with defined, noticeable muscles to them. Muscles that look to be well-toned and hard. He has decently muscular arms as well. He has only a light, and sparse, coat of hair on his chest and stomach, but those hairs are dark black, and that makes them stand out a little. He has a flat, hard stomach as well. And he has lightly bronzed skin from the waist up.

It tells me a lot about Jerry. He works out. I'd bet he hits the gym several days a week after work. But it's mostly an upper body workout. I'll bet on the weekends he likes to take their kids to the park, or the beach, too. And there he probably goes shirtless. And finds himself joining in some pick-up game of football or volleyball.

For a middle-aged man, Jerry has a pretty good body. An attractive one. And one he's taking care of, at least as much as his life leaves the time for him to do. But it's also not an athlete's build. More of an active dad's build.

"Your Mistress tells me that you are just being way too horny of a dog. I'm sure She's told you that's Her penis. It exists only to please Her, not give your worthless body any pleasure. I'm sure you know that you've been



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displeasing Her with your constant shameless begging to use Her penis for your pleasure.”

Now I'm grinning wide. “You want to behave now,” I tell him in a voice that I hope is teasingly sweet and leaves him no doubt that I have something hideous in mind for him if he doesn't. I have Sophie hand me a pair of latex gloves. I keep a whole box of them in the bag. I tend to go through them. Like now.

I hold my hands in front of me as I slowly pull them on. I watch Jerry's eyes, watching me closely, and definitely wondering what I'm going to do to him now. I just reach down, cupping my hand slightly as I bring it up under his cock. Then I flatten my hand out, letting his soft cock lie atop my palm, the head of it pointing at my wrist.

I put two fingers to the top of his shaft, pressing on it lightly and feeling the tube inside. I can feel the blood starting to flow. I can feel how much it wants to stiffen up. I'm sure he's doing everything in his power to keep it soft. He won't last long. I run my gloved fingers lightly along its length. Then I get to the tip of it.

I give the spongy, soft head of his cock a little squish. That's the part of his cock that will never get rock hard. It's also the part with the most nerves in it. It's soft. I can feel the faint tremor sweep over his body as I play with the head of his cock. I keep it in my hand, lightly kneading the sponginess.

“When is the last time this penis ejaculated?” I ask him in a very detached and professional tone. It's my nurse's voice. I can guess that Jerry has always had some fantasy about a naughty nurse. Most guys have. I just haven't told him that I'm a nurse yet. But I am using proper terms, instead of more common terms, when I talk to him. Like I'd do if he were a patient. I'm not sure if he's picking up on that or not. But he will soon.

“I came when Mistress was here and allowed me to masturbate. That was last Saturday night, Miss Rodgers.” Jerry tells me.

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"Why don't I believe that? Oh, yeah, because you're such a naughty boy! Well, luckily for me, I happen to be a nurse. I think I'll just check this tiny penis for myself and see if it's been ejaculating or not. You wouldn't be lying to me, would you, fuck stick?"

"No, Ma'am!" Jerry says very firmly. It tells me that he hasn't cum since Saturday night. He's sure of that.

"Not even one tiny little drop?"

"No, Ma'am!" He again insists.

I hold my hand out to Sophie, palm up. "Slave, give me the urethral dilator." Then I look up at Jerry's face. It's already scrunching up, even as his eyes go wide in fear. The look on his face is half horror, half nervousness. As if he hasn't a clue what I'm going to do, but doubts that it's going to be fun.

Sophie puts it in my hand. I can see Jerry's eyes staring at the hideous-looking implement with erupting fear. It's an actual medical instrument. But it looks like something invented by the Spanish Inquisition for persuading the more adamant heretics to repent. It's surgical steel and shines brightly. It has two blades, about six inches long, but narrow at just under  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". The blades are curved slightly, leaving only their edges touching as they wait, now closed. It has a handle on it like a sprayer would, two grips that are meant to be squeezed together. Now its blades are closed, making them into a small metal tube a little narrower than a pencil. The very tips of those blades glisten brightly with the tiny dollop of lubricant that Sophie put on them for me.

I can see the tremors flowing over Jerry's body grow stronger as he imagines what I might do with that tool. I'm sure he's praying it's not going to live up to its name.

I wrap my hand around his cock, getting a snug grip on it just behind the head. I hold his semi-soft cock firmly, pulling it out a little away from his pubes to stretch his shaft straight.

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And then I put the tips of its blades to the small opening at the very tip of his cock. They're just barely larger than the hole is. But the head of his cock, and his urethra, are rubber and easily stretched. I just wiggle the tip of it slightly, and that works it into the hole. It barely has to stretch him at all.

Jerry stares down at his cock, seeing the shiny steel tool ready to push into his shaft. His face looks like he's about to cry from just the thought of it.

I push. The blades slide rather easily into his cock. But there's nothing there to resist them. Just the rubbery soft tube they're sliding into.

"OW!" Jerry screeches out. His voice has been moderately on the deep side. Rather manly. But now it's high-pitched and very girly. And it rings of pure panic. Well, with some discomfort laced in. I know it hurt, but just a little. It's no worse than a needle stick. But there's the panic factor. Jerry's watching the pencil-thick shaft pushed a good six inches into his cock. That, the mere idea of it, is unbearable for guys. Far worse than the actual discomfort of it.

I push all of those blades into his cock. The instant they start pushing in, and Jerry screeches, I feel his cock swelling in my hand. It's not a slow stiffening. It's like an explosive stiffening. As if it's jumping to full hardness in an instant. And it does. It's as hard as steel by the time I have the blade inserted, and that's about one second.

It doesn't make a difference if his cock is soft or hard for me. Or for him. The thick tube that actually gets hard doesn't surround his urethra. It leaves the rubbery tube to run along the underside of his shaft.

"I didn't say you could whine like a little girl, fuck stick. Now shut up and behave while I see for myself how naughty you've been. Unless you'd prefer that I spank you and then we can try this again."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Jerry urgently pleads. "I'll behave!" I can hear the panic in his voice as if doing this

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again is the very last thing that he wants. That alone makes me think I should do it again!

"How can you say that? You're being naughty! I didn't give you permission to have an erection, did I? You're not having sex. You're getting your penis checked by a nurse!" I use a rather mocking and disapproving voice.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am! I'm trying!"

"Oh, well. It's your penis I'm going to dilate. I don't care if it's soft and stretchy or hard. I won't feel it!" I giggle. And then I squeeze the handles. The blades start spreading apart.

"EEEE!" Jerry screeches. It doesn't hurt. He can feel his tube being stretched, but that's it. It's no different than stretching his mouth wide open. The unpleasant part is putting the dilator in. And taking it out. But that doesn't make him any less nervous about it. I don't think my words helped him any, either. My bad... NOT.

I stretch him wide maybe close to a full centimeter, which is a good bit. Especially for the urethra. Then I let the handles lock in place, holding the blades apart.

Jerry stands quivering, his eyes locked on his cock. His face is nervous. I just calmly ask Sophie to hand me a penlight. Then I squat down, holding his cock in front of my eyes. The steel blades ensure his cock stays straight. Not that they have to, it's stiff enough on its own. And that tells me more about him. He is liking this, and the little bit of pain is turning him on, not off.

I shine the light straight into his cock, between the steel blades. There's really not that much to see. Inside, it's just pink. The soft, loose walls of his tube stretched wide open, letting me see all the way to the muscle of his bladder. The nerves lining that tube, and the tiny little strands of fur inside it, are far too small to be seen. It looks like a pink tunnel with soft walls.

But I can see a few tiny drops of cum deep inside his tube. Almost all the way back. It's right where his prostate

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surrounds his urethra. Right, where his body makes that creamy cum. I knew I would find a few little specks of it. I would be concerned if I didn't. They're always there, at least in a healthy man.

None of which means I won't use them to humiliate Jerry. I never claimed to be fair! "You filthy... *boy!* You lied to me! I can see the semen in your penis, care to tell me how that got there if you weren't ejaculating? Don't bother, I'm a nurse. I know that's the only way they get there!" I sigh heavily.

"Slave, my camera," I say with an exasperated voice. Sophie quickly hands me my phone, the camera app already open. And the flash turned on. She has it set for an extreme close-up, too. She knows what I want. I point the lens down the length of his tube, tilting it slightly until I can see those whitish little droplets on the screen. I take a picture. I hand the camera back to Sophie.

"Send that to his Mistress. It's proof of fuck stick's disobedience." Sophie sends it.

I need one hand to hold the handle of the spreader. But I don't need to hold his hard cock. The steel blades will keep that from moving. I put my free hand to his balls, gently cupping them. I give them a few little squeezes, more teasing him than anything. But it is enough for me to feel how firm those orbs are. And how big. I tease them for about half of minute before releasing them.

I hold my free hand out to Sophie, telling her to put a drop of lubricant on my finger. She does. It's a stingy drop. I guess Sophie doesn't feel that Jerry deserves anything more than the bare minimum for his comfort. Then again, Sophie strongly disapproves of disobedient slaves.

I hold my glistening finger, letting Jerry see it. "Now stand really still while I check that naughty prostate!" I tell him. I tell him in the most enthusiastic, and taunting, voice that I can manage.

Standing straight up is not the easiest position for me to get to his asshole. It's even harder for me like this. I

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have to stay in front of him. I'm still holding his cock stretched wide open. I'm already squatting down, so I reach up under his balls to get my finger to his bottom. I push my finger between the bottom edges of his firm cheeks, feeling the inside edges against my finger as it stretches his crack slightly.

And then I feel the tight ring of his asshole under the tip of my finger. His is tight, and it's cinched to its full tightness now. His feels slightly bigger than Claire's did. I would guess that his entire asshole, the ring of muscle, wouldn't be any wider than a penny. So it's not too big. But I can feel his funneling inward moderately. More so than Claire's. And, as the tip of my finger first touches it, I can feel that its opening isn't perfectly round, but will look more like a tiny line. But as my finger presses against his ring, it shifts into roundness quickly. Almost before I feel the rubbery firmness of his muscle against my finger.

I stop. I hold my finger just like that. I move my head aside so that I'm not looking down his cock. I tell Sophie to get my camera again, and I wait as she does. I don't have a third hand, as much as I wish I did. So I have Sophie kneel down and aim the camera, now set for video, down his cock.

Now I push gently with my finger, feeling the firmness of his ring. For an instant, it tries to resist. Then it quickly softens and allows my finger to begin easing into his bottom. Penetrating him this way, it's not long before the tip of my finger feels the walls of his rectum. His asshole is snug, but it's around my finger between the first and second knuckles. That's because he's standing, not bent over. This way, there's a little bend at the bottom of his rectum. It helps him to control his bowels.

Luckily the rectum is rather rubbery, loose, and soft. It feels like poking against a loose rubber band. One that pulled only taut enough that it's not sagging. I use my finger to push down, the pad of my finger pressing straight

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towards his balls. Just not quite deep enough to be above his balls.

I can feel the hard shaft of his cock, right where it's anchored to his body. That swollen stiffness is unmistakable. And, with a faint pressure, I can feel the hard gland of his prostate just behind the hardness.

I start stroking my finger very lightly over the top of his gland. "Hmm.... this prostate is rather hard..." I pronounce in my clinical voice.

It doesn't take Jerry long at all. In about three seconds I can hear his breathing deepening. And picking up its pace. I can hear a faint moaning creeping into those breaths, too. And then I notice the quivering. He's been quivering since I first took hold of his cock. But now those quivers are steadily crispening up. They're turning more into needy shivers. Or a hungry trembling. His purring breaths grow louder, too.

I keep going, massaging his prostate for close to half of a minute. It's simple biology. The prostate surrounds his urethra just behind the hard shaft of his cock. The very same nerves that run along his cock run through, or at least over, his prostate. My finger is stroking those nerves just as effectively as if I were stroking the shaft of his cock. Except that I'm not touching his cock. I guess technically I'm only touching his rectum. It's actually the backside of his rectum that's stroking his prostate.

I take my finger out of his asshole. Jerry grunts lightly as I pull it free. Then he sighs with equal parts relief and frustration. After a week without an orgasm, I have no doubt he's ready for one. And I have no doubt that I was pushing him right towards it. I could already feel a few little twitches starting in his cock.

Then I take my light and look right down his cock again. I have no doubt what I'm going to see. I know what I was doing to him. And I know how his body would react to it. Just as I expect, I can see several larger and fresh drops of his cum welling up in the base of his cock. I know

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Sophie has a nice video of them slowly oozing into his tube, too. I'll use that to degrade him later.

"*You pervert!*" I scold him with as much disgust as I can muster in my voice. "Here I am, nice enough to give you a complimentary prostate exam, and what are you doing? *You're cumming!* I didn't even give you permission for an erection, let alone to cum! Now I have to wash your filthy cum off my dilator! You are in so much trouble, fuck stick!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers!" Jerry very pleadingly blurts out, his voice almost desperate.

"On that, we agree. You are sorry. You're a sorry excuse for a fuck stick! Clearly, you can't be trusted not to cum all over me while you get your spanking for cumming during your prostate exam." I sigh, quickly. "Slave, give me a cock stopper."

"OH YES, Mistress!" Sophie giggles. Her voice sounds very excited, too. As if she thinks cock stoppers should be standard equipment on males.

She puts one in my hand. These are something I made up. They're disposable, too. They're made of tiny little rubber stoppers, like corks. Each one has a hole drilled through it, and a little plastic stick in it. The stoppers I bought online, they're for narrow test tubes. The sticks are just coffee stirrers they sell at Wal-Mart for like a buck. The sticks are glued firmly into those holes. Shaped just like a cork, one end of the stopper is slightly narrower than the other. The stick extends from the wider end.

Sophie didn't bother with any lubricant on it. There's no reason for it, not with his cock already stretched wide open. I just put the stopper between the blades of the spreader and push. Jerry groans a little, feeling the stopper scraping along the inside of his tube at the top and bottom where his tube is stretched between the blades. I push it all the way past the blades, stopping it just before his prostate. Just before where those little droplets are starting to well up.



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Then I close the spreader and pull the blades out of his cock. Jerry screeches like a girl again. But it's over in less than a second. It lets his tube close back up fully. Except now there is a black plastic straw sticking right out from the tip of his very hard, lightly twitching, cock. It sticks out about two inches. And on its end, there's a bright, neon pink, little flag dangling. That's just a ¼" wide strip of ribbon. It has "Remove Before Orgasm" printed on it. Just like the orange flags on the pitot covers of airplanes that say "remove before flight." those were my inspiration for this pink flag.

With the stopper inserted and still, Jerry barely feels it all. It doesn't hurt. It's not even uncomfortable. It's just enough for him to know it's there. I'm sure he's wondering what it's going to be like with the stopper inside his cock. And imagining that it's going to hurt coming out. Which it will. I didn't design it with his comfort in mind. More the opposite.

I stand back up. I still have to look up to look him in the eyes. But it lets me see that Jerry is lost. That this is nothing like Colette has done with him before. That he doesn't know what's coming. And that's making it hard for him to behave. He's too antsy. And judging by the twitching stiffness of his cock, too excited now. It's one of the reasons why we swap toys once in a while. It gives the toy a little variety. Like now, where for Jerry this might as well be his first time again.

"You will be paddled five strokes for cumming without my permission. You will be a very good little boy for your spanking. Now, go fetch me a chair, and don't waste any more of my time, fuck stick. Ten!" I start counting.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers!" Jerry blurts out very quickly. He takes one very tentative and cautious step. I'm sure that's because he's never had anything sticking out of his cock before, and doesn't know what it's going to be like to move with it there. He discovers that he doesn't feel it any differently. Not even with his cock bouncing around as he

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moves. Then he almost starts running to go fetch the chair.

I can see it on his face. A spanking is nothing new for him. He doesn't mind that. Nor is the paddle going to be new for him. Colette has worn more than one paddle out in these last years. I'm sure some of that wear came from Jerry's bottom. But going over the knees of a very young, and very petite woman will be especially humiliating for him. Like a child spanking the parent would be. And I know he's wondering what that stick in cock is going to do for him.

He brings me the chair. I've only counted down to four. He sets the chair out for me. Then he waits, patiently, as I slowly take my seat. And open my knees, giving him a lap to lie over. He might have wondered how he'd be paddled. If I would have him bend over the chair or something. I'm sure some part of him wonders how such a small girl is going to turn a big man over her knees.

I reach out and grab hold of his balls. I squish lightly, just firm enough for him to feel me gripping them and know they're mine now. I tell him to come around to my side. I don't wait for him to move. I use his balls for a leash and guide him around to where I want him. Like any man, he quickly follows his balls without hesitation. I tell him to get down to his knees and use his balls to pull him down.

Jerry is very quickly on his knees at my side. No way is he going to risk me pulling down any harder on his balls. He almost drops to those knees.

I grab hold of the back of his neck. I'd prefer his hair, but his hair isn't long enough to use for a leash. I pull him forward, bringing his shoulders down as he leans over my thighs. He's tall enough that even on his knees, as I bring him forward, his cock lies on the top of my thigh. I pull him forward until my thigh is flush and snug against the bend of his waist. Then I push him down, spreading my thigh until it's about under his nipples. It leaves his knees

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brushing on the floor. Touching it, but not on it enough to support his weight. And it leaves his hands on the floor in front of him. But it has his weight on my thighs. I don't mind. The chair is doing all the work. It's under my thighs. I can just feel his weight squishing down on them.

I have Sophie hand me the paddle I've brought. I don't like to carry too many of them around with me, so I picked my favorite one. Even though it's black! It's made of two pieces of hard leather, with a very thin sheet of spring steel between them. The flexible metal just makes sure it holds its shape. Almost as if it were wooden. It's about 18" long and about 4" wide, but only about ¼" thick. Not counting the wooden handle.

I lie the firm leather against Jerry's equally firm globes. Thankfully there's only a light coat of hair on them. Enough to make them look manly without making them look simian. "This is for cumming without permission," I tell him exactly why he's being spanked.

Then I raise the paddle up high. And I put almost all of my strength into it as I swing it downward. It's a little more than I usually put into it, but not that much more. Unauthorized orgasms are a very bad sin. They deserve a harsh punishment. I snap the paddle down hard, landing it squarely atop the fronts of his cheeks.

The paddle lands with a loud splitting crack. As the crack rings out, I catch sight of Claire flinching from the sound. "OW!" Jerry screeches, and this time his screech is louder than when I put the spreader in his cock. "oh, EE-OW!" his voice is high and girly.

Jerry's bottom isn't still. Too bad that his cheeks are firm enough not to jiggle. The way his hips are squirming, trying to wiggle some of the sharp sting out of them, those cheeks would be dancing!

The way he's laying has his stiff cock trapped between his pubes and the top of my thigh. With his weight on his steely shaft. His squirming hips grind against the top of his hardness, and that has his cock grinding

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against my thigh. The stick in his cock does nothing to discourage him.

"*You pervert!*" I scold Jerry. "What are you a dog? Stop humping my leg like some horny little poodle!... In fact, that's so disgusting, that stroke won't count! Now behave. I know you're already crying like a girl, but try to at least pretend to be a little boy, not a complete dog!"

Before Jerry can say anything, I snap the paddle down again, lading it right atop the already pink and stinging flesh of his globes.

"YE-OW!" Jerry shrieks, his voice as high as any girl's. He tenses up hard. "uh, mm... OW! OW!" Jerry almost starts sobbing already. What a wimp! This is going to be so fun! His knees knock against the chair as he stiffens up. His bottom jumps up a little, easing the pressure against his cock. He slowly relaxes and lies himself back over my knees.

"One, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry for cumming without your permission, Ma'am. I deserve four more strokes, Ma'am. May I please have another spanking now, Miss Rodgers?" Jerry obediently counts his stroke off. It's the exact wording Colette would demand he uses. She's a little stricter about the wording than I am. It's fine by me.

I give Jerry what he asks for. A third stroke that counts only as a second. And I land it almost atop the bright pink flesh of his cheeks. He has enough cheek for me to mix the strokes up a little. I'm just not in a kind mood. Not after his sin! That was too naughty! Even if I did make it up. He believes it!

The next stroke, the third by the count, leaves Jerry sobbing.

The fourth stroke is the one that gets Jerry crying hard. And I can hear it in his voice.

I can see Claire almost jumping out of her skin with every stroke. It makes me wonder if Colette has ever let her see Jerry spanked before. Or even hear it. I'd think, as long as Jerry has been Colette's toy, Claire should be used

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to him being spanked by Her now. But his cries are clearly affecting Claire, too. I'll bet they're getting her hot. I'm not sure, but there's something about the way she stands there that tells me Claire's pussy is on fire right now.

The last stroke leaves Jerry crying nice and hard. And that's what I wanted. I lift his shoulders, putting Jerry back on his knees.

And then there's a knock at the door. I was just getting started scolding Jerry to waste the time until it came, too. I'd planned it.

"Go answer your door, fuck stick! You can't leave people waiting! It could be Kathy!" It's not. I know who it is.

Jerry very hesitantly gets up. He glances down, seeing that he's totally nude. I'm sure he wonders why I'm making him answer the door since Claire could, and Claire has her clothes on. But he reluctantly starts for the door.

Jerry stands behind the door, pulling it just barely open enough to see through the crack. "Can I help you?" He asks tentatively, not recognizing the caller.

"I said open the door, fuck stick, not hide behind it! It's not my fault you can't behave well enough to deserve clothes!" I use a very mocking voice. But then I switch to a firm voice that would make a drill sergeant cringe. "Now open it!"

Jerry cringes. He's still got tears running down his cheeks from the spanking. He opens the door wide enough, about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the way. But he still tries to stand behind it.

"All the way!" I snap in my commanding voice. And I tap his thigh, just below the bottom of his globes, to remind him that I expect obedience. I don't care about his modesty.

Jerry gives up. He very quickly opens the door all the way. Until the handle touches the wall. It leaves him, fully nude, shaft sticking out of his hard cock with its little pink ribbon, in full view of the caller. A man he's never laid eyes on before.

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The man at the door is Kevin. One of my other toys. One I use for a dildo a lot. Kevin is 21 and looks it. He's slightly stock and beefy, with a pretty nice figure. A very young and manly look. He has short blond hair and a fairly handsome face.

Kevin can't help but laugh at the pink ribbon dangling from Jerry's cock. That's something I don't do so often, so it's something Kevin has neither seen nor suffered before.

"Isn't that a manly looking stud!" I blurt out appreciatively. Kevin has been my toy long enough to recognize my voice. I'm taunting Jerry.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jerry reluctantly admits.

"Well, since you're such a naughty little boy, and clearly you have no idea what to do with your wife's pussy, invite that man in. Politely. Introduce him to your wife. He can be her man for supper tonight, since you're being a dog, you can spend the evening in the doghouse! You will humbly ask him to stand in for you. Now, fuck stick."

Jerry's voice is pure shame. And it's hushed. He cringes. "Sir... please come in..." Jerry invites him.

Kevin steps in.

Jerry very quickly shuts the door, almost slamming it lest his neighbors see something he'd prefer they didn't. Like his cock. He steps over to Claire.

I tell Claire to turn around.

"This is my wife, Claire, Sir... Since I've been such a bad boy, I can't spend our date night with her because Miss Rodgers has to punish me. Will you please take my place and be her... man, while I'm in the doghouse, Sir?"

Kevin, like any man would, quickly looks Claire over. He decides that she's cute enough for him. Not that it would matter. Kevin has instructions, and he knows what awaits those who disappoint me. A night with his balls in my vise. Literally.

"I can do that."

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"Oh, good!" I squeal excitedly. "Supper will be here soon! Take your new wife to the table for supper! Like a polite man."

Kevin turns to Claire. "Hi, Claire. It's nice to 'marry' you." He says with a touch of amusement in his voice. Enough for Claire to get the hint that he's just playing along with me. "I'm Kevin." He reaches out and takes Claire's hand, holding it. "Shall we, honey?"

He starts leading Claire towards the dining room. He notices that Claire is shuffling her feet, her steps short. Even though he doesn't know why, or even that her panties are still around her thighs, he slows down. He even pulls her chair out for her.





## *Chapter Three - The Delivery*

## Chapter Three - The Delivery

I clip a leash to Jerry's collar. This way he'll follow me. I wait until Kevin and Claire are seated at the table, and then I walk over to them. Kevin doesn't need much in the way of instructions. He already knows that he's here to be Claire's "date" for the night. It's a role he's filled several times before.

He doesn't know what I'm going to tell him to do with Claire. As far as he knows, Claire is just Jerry's wife. That's all I knew about her when I called Kevin earlier. A vanilla wife. But that doesn't mean I won't loan Kevin to her. And he knows that from experience. The only difference is that a vanilla wife gets a choice to use him.

"Claire," I begin firmly, just to make sure that I have her attention. She has this kind of... dazed look on her face. As if she's stunned by the latest turn of events. She might be. A lot tonight has been different from what Colette does. Colette never pays much attention to Claire, seeing Claire at most as an audience for Her show. That's Claire's fault, it's what she told Colette she wanted. Colette doesn't usually bring Her other toys around either. That's a very rare thing for Colette. She told me that She's never brought one to play with Jerry. Or Claire. I, on the other hand, enjoy mixing my toys up! It's like sending my Barbie doll on a date with GI Joe - while Ken had to watch! I guess my inner imp was just as evil when She was a baby inner imp.

"While I deal with fuck stick and his obscene naughtiness, Kevin here will be your husband for the evening. After all, it's not fair that you miss your date night just because this fuck stick can't stop cumming all over everything. Well, I guess he will now since I stuffed a cork up his cock!

"You are going to be nice to Kevin. Just pretend he's that fuck stick, only better behaved. And younger. And cuter. I expect open, honest, and personal conversation over dinner. The very same conversation you'd be having

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with fuck stick. I expect you to treat him as if he were fuck stick, just in a better body.

"You are also going to mind your manners like a proper lady bitch. You will be very sweet to Kevin. And very humble and polite to me and my slave... And everyone else. Except for fuck stick, a naughty dog like him doesn't deserve the politeness you show a cockroach. You do not want to disappoint me. Not after I've been so nice and found you not just a stand-in, but a stand-in that's clearly a superior partner. I know you've been married to fuck stick for a while now, but try to remember what it was like to date a higher life form, such as a garden slug. *Be very sweet.*"

They definitely make an odd-looking couple. Kevin is dressed nicely, but young. Like a college guy, which is what he is. He's not wearing a fancy suit, just khaki slacks, and a pullover shirt. Claire's dress... I'd bet that's worth about a grand. It's cut like it's going to have some designer label in it. They look more like a mother and son having a meal than a couple. I do hope Claire can manage to channel her inner cougar tonight.

I walk Jerry back to his bedroom. Colette told me about the one thing she makes him keep available, right in the front of his half of their shared closet. She makes him keep a pastel pink dress, with all the accessories. Like stockings and a garter belt. That's all in light pink as well. She told me that she makes him wear it about one session in ten. Sometimes he needs a reminder of his place. As her toy.

I just want to degrade Jerry as much as humanly possible. I'm sure I could do better if I hunted through Claire's things, but Claire is about five sizes smaller than Jerry. I can tell that much just looking at the pair of them. I'm sure Colette could, as well. I'm sure that's why she made him order the outfit in his size. But it does limit my choices to one.

I get out the stockings and garter. Then I watch as Jerry blushes lightly and pulls them on. It's immediately

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clear to me that Jerry loves the outfit as much as he hates wearing it. It's giving me a mental picture of the kind of man that Jerry is. He's manly, and it's important to him that others see him that way. Nothing is going to humiliate him more than emasculating him. I'm sure Colette has figured that out too. Thus the outfit.

I give him the shoes to go with it. Those are pastel pink as well. With pointy toes. And high heels. Luckily for him, they're not also too spiky heels. Spiked high heels are a beast to walk in! These shoes will be uncomfortable enough that he won't forget what he's wearing.

Then there are the panties. Colette has picked some cute, tiny ones. Ones that have narrow ribbons for the sides that tie in cute bows at his hips. And won't cover more than half of his bottom in the back. I hold them up. But then I see on Jerry's face a tiny tinge of relief. A very embarrassed relief, but enough to let me know he'd prefer to wear the panties than to walk around with his hard cock jutting out and waving its pink flag. I slip the panties over his cock, draping one of those tiny ribbons over the base of his steely hard shaft. The panties dangle from his cock, hanging down with the fabric that should cover his pubes and bottom dangling just beneath his balls. I decide they look better there, just dangling from his stiff cock.

Now, Jerry is dressed for the night. He looks ridiculous in pink stockings with a garter and heels. More ridiculous with pink panties hanging off his cock.

I walk Jerry back out to the kitchen. I have him turn the oven on. That will make a nice warmer to keep the supper hot until it's served, course by course. Then I walk him over to the table where Kevin and Claire are sitting. Both are clearly watching Jerry. Kevin giggles a little at the sight of Jerry. And I can see that Claire wants to as well. She just manages to put her courtroom face on. I'll bet it's the same face she uses to urge a jury to acquit a client she just "knows" did it. She is a lawyer after all! I just hope she's not as sleazy as the defense lawyers on Law & Order.

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Or worse, as sleazy as the average ambulance chaser around Mobile, an especially slimy breed that I love getting my whip on.

"Hello..." Jerry begins once I've brought him over to the table. "My name is fuck stick and I'll be your waitress tonight. May I get you something to drink?" I've told Jerry he's to be a good waitress for them. That I expect him to act just like a waitress. Because that's all he is now. He's not Claire's husband anymore. He lost that position when he came without permission. He's just the waitress I brought to serve Claire and her husband Kevin on their date night. Should he forget his role, he can go back over my knees and be reminded of it.

Both ask for a glass of iced tea. But I can hear the faint hint of amusement in Claire's voice. As if she finds being waited on by her husband, while she's sitting with another man, entertaining. I'll bet she's finding it arousing, too. And praying that I won't notice.

And then, exactly on time, the doorbell rings. I take Jerry to answer it. Along the way I warn him that's he's not to try and hide behind the door like he did last time. He's to answer it as a proper servant would. Or else. And I remind him that I won't be the least bit humiliated. I'm not the one dressed like a "porno circus clown." And I don't care one fraction of an iota if he's humiliated. But my paddle would love another workout tonight. It just can't get enough naughty bottom!

Jerry gets my message. He sucks in a deep breath and opens the door wide. Immediately he cringes hard, shirking back, and blushing to a bright red.

There's a woman standing there. Her name is Hailey. She's the GrubHub delivery girl. She's also my delivery girl. As in she's another one of my toys. I told her to make sure that she got the delivery for this address tonight, and that I'd order from O'Charley's. She should be here at ten till six. She already knew I meant for her to be here exactly on time. But beyond that, I only gave her one other instruction.

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But all Jerry can see is a woman he's never met. A 20-something woman. She's 5'5", and about 130 pounds. She has short, dirty blond hair that's straight and cut close to her head. It hangs down only to the bottoms of her ears. And covers her ears. She has green eyes. A slightly wide nose. A wide mouth framed with fine, light pink lips, and a huge smile.

And right now, that huge smile is laughing. Those bright green eyes are locked on the pink flag sticking out from his cock as well. She's laughing hard. So hard that she almost drops the bag in her hands.

Hailey has a good body and she knows how to flaunt it. She's wearing a light yellow-green and sleeveless top. It's just snug enough to show off the ample mounds on her chest. She's paired it with a short white skirt that covers her only to mid-thigh. It flaunts her lithe legs. According to her, the attire helps her tips considerably.

"Uh... your supper delivery..." Hailey finally manages to get out over her laughs. She never takes her eyes off of Jerry.

Jerry cringes harder. I'll bet he'd love to run right now. Instead, I tell him to "show this nice girl where the kitchen is."

Jerry's voice is very hushed and completely humiliated, as he politely asks her if she'd mind bringing it in. That's something most delivery girls wouldn't do, at least not for a man. Especially a naked man. But Hailey can see me, and she knows that I expect her to bring it in. So, like the good toy that she is, she brings it in.

Jerry wants to run to the kitchen. Anything to get Hailey gone quicker. Too bad he's still on his leash and can't. I walk just slightly slowly as I lead him back to the kitchen. Hailey follows him. I'm pretty sure she knows that I've ordered for two. I think the drivers know what they're picking up. And I know she can see the couple sitting at the table.

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Kevin and Claire are eagerly watching the show. Watching Jerry, in his outfit, lead Hailey into the kitchen. Kevin, obedient boy that he is, gives Hailey only a brief glance, even though she's far more his type than Claire is. Hailey isn't 16 years older than him. Hailey has a nicely toned body, too. He's never seen Hailey before, so he doesn't know that she's one of my toys. So he can't give it away to Claire.

Jerry hurries to get the food out of the bag and into the oven where the hot courses will stay hot. Then, with Hailey still waiting, I tell him to quickly serve "the cute couple" their salads. But not in the cheesy Styrofoam containers. He can move them to real bowls. And he can put the dressing on them. Like a good waiter should.

Hailey just watches his cock bounce around as he hurries to get the salads on the table. I can't blame her. His cock bounces. It waves the little pink flag around. And it stays as stiff as ever, holding the dangling panties up nicely. I'll bet Hailey is thinking of all the mileage she could out of a picture of Jerry.

Once the salads are served, and Claire is enjoying her meal with Kevin, I have Jerry lead Hailey back to the door. I'm pretty sure Jerry's used GrubHub, or Uber Eats, enough to know that she's already been tipped. It's in the charge.

Hailey does exactly what I told her to do. She waits until Jerry gets her to the door. "Would you mind if I used your bathroom?" Hailey asks politely, "I really have to pee!"

Jerry cringes at the thought of her being here any longer. At her having the extra time to look at the humiliating display I've turned him and his cock into. But he can't refuse. That wouldn't be polite. Just in case he was thinking of being rude, my icy glare tells him not to dare to refuse her.

"I guess that would be okay..." Jerry says very reluctantly.

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I don't want to give Jerry time to realize what I'm going to do. I just pull hard down on the leash. At the same time, I use a foot to tap the backs of his knees hard enough to jar them forward and buckle his knees. The combination of the two drops him hard onto his knees.

"Uh!" His mouth hangs open as Jerry gasps in surprise. His eyes go wide, startled by both the sudden violence of it and the fact that I'm putting him on his knees when he's expecting to show her where the bathroom is. He clearly hasn't figured it out yet.

I keep the tension on his leash, putting a hand to his shoulders. I feel the resistance of his strong muscles as I pull him to sit back and kneel properly. Then I grab hold of his head, letting his short hair lace through my slim fingers. There's almost enough hair for me to get a good grip on it. Almost. I have a grip on his head, my hand at the hairline on his forehead. And I have a half-grip on his hair. I jerk hard, yanking his head back so that Jerry is staring up at the ceiling.

"She was asking me, you silly little fuck stick!" I scold him in a very mocking, bullying voice. "No one would ask you anything! No one cares what you want or think, fuck stick!"

I put my foot on the leash, using it to hold the tension on his leash. Jerry scrambles to get his hands behind his back again, where he knows they belong. I keep going, leaning him back a little until he has no choice but to use his hands to keep himself from falling over backward.

"Go ahead," I say to Hailey, with the widest smirk on my face. "Use *my toilet*." I point to Jerry. Then I take that hand and put it under his jaw, pinching the corners of his mouth to force his jaw wide open.

Hailey has been my toy for about 18 months now. She's been around enough to know what I'm telling her to do. Nothing she hasn't done before. Although, as I think about it, she's only done it twice and both times it was with a girl. Not a guy. She'll have fun.



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Hailey just shrugs. Then she smirks wide. She steps over close to the side of Jerry's head.

Now Jerry realizes what I have in mind. Maybe. I know Colette has given him a golden shower before, but only once. For that, she had him in his shower for obvious reasons. He liked it. I don't do that. I have this rule about not letting the toys see me without my clothes on. All they get are the teasing pictures I have on my website. Never the real thing. Only four slaves have ever seen me in my panties. Jerry will never be the fifth. He's the wrong gender. He'd like it way too much. He can just fantasize about what he might see.

But I do give golden showers. I have Sophie and Paige for that. I think it's even more humiliating to have a slave pee on them than their Mistress. Or a random stranger, as Hailey appears to be.

Jerry's eyes try to dart around quickly. He can't see anything. I just hold his head back, his mouth gaping wide. But I'm sure he knows he's kneeling on his carpeting. It would be hard not to feel it under him. I'll bet he's thinking of the mess. Thinking that Claire is going to kill him. How they'll never get the stench out of the carpet. Or worse, that the kids will smell it!

I can see Claire and Kevin watching the show, too. At least out of one eye. I can hear snippets of their conversation, too. They're both wondering what I'm doing. Claire seems far more confident than Kevin does that I won't ruin her carpeting.

Hailey just raises her little white skirt. It reveals a pair of white, and very lacy, panties. Hers are cut low on her curvy hips but have slightly wide sides. The sides, and part of the front, is all lace. There's just a small triangle of silk to cover her pubes.

Hailey slips her panties down without hesitating. It reveals a dense bush of brown curls. But it's also a well-trimmed bush, neat with sharp lines inside the creases of her thighs and along the top of it. Just as I demand it be kept. It also bares the slightly puffy mound of her pussy,

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with her long, silky smooth, and wide, lips. And her fine slit. Hailey steps out of her panties.

Claire's eyes are now wide in disbelief. She clearly never expected the GrubHub delivery girl to take her clothes off. Much less to strip so immodestly. She glares at the sight, her face shocked, but also slightly disapproving.

Kevin just glares eagerly, enjoying the sights. Hailey does have a nice body. She has a rather cute and firm bottom that's perfect for spanking, too. A very rounded bottom.

Jerry strains hard to peek. His eyes have shifted to the side, staring right at Hailey. I'm holding his head down, just below the level of Hailey's pussy, and with his eyes looking up, shifting them to the side lets Jerry get an eyeful of her pussy. He's getting every last bit of that eyeful, too.

Hailey just steps over Jerry with one leg, straddling his chest just below his neck. She steps forward, slowly, bringing her pussy right over Jerry's head. Then Hailey spreads her feet slightly, lowering her pussy mound onto Jerry's wide-open lips. I hold Jerry's mouth wide for her. With his mouth forced to stay at its widest, his lips fully surround her mound. Hailey wiggles her pussy just a little, squaring it up atop Jerry's gaping lips.

"Try to be a good toilet, fuck stick, show your wife you're not totally useless! Don't spill a drop. You don't want to ruin your carpet!" I tell Jerry in a very mocking, taunting voice. I hold Jerry firmly, or at least I hold his head firmly. It's enough to keep him in place. And I can feel the hard flinch run through his body as he finally realizes that he's not going to be peed on. He's going to be peed *in*.

He doesn't get much time to think about it. Hailey very quickly starts peeing, breathing out a deep, and very relieved, "Ahh..." as she does.

I don't have to see Hailey's pussy to know she's peeing. I can feel the flinch run so hard through Jerry's

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body that it almost snaps his body. A second later I see a slightly green pallor sweeping over his body. Especially the little slices of cheek that I can see between Hailey's firm thighs. And then I see him swallowing.

Jerry has no choice. He swallows. He has to swallow fast, gulping down the fresh, hot, salty pee that's shooting into his mouth full force. From the angles of their bodies, I'm pretty sure that Hailey's powerful stream is hitting the roof of his mouth, then running down to his throat. And then pooling, the level rising into his mouth until finally, he has to swallow before it overflows his mouth.

He chokes on it as he swallows. It's more of a disgusted choking, not a real choke as if it were too much for him to swallow. It's just the taste of the very freshest pee, straight from the pussy of a stranger, in his mouth that has him gagging. And the idea that he is literally being used as a toilet by the delivery girl.

I know he knows that I'm watching him. My hands holding his head won't let him forget that. But I doubt he's realized that Claire and Kevin are watching, too.

Claire looks completely disgusted as if she's already lost her appetite. Her face is wrinkled up hard. She knows what I'm making Jerry do. She looks like she's about to gag for him! It is so adorable. Especially since I can see her fidgeting ever so slightly in her seat. Just enough of a squirm that I know it's grinding her pussy against the seat under her. That tells me that she's very aroused by watching Jerry utterly humiliated. And it tells me that she would make one heck of a divorce lawyer.

Hailey just sighs and grins. And she goes on peeing. I did tell her to drink a jumbo tea before she came over. I wanted her to have plenty of pee for Jerry. The way she's standing has her facing Claire. Hailey just grins away, even as she sees the disgust on Claire's face. Her position also has Jerry's nose in her bush. And his chin at the bottom of the crack of her behind. I would have made her turn around, except that I want her facing Claire. I don't want Claire to have any doubts about what she's seeing.

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Hailey takes over a minute. And that's a very long time for Jerry to spend gulping down her hot pee. I'm sure Jerry's not thinking of anything but the humiliation and disgust of what he's doing now. But soon he will think about how fast pee runs through a body. About how badly he'd like to pee. To pee out Hailey's pee! And about how that's not going to happen with his cock all corked up. But not now. Now he's just busy cringing from the shame. And gagging on the taste.

Finally, Hailey's sigh tells me she's finished. That and Jerry stops swallowing. I take just a very short second to look at the corners of Jerry's mouth. I don't see a drop that leaked out. I didn't think I would. "Oh, you good fuck stick! You managed to be a toilet! If you keep trying hard, you might even work your way up to the level of... a pooper scooper or something!

"Now, see if you can evolve, fuck stick. Be a bidet. Since there's no toilet paper here, you can lick her pussy clean." I take my foot and very gently, nudge his balls.

"UHMMMMMM!" Hailey quickly purrs out loudly, a faint shiver flowing over her slim body. This time Jerry didn't hesitate. It's enough to make me think that he wants to tongue her pussy!

"Make sure to wipe everything for this nice delivery girl," I tell him in a teasing voice. "And I mean everything."

I watch as Hailey shivers lightly and purrs loudly. Jerry is definitely taking his time "wiping" her pussy with his tongue. If I know Hailey, her pussy has been sloppy wet since the moment she realized she'd be seeing me. That seems to excite her.

Claire glares at Jerry with the iciest of stares. I figured it wouldn't be easy for Claire to watch. Colette would never actually have sex with a toy. And since Colette rarely mixes her toys up, She's never brought another woman for Jerry to play with..... this is the first time Jerry is being shared with another woman. And Claire is watching it. Despite the look of anger and hatred on her

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face, I can see her hips squirming a little more eagerly than they were a second ago. Obviously, she's liking it, and just hating the idea of it. But she's not objecting yet, either.

"Now, be a good fuck stick. Tip this nice girl for delivering your wife and her husband's supper. Tip her... a nice orgasm. Go on, eat that pussy!.."

"OHH-uh-MMMM!" Hailey purrs out very loudly. As she does, she leans forward just a hair, shifting her body. And that shifts Jerry's tongue right to her clit. I'm pretty sure that Colette has taught Jerry how to eat a pussy properly. Claire's pussy, but that won't make a difference. Hailey has a clit that will be easy for his tongue to find. And to swirl leisurely around. It's just not Claire's pussy.

I suggest that Hailey "enjoy" her tip. That's code. It tells her that she doesn't have to behave for this tonguing. She can just let her body go and do whatever comes naturally to it. It's a privilege I rarely grant a toy. I prefer they behave for their orgasms. But if I make Hailey behave, then Jerry will figure out that she's my toy. It will just be too obvious. I don't want it obvious. I'd prefer he never figured it out.

Hailey doesn't say anything. She just lets her legs close slowly, her thighs clamping around Jerry's head. Soon her leg muscles are straining, her thighs squishing hard on Jerry's face and holding it in place. He stands there, shuddering lightly. Her shudders quickly grow stronger and stronger.

As she stands there, her hands slowly caress their way up her body. In a few more seconds, her hands are on her breasts, firmly kneading her mounds. Her eyes close. Her mouth hangs open a little. She purrs even louder and more urgently.

Claire stares with unbridled hatred and anger on her face. It's almost so much that I look to see if I can spot the smoke rising from her ears. But she's also squirming in her seat. Second by second, Claire grinds her pussy a little more and more eagerly against that seat. If this takes too

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long, Claire is going to end up cumming in that chair. I should so stop her!

I almost don't stop her. But then I realize that Claire needs to learn some humility. And there's never a time like the present.

"Claire!" I snap in a firm voice. "Stop fucking that chair like a skanky bitch!" It is so perfect! Claire freezes in place. Her milky white cheeks seem to just explode into the brightest of red. The anger on her face melts away almost as quickly, being replaced by a cringe of shame.

I don't think she even realized what she doing until I pointed it out to her. Now she knows. And now that she's frozen in place, that ache in her pussy is erupting as fast as the blush on her face. It so wants her to continue grinding against the seat. It so wants that throbbing relieved. "Sit still while fuck stick tips the delivery girl."

Claire stays frozen. That leaves her eyes on the show. But her view is mostly of Hailey, and the top of Jerry's head sticking out from between Hailey's lithe thighs.

Hailey's head snaps back. Her hands forget about her breasts and reach down to grab the top of Jerry's head. She tenses up, her body trembling powerfully. "UH... AHHHHHH!" Hailey grunts out hard, her voice relieved and satisfied. Her body starts shuddering again, this time far more powerfully. Her hips grind hard against Jerry's face. As those hips grind, her legs buckle, her weight driving her pussy hard against Jerry's mouth.

It takes Hailey a good minute, maybe closer to two, before she finally stops cumming. Once her orgasm has ebbed about halfway off, Hailey gets her legs back. She straightens up. Her legs loosen their grip on Jerry's head. She slowly lifts her pussy up from his mouth, purring a soft, "Mmmm..." As she does. She steps back off of him.

I hold Jerry's head in place. "Stay," I command in my firm voice. Then I take a very quick glance down so that I can get a good look at his face. As I knew it would, Hailey's pussy has smeared a good thick layer of clingy honey

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around Jerry's mouth. It clings to his lips. It clings around his lips. There's even a bit on his nose! All of which glistens brightly. And I'm sure it lets Hailey's muskiness linger for him.

"I think a tip like that deserves a nice souvenir," I tell Hailey in a sweet voice.

Hailey stands beside Jerry. She closes her legs fully, which she has to do in order to pull her snug skirt down. She wiggles it down, covering her bottom and pubes again. Then Hailey looks around and finds her panties.

She picks them up. She does what I gently told her to do. What I told her to do in a way that the others won't recognize was a command to her. They don't know me. At least Claire and Jerry don't. They have no clue Hailey is mine. Or what my commands might be, beyond the basic ones I share with Colette.

Hailey slips a pen out of her pocket. On the silky triangle at the front of her panties, she writes "Thank you for being such an awesome toilet and drinking every drop of my pee." She signs it "Your GrubHub Delivery Girl."

Hailey leans over and plants a soft kiss on Jerry's forehead. Then she drapes her panties over his eyes. She waves to Claire and Kevin.

Then I show Hailey out. The delivery is complete.

I put my foot back to Jerry's balls and give them another very gentle nudge. Then I tell him to get to his feet and nudge those balls one more time. Jerry hops to his feet. As he does, the panties fall from his face. He catches them and sees what Hailey's written on them. He blushes.

I tell Jerry to "stop hanging around the ladies' room like some creepy pervert." I remind him that he has a table to serve. Attentively and politely. I also tell him that he's to present Hailey's panties to Claire. Those panties are to remain on the table throughout the meal, face-up, so that everyone can read what's written on the front of them. Right where Hailey's pussy would be.

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Claire definitely sees the honey glazing Jerry's face. Her eyes lock on it for a few seconds.

I keep Jerry on his leash, making him serve like the perfect waitress. His cock stays steely hard, waving its little flag throughout the meal, too.





## *Chapter Four - His New Wife*

## Date Night

Supper went well. Jerry made a rather adorable waitress in his stocking and heels. With Hailey's cum dried on his face. And with his cock jutting out eagerly, waving the flag. At first, he was rather tentative, but he quickly got into his role of serving his wife.

And then he started to cringe slightly. That was when Claire started to slowly melt into her role. When she began talking a little more with Kevin and sounding a little less... reluctant, as if they'd been forced together. By dessert, they almost sounded like friends chatting away.

And I could see the effect that had on Jerry. He definitely did not like it. As if he felt Claire shouldn't be enjoying herself at all while he was in my doghouse. I could tell Jerry found it degrading to be serving them. His cock, however, twitched happily through the meal. As Colette said, the more humiliated Jerry is, the more eager his cock is.

Now it's time to teach Claire a few things. Like her place in my world. In case she hasn't figured it out yet. I want her to know she's going to be a toy, just like her husband is. She'll hate it, even as it makes her cum shamelessly.

"Since this bitch is wearing such slutty panties, I think it's safe to assume that it was thinking of a little... adult entertainment after supper," I say teasingly sweetly. Way too sweetly. Sophie immediately catches it, too. I see the grin on her face. She knows I'm going to torment Claire now.

"fuck stick, be a good worthless little... fuck stick and show me my new toy." I grin at Jerry. "I'm sure this *man* would like to see his wife, too. Go take that bitch by her hand. Stand her up. Undress her. And let me be clear, you will be taking everything off of her. She is to stand there and do nothing to either help or hinder you. Strip my toy now, fuck stick."

I wink to Kevin. It's tacit permission for him to speak. I don't have to tell him what to say. I just let him decide for

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himself. And that means the obvious, that he lets the smaller head do the thinking. That's what I wanted.

"Yeah, fuck stick, be a good sissy boy and show me my wife's butt."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jerry sheepishly, and quietly, says. He goes a little slowly over to where Claire is sitting. He looks very nervously at Claire. Despite being married to her, I can tell that he can't figure out what Claire is thinking now. And she's offering him nothing. She's just sitting there, glaring at me, and looking very nervous herself.

Jerry reaches cautiously for Claire's hand. She sits, stunned, and dumbly lets him take her hand without any resistance. But without any help, either. As if her arm was dead and he's just picking up an object.

Jerry guides her to stand. It takes a second, but Claire eventually follows his lead and tentatively, reluctantly, gets to her feet. She allows him to guide her the step out from the table. And with every second that goes by, she blushes even deeper, quivers a little more, and cringes a lot harder.

Jerry takes her blazer off first. Claire just stands there, trembling slightly, and staring at the wall across from her. And very diligently averting her eyes so that she doesn't have to see Kevin watching closely. Too bad for Claire that she can't avert her eyes far enough. She has to see his eager, young face look on as her husband begins to reveal her middle-aged body.

"Undress" is a specific command. Jerry knows it. With Colette for a Mistress, if he didn't, he still wouldn't be sitting down. It tells Jerry not just to take her clothes off, but to do so in a specific order. From the top down instead of in layers as most people usually do. It is definitely not the way Claire wants to be undressed. Or likely would ever undress if she had a choice in it.

I just don't know if Claire understands the command or not. She's definitely heard Colette give it to Jerry enough times. But I can't know if she paid attention or not.

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The way Claire is fidgeting around, especially her feet, as if she wants to lift her foot up for Jerry to take her shoe off next, tells me that maybe Claire didn't pay such close attention. Or she'd know her shoes won't be next.

Jerry reaches for the bottom hem of Claire's dress. Claire almost jumps out of her skin. Her trembling instantly doubles. As does the scrunching up on her face. But she stands there as Jerry begins to raise her dress. And not that slowly. He knows better than to waste my time, no matter what Claire would want. I'm sure he plans to explain it all to her later. That he had no choice in anything.

It's only a couple of seconds until the bottom of Claire's dress is up high enough for Kevin to see her panties. But those are still around the middle of Claire's thighs. She sat all through supper with her panties around her legs. I'll bet now Kevin knows why she walked over to the table a little slowly.

A second later Claire is exposed from the waist down. It bares her hips, and the slightly loose flesh atop them, to Kevin's eyes. Her hips have a decent curve to them. I don't see her hip bones poking up, either. I just see the slight looseness of the skin over those bones.

But her pubes are flat and taut. She has a small, very neatly trimmed bush. Her fur is cut short, not allowed to grow long. That makes it look only moderately dense. If those hairs were long and curly, I'm pretty sure it would be very dense. It's trimmed with crisp, straight lines as well. Lines well inside the creases of her thighs. More so than need be as if she's used to wearing a slightly provocative bikini. But I can see the fur flowing down to her pussy mound.

Her waist is narrow. Her stomach flat, although it too has a bit of looseness to its flesh. And I can see a couple of very faint, light pink, stretch marks along her waistline. I'm sure all of it a leftover from her pregnancies. She definitely looks to have a "mom body." Then again, she is a mom.

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And then her dress rises up enough to bare her bra. It's not much of a bra, either. And it is definitely a bra that says she was thinking of sex tonight. It's a bra that a woman wouldn't wear unless she all but knew she'd be showing it off. It's black and it has full cups that completely cover her mounds. But those cups are see-through. They're like a silky, fine, mesh. The only thing solid on her bra is the straps over her shoulders, narrow like ribbons, and a little strip along the edges where the lace trim would be. Everything else, even the band around her back, is see-through. Even in dark black, I can easily see that Claire has decently wide nipples.

I can also see Claire cringing as the dress is pulled over her head, leaving her standing there now fully exposed. Or close enough to it. She's fidgeting nervously, and urgently, too. As if she's squirming around inside her skin.

Jerry goes for Claire's bra next. I'm sure it's the one thing Claire was praying that he'd leave alone. It's really the only thing even pretending to cover any of her body. I can see a heavy wire under the cups, and that tells me this bra offers her some good support.

I watch as Jerry takes the bra off of Claire, showing us Claire's breasts. Claire is a fairly average-sized woman. I'm guessing she's a 34, maybe a 36, but more likely a 34. As her bra comes off, I guess that her mounds are C-cups. They're just a little fuller than the more average B-cups that would be proportional for her narrow frame.

Better yet, her mounds are not just ample, but full. They're nicely rounded, too. And despite her pregnancies, her breasts aren't sagging at all. They look to have some firmness to them. Now free of her bra and its support, they lie back towards her chest only enough to make the smallest of creases at their underside.

And they seem to be almost perfectly rounded in both directions. They do sit angle slightly to the outside, leaving a deep but wide V of cleavage between them.

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They're topped with a pair of rings the size of silver dollars that are a light shade of brown-tinged pink. And a pair of nipples, as wide as my little finger, that are a bit darker and, at least now, have a slightly reddish tinge to them. But now those nipples are standing up hard. It looks like they're as stiff as they've ever been in her life, too. As if they're straining to find a new height of stiffness. Those nipples have fully rounded, almost so rounded that they're pointy, tips to them. And sides that gently angle inward towards those tips as they rise from her mounds. She has long nipples, too, rising a good  $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the rounded tops of her mounds. And they angle upward slightly.

Next Jerry slips her panties down. As he should. Those are the next highest thing on her body. He takes her shoes off next since he has to take them off before her stockings, which are not only the next highest thing but also the only other thing on her body. Jerry rolls those stockings down last, baring her lean legs.

It leaves Claire completely naked. Without so much as an earring on. Nothing at all to hide even a single cell of her body. Claire stands there cringing hard, shirking inward badly, and fidgeting around very anxiously. It's her hands that are squirming around worse than anything. As if she just can't leave them to hang unused at her sides. And her eyes, darting wildly around as they try to find something to stare at where Claire doesn't have to see eyes upon her nakedness. There's nowhere for her to look.

"Miss Rodgers, this... bitch is now completely naked for you, Ma'am," Jerry tells me in a rather shamed voice. A hushed voice.

"Tell her husband that his wife is nude for him, too, fuck stick," I tell Jerry firmly.

It forces Jerry to look at Kevin. To see Kevin's eyes taking in Claire's nude body. Especially her firm rounded breasts. "Sir, your wife is now fully naked for you," Jerry tells him, finding a bit more shame to lace into his voice.

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"Thanks, fuck stick," Kevin says with a bit of a laugh in his voice. "It looks like my wife has some pretty boobs." Kevin grins.

Claire shirks inward. I watch as it takes every bit of her inner strength not to bring her arms up and cover her breasts. I watch as those arms flinch several times. I watch her feet and hips squirming, too. Claire definitely isn't comfortable displaying her body.

"Fuck stick..." I coo teasingly sweetly. I don't know if Jerry has figured out this tone of voice yet, but I do see a tiny quiver flow over him as I use his name. But it might just be hearing his name. He knows I'm going to make him do something.

"Why don't you pretend you're a little peasant boy for just a minute! Pick up this gutter slut. Carry it to its bed. Now."

This instruction doesn't seem to bother Jerry. He doesn't look like he minds carrying Claire to bed at all. Even though I'm sure he can't figure out why I'm telling him to. He hasn't a clue what I'm going to have them do.

Jerry picks Claire up, carrying her the same way he carried her over the threshold after their wedding. Or should I say the way he should have? I don't know if he actually did. He carries her through the living room and around a bend into their bedroom.

He lies her on the bed. It's queen-sized. And it was clearly Claire's bed before the marriage, not his. It's an elegant four-post bed. It just looks like something a woman would own, not a man. I guess she got to decorate this room. And it's not made. Isn't that so naughty of them? They deserve a lesson in housekeeping, slave-toy style! I'll have to tell Colette.

I tell him to lay Claire on the bed, on her back. He does that. Since I have the perfect bed for it, I tell Sophie to get some ropes out of the bag. With a smirking grin, Sophie gets them. She hands me the four lengths of rope.



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They're pieces of the standard "dungeon" rope I use in the playroom. They're six feet long sections of ½" thick rough hemp rope. I just love hemp ropes. They look so old-fashioned. Coarse and crude. But they're strong. I hand them to Jerry.

"Tie my new toy," I tell Jerry. I figure that if Jerry has ever tied anyone, it's been a playful tying. One that just used whatever was handy, and was more for show than restraint. I don't want Claire getting out of these ropes. I want her truly bound. So I tell Jerry exactly how I want her tied.

I have him start with her arms. I have him tie her the same way I would. No one has ever gotten out of one of my tie jobs. I have him wind three coils of the rope snugly around Claire's wrist and then knot it off. I have him do the same to her other wrist. Then I have him pull her arms up to the corners of the bed and tie the free ends of the ropes off to the bedposts.

Claire is starting to look a touch nervous. Well, more nervous than she was. I'm sure she's wondering why I want her bound securely. What I might be planning to do to her that she wouldn't just lie still for. And I know she's realizing that she's truly bound. That she is not going to be squirming or wiggling out of these ropes. She's going to be lying helpless for me.

I have Jerry wind three coils of rope around each of her ankles next. Then I tell him to take her ankles and pull her down a little. That stretches Claire's arm tautly up and out, over her head. Then I have him tie the free ends of the ropes off to the bedposts, stretching Claire's legs wide apart and pulling a little bit of tension onto them as well. It has just enough tension on her limbs that she can't really move them, but not enough for her to really feel the pull on them.

It also has Claire's hands and feet stretched to the corners of the bed. And that has her pussy mound fully exposed between her wide-open thighs. I have Jerry get the pillows off the bed, leaving Claire nothing. Just the

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sheet she's lying on. Even the top sheet comes off and goes on a dresser off to the side. That should make her feel just a little more exposed now that she has nothing around her. As if she's the only thing on the bed. And that she's clearly being offered up for something.

"You want that skanky little slut hole, don't you fuck stick?" I teasingly ask Jerry. Now I have a great view of Claire's pussy. I can see her long, wide lips. I can see how the short fur of her bush quickly fades away at the top of her mound, making it look furred from the front, but also leaving it mostly smooth. As if she wants to look like she has hair on her pussy, but doesn't actually want it on her mound, where it gets in the way. At least I think it does. Her smooth lips let me see the narrow ridgeline that's the tips of her wrinkly inner folds poking their slightly purple tip up into her long slit. It's a slit that's neither wide nor fine. Narrow, but not narrow enough to have the edges of her lips touching. A slit that leaves just enough space for the tips of her thin folds.

And now, as I thought it might be, it's a very wet slit. That alone tells me that her pussy is going to be even wetter once those lips are opened. It was kind of obvious to me. The way she kept squirming in her seat told me as much. And Claire squirmed. Never too hard, her hips not moving much, but enough that I could see the slow, steady movements teasing herself all through the meal. A little more urgently when Jerry was close by, making Claire see his cock and its little flag.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jerry eagerly admits that he'd like some of Claire's pussy. His eyes say the same thing. He's trying hard to look as if he's paying attention to me, but I can see the way his eyes are trying to dart over just long enough to glimpse a quick peek of Claire's pussy.

Maybe her breasts, too. Those look very cute. With her lying as she is, her mounds are pulled tautly to her chest, making them look fully rounded, like firm half grapefruits, with long, stiff nubs sticking up from their tips.

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Nipples that look as if they're just begging for a good licking!

I use the tip of my crop to tap Jerry, very lightly, on his balls. It barely touches him. It surprises him, the faint tap making him jump hard. And making him jump back a couple of inches. "Don't be silly, fuck stick!" I laugh at Jerry. It's a hearty laugh, too. "Not even this bitch wants a worthless little fuck stick to touch it! Besides, this isn't yours to fuck! It's her *husband's* place to fuck her when she's all hot and wet. Like now. Go fetch her husband." I harden my voice to a commanding steely tone for the last.

Jerry's head falls forward, turning his eyes down to my feet. "Yes, Miss Rodgers," Jerry answers in the most sheepish tone. A muted, shamed, tone, too. He turns and reluctantly starts moving to go bring Kevin into the room.

Jerry isn't quick as he goes. He's a little quicker as he returns. But that's because Kevin, following Jerry, seems a bit anxious to get in the room. I'm sure Kevin can guess what might be waiting for him in Claire's bedroom.

As soon as Jerry comes back, I send him out again. This time to fetch me a chair. He goes. Kevin waits patiently, his eyes all over Claire's body again. And this time he has a perfect view of her pussy mound. I can also see the sizable bulge swelling in the front of his pants.

I doubt Claire notices that. She's not really paying that close attention to what's going on around her. She's too busy squirming around. Fidgeting. And already testing the ropes. The ropes easily keep her in place, her body splayed out and fully on display. On offering, too. I'm sure it has occurred to Claire by now that anyone could do anything to her, and she's not going to be able to do anything about it. Except to enjoy it, that is.

Claire's fidgeting triples the minute she sees Kevin come in. As if she wants to get out of those ropes even more now. As if she's overly nervous about being displayed like this. As if she definitely thinks that I might give her body to Kevin. Her eyes constantly glance to the handsome, much younger, man. But she can't keep her eyes on him. It gives me the impression that on a primal

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level, Claire would love for him to have her. On a more... this-eon level, she's praying that she won't be given to him. A married woman shouldn't be given away to other men, she's thinking. She shouldn't be thinking about it. But she is.

Jerry returns with the chair. I have him set it in place along the wall. That puts it about two feet from the edge of the bed. I have it facing Claire and about even with Claire's hips. The part of Claire that I'm sure Jerry is most interested in right now. And I know Jerry is wondering what's coming.

I snap my finger and hold my hand out. Sophie understands what I want. She reaches in the bag and quickly finds what I'm asking her for. She puts a long narrow feather in my hand. It's one with a rather silky fur to it. Fur that's soft and delicate, barely stiff enough to hold its feather shape.

"Now, let me see just how horny this slut hole is," I teasingly say. Both of the men now have their eyes locked on me, as if they know this is going to be a good show. Claire has her eyes locked on me, too, only her eyes are pure nervousness. Maybe she's figured out that she's going to be the show.

I put the very tip of the feather to Claire's breast, lying the edge of the feather along the side of her stiff nipple. The very tip of the feather lightly touches the darker flesh surrounding her long, hard, nub.

I swirl the feather around her nipple, stroking the sides of her steely nub. Or I try to. The instant the feather starts moving, Claire screams "OOH!" Claire's body snaps hard, thrashing with all her might. Her chest snaps up, her back arching, thrusting her breast up to me. Her shoulders shiver and shudder crisply, jiggling her mound atop her arching chest.

I use my crop. I knew I'd kept it in my other hand for a reason! I just lightly tap the side of her breast with it, barely hard enough for Claire's flesh to show any pinkness.

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I tap the inside of her breast, what would be her cleavage. "Bad breast!" I teasingly scold Claire's mound. "Now you behave while I see how slutty you are!"

I put the tip of the feather alongside Claire's nipple again. I start swirling it very slowly, taking as long as I can to tease her nub. Claire grits her teeth hard. She trembles violently. Goosebumps erupt, covering her entire mound. Claire lasts about a tenth of a second. I'm not even a quarter of the way around her nipple. Claire's chest snaps, her right shoulder, it's her right breast I'm toying with, jumping up hard. She freezes with her breasts thrust at me, her shoulders shuddering hard. Claire screams another squealing "OOH!"

I tap her breast again with the tip of my crop, this time leaving a light pink little print on it. "Bad breast!" I scold her again. This time I see a faint quiver flow over her body as she yelps a light "Ow!" from the swat. "Behave! I want to see just how slutty you are!"

I put the feather back in place alongside Claire's nipple. I see the strain on her face as Claire just knows that her breast is going to get whipped again. She knows she's not going to behave for it. I start swirling the feather.

Claire doesn't last long enough for me to make it a quarter of the way around her nipple this time, either. Her reflexes thrust her quivering breast up at me, just like last time. And she screeches again.

I know Claire felt that last stroke on her breast. Just as I know that Claire is never going to lie still while I tease her breast with a feather. She likes it too much. And her nerves are far too eager right now. But I saw that little erotic tremor flow over her as the crop landed.

I swat her breast again. This time it's a slightly firmer stroke. A stroke that leaves a medium-dark, and a rather bright crop print on her breast. And this time the crop print isn't on the side of her mound. It's perfectly atop her nipple. I snapped the crop straight down on the tip of her hard nub. It's the place where she'll feel the pain the most.

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"OW!" Claire cries out. Claire's entire body shudders hard. She shudders several times, panting needy, deep, "OH!s" laced with that squeaky undertone I'd heard earlier. The goosebumps stay there, covering all of her mound. Her shoulder snaps again, thrusting her breast up as the shudders jiggle her mound hard. It has her nipple dancing around. A nipple that stays stiff and hard despite the needles of pain that have got to be shooting through it. Her throaty voice tells me that those nerves are on fire now, burning with need, not pain. I was right. Claire likes the whip as much as she likes the feather.

"Oh, you bad breast!" I scold her mound. "You're just such a little slut that you can't even behave long enough to show us all what a slut you are!"

I swat her nipple again, this time landing the tip of my crop a bit off to the side. Enough to the side that the leather tip flattens her nipple, pushing it over against the top of her mound, as it sears the angry pink crop print on the top of her breast.

"OW!" Claire cries out. She shudders a little crisper as her shoulders thrust her breast up again. This time she doesn't pant. She grits those teeth hard as she hangs there for what must be a full second. She falls limp, lying back on the bed, and now she pants light "uhm!s" Very needy and sultry "uhm!s"

I repeat the exercise on Claire's other breast. It earns itself a full four strokes, just as the right one did. Four strokes that Claire clearly likes. No matter that they hurt.

I sigh heavily as if there's a huge burden on my shoulders. Claire just lies there, still quivering from the tiny little tease I gave her! "I guess this bitch's breasts are total sluts!" I announce. "Now I have to wonder just how skanky-slutty this bitch's slut hole is!"

Before Claire has a chance to react, I have the feather on Claire's slit. I start drawing its silky soft tip slowly down along the line. I cheat and start just below the

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top of her slit, where her fur is out of the way, and where I can tease the edges of her folds with the feather.

Claire screams, loudly. "AH-EEEEEEEE!" Her hips thrash, snapping crisply as they buck wildly up and down. Her shoulder tries to thrash, the ropes holding her mostly still. She still manages to get her breasts jiggling around. More goosebumps erupt if these can be called bumps. They're more like... goose mountains. They cover every bit of her lips and creep into the creases of her thighs.

The wild thrashes of her hips, the part of her body that she can move the most is plenty to snap her pussy away from the feather. I have no doubt that nothing is going to make that pussy lie still for a tease. Nor do I have any doubt that her pussy is throbbing harder than she's thrashing. And burning hotter than any fire ever has. I'll bet those nerves are so tingly and sensitive that it will almost hurt her to have anything in her pussy. Not that it would stop her from jumping on about anything and riding it. That ache can be overwhelming. Especially for a more reserved woman, like Claire, who hasn't experienced so intense of a need before.

I do what must naturally follow such misbehavior. I snap my crop, giving Claire another very light stroke. A stroke just like the first one each breast got, so light that doesn't even leave a print on the flesh. I swat the offending body part. The leather tip of my crop snapping against the outside of Claire's thick pussy lips.

"EE-OW!" Claire cries out. Instantly a crisp, hard shiver flows through her entire body. It's sharp enough that I can see the snap on the ropes as her limbs pull against them. It gets her hips thrashing from side to side now as well. And I see a fresh flow of clear, oily honey weep from Claire's slit.

"Oh, Ow! Ow!.... Please, Miss Rodgers!" Claire pleads, her voice both pained, and sultry deep. "Please, don't whip me there, Miss Rodgers, it hurts too much! Please, Ma'am, please!"

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"EE-OWW!" Claire shrieks out as the crop taps so lightly atop her pussy mound again.

"I didn't say you could speak, slut hole! I said behave. Now behave, slut hole, while I see just how trashy of a gutter whore your slut hole is." I think Claire just earned her new name. Slut hole. I hope she likes it. I'll tell Colette later. I know she'll like it!

Claire falls limp, sobbing very lightly, and mostly nervously, not from the pain. Her pussy weeps a little more honey into her slit, covering the tips of her folds and starting to cling nicely to her lips.

I put the feather back, hearing Claire whine a faint "oh, nooooo....." under her breath. As if she knows she's going to be a bad girl.

She's a very bad girl. I barely get the feather moving before her hips are snapping up and thrashing hard. Or before I hear the creaking of the bedposts as her arms and legs thrash against the taut ropes. Or before I hear her scream out another "OOH-EE!" It seems like her voice grows both throatier and squeakier with each cry.

I'm sure Claire knows what's coming. After all, fair is fair, isn't it? I snap the crop. And it leaves a light pink welt atop her tender pussy lips.

Claire screams, loudly. She screeches, her body shuddering and thrashing wildly. Her honey weeps again too. Actually, it more flows this time. At least half of her lips are covered by the time I think about putting the feather back down.

By then Claire is sobbing hard, but still nervously, not from the pain. It doesn't hurt that badly yet. I'm not even trying to hurt her. I can just see the effect the strokes are having on her, so I'm more teasing her with them than punishing her. I'm sure she's nervous that one of them is going to really hurt. It won't. I don't know if she'll like that or not. Colette can figure that out later.

I start teasing her slit again. Claire doesn't even last as long as she did last time. She jumps the instant the



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feather touches her, shrieking loudly, and very urgently. And thrashing those hips around.

I snap the crop, this time searing an angry, medium bright, crop print onto her milky white lips. It's just enough of a stroke to make those lips glow bright and hot pink. And it's enough for Claire to cry out a loud, and panicked, "OW!... Oh, OWWW!!!!"

Claire's body starts trembling hard. Almost vibrating it trembles so crisply and fast. That has her nipples dancing atop her mounds. And it has her pussy weeping a river of honey. More so, it has the edges of her folds quivering even with the edges of her lips holding them.

Claire pants very nervous, sobbing "Ooh, OW!s" as she lies there, listening to me scold her pussy for acting like "the filthiest gutter whore," and just waiting for the last stroke she knows is coming.

That stroke almost sends her over the edge. Over the edge into an orgasm. I can see it. One more would finish her off. It's the way her body quivers so energetically. It's the strain in her sultry, throaty, and squeaky, voice. The deep, fast pants of her breath. The way her nipples strain to stiffen even more. It's everything. The flowing honey from her slit.

"Obviously this slut hole is far too slutty!" I loudly announce to everyone. Then I turn to Jerry. "I don't know what you've been doing with this slut hole, but it's very clear to me that you haven't come close to actually satisfying it. Surely you can see how horny that slut hole is! There's no way that it's had a satisfying orgasm in a decade!

"And you try to call yourself a man?" I grab hold of the straw of the cock stopper, pinching it just above the flag. That way, my fingers aren't touching his cock. His very stiff cock. A cock that I know is weeping its own cum, only that cum is welling up behind the cork, unable to weep out of his cock.

I give the straw a sharp little wiggle. His cock wiggles with the straw. I'm sure I have his attention now.

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"You clearly have no idea what to do with a woman! You can't even take care of a piece of filthy gutter skank like this slut hole! I'll bet you've never even seen an actual woman naked before, let alone been allowed to touch one! But even the dirty little whores you have seen should have taught you to take care of something this disgusting and slutty."

I sigh again. "Time to learn. Go ask this bitch's husband to show you how to fuck a slut hole. Go on, he can fuck his wife and you can watch."

Jerry stands there, frozen. As if this is something he never imagined. His eyes dart everywhere, more nervous than I've ever seen them. The look to the stern, icy look on my face. They look to the eager look on Kevin's face. They look at the panicked, nervous look on Claire's face. And they keep darting back and forth across all of our faces. As if Jerry is trying to decide what to do. Or more likely, trying to decide what Claire wants him to do. Or rather how Claire would handle either of the choices. Option one being Jerry asks Kevin to fuck her. Option two being they're both punished. I doubt he's considering that option two means that after their punishment, he'll just have to ask Kevin anyway. He looks like he's more worried that Claire will freak out. That Claire might leave him or something. That nervous look on her face hides her true face now. It lets him have no clue whether she's nervous that he will allow Kevin to fuck her, or nervous about something else. Like that she will act like a complete whore if Kevin touches her.

I give Jerry about half of a second to hesitate. Then it's time for me to teach him that I don't tolerate hesitation. Only obedience. I know there's no way Colette would let him hesitate. He knows that, too. Besides, how is Claire going to learn to trust her Mistress and turn her body over to me without reservation, if Jerry, the experienced sub in the couple, hesitates to obey?

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Jerry deserves a harsh reminder of his place. I have no problem giving him one. I snap my fingers for Sophie. I yank hard on Jerry's leash, snapping his head down, and starting him bending over. I use my other hand to push down sharply on the back of his shoulder blades, bending him over. His reflexes kick in, bringing his hands around front to block his fall. If he were actually falling. "slave, number 8," I tell Sophie.

I keep pulling Jerry's head down by the leash. He grabs the chair, quickly lying his forearms on its seat to stop himself. Reflexes save me so much work! You just have to know what someone is going to do and use that against them. Like they teach in Judo! Jerry's head comes back, bringing his eyes up from the seat. Now he's looking forward. It has his eyes at about the level of Kevin's crotch. And about six feet from it, staring in that direction. Not staring at Claire.

Claire just lies there, quivering and purring slowly-fading little "Umm!s" as she ebbs back from the edge of climax. She's not paying much attention to Jerry.

Sophie puts the number 8 in my hand. It's a dildo, shaped to look like a giant black penis. It's eight inches long, hence its name. Its' also 1½" inches across, and slightly wider than that at the bottom of its stiff head. This one is solid plastic with a rubbery layer of latex over it for feel. And Sophie has already put a tiny drop of lubricant on the very tip of it for me. She knows what I'm going to do with it.

"What are you, fuck stick, shy about a fucking?" I start moving the dildo towards Jerry's bottom. Quickly the slickened tip of it is pushing between his cheeks. "All pussies love a good cock rammed into them.... see, pussy?"

I can already feel the firm resistance of the fat head of the dildo as it presses firmly against Jerry's asshole. And just as firmly against everything around his asshole, even the valley of his crack. That cock head is far wider than his tightly clenched asshole.

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I push harder.

"OW!" Jerry screeches. His voice is loud and panicked. Strained as well. The dildo forces his asshole to stretch wide, and it does it suddenly, straining his muscle. His muscle feels like a toe hit with a hammer, throbbing with a nearly unbearable ache. He flinches, his hips trying to shoot forward away from the cock. My hold on the leash keeps him from doing anything more than arching his back up, and that only lets him move an inch or so.

The dildo presses forward, gliding over the now-taut flesh atop his ring. It slips deeper and deeper into his bottom, stretching his asshole wide. And stretching his insides out taut as well. It fills him almost to the limit. It stuffs his bottom full. And I am not trying to be gentle. I'm teaching him a lesson. I keep pushing hard and fast, driving the dildo uncomfortably into Jerry's bottom.

I push about seven inches into his bottom. Jerry screeches the entire second or so it takes. Good. It leaves about an inch of the dildo sticking out beyond his cheeks.

I use his leash again to jerk him hard, standing him back up. That has the dildo shifting around inside his body as the angles change with the motion. And that gets another strained grunt from him.

I grab his balls, squeezing them just firmly enough to make sure he feels it and I have his full attention. "See, *pussy*, pussies like cocks in them. Now be a good fuck stick and go ask this man to fuck his wife and show your worthless butt what to do with a cheap slut hole. *Now*, fuck stick."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." Jerry says. I've noticed something about Jerry. He addresses me as "Ma'am" when he's excited and as "Miss Rodgers" when he is completely humiliated into a heightened arousal. The "Miss Rodgers" always comes in a very humbled and sheepish reluctant voice. I love that cowed tone.

Jerry steps over to Kevin, only now he's walking slowly, taking short little steps. I should spank him for it!

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But it's just so adorable to watch the wide black base of the shaft wiggling at me as it sticks out of his firm globes that I let him get away with it.

"Excuse me... Sir... would you mind... please... will you please fuck your new wife so that I can see how a real man pleases a... dirty slut hole, Sir?" Jerry asks in the most humiliated voice I've heard from him yet.

"Sure, dude, why not?" Kevin answers a wide grin on his face that tells me he's been eager to fuck Claire. "I'll show you what to do with that wet little thing." Kevin grins.

Kevin drops his pants quickly. Kevin's cock, long since stiff and ready, jumps out. It stands out straight for Jerry to see. It's the second reason I picked Kevin for this assignment. His cock. It seems to dwarf Jerry's. It's close to two inches longer, making it just short of seven inches. And it's at least  $\frac{1}{3}$  thicker than Jerry's. Slightly over an inch and a half thick. It has a light pink head that's spongy and soft. And it's circumcised so every bit of that head is on display. His shaft is lined with some thick, dark veins for texture, and those are visible through his skin.

Jerry stares at Kevin's cock. At first, his glance is envious, as if he wishes he had a cock that big. Then a nervousness creeps onto his face as he thinks about that fat, long cock pushing into Claire's pussy. I'm sure he remembers the fat, long shaft pushing into his bottom a moment ago. HE has got to still be feeling the burn in his asshole from that.

Kevin pulls his shirt off, letting Jerry see the toned and defined muscles on his chest. A build better, and harder, than Jerry's older body can manage. Kevin steps out of his pants, kicking his shoes off and aside as he does. Then Kevin start crawling into the bed over Claire.

I still have hold of Jerry's leash. I use it, a sharp jerk on it, to pull Jerry back over to the chair. I grab his shoulders and push him down as I order him to sit and watch. Jerry sits and then freezes with his bottom just above the seat of the chair. Right at the point where the

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end of the dildo touches the chair. That's the point where Jerry realizes that sitting down is going to have his body weight pushing his body down onto the dildo. Driving the dildo deeper into his bottom.

I snap his leash hard. Jerry grits his teeth and lowers his bottom with a strained grunt that he can't manage to mute. I immediately scold him for sitting improperly. Since he's being such a pussy, he should be sitting like a little girl. I make him cross his legs fully. And put his hands behind his back, leaving all of his weight on his bottom. And the dildo. Then I make him stare at Claire and watch everything closely.

I watch Jerry mostly to make sure he doesn't avert, or worse close, his eyes. He's to watch Claire fucked by Kevin.



*Chapter Five - The Proper Use  
Of A Slut Hole*



## Date Night

Jerry sits in his chair. Even with his legs crossed like a lady, his cock is standing up straight and eagerly stiff. It's now rising on an angle from his pubes, waving its little pink flag high. Jerry tries to sit still, but I can see him fidgeting slightly. It's kind of hard to miss. Every time he shifts, even the slightest bit, his bottom moves against the thick dildo in his bottom. That makes him grunt hard. It makes him sit still, too.

But every time I see him fidget and still, I also see a light twitch run through his cock. That's enough for me to know that he is liking this. And I know that his cock is weeping tiny droplets of cum. Those are just welling up behind the cork, unable to flow to the tip of his cock and out.

Kevin is definitely enjoying his new wife. Before he came over tonight, I gave him instructions. I wanted him to know what to do, if and when I allowed him the chance. I didn't know if I would be able to offer him the chance. I couldn't know how far Claire was willing to go. I was rather pleasantly surprised to discover that in spite of everything she's said, Claire was willing to join in the fun. It just took a little prodding to get her over that shyness.

I didn't want to have to be giving Kevin step-by-step instructions. I'd expected, or thought, that Claire would go along with the date part of the evening. I was less sure if she'd go along with having sex with another man. Especially with an audience. I'd planned on her being the vanilla wife who liked to watch her husband degraded, as Colette told me she seemed to be. I didn't think that vanilla wife would appreciate her lover being told exactly what to do with her. I figured she'd prefer to think that Kevin wanted her body. It wasn't until I was standing there with my finger in her bottom that I knew the truth.

Kevin is following his instructions diligently. I'd told him not to just fuck her. I told him to start with some good foreplay. I thought it might help a vanilla wife relax and melt into the new sex. Now I know that's not going to happen. Claire is far too antsy and aroused. It's just another torturous tease for her. And that's even better in my opinion!

Kevin started by kissing his way up Claire's stomach and chest. All the way to her lips where he kissed her for close to a

## Chapter Five - The Proper Use Of A Slut Hole

minute. It took about half of a second for Claire to melt into the kiss and kiss him back with every bit of the hunger burning in her pussy. Claire kissed him very eagerly. Very passionately. It was the kind of kiss where her tongue had to be exploring every last bit of his mouth. It was the kind of kiss that says "fuck me now."

It was the kind of kiss that I'd bet Jerry almost never gets from Claire. And hasn't gotten in a while now. It was a hungry kiss, one full of desire and loaded with unfamiliarity. As if Claire was soaking up the newness of this "new husband." As if Claire was starving hungry to explore more of him.

Then Kevin moves his mouth down, slowly kissing his way to Claire's full breasts. Like any man, he licks his way straight to her nipples. He puts his tongue to a nipple, slowly drawing it around the side of her tall nub.

Claire lies there. It's the only thing she can do. The ropes won't let her move. And it's not for lack of trying. Since Kevin's lips first touched her body, Claire's hands have fought the ropes hard, trying to get to Kevin. Not to push him away. To hold him tight. To explore his body instead of lying bound while he helps himself to explore hers and she gets only the tiny bits of his that he gives her. Claire's body quivers constantly. But with every touch from Kevin, it shivers hard, as if hit by an electric current. Claire purrs softly, deep, throaty, and very hungry little "Um!s."

There's nothing still about Claire's body. Every bit of her squirms eagerly. She's not fighting to get out of the ropes now, she's fighting to get to Kevin. As if all her body wants to do is devour this man.

Kevin tries hard to ignore Claire, but I doubt any man could totally ignore a woman while making love to her body. Especially when the woman is as eager for him as he is for her. There's no mistaking how eager Claire is. We all saw that with the feather.

Usually, I'm not this nice to a toy. I usually just have them used shamelessly as the sex toys they are. But this is working out well. It might be incredible for Claire. It might be exactly what she likes and wants. But it's also killing her. She can't stand to wait. She's already insane, and her over-eager lust is showing. It's about as obvious as an alligator in a swimming pool. (I stole that line from Sophie, my Florida girl!) If Claire could move, or even

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get just one hand free, she'd jump on Kevin and take him. But she can't. She's learning what it's like to be helpless, to be fully under someone else's power. To be at the mercy of her lover. To only be able to lie there and pray that she'll get the sex she's throbbing and aching for.

I love seeing Claire squirming so energetically. I love seeing her so needy. But the best part of it is watching Jerry. With me standing over him, crop in hand, he has no choice but to sit there and watch every bit of it. To watch his wife so eagerly dying for another man's touch. To see the hunger running through her body for it. I'm sure he's remembering long ago when he was new to Claire and she openly lusted for him the same way. Long ago. Now he can only watch her show far more passion for Kevin than he's used to seeing for himself.

It's clearly killing Jerry. I can see it on his face. He's hating it. He's absolutely humiliated to see Kevin driving his wife to heights of arousal that he doesn't. He hates seeing the hunger on Claire. But his cock is loving it. It's twitching so hard that it's almost jumping around. And I know it's worse for Jerry to have to sit still. I'll bet, if he could, he'd be touching his cock right now and not even knowing that he was doing it. That cock has to be aching almost as badly as Claire's pussy is.

Claire's pussy is on fire. Or hotter than that. By now her honey has covered every bit of her mound, especially the outside of her lips. I watch as Kevin just shifts his body around, working the tip of his cock over to Claire's waiting mound. He keeps his strong, toned body snuggled lightly against Claire's softer body, Claire's hard, long nipples pressing against his firm chest.

"IT'S TOO BIG!" Claire blurts out. I can hear a slight nervousness in her voice. Slight. Mostly her voice is throaty deep and very breathy. Very sultry. Very hungry. The soft head of Kevin's cock easily slips into her slit, her slippery, hot honey greasing the way for it. His stiff shaft starts to follow. Claire's lips and folds guide the spongy head right to the narrow entrance of her tunnel. And then it starts slipping into her body.

Kevin's cock must be thicker than anything Claire's had before. Her eyes go wide for a second, telling me that she can feel the firm muscles of her pussy being stretched taut around the

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thickness. "OOH!" Claire purrs out as the wide shaft begins slipping into her eager tunnel, teasing the countless nerves lining her soft walls. "OH, YES, SO BIG! OOH!"

Kevin starts thrusting his cock slowly, using steady and long strokes that allow the most of his cock to stroke over the most of her hungry walls. He very slowly picks up his pace.

"UH!" Claire grunts out a very deep, hard, and needy moan as Kevin's cock makes its first slow thrust into her body. She shudders hard with it. Her hands fight even more anxiously to get free of the ropes and embrace Kevin. She goes nowhere, held in place at Kevin's mercy.

Kevin keeps going, steadily building his thrusts. Claire keeps going, steadily squirming harder and grunting deeper, "UH!" every time Kevin thrusts in, followed by very sweet "AH!"s as he pulls back.

Claire's hips try to thrust up, bucking against the stroke of Kevin's cock to fuck it a little harder. Kevin just lets his body move with Claire's. It's easy for him, with his body lying flush against her chest. It does little for Claire other than to grind her nipples into Kevin's chest. Both of them seem to enjoy that. Kevin wraps his arms around Claire, pulling her shoulders up to his and holding her tightly as he starts picking up his pace and fucking her a little harder.

"YES! FUCK ME, HONEY, FUCK ME HARD!" Claire screeches out in a voice that's pure breathiness. "GIVE ME THAT HUGE COCK, HONEY... FUCK ME!"

Jerry cringes hard as he has to sit mute and listen to his wife begging another man to fuck her hard. And watch the man do it. And hear the unbridled desire in Claire's voice. Jerry's cock seems to hear it as well. It jumps even more eagerly. Jerry just grunts as his bottom squirms, teasing his insides with the dildo buried in his bottom. I see Jerry's head start to droop forward with shame. I pick it up, slapping his face lightly, and scolding him to watch as "this real man shows you how to fuck his wife."

Claire can't do anything, but the way her arms fight the ropes, it's clear that she wants to wrap her arms around Kevin and hold on tight while Kevin takes her. She arches her back, lifting her pussy up to make it easier for Kevin to thrust into her. She

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arches her head back, crying out her moans as her lips search for Kevin's. Her toes curl up. Her fists ball up. Her body quivers more and more crisply every second.

Kevin keeps his toned body flush against Claire, making her feel his strong and very masculine physique. His thick cock steadily thrusts into her snug, hot, wet, and twitching pussy.

Claire barely lasts a minute. She doesn't know that she's not allowed to cum. I haven't told her that rule yet. Not that it would matter much if I did. Claire is clearly not in control of her body now.

Claire stiffens, tensing up hard, her body trembling so fast it looks to be vibrating. "Uh-MMM!" Claire cries out loudly, drawing it out.

"Uh-AHHHH!" Claire shrieks, loudly, but now with relief in her voice. Her body falls loose. She trembles hard. As hard as if she were lying on some power lines. I mean the high voltage ones. Her body snaps with every twitching tremble. Trembles that flow over her like lightning, coming fast and racking her hard.

She pants hard, deep, and too-fast breaths, each one laced with a slightly squeaky "AH!" Her body still squirms, testing the ropes for some way to get to Kevin. Her hips tell the story. Those won't lie still. The grind, trying everything to stroke her pussy along his thrusting cock. A look of pure bliss floods Claire's face.

It lasts about ten seconds. I don't know if Kevin picks up on it or not. I doubt he's paying that much attention. He's more worried about his own relief than Claire's.

Claire suddenly shrieks out "AH!" only now her voice has just as suddenly switched to a high and squeaky tone. But it hangs onto the throatiness, too. "AH! I CAME!" She shrieks out, her voice almost a desperate plea.

Claire's body suddenly shifts into high gear. Her limbs snap hard against the ropes. So hard that every snap has the bed frame creaking in protest. The hard, snapping, crisp shivers still flow over her body. Only now every bit of her body thrashes wildly as it shivers.

She thrashes for a few seconds. "STOP, IT HURTS! I'M TOO SENSITIVE NOW! I CAME!" Claire screams out in a desperate plea.

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Her voice is even squeakier, panicked hard, and throaty at the time.

"Shut up, slut hole," Kevin tells her. I'd told him to scold his wife if she objected to the sex. I didn't tell him what to say, other than to scold her as I would. I've scolded Kevin enough for him to know what I'd say, too. I guess that counts. It's definitely something I'd say. "You're done when I'm done, bitch."

"OH, FUCK, NOOOOOO!!!!" Claire shrieks out in a nervous plea. Her body thrashes even harder. Her shivers grow crisper. She fights harder. The bed creaks louder. I wonder if she's going to break something. The bed is getting awfully noisy.

"STOP! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD, IT HURTS!" Claire cries out. "OH, FUCK, THAT DICK IS TOO FUCKING BIG FOR ME! I CAN'T!!!!"

Claire thrashes with every bit of her strength, her body snapping with the trembling at the same time. I see the ropes burning bright red stripes around her wrists and ankles. She does notice. She thrashes on.

"STOP! PLEASE!" Claire shrieks out, one last desperate plea for mercy. "UH!... oh, AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Claire screams. She screams at the very top of her lungs. She draws her cry out until her lungs run out of air. She goes on thrashing and shivering, her body fighting even harder against the ropes now. I see her hands starting to turn purple as she pulls against the ropes. I see her hips squirming wildly for a split second. Then I see her hips slamming hard, pushing up with all her strength, ramming herself hard onto Kevin's cock.

Claire runs out of air in her lungs. She doesn't suck another breath. But her hips go on bucking up, ramming Kevin's cock into her pussy with all of their combined strength. Her body goes right on thrashing and trembling, too.

Claire thrashes wildly, her hips still thrusting against his cock with their full force. And trying to ram herself even harder onto the thick cock. Claire doesn't exactly "turn blue" but I can tell she's running out of oxygen.

It's about half of a minute. Finally, her reflexes kick in, and Claire sucks in a panicked-fast, squealy, loud breath. She

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immediately screams out another "AHHHHHH!" until her lungs are empty again.

Kevin just shoots me a very quick glance. He goes right on fucking Claire, driving his cock into her sloppy-wet pussy as hard as he can. And holding his climax back as long as he can manage to. I've told him that I expect him to. I want Claire to have a very good fuck tonight. I would so love it if she gets a better fuck than Jerry has ever given her.

Kevin lasts a long time. I'd guess between ten and twelve minutes of hard thrusting before he can't hold back any longer.

Claire spends every second of those minutes thrashing hard, burning her wrists on the ropes, shivering and shuddering. She goes on screaming until her lungs run out of air, then screaming silently until finally, her instinct makes her suck in a needy breath. Giving her more air to scream again. And on and on.

Kevin comes with a hard, and very satisfied grunt. His cock slams hard into Claire's honey-flooded pussy. His thrusts slow as his cock spurts his hot cum into her pussy. A pussy that's so hot I'd bet his cum feels cold on it. He finally sighs out sweetly and slowly pulls his cock from her pussy.

"Now I'm done with you, slut hole," Kevin tells her in a sweet voice.

Claire doesn't hear him. Claire falls limp and spent on her bed. But her body still quivers as waves of shivering crisp shudders flow over it. Her head falls to the side, and she purrs out a very throaty deep "mm...."

Claire's pussy is a total mess. Her mound, and the tops of her thighs, are covered in a thick, glistening layer of her honey. Her honey is clear. Her slit, fiery red now, leaks a stream of Kevin's whitish cum. There's a wet puddle under Claire's bottom, about the size of a small dinner plate. And it looks to be all her honey, with only the smallest drops of Kevin's cum in it.

Kevin gets up from the bed. He turns to the seated and very humiliated, Jerry. "Now that's how a man fucks his wife." Kevin grins. "Especially one with such a tight and hot little slut hole on her." I think Kevin likes her nickname, too. He grins every time he uses it.

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I smack Jerry on the back of his head. "Be a good sissy boy, fuck stick, go clean up after her husband." I yank hard on Jerry's leash, getting him up to his feet as he wonders what I mean for him to do. I shove his head forward, bending him over the bed. It brings his head, his eyes, down right atop Claire's sweaty-damp bush. "I said clean up her husband's mess, sissy boy!" I swat his bottom with the crop.

It's a light stroke, but he yelps. It distracts him and while he's thinking of his bottom, I'm pushing his mouth right to Claire's sloppy pussy. I think that's enough instruction. "Lick up her husband's mess, fuck stick!" I snap sternly, giving him another, and harder, stroke of the crop.

"AHHHHHH!!!!" Claire screams out suddenly and loudly, her hips instantly thrashing hard again. She doesn't say anything, at least not words. She just screams, loudly, and pleadingly.

Jerry tries hard to lick the cum from her thrashing pussy. It takes him a moment. Her wildly bucking pussy rubs her sloppy mound all over Jerry's face, smearing her honey, and a little of Kevin's cum, all over him.

Claire stops screaming the instant Jerry lifts his lips from her pussy. When he rises up, I can see that every bit of his face below his eyes is covered with Claire and Kevin's mixed juices. I look down and can see that Claire's pussy is clean, at least on the outside. Her thighs are not. I should spank Jerry for forgetting them. But then I decide to leave the cum to dry on her thighs. That should nicely remind Claire of her slutty evening. Because I doubt she's going to remember much of this now.

I use the tips of my fingers to very gently part Claire's lips. It lets me see her inner pinkness. Only now that pinkness is flush to a fiery red. It has only the thinnest coat of honey and cum on it. It looks like Jerry licked it clean as well. That must have been what got Claire screaming again. Her nerves have got to be so over-stimulated by now that they're painful to touch. She is going to walk a little fun tonight. And maybe in the morning. The bright redness of her pussy tells me that.

I decided to let Jerry get away with the cleaning job. Most of Kevin's cum is gone from Claire's pussy. I hope Jerry likes the taste of it. It's his first taste of a man.



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I know that. Colette told me that Jerry's never done anything with another man. Not even just sharing a girl. She's trained him to suck a cock, but he's only performed on a strap-on dildo. Just like he's only had a dildo in his bottom, never the real thing. It's one of the reasons Colette asked me to see them tonight. She doesn't often mix her toys. I do. She knew I'd happily bring a man to take care of Claire. A man for Jerry to finally get to taste.

I give Jerry another sharp tug on his leash, turning him to face me. And thus to face Kevin. I see Jerry's eyes flit, glancing down just for a second, to Kevin's thick and long cock, still standing out hard. Only now that cock is covered with a thick coat of Claire's clingy honey. And a little bit of Kevin's cum mixed in. Honey that's just starting to dry on his cock.

"Thank this man for showing you how to fuck a woman. Be very humble, fuck stick... A very proper and lady-like thank you."

"Thank You, Sir--" Jerry begins. A very sharp, and downward tug on his leash cuts him off. Maybe it's my foot kicking the backs of his knees, dropping him down to his knees? That gets a little grunt from Jerry as he lands hard on his knees.

I snap my crop, landing a decent stroke, about half my strength, across Jerry's bottom. "I said a proper thank you, fuck stick! Like a lady. Or in your case, a sissy bitch!"

I don't give Jerry even a fraction of a second to think about it. To figure out what I mean for him to do. I grab his head. One hand under his jaw, my fingertips pinching the corners of his mouth and forcing his jaw wide open. My other hand on the back of his head, toward the top. I make sure I have a good grip.

Then I start pushing his head forward. On his knees, his head is only about a foot from the tip of Kevin's hard shaft. And about even with it, giving him what I call a "girl's-eye view" of Kevin's cock. Straight on from the tip. A tip that still weeps tiny droplets of fresh cum.

I push his head forward, feeling the stiffness in his muscles as Jerry panics and resists me. It lets me know that even as Colette was making him suck on her dildo, Jerry never imagined that Colette, or anyone, would force him to do it with a real man. Not even when he saw Kevin come over tonight. He just thought,

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and believed, that Kevin was here only for Claire. That Jerry never imagined that he'd have a real cock in his mouth.

He does. I don't give him a choice. I shove his head forward, the tip of Kevin's cock pushing its way through Jerry's wide lips and slipping along Jerry's tongue. And very fully stuffing Jerry's mouth full with its thickness.

I am not nice. I know that Colette has taught him to deep throat a cock. I know he can do it. I know Colette used a dildo at least close to the size of Kevin's cock to train him. Neither Colette nor I own too many smaller dildos. There's not much use for them. So I know Jerry can do it, and do it right. I can feel that Jerry doesn't want this shred of his manhood stripped away, too. I want to laugh. Seriously, what did he think his Mistress was teaching him to suck a cock like a girl for, if not to suck a cock?

I shove Jerry's head all the forward, pulling his neck into position as I go. It shoves Kevin's cock quickly, and roughly, into Jerry's mouth and down his throat. Jerry chokes and gags as it stretches his rubbery throat wide, puffing out the sides of his neck as it drives deeper toward his stomach. I push Jerry forward until his lips are flush against Kevin's pubes, every bit of that thick long cock rammed down Jerry's throat. And with Kevin's ample balls in their furry sack bouncing against Jerry's chin.

I hold Jerry's head there. "A proper thank you, fuck stick," I tell him strictly, my voice icy hard. "I already know you can suck a cock, fuck stick. All sissy bitches can. And that cock up your butt tells the world just what a sissy bitch you are. Now give this nice man a proper thank you. Suck that real cock that just fucked his wife! Suck it until it cums in your mouth and you've swallowed his cream."

I hold Jerry's head there, the thick cock stuffing his throat so full that Jerry can't get any air. I nod to Sophie. She picks up my crop and gives Jerry a firm stroke across his bottom, searing a bright red welt on his cheek just above the protruding tip of the dildo. Sophie puts all of her strength into the stoke. I knew she would. She cares too much about not disappointing me to do less than her very best at anything. Even a whipping for a sissy.

I feel a hard flinching tremor snap Jerry's body as the stroke lands. But he doesn't make a sound. He can't, not with his

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throat stuffed so fully! All he can do is what he does. Tense up and let the pain slice into his globe. "Suck cock, fuck stick," I tell him firmly.

I let go of Jerry's head, grabbing hold of the leash again. Sophie hands me the crop, in case Jerry gets any ideas about being a bad boy. Jerry starts sucking Kevin's cock. He does exactly what Colette trained him to do. A leisurely blow job with long strokes. Strokes that go up until only the spongy head of Kevin's cock is left in his mouth, and then all the way down until his lips are against Kevin's pubes.

"That's it, fuck stick... swallow my dick... you make a decent little fairy sissy!" Kevin laughs. It makes Jerry cringe hard. It makes Jerry wrinkle up the disgusted look on his face. But it doesn't stop Jerry from sucking Kevin's cock.

I hold up five fingers, holding my hand above Jerry's head where Jerry can't see me do it. It's my way of telling Kevin how long I expect him to hold his orgasm back. How long Jerry is going to be sucking his huge cock.

"Hey, fuck stick," Kevin says, taunting Jerry as I told him to do. "you might not be able to fuck a girl for shit, but you're decent at being the girl!" Kevin laughs hard.

After about twenty more seconds, now that Jerry has established a rhythm, I use the tip of my crop to lightly swat the protruding end of the dildo. I've gotten good at landing the crop right where I want it. The tip doesn't even touch his cheeks. Just the end of the dildo. But those strokes tap the dildo, gently, but firmly, driving it a hair deeper into his bottom with each one. I hope that reminds Jerry just how little "manhood" he has left.

It does seem to do what I wanted it to. It encourages Jerry to put his best effort into sucking Kevin's cock. Jerry sucks a little more, keeping his strokes long and leisurely. He keeps his mouth wide, his lips gliding over Kevin's shaft.

Kevin purrs a little more from the added effort. Jerry starts getting into it. Kevin purrs a little bit more. I can see that Kevin is starting to hold back a second climax, now, too. Three minutes to go!

Jerry sucks the cock just as eagerly for those three minutes.

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When I nod, telling Kevin it's time, Kevin holds his orgasm for another second or so. Kevin cums with a loud, and satisfied, grunt almost as loud and intense as the grunt Claire got from him. He also waited to cum until only the head of his cock was in Jerry's mouth. That way, his first, and fullest, spurt of cum floods Jerry's mouth. It gives Jerry no choice but to gag, and then quickly swallow the cum as he starts the next stroke.

I just watch the look of absolute shame and horror flood over Jerry's face as he feels the hot, sticky cum splatter against the back of his mouth, filling his mouth with its salty taste. I watch him gag hard on it. I watch as his nose wrinkles up as he gulps it down.

I make Jerry keep going until I see that Kevin's cock is no longer twitching. Once Kevin's orgasm is over, he pulls his cock from Jerry's mouth. A single, fine little line of Kevin's white cum hangs from the tip of Kevin's cock, running down to Jerry's lip. Jerry is almost in tears.

"Thank You, Sir, for allowing me to watch you fuck your pretty wife and see how a real man takes care of a slutty bitch, Sir." Still on his knees, and not daring to incur another bit of my wrath, Jerry offers a very humble and polite thanks. In a very humiliated voice. "Thank you for allowing me to suck your incredibly huge dick, too, Sir."

"Yeah, sure, fuck stick. You make a better girl than a boy," Kevin tells him.

I have Jerry get up to his feet. I ask him if he'd like the cock out of his bottom now. Jerry tells me he very much would, that it's uncomfortable because it's just too big for his "little bottom." I laugh and tell him he's a liar... it's obviously not too big for a little girl's bottom, since it's in his!

Then I tell Jerry to ask Kevin politely to take the dildo from his bottom.

"Sir, would you please do me a favor and remove this dick from this little girl's bottom? Please, Sir?" Jerry asks in his sheepishly humble voice. Shame takes a backseat to getting it out. Kevin says he will.

I tell Jerry to stand with his hands behind his neck. To stand up straight. To open his feet about half as wide as he can open

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them. I know it's going to be a slightly uncomfortable position for Jerry. He's really going to feel that thick shaft moving inside his bottom as Kevin slowly draws it out. Jerry hurries into position. I tell him that if he moves, I'll put it back in and punish him for being disobedient.

Jerry isn't taking that chance. He grits his teeth. He groans as Kevin pulls the hard shaft from his bottom.

Kevin looks at me. I grin. Kevin grabs hold of Jerry's mouth, pinching the corners of Jerry's jaw open, and shoves the dildo into Jerry's mouth. But only about an inch of it. I grin. "You seem to love sucking a cock, so you can suck on that one for a minute. Just pretend it doesn't taste like your filthy butt!" I laugh. Kevin laughs hard. Sophie giggles like a girl.

I reach my hand down to the pink flag sticking out of Jerry's rock-hard cock. I look Jerry right in the eyes. I yank hard. The cork isn't hard to pull from his urethra. It slips right out of his cock. Jerry tenses up hard and screeches loudly. The dildo makes a decent gag. When the cork pops out, I can see Jerry's whitish cum clinging to it. A drop or two get pulled out of his cock by the cork and cling to the tip of his purple head.

"Oh, you naughty fuck stick! You still haven't learned not to cum all over everything!" I hold up the cork in front of Jerry's eyes, letting him see just how much of his cum is clinging to it. I'm sure he can feel the cum welled up inside his cock, too. "Well, no orgasms for you, slut! Not until your Mistress decides you can behave!"

I have Sophie hand me one more little toy. It's a male chastity cup. It's just like an athletic supporter, only with a custom-made cup to it. Thank G-d for 3D printers that can whip up anything a girl needs to torture a guy nowadays! It has a single strap that laces through little eyes. That strap circles around Jerry's waist, then down to circle around the tops of his thighs. Its ends meet in the middle of Jerry's waist. I put it on Jerry. Then I use a small luggage padlock to secure the straps. It's a shiny one that needs a four-digit combination to open. I make sure the straps are tight enough that Jerry won't be getting it off, too. The cup does have a little half-tube guide in it for Jerry's cock to rest in. that guide will keep his cock pointed right into a little wide

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tube for him to pee through. Its opening, on the outside, is covered with a fine mesh to keep him from getting anything into it and getting to the tip of his cock, too. I put the final strap on, a simple plastic zip tie that holds the bottom of the cup to the top of his sack, above his dangling balls.

With that cup on, Jerry can't touch his cock. He can pee, but he'll have to sit like a girl to do so without making a mess. He's not getting his cock out of it, not even to wash it. Nor he getting anything to his cock to release it. He's going to suffer without his orgasm until someone gives him the combination, or he cuts that lock off. Naturally cutting it off would ensure that Jerry incurred Colette's wrath.

Jerry starts crying.

Kevin starts putting his clothes on.

Sophie gathers up my things.

Claire lies there, still tied to her bed, and lost in dreamland. So far gone that she doesn't have a clue what's going on around her.

I lead Sophie and Kevin out, leaving Jerry to untie Claire. And to wonder when Colette will allow him out of the hideous chastity belt.

# 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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"

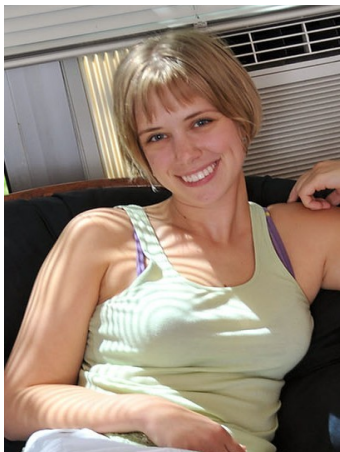


Mistress Colette

Age	Height	Weight
40	5'5"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	

# GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



## Slutty FuckToy ("Hailey")

Age	Height	Weight
24	5'5"	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-C	28	36

Debuts In: "Slut Delivery"



## Dildo Boy ("Kevin")

Age	Height	Weight
21	6'1	203
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Black	Brown	7" x 1½"